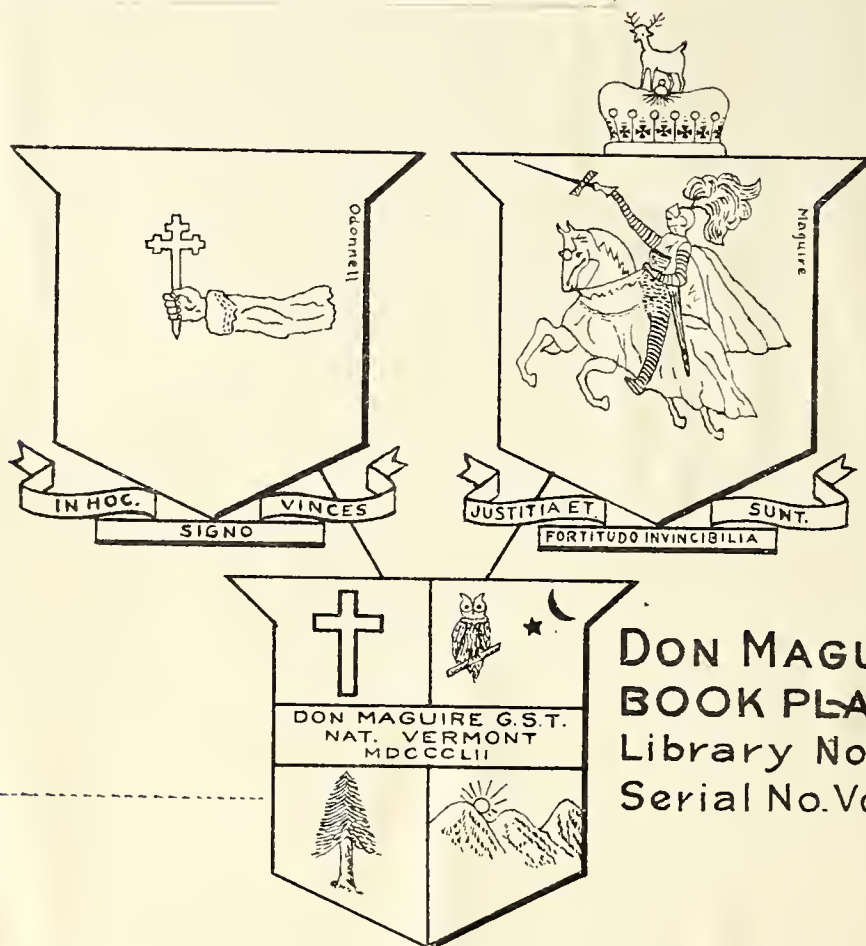





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Brigham Young

TULLIDGE'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

No. 1.—OCTOBER, 1880.—Vol. 1.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, THE FOUNDER OF UTAH.

GOD IS IN THE WORLD'S SUCCESSES, AND THE LAW OF FITNESS IS BEST ILLUSTRATED IN THE
LIVES OF SUCCESSFUL MEN.

IN his character and life-work, this man, Brigham Young, was a supreme enigma. The world has had nothing like him for several centuries; nor may we have his parallel type again for centuries more.

Was this man good or evil? A question, this, indeed! But who shall answer it fairly? He was worshipped as but few men have been in any age; he has been cursed and hated equally. He may in some sense have been deserving of both; for that which has been true in the facts of any great or remarkable man's life must have some equivalent causes. To say that Brigham Young was not *deserving* of that worship is to contradict the fact; so also would it be to say that there was not the sufficient cause for the equal hate: but whether in him or in us the fault of the latter, may be just the question at issue concerning the man. The cause of the worship is the one easier of explanation for the attraction is in the *chief* cause, the man himself. This is according to the philosophy of all attraction. But what shall be given as the explanation of the other cause? For it is true in the facts of his life that no man in the age so *repelled* the age as did Brigham Young. Such was not the case with Joseph Smith. His charm was all of attraction: hence he attracted even Brigham Young himself: and their mutual fitness to each other is most astonishingly proved by that very fact.

I have considered Brigham Young, in his chief points of character, as a very exact counterpart of Oliver Cromwell. Transpose them each to the other's times and either could have played the other's part. Brigham has been more generally considered in his type as the Mormon Moses, but this is because an Israelitish Mormonism, and the events of his life,

brought him up as the man of an Israelitish exodus. He was the Mormon Moses, however, thirty-five years ago, and during the following decade, rather than in the latter periods of his life. Moses was an Egyptian, quite as much as he was a Hebrew. Brigham was a pure Saxon,—the very antipode of the Egyptian. Moses was imbued with all the learning of Egypt; and so deep was his love of learning, that he constructed a new civilization by the exact science of an older civilization, so that we know not whether Moses should be considered most as a personage, or as a civilization of a peculiar moulding. But Mormon Utah grew out of an exodus, and Brigham Young was its veritable founder. The learning of Egypt affords no explanation to this man and his work, notwithstanding a part of it was Mosaic. Brigham had no love of "learning" in him, yet he possessed a wonderful love of the knowledge of human nature, coupled with a marvelous ambition to found a nation. His knowledge of men was supreme, and he used *men* as his means in the building of his peculiar commonwealth. In this he was like Oliver Cromwell, rather than like Moses,—who was the Master of a *civilization*, but probably not so great a judge of human character, nor such a moulder of men, as either his brother Aaron or Joshua, the Israelitish General. In fine, Brigham, originally the painter and glazier, has his prototype in Oliver Cromwell, the Huntingdon brewer, rather than in Moses, the learned lawgiver. So also do the Mormons, as a people, resemble the Israel of the Commonwealth of England in the seventeenth century rather than the Israel who came up out of Egypt and slavery; and this is saying much for the Mormon people: they are far superior to the Israel of old.

But what Carlisle has said of the Man Oliver, and his "Cromwelliad," is true of the Man Brigham and his Mormon Iliad. Of the former, the Michael Angelo of modern thinkers very aptly explains as follows:

"The age of the Puritans is not extinct only and gone away from us, but it is as if fallen beyond the capabilities of Memory herself; it is grown unintelligible, what we may call incredible. Its earnest Purport awakens now no resonance in our frivolous hearts. We understand not even in imagination, one of a thousand of us, what it ever could have meant. It seems delirious, delusive; the sound of it has become tedious as a tale of past stupidities. Not the body of heroic Puritanism only, which was bound to die, but the soul of it also, which was and should have been, and yet shall be immortal, has for the present passed away. As Harrison said of his Banner and the Lion of the Tribe of Judah: 'Who shall rouse him up?'"

There was that, however, in the Nineteenth Century which roused this one up. Nor did Major General Harrison, nor Cromwell himself, raise a bolder "Banner;" for this one took its inscription as his own veritable synonym: Brigham Young, the "Lion of the Lord!" "Who shall rouse him up?" was the Cromwelliad question. The answer has been given in the life of Brigham Young. But this answer has shocked the age, and so awful is the sense of it in the Josephite branch of the Mormon Church, that the Man Brigham is by it regarded as synonymous with the "Man of Sin," the "Son of Perdition." But does not this signify the same "unintelligibility" of which Carlisle speaks concerning the great Protector of England, whom Brigham Young so much resembles? Major General Harrison and Ireton and Fleetwood understood this Cromwell; so did the "divine John Milton." Indeed, Milton almost sang psalms to the great Protector of England. To him, the Man Oliver was the Lord's lion of the Seventeenth Century, as Brigham has been to the Mormons in the Nineteenth; and Milton called Oliver so in very unmistakable language. But to the Dutch, Oliver was the Devil. When he died, the good people of Holland said the Devil was dead. Dutch mothers could no longer frighten naughty urchins to silence by the

bugbear of his name; but Van Tromp found the opportunity to frighten the English with the thunder of his guns in the mouth of the Thames. This Devil of the Dutch made England greater than she ever was during the reigns of the Plantagenets and Tudors, not even excepting Elizabeth. But Oliver, like his antetype, Brigham, was the "Man of Sin," for all that. No sooner was the "restoration" effected than he was unsepulchred and hung on a gibbet on Tyburn Hill. And there, gibbeted in the memory of England, the Man Oliver remained, until Carlisle, in his hero worship, took him down and explained the Lord's lion of the Seventeenth Century to the understanding of the Nineteenth; and now England would not exchange her "Lion of the Lord" for a hundred generations of Stuarts and Plantagenets. Shall the parallel here also hold good with the founder of Utah?

Of the Man Oliver, Carlisle further explains:

"But the thing we had to say and repeat was this: That Puritanism is not of the Nineteenth Century, but of the Seventeenth; that the grand unintelligibility for us lies *there*."

Yet, had Carlisle studied Brigham and the Mormon Iliad, as profoundly as he has his Cromwelliad, (as he styles it) he would know that it has been, in most of its essential tones, very exactly repeated in the Nineteenth Century. The grand "unintelligibility," however, does lie in the age in which we live, so that we are even better able, now it is explained, to comprehend the Cromwelliad of the Seventeenth than the Mormon Iliad of the Nineteenth Century. The themes of the Man Brigham and the themes of this modern age are out of harmony. They are "grandly unintelligible" to this age: that is the proper expounding.

But the life of Brigham Young in itself was coherent, not incoherent. There is nothing in our times of human performance more so, notwithstanding its "grand unintelligibility *for us*." Thus also in the case of the Lord's lion of the Seventeenth Century. Oliver's Israelitish methods were not understood by the king and his Cavaliers, nor are they intelligible to an un-God-fearing Nineteenth Century. Even Carlisle had to put himself into the God-fearing mood to comprehend him. But Oliver's *acts* were coherent enough.

Like Brigham's exoduses they were easily to be read. Fiery Prince Rupert and his Cavaliers, at Marston Moor, read the meaning of the Man Oliver to their great dismay. The aristocratic Presbyterian General, Fairfax, was also read most easily, for his methods were not "grandly unintelligible;" the Parliamentary forces under him were flying before the impetuous charge of our fiery Rupert: very understandable this had been to King Charles. But the Man Oliver and his Ironsides, in their "grand unintelligibility," like a rock, withstood the onset of Goring's horse, and then, "like a rock tumbled from its basis by an earthquake, rolled back upon *them*." The Parliamentary war was lost a score of times by the *intelligible* Generals of the Parliament-like Essex and Fairfax, yet was the cause of England and the world as often recovered by this "unintelligibility" of Cromwell and his God-fearing Ironsides. The losing of the world's cause so often was very incoherent, as acts interpreted in the world's grand Iliad, while this often recovering of the cause Divine in human affairs, by the Lord's lion and his God-fearing men, made Providence coherent again.

Cromwell and his God-fearing men also spoke and wrote in a language which none but their like might understand. To all others, not of their order of men, their words are as unintelligible as the discourses of Brigham, or Heber or Daniel in the Tabernacle. Yet was there the grip of the Lord's lion in their words as in their mighty deeds. Here is a passage of Oliver's letter to the Lord's Parliament, after the famous battle of Dunbar, in which we have enough of this "grand unintelligibility."

"The enemy lying in the posture before mentioned, having those advantages; we lay very near him, being sensible of our disadvantages; having some weakness of flesh, but yet consolation and support from the Lord himself to our poor weak faith, wherein I believe not a few among us stand: That because of their numbers, because of their advantages, because of their confidence, because of our weakness, because of our strait, we were in the Mount, and in the Mount the Lord would be seen; and that He would find out a way of deliverance and salvation for us:—and indeed we had our consolations and hopes.

"The enemy's word was, *The covenant*, which it has been for divers days. Ours, *The Lord of Hosts*. * * * It is easy to say, The Lord hath done this. It would do you good to see and hear our poor foot [soldiers] go up and down making their boast of God. But, Sir, it's in your hands, and by these eminent mercies God puts it more into your hands, to give glory to Him; to improve your power, and His blessings, to His praise. We that serve you beg of you not to own us but God alone. We pray you own His people more and more; for they are the chariots and horsemen of Israel. Disown yourselves:—but own your Authority."

How like is this to many a sermon of Brigham Young's! And this was intelligible to the Lord's Parliament to whom it was addressed; but what common-sense Parliament of America to-day could understand this from the Lord's lion, whether he wrote it from the headquarters of the army, or, like Brigham, thus talked in the Lord's Tabernacle. To "*own your Authority*," and to do a great deed in the name of the Lord of Hosts was to do a very proper thing in the age. And this also was the very soul of all of Brigham's teachings, and of the deeds of his life, but this is just that which is unintelligible to us in the Nineteenth Century. It belongs to the "past stupidities," of which Carlisle speaks, with his God-fearing irony directed against the age which cannot understand the significance of the Lord's own deeds, manifested in such men as his hero, Oliver.

Yet they could all, even in modern Gotham, understand the great battle of Dunbar, which occurred the morning after the Man Oliver had been with the Lord in the Mount. Major-General Leslie understood him also, when he came down from the Heights of Dunbar. Oliver's words—"The Lord hath given them into our hands;"—and "Arise, O Lord, and thine enemies shall be smitten," is made intelligible, even to the modern comprehension, by the smiting of Oliver's Ironsides in the name of the Lord. So also is Brigham made intelligible by his exoduses and a hundred other acts of his life which will compare therewith. Thus considered, the acts of Brigham Young's life are marvelously coherent; as to whether the un-Brighamised sense of the American people is

pleased with his life work and deeds is altogether another matter.

Proceeding to a biographical view of the life and character of Brigham Young, the period which seems the most proper to introduce him in the historic action is when he succeeded the Mormon Prophet, and led his people in the famous exodus from Nauvoo. Here he comes up as the Founder of Utah; and here we have him at once in the character of the modern Moses which, as already observed, he sustained successfully for a period of ten years—meaning until his Mosaic period had run out in the very order and development of his life and work. It is no fanciful conceit of the author to style him the Moses of that period, after he and his people have built up a State fabric, with three hundred cities and settlements, networked with railroads and the electric telegraph; for at that very period his name rang throughout America, and reverberated in Europe, as the Moses of the “latter days,” and the Mormons were likened to the children of Israel in the wilderness.

We need not, in this character sketch of the Founder of Utah, follow the pioneers on their journey to and from the Rocky Mountains. Suffice it to say that Brigham led the body of the Church in safety to these mountain retreats, arriving in the Salt Lake Valley (on the first journey) July 24th, 1847; and on the second journey in September, 1848. And now, pause and contemplate with a just historical eye, the tremendous human achievement of those several years, if it so please, without one view of God in the matter; and so considered, Brigham Young is the most colossal figure of all history.

In the whole history of the world, the human race has neither possessed the mightiness of character, nor had the inspired causes at their back, to rise even to the conception of an exodus in more than several cases. Hence the exodus of ancient Israel, as a marvelous *fact*, stands out to view immortal, bolder to-day in its monumental record of a peculiar people than it was a thousand years ago. And one of the chief reasons why the human race has not been able to give birth to an exodus more often is because such an exposition of human force and consistency required an extraordinary *selfhood* in the entire people. This does not mean exactly a people of strong dis-

tinctive individualities, but a people endowed with that *selfhood*, which, in the action of an exodus, would cause almost every man, woman and child to undertake the great performance for his or herself, with a consistency and courage that lifts them at once both to the heroic and noble in the supremest cast. Such a people must, therefore, be of necessity what we recognize as the Israelitish in type, which almost implies as much the religion of a race in them as the religion of a faith; and this is somewhat of an exposition of the mystical sense of the Mormons: that they are the *literal seed* of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Every soul who followed Brigham Young (perchance it had been to the uttermost bounds of the earth,) went out from the borders of civilization to go whithersoever the Lord might lead his people. This is the view as a Divine undertaking; so that if we consider it as a mere human undertaking, it is without a parallel in the history of the world. There has been but one other exodus, either executed or even proposed, in the entire Christian era.

The bare suggestion of an exodus, when the young Prince of Orange proposed to the Dutch the submerging of Holland by the unlocking of her dykes. and the transporting of the nation in her fleets to some virgin soil, rather than be conquered by France, suddenly from the lowest depression aroused the heroism of the people of the Netherlands to the sublimest pitch.

But here, with the Mormons, we have not a mere conception of an exodus, daring as that was, but a veritable exodus itself, of an entire people, reduced to the greatest extremity. There has been nothing of its type for a thousand years. The last was the immortalized “Hegira” of Mohammed, whence dated the Mohammedan era, and the founding of that vast religious empire which for centuries withstood the chivalry of Christendom and contended for the dominion of the world. And what even was the exodus of the disciples of Mohammed, compared with that of the Mormons? Having converted to the cause of Islam twelve citizens from Medina, who came on pilgrimage to the sacred city of Mecca, and through them the warrior chieftains of the rival neighboring city, the Eastern Prophet had merely sent a pioneer band of his adherents there to raise his standard, while

he and his faithful Abu Beker brought up the "flight" alone on foot. But the Mormons, under their great leader, passed over the borders of civilization, with their wives and their children, in broad daylight, before the eyes of their enemies, making a journey of fifteen hundred miles across trackless prairies, sandy deserts and rocky mountains. What, indeed, for distance, was the immortalized exodus of ancient Israel compared with that of the Mormon Israel under Brigham Young?

For the first seven years after the settlement of Utah, the Apostles attempted to found a strictly Mosaic civilization; that is to say, a strict Mormon theocracy, copied from the Mosaic patterns; and the Mormons, being so eminently practical, as Saxon peoples are, were rendering Moses very literally both in their institutions and laws. This Mosaic work of the Apostles culminated in 1856; and it is the very work which we all more or less deplore, for it has been as a millstone about the neck of Utah. Its immediate result was the Utah war, the United States finding it imperative in them to interpose their Federal will against the establishment of such a theocracy in America. And here we are brought directly to the point affirmed—namely, that Brigham Young and the Mormons are not originally Mosaic, but Saxon. Therefore, such a theocracy was as unfitted for them as it was for the American Republic and this age—the age in which the genius of Saxon commonwealths is prevailing both in America and Europe. The cause of the birth of this Mosaic theocracy, among an Anglo-American people, was undoubtedly an Israelitish exodus, from which uncommon event it was very natural for both the Apostles and the people to first develop their commonwealth through Mosaic methods. But the Utah war brought the Mormons, both leaders and people, back to their more original character—that is to say, their Anglo-American character. Since then, they have more resembled the Israel of the Seventeenth Century, out of whom New England sprang, than the Israel which came up out of Egyptian bondage. So true is this that Apostle John Taylor in his articles, some years ago, not only affirmed, but held a lengthy argument to prove, that Utah was not under a theocratic

government, but that she was a pure Republican Commonwealth. And Apostle Taylor was right in his sense of the view, for it means that a commonwealth governed by God-fearing men, and supported by a God-fearing people, is a truly Republican Commonwealth. Is this, then, a false view of a Republican State? The "Gentile" judgment will decide, Yes. Yet it is the very view which the statesmen of the British Parliament took in the Seventeenth Century; and the mighty judgment of two nations—England and Scotland—also thus decided. For a time England reconstructed her commonwealth upon that judgment. It was then that England rose to the very apex of her mightiness. She thundered to all the world her will in the cause of human liberties. The Pope himself trembled in the Vatican when Oliver—her "Lion of the Lord"—roared; and nations gave heed to the word of the Lord when England thus uttered it, for the very earth shook beneath the tread of her army of God-fearing men. At Dunkirk, the Spaniard was routed by their terrible shout, "The Lord of Host is with us!" while the French army, under Conde and the French King, stood amazed, unable to engage with the English in the action against the Spaniard. Neither the friend nor the foe could understand this English republican Israel, though the one could understand the victory, and the other was made to comprehend the defeat. English politics in that day were also of the same cast. Read Milton's State papers, addressed to foreign powers bearing Cromwell's name. They are very substantially the *word of the Lord* to the nations. Just such messages to foreign powers, Brigham Young would have caused to have been sent to all the world, had he been President of the United States.

But all this is "grandly unintelligible" to the people of America to-day. "We understand not even in imagination, one of a thousand of us, what it ever could have meant. Its earnest Purport awakens no resonance in our frivolous hearts. It seems delirious, delusive; the sound of it has become tedious as a tale of past stupidities." To understand it would be to understand Brigham Young and the Utah Mormons. But the present American mind cannot reconcile itself to so much of "past stupidities." The Crom-

welliad and the Morman Iliad are both equally out of keeping with the age; and yet Carlisle declares the "soul of it" "should have been, and yet *shall be immortal*." This is just the meaning of Brigham Young's life.

In taking a parting view of Brigham Young as the chief of the founders of Utah, I will close with the following from my book of his life:

The statue of the man is boldly chiseled in his life, as by his own hands.

We have seen him as the fitting successor of the Mormon Prophet, as the modern Moses, and the founder of Utah. To the popular mind, the whole epic of Mormonism is embodied in the lives and missions of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young; but quorums of great men, in the Mormon sense, have helped to bear the "kingdom"—this ark of "the new and everlasting covenant"—upon their shoulders. And, apostolically viewed, they have been men of great character, great force, and surpassing faith,—which constitute the soul of all new religions that bear the stamp of destiny.

In the history of the Mormons we have seen the real apostolic character, and the manifestation of the superhuman forces of a religion destined to be the beginning of a new dispensation and civilization. The leaders have been like the fishermen who established Christianity, and their disciples like those who laid the foundation of all the Christian empires. Such a class of divines, and such a people, under Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, have grown into a mighty power. We have seen their strange works and methods. They have not been as polished stones, but, as they liken themselves—as the "little stone cut out of the mountain without hands" forecast by Daniel the Prophet, as the "Latter-day king-

dom," which should roll down from the mountain and "fill the whole earth."

And Brigham Young, in the characteristic work of his life, has made this possible. Without such a man, as Joseph's successor, it never could have been fulfilled. Joseph was a *divine* success; Brigham has clothed it in the body of a great worldly success, and the world that rejected the one has been made to comprehend a successful Mormonism in the other. He has made it comprehend Mormonism in a matchless exodus; he has pioneered America westward; he has founded Utah, with the ground-work of over three hundred cities, some of which will yet be known among the great cities of America. He has, through the elders, missioned a world, and gathered an Israel from many nations; he has, on the Prophet Joseph's pattern, built up a new social and religious system; he has established polygamy, which was alone enough to revolutionize a nation—and not unlikely his organized experiment may markedly affect the marriage question of the world; he has prayed with as much faith as Elijah, and wrought with as much hard sense as Peter the Great; in fine, he has brought to a practical success the strangest religious movement of modern times.

Brigham Young led his people thirty-four years. Seldom does it fall to the lot of rulers to sway the sceptre so long; still less seldom to keep up in their lives such an unwearied sensation. His name has now provoked and now charmed "all the world." A marvelous psychology has been in that name, to thus prevail.

He lived to his seventy-sixth year. His will was matchless; his mind sound. View the man as we may; Brigham Young is an enduring name. The friction of centuries will not erase it.

THE FIRST INDEPENDENCE DAY IN UTAH.—[By ELIZA R. SNOW.]

Shall we commemorate the day
With freedom's ensign waving high,
Whose blood-stained banner's furled away,
Whose rights and freedom have gone by?

Shall we when gasping 'neath its wave,
Extol the beauties of the sea?
Or, lashed upon fair freedom's grave,
Proclaim the strength of liberty?

It is heart-rending mockery!
I'd sooner laugh midst writhing pain,
Than chant the Song of Liberty
Beneath oppression's galling chain!

Columbia's glory is a theme
That with our life's warm pulses grew;
But ah! 'tis fled; and like a dream,
Its ghost is flut'ring in our view!

Her dying groans—her fun'ral knell
We've heard, for oh! we've had to fly!
And now, alas! we know too well,
The days of freedom have gone by.

Protection faints and justice cowers—
Redress is slumbering on the heath;
And 'tis in vain to lavish flowers
Upon our country's fading wreath!

THE JOURNEY OF THE PIONEERS.

EARLY in February, 1846, the Mormons began to cross the Mississippi in flat boats, old lighters, and a number of skiffs, forming, says the President's Journal, "quite a fleet," which was at work night and day under the direction of the police, commanded by their captain, Hosea Stout.

On the 15th of the same month, Brigham Young, with his family, accompanied by Willard Richards and family, and George A. Smith, also crossed the Mississippi from Nauvoo, and proceeded to the "Camps of Israel," as they were styled by the Saints, which waited on the west side of the river, a few miles on the way, for the coming of their leader. These were to form the vanguard of the migrating Saints, who were to follow from the various States where they were located, or had organized themselves into flourishing branches and conferences; and soon after this period also began to pour across the Atlantic that tide of emigration from Europe, which has since swelled to the number of about one hundred thousand souls.

As yet the "Camps of Israel" were unorganized, awaiting the coming of the President, on Sugar Creek, which he and his companions reached at dusk. The next day he was busy organizing the company, "acting the part of a father to everybody," and on the following, which was February 17th, at 9.50 A. M., the brethren of the camp had assembled near the bridge, to receive their initiatory instructions, and take the word of command from their chosen leader.

In Nauvoo the Saints had heard the magic cry, "to your tents, O, Israel!" And in sublime faith and trust, such as history scarcely gives an example of, they had obeyed, ready to follow their leader, whithersoever he might direct their pilgrim feet, and, if possible, still greater confidence in their destiny as a people; but the task before him was almost superhuman, and a friendly looker-on might have been pardoned had he paused ere he pronounced the man Brigham equal to the task, for that would have declared him to be fully the equal of Moses in a strictly Mosaic work.

Brigham leaped into a wagon and sent his clarion voice ringing its first note of command. The dumbest ear in the camp

was awakened with the cry, "Attention, the whole Camp of Israel." There was no prosaic prelude of wrongs—no harangue on their perilous journey, such as a demagogue might have made; nor was it merely the inspiring method of a great man, who, trusting in himself, sought to carry his people to a triumphant issue by the magic of his own genius. It was more than that. It was the man of destiny with the spirit of his mission in him; a man greater at that moment than he himself knew or aimed to be; a man greater than even to-day, after all his success, he sees himself, at that supreme moment of his life.

Here, from the leader's private journal, is the simple feeling of the epic of that day: "On the 17th, at 9.50 A. M., all the brethren of the camp assembled near the bridge, when I arose in a wagon, and cried with a loud voice, 'Attention, the whole Camp of Israel!'"

The Mormons were setting out, under their leader, from the borders of civilization, with their wives and their children, in broad daylight, before the very eyes of ten thousand of their enemies, who would have preferred their utter destruction to their "flight," notwithstanding they had enforced it by their treaties outrageous beyond description, inasmuch as the exiles were nearly all American born, many of them tracing their ancestors to the very founders of the nation. They had to make a journey of fifteen hundred miles over trackless prairies, sandy deserts and rocky mountains, through bands of warlike Indians, who had been driven, exasperated, towards the West; and at last, to seek out and build up their Zion in valleys then unfruitful, in a solitary region where the foot of the white man had scarcely trod. These, too, were to be followed by the aged, the halt, the sick and the blind, the poor, who were to be helped by their less destitute brethren, and the delicate young mother with her new born babe at her breast; and still worse, for they were not only threatened with the extermination of the poor remnant of Nauvoo, but news had arrived that the parent-government designed to pursue their pioneers with troops, take from them their arms, and scatter them, that they might perish by the way, and leave their bones bleaching in the wilderness.

Yet did Brigham Young deal with the exodus of his people as simply in its opening as he did in his daily journal record of it. So, indeed, did the entire Mormon community. They all seem as oblivious to the stupendous meaning of an exodus, as did the first workers on railroads of the vast meaning to civilization of that wonder of the age.

Brigham Young showed his fitness when he leapt into the wagon, and, with a matchless might of will and self-confidence, mastered the situation. Then came not an oration, but practical dealing with the organization, and counseling of the "Camp of Israel," to prepare for an unparalleled journey.

In this simple but thorough manner, the great leader set about his stupendous task; but he closed his first day's orders to the congregation with a real touch of the law-giver's method. He said: "We will have no laws we cannot keep, but we will have order in the camp. If any want to live in peace when we have left this place, they must toe the mark."

He then called upon all who wanted to go with the camp to raise their right hands. "All hands flew up at the bidding," says the record.

But, be it not for a moment thought that the Mormon leaders did not fully comprehend their critical position in all its aspects. A homely anecdote of the apostle, George A. Smith, will illustrate those times. At a council in Nauvoo, of the men who were to act as the captains of the people in that famous exodus, one after the other brought up difficulties in their path until their prospect was without one poor speck of daylight. The good nature of "George A." was provoked at last, when he sprang up and observed with his quaint humor that had now a touch of the grand in it, "If there is no God in Israel we are a 'sucked in' set of fellows. But I am going to take my family and cross the river and the Lord will open the way." He was one of the first to set out on that miraculous journey to the Rocky Mountains.

Having resolved to trust in their God and themselves, quietly setting aside the politicians, Brigham and several of the twelve left the "Camp of Israel" for a few days, and returned to bid farewell to their beloved Nauvoo, and hold a parting service in the temple. This was the last time Brigham Young ever saw that sacred

monument of the Mormon's devotion.

The Pioneers had now been a month on Sugar Creek, and during the time had, of course, consumed a vast amount of provisions, indeed nearly all, which had been gathered up for their journey. Their condition, however, was not without its compensation; for it checked the movements of the mob, among whom the opinion prevailed that the outfit of the pioneers was so utterly insufficient that, in a short time, they would break in pieces and scatter.

In the diary of the President is a sort of valedictory, written before starting on their journey, from Sugar Creek, which concludes thus: "Our homes, gardens, orchards, farms, streets, bridges, mills, public halls, magnificent temple and other public improvements, we leave as a monument of our patriotism, industry, economy, uprightness of purpose and integrity of heart, and as a living testimony of the falsehood and wickedness of those who charge us with disloyalty to the Constitution of our country, idleness and dishonesty."

At home or abroad, in their very dispersions as much as in their gathering, the Mormons have been organic beyond any people known to history. Organism, indeed, is the essential manifestation of their genius; so now, even in their exodus, they were strictly a community. Their proverb is, "Where the Presidency and the Twelve are there is the Church." They were journeying to the mountains, as a little nation. At their head was not only a prophet but a lieutenant-general. The rank had originally been conferred on Joseph Smith by the Legislature of Illinois, when it granted the charter to the city of Nauvoo and Legion. After the martyrdom, Brigham Young succeeded to the rank of lieutenant-general.

It was the marvelous will and almost superhuman energy of the man that, in 1846, inspired the Mormons in their exodus from civilization. It was evident to the lookers on that the man was attempting to show to modern times the wonderful spectacle of a migrating nation.

At about noon, on the 1st of March, 1846, the "Camp of Israel" began to move, and at four o'clock nearly four hundred wagons were on the way, traveling in a north-westerly direction. At night they camped again on Sugar Creek,

having advanced five miles. Scraping away the snow they pitched their tents upon the hard frozen ground; and, after building large fires in front, they made themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Indeed, it is questionable whether any other people in the world could have cozened themselves into a happy state of mind amid such surroundings, with such a past, fresh and bleeding in their memories, and with such a prospect as was before both themselves and the remnant of their brethren left in Nauvoo to the tender mercies of the mob. In his diary, Apostle Orson Pratt wrote that night, "Notwithstanding our sufferings, hardships and privations, we are cheerful, and rejoice that we have the privilege of passing through tribulation for the truth's sake."

These Mormon pilgrims, who took much consolation on their journey in likening themselves to the pilgrim fathers and mothers of this nation, whose descendants many of them actually were, that night, made their beds upon the frozen earth. "After bowing before our great Creator," wrote Apostle Pratt, "and offering up praise and thanksgiving to him, and imploring his protection, we resigned ourselves to the slumbers of the night."

But the weather was more moderate that night than it had been for several weeks previous. At their first encampment the thermometer, at one time, fell 20 deg. below zero, freezing over the great Mississippi. The survivors of that journey will tell you they never suffered so much from the cold in their lives as they did on Sugar Creek. And what of the Mormon women? Around them circles almost a tragic romance. Fancy may find abundant subject for graphic story of the devotion, the suffering, the matchless heroism of the "Sisters," in the telling incident that nine children were born to them the first night they camped out on Sugar Creek, Feb. 5th, 1846. That day they wept their farewells over their beloved city, or in the sanctuary of the temple, in which they had hoped to worship till the end of life, but which they left never to see again; that night suffering nature administered to them the mixed cup of woman's supremest joy and pain.

But it was not prayer alone that sustained these pilgrims. The practical

philosophy of their leader, daily and hourly applied to the exigencies of their case, did almost as much as their own matchless faith to sustain them from the commencement to the end of their journey. With that leader, had very properly come to the "Camp of Israel" several of the Twelve and chief bishops of the church, but he also brought with him a quorum humble in pretensions, yet useful as high priests to the saints in those spirit-sad-denying days. It was Captain Pitt's brass band. That night the President had the "brethren" and "sisters" out in the dance, and the music was as glad as at a merry-making. Several gentlemen from Iowa gathered to witness the strange interesting scene. They could scarcely believe their own senses when they were told that these were the Mormons in their "flight from civilization," bound they knew not whither, except where God should lead them by the "hand of his servant."

Thus in the song and the dance the Saints praised the Lord. When the night was fine, and supper, which consisted of the most primitive fare, was over, some of the men would clear away the snow, while others bore large logs to the camp fires in anticipation of the jubilee of the evening. Soon, in a sheltered place the blazing fires would roar, and fifty couples, old and young, would join, in the merriest spirit, to the music of the band, or the rival revelry of the solitary fiddle. As they journeyed along, too, strangers constantly visited their camps, and great was their wonderment to see the order, unity and good feeling that prevailed in the midst of the people. By the camp fires they would linger, listening to the music and the song; and they fain had taken part in the merriment had not those scenes been as sacred worship in the exodus of a God-fearing people. To fully understand the incidents here narrated, the reader must couple in his mind the idea of an exodus with the idea of an Israelitish jubilee, for it was a jubilee to the Mormons to be delivered from their enemies at any price.

The sagacious reader will readily appreciate the wise method pursued by Brigham Young. Prayers availed much. The hymn and the prayer were never forgotten at the close of the dance, before they dispersed, to make their bed within the shelter of the wagon, or under it,

exposed to the cold of those bitter nights. But the dance and the song kept the Mormon pilgrims cheerful and healthy in mind, whereas, had a spirit of gloomy fanaticism been encouraged, such as one might have expected, most likely there would soon have been murmuring in the congregation against their Moses, and the people would have been sighing for the flesh-pots of Egypt. The patriarchal care of Brigham Young over the migrating thousands was also something uncommon. It was extended to every family, every soul; even the very animals had the master friend near to ease and succor them. A thousand anecdotes could be told of that journey to illustrate this. When traveling, or in camp, he was ever looking after the welfare of all. No poor horse or ox even had a tight collar or a bow too small but his eye would see it. Many times did he get out of his vehicle and see that some suffering animal was relieved.

There can be no doubt that the industrious habits of the Mormons, and the semi-communistic character of their camps, enabled them to accomplish on their journey what otherwise would have been impossible. They were almost destitute at the start, but they created resources on the way. Their pioneers and able-bodied men generally took work on farms, split rails, cleared the timber for new settlers, fenced their lands, built barns and husked their corn. Each night brought them some employment; and, if they laid over for a day or two at their encampment, the country around was busy with their industry. They also scattered for work, some of them going even into Missouri among their ancient enemies to turn to the smiter the "other cheek," while they were earning support for their families.

At one of their first camping grounds, on a ten-acre lot which the pioneer had cleared of timber, they made the acquaintance of its owner, a Dr. Jewett. The worthy doctor was an enthusiast over mesmerism and animal magnetism, so he sought to convert the Mormon leaders to his views. Brigham replied, "I perfectly understand it, doctor. We believe in the Lord's magnetizing. He magnetized Belshazzar so that he saw the hand-writing on the wall." The Mormons, too, had seen the hand-writing on the wall, and were hastening to the mountains.

The citizens of Farmington came over

to invite the "Nauvoo band," under Captain Pitt, to come to their village for a concert. There was some music left in the "brethren." They had not forgotten how to sing the "Songs of Zion," so they made the good folks at Farmington merry, and for a time forgot their own sorrows.

As soon as the "Camp of Israel" was fairly on the march, the leader, with the Twelve and the captains, divided it into companies of "hundreds," "fifties," and "tens;" and then the companies took up their line in order, Brigham directing the whole, and bringing up the main body, with the chief care of the families.

The weather was still intensely cold. The pioneers moved in the face of keen-edged north-west winds; they broke the ice to give their cattle drink; they made their beds on the soaked prairie lands; heavy rains and snow by day, and frost at night rendered their situation anything but pleasant. The bark and limbs of trees were the principal food of their animals, and after doubling their teams all day and wading through the deep mud, the companies would find themselves at night only a few miles on their journey. They grew sick of this at last, and for three weeks rested on the head-waters of the Chariton, waiting for the freshets to subside.

These incidents of travel were varied by an occasional birth in camp. There was also the death of a lamented lady early on the journey. She was a gentle, intelligent wife of a famous Mormon missionary, Orson Spencer, once a Baptist minister of excellent standing. She had requested the brethren to take her with them. She would not be left behind. Life was too far exhausted by the persecutions to survive the exodus, but she could yet have the honor of dying in that immortal circumstance of her people. Several others of the sisters also died at the very starting. Ah, who shall fitly picture the lofty heroism of the Mormon women!

Towards the end of April the camp came to a place the leaders named Garden Grove. Here they determined to form a small settlement, open farms, and make a temporary gathering place for "the poor," while the better prepared were to push on their way and make other settlements.

On the morning of the 27th of April

the bugle sounded at Garden Grove, and all the men assembled to organize for labor. Immediately hundreds of men were at work cutting trees, splitting rails, making fences, cutting logs for houses, building bridges, digging wells, making ploughs and herding cattle. Quite a number were sent into the Missouri settlements to exchange horses for oxen, valuable feather beds and the like for provisions and articles most needed in the camp, and the remainder engaged in ploughing and planting. Messengers were also dispatched to call in bands of pioneers scattered over the country seeking work, with instructions to hasten them up to help form the new settlements before the season had passed; so that, in a scarcely conceivable time, at Garden Grove and Mount Pisgah, industrious settlements sprang up almost as if by magic. The main body also hurried on toward old Council Bluffs, under the President and his chief men, to locate winter quarters, and to send on a picked company of pioneers that year to the Rocky Mountains. Reaching the Missouri River, they were welcomed by the Pottowatomie and Omaha Indians.

By this time, Apostle Orson Hyde had arrived at head quarters from Nauvoo, and Apostle Woodruff, home from his mission to England, was at Mount Pisgah. To this place an express from the President at Council Bluffs came to raise one hundred men for the expedition to the mountains. Apostle Woodruff called for the mounted volunteers, and sixty at once followed him out into the line; but the next day an event occurred which caused the postponement of the journey to the mountains till the following year. It was the call for the Mormon Battalion by the President of the United States.

With the departure of the battalion, the flower of their strength, vanished all expectation of going to the Rocky Mountains that year, and the elders immediately set to work to locate and build their winter quarters. Ever exact to the organic genius of their community, their first business was to organize the High Council of a "Traveling Stake of Zion." This was done at Council Bluffs, July 21st, with Father Morley at the head of an incorporated council of twelve high priests.

As the Spring opened, they began to prepare for their journey to the moun-

tains, which at that day was almost appalling to the imagination. They had still over a thousand miles to the valley of the Salt Lake, and so little was known of the country any more than its name implied—The Great American Desert—that the Mormons could not look forward to much of a land of promise to repay them for all the past. Yet sang their poet, Eliza R. Snow, who has ever on their great occasions fired them with her Hebraic inspiration:

"The time of winter now is o'er,
There's verdure on the plain;
We leave our shelt'ring roofs once more,
And to our tents again.

CHORUS:—O Camp of Israel, onward move,
O, Jacob, rise and sing;
Ye Saints the world's salvation prove,
All hail to Zion's King!"

The pioneer song (as it was called) was, like their journey, quite lengthy. But the pioneers sang it with a will. It told them of their past; told them in exultation, that they were leaving the "mobbing gentile race, who thirsted for their blood, to rest in Jacob's hiding place," and it told of the future, in prophetic strains; for "Sister Eliza" is a rare prophet as well as a poet.

On the 7th of April, 1847, the day after the general conference, the pioneers started from winter quarters.

As soon as they got fairly on the journey, they were organized as a military body, into companies of hundreds, fifties and tens. The following order of the officers will illustrate:

Brigham Young, lieut-general; Stephen Markham, colonel; John Pack, 1st major; Shadrach Roundy, 2nd major; captains of hundreds, Stephen Markham and A. P. Rockwood.

Captain of Company 1, Wilford Woodruff; Company 2, Ezra T. Benson; Company 3, Phineas H. Young; Company 4, Luke Johnson; Company 5, Stephen H. Goddard; Company 6, Charles Shumway; Company 7, James Case; Company 8, Seth Taft; Company 9, Howard Egan; Company 10, Appleton M. Harmon; Company 11, John Higbie; Company 12, Norton Jacobs; Company 13, John Brown; Company 14, Joseph Mathews.

The camp consisted of 73 wagons, 143 men, 3 women and two children—148 souls.

Nothing could better illustrate the perfection of Mormon organization than

this example of the pioneers, for they were apostles and picked elders of minute companies, and under strict discipline.

"Lieut.-General Young" issued general orders to the regiment. The men were ordered to travel in a compact body, being in an Indian country; every man to carry his gun loaded, the locks to be shut on a piece of buckskin, with caps ready in case of attack; flint locks, with cotton and powder flask handy, and every man to walk by the side of his wagon, under orders not to leave it, unless sent by the officer in command, and the wagons to be formed two abreast, where practicable, on the march. At the call of the bugle, in the morning, at five o'clock, the pioneers were to arise, assemble for prayers, get breakfast, and be ready to start at the second call of the bugle at seven. At night, at half-past eight, at the command from the bugle, each was to retire for prayer in his own wagon, and to bed at nine o'clock. Tents were to be pitched on Saturday nights and the Sabbath kept.

The pioneers broke a new road across the plains, over which tens of thousands of their people have since traveled, and which was famous as the "old Mormon road," till the railway came to blot almost from memory the toils and dangers of a journey of more than a thousand miles, by ox teams, to the valleys of Utah. (It is a curious fact that for several hundred miles the grade of the great trans-continental railway is made exactly upon the old Mormon road).

The pioneers were wary. Colonel Markham drilled his men in good military style, and the cannon was put on wheels.

William Clayton, formerly the scribe of the Prophet, and, in the pioneer journey, scribe to President Young, and Willard Richards, the Church historian, invented a machine to measure the distance.

General Young himself marked the entire route, going in advance daily with his staff. This service was deemed most important, as their emigrations would follow almost in the very footprints of the pioneers.

They reached Independence Rock on the 21st of June, and the South Pass on the 26th.

Several days later they met Major Harris, who had traveled through Ore-

gon and California for twenty-five years. He spoke unfavorably of the Salt Lake country for a settlement.

Next day Col. Bridger came up. He desired to go into council with the Mormon leaders. The apostles held the council with the colonel. He spoke more favorably of the great basin; but thought it not prudent to continue emigration there until they ascertained whether grain would grow there or not. He said he would give a thousand dollars for the first bushel of wheat raised in the valley of the Salt Lake.

At Green river they were met by Elder Samuel Brannan from the Bay of San Francisco. He came to give an account of the Mormon company that sailed with him in the ship *Brooklyn*. They had established themselves two hundred miles up the river, were building up a city, and he had already started a newspaper.

They were several days fording Green River. Here the pioneers kept the 4th of July.

The Mormon battalion now began to reinforce the pioneers. Thirteen of these soldiers, returning from the service of their country, joined them at Green River, and reported that a whole detachment of 140 were within seven days' drive.

As the pioneers approached the valley of the Great Salt Lake, the interest became intense. The gold-finders of California, and the founders of the Pacific States and Territories generally, had but a fever for the precious metals, or were impelled westward by the migrating spirit of the American people; but these Mormon pioneers were seeking the "Pearl of Great Price," and their thoughts and emotions, as they drew near the Salt Lake Valley were akin to those of the Pilgrim Fathers as they came in sight of Plymouth Rock.

During the last days of the journey, President Young was laid up with the "mountain fever," from which he did not fully recover till on the return trip to winter quarters.

After passing Bear River, a council of the whole was called, and it was resolved that Apostle Orson Pratt should take a company of about twenty wagons, with forty men, to go forward and make a road. Twenty-three wagons started the next morning.

A few simple but graphic passages from

the diary of Apostle Woodruff, will illustrate the entrance of the pioneers into the valleys of Utah, better than an author's imagination.

July 20th.—We started early this morning, and stopped for breakfast after a five miles' drive. I carried Brother Brigham in my carriage. The fever was still on him, but he stood the ride well. After breakfast we traveled over ten miles of the worst road of the whole journey.

21st.—We are compelled to lay over in consequence of the sick.

22d.—Continued our journey.

23d.—We left East Canyon: reached the summit of the mountain, and descended six miles through a thick timbered grove. We nooned at a beautiful spring in a small birch grove. Here we were met by Brothers Pack and Mathews from the advance camps. They brought us a dispatch. The brethren had explored the Great Salt Lake Valley, as far as possible, and made choice of a spot to put in crops.

July 24th.—This is one of the most important days of my life, and in the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

After traveling six miles through a deep ravine ending with the canyon, we came in full view of the valley of the Great Salt Lake; the land of promise, held in reserve by God, as a resting place for his Saints.

We gazed in wonder and admiration upon the vast valley before us, with the waters of the Great Salt Lake glistening in the sun, mountains towering to the skies, and streams of pure water running through the beautiful valley. It was the grandest view we had ever seen till this moment. Pleasant thoughts ran through our minds at the prospect that, not many years hence, the house of God would be established in the mountains and exalted above the hills; while the valleys would be converted into orchards, vineyards, and fruitful fields, cities erected to the name of the Lord, and the standard of Zion unfurled for the gathering of the nations.

President Young expressed his entire satisfaction at the appearance of the valley, as a resting place for the Saints, and felt amply repaid for his journey. While lying upon his bed, in my carriage, gazing upon the scene before us, many things of the future concerning the valley were shown him in vision.

After gazing awhile upon this scenery, we moved four miles across the table land into the valley, to the encampment of our brethren who had arrived two days before us. They had pitched upon the banks of two small streams of pure water and had commenced ploughing. On our arrival they had already broken five acres of land, and had begun planting potatoes in the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

As soon as our encampment was formed, before taking my dinner, having half a bushel of potatoes, I went to the ploughed field and planted them, hoping, with the blessing of God, to save at least the seed for another year.

The brethren had dammed up one of the creeks and dug a trench, and by night nearly the whole ground, which was found very dry, was irrigated.

Towards evening, Brothers Kimball, Smith, Benson and myself rode several miles up the creek (City Creek) into the mountain, to look for timber and see the country.

There was a thunder shower, and it rained over nearly the whole valley; it also rained a little in the fore-part of the night. We felt thankful for this, as it was the generally conceived opinion that it did not rain in the valley during the summer season.

How well this arrival of the pioneers into their "Land of Promise;" illustrates the character of the Mormon people. Empire founding on the first day; planting their fields before rest or dinner. Rain on the day of Brigham's arrival, a miracle of promise! Already had his vision begun to be fulfilled!

How characteristically the Mormons commenced their history in Utah as a God-fearing people!

The arrival of Brigham Young, in the valley of the Salt Lake, was on a Saturday. The next day to the pioneers was a Sabbath indeed.

"We shaved and cleaned up" (says Apostle Woodruff, in his graphic story of the pioneers), "and met in the circle of the encampment."

In the afternoon the whole "Congregation of Israel" partook of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Then the valleys rang with the exultant themes of the Hebrew prophets and the "Everlasting Hills" reverberated the hosannas of the Saints.

Orson Pratt was the preacher of the

great subject, which, to the ardent faith of those pioneers, never lived in fulfillment until that moment. The sublime flights of the matchless Isaiah gave the principal theme.

"O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountains!"

But Isaiah is not alone in the culminating inspiration. There is such a grand unity among the Hebrew prophets, when touching this subject of a Latter-day Zion, that, undoubtedly, it was the burden of the divine epic to which the Hebraic genius soared. Notwithstanding the mental diversity of those poet-prophets,

in this crowning theme, they give us, not poetic fragments, but a glorious continued composition; as from a manifold genius.

"Thy watchmen shall lift up their voice; with the voice together shall they sing; and they shall see eye to eye when the Lord shall bring again Zion."

This was fulfilled to those Anglo-American pioneers that day. They were the watchmen! With the voice together they sang the theme, and did literally shout their hosannas; for the "Hosanna" is a part of their temple service. They saw eye to eye. The Lord had brought again Zion!

THE GODBEITE MOVEMENT.

THE early history of Mormonism constitutes one of the most wonderful chapters in the religious annals of the world. It has the bold primitive side on which the Mormon pioneers are seen building up their model "Kingdom of God;" and it has the reverse side as boldly defined on which innovative heretics, also Mormon, may be seen at work tearing down the Mosaic fabric and rearing in its place the superstructure of a modern civilization.

Utah, from the beginning, has been a strange sociological unique. Never, at any time, however, after the pioneer period, was its society-structure really theocratic as is generally supposed. The Apostles gathered their people from Nauvoo to the Rocky Mountains, and with the social material thus collected they attempted to found, in isolation, an Israelitish commonwealth such as the Saxon world had never seen.

But another social strand was soon to interweave itself in the people of these valleys. It came from Great Britain and at a later date also from Scandinavia; so that almost as early as the pioneer period itself, there may be traced a large element of original Mormon society which, in time, brought forth a protestant Mormon class called Apostates.

The third society-web of our sociological formation was that of the Utah Gentiles. To-day, it is so well defined that little need be said to display it to sight; yet scarcely so far back as yesterday the Utah Gentile was as objectionable to the orthodox as the Utah Apostate. Indeed, it was the Apostate, by his generous fra-

ternization and the universalian tolerance of his own character, who first made the Gentile acceptable in Utah.

Outside of Utah there can be no such social classification. The epithets, "Apostate" and "Gentile" are misnomers, but here they have been used with all the original meaning and animus of the middle and early ages.

If ever our social knot is to be untied it will be by the Apostate, more properly styled the "Liberal Mormon Elder;" and the reason of his persistent attempts to untie it is explained in his Mormon sympathies. Those sympathies render him still tenderly tolerant toward the primitive people; yet his cruel experience has given him, in his outcome, a relationship with universal man. Furthermore, from his rounded experience, and his sympathetic contact with all sides, the knowledge has grown upon his intellectual consciousness that unless this Gordian social knot of Utah be untied by the hand of the liberal Mormon Elder it may, sooner or later, be cut by the Gentile. This was the very significance of the "Godbeite movement" in 1869-70.

The "Godbeite" was a Protestant Mormon Elder without malice in his purpose and mission. None who has been inspired by malice against Mormonism is worthy the name of "Godbeite," in its historical integrity. Malice is radically repugnant to his intellectual profession of faith. True, the "Godbeite" chose, of his own free-will, an everlasting intellectual and spiritual warfare with priestcraft, but he remained, notwithstanding, in the closest and most affec-





G. S. Grover

tionate relationship with the Mormon people. If, on the contrary, he abide not in this fellowship, then has he departed from his first love and faith; and can only be renewed by repentance of the subsequent malice induced by the bitterness of his experience under the curse and proscription which have been hurled upon his head.

*The original "Godbeite" was, therefore, not an apostate in any vile or rude sense, but rather a universalian Mormon Elder.

But let us follow the "Godbeites" in the regular footmarks of their history. Their period opens at that supreme crisis of our Territory when President Young was attempting to establish a communistic system over the entire people. For an insight into its early history, as the author is a party in the case, it will be preferable to digest a portion of Elder T. B. H. Stenhouse's description as given in his *Rocky Mountain Saints*,—merely stating that the views are those of our friend, rather than our own.

He says:

"Another and an unlooked-for phase of Mormon experience was soon to demand public attention. Two Elders were trying to establish a literary paper—*The Utah Magazine*. The proprietors were W. S. Godbe and E. L. T. Harrison; the latter was the Editor. Elder Harrison had essayed once before, with his friend Edward W. Tullidge, to make literature a profession among the Saints, and had established the *Peep O' Day*; but they met with insurmountable difficulties, and the paper stopped. The *Magazine*, with even Mr. Godbe's willing hand and ready purse to support it, realized that the effort to establish a purely literary paper in Utah was premature. The career of the *Magazine* was fast hastening to a close, and by way of rest and recreation, the editor accompanied the merchant to New York. * * *

"Away from Utah, and traveling over the Plains, the old rumbling stage coach afforded the two friends, as every traveler in those days experienced, an excellent opportunity for reflection. On their way, they compared notes respecting the situation of things at home, and spoke frankly together of their doubts and difficulties with the faith. They discovered, clearly enough that they were—in the language of the orthodox—"on the road to apostacy," yet in their feelings they did not

want to leave Mormonism, or Utah. A struggle began in their minds.

"One proposition followed another, and scheme after scheme was the subject of discussion, but not one of those schemes or propositions, when examined, seemed desirable; they were in terrible mental anguish. Arrived in New York and comfortable in their hotel, in the evening they concluded to pray for guidance. They wanted light, either to have their doubts removed and their faith in Mormonism confirmed, or yet again to have the light of their own intellects increased that they might be able to follow unwaveringly their convictions. In this state of mind the two elders assert that they had an extraordinary spiritualistic experience.

* * * * *

They returned to Utah, and to a very small circle of friends confided what has here been only very briefly related, and their story was listened to. Elder Eli B. Kelsey, a Mormon of twenty-seven years standing, and who was also a president of Seventies, was the intimate friend of Mr. Godbe, and Edward W. Tullidge, another "Seventy," was the bosom friend of Mr. Harrison. Believing that Brigham had set out to build up a dynasty of his own, and that he, like David the king, looked upon the people as his "heritage," these four Elders resolved to sap the foundations of his throne, and to place before the people the best intelligence they could command to enable them to realize their true position. Elder Henry W. Lawrence, a wealthy merchant, a bishop's counsellor, and a gentleman of the highest integrity, was early informed in confidence of this "New Movement," and gave to his friend, Mr. Godbe, valuable material support. The *Magazine*, that had before this been hastening to an end, took a new lease of life, and became a brilliant, well-conducted paper.

Not a word was ever said against Brigham or the faith; no fault was found with any one or anything, but week after week the whole strength of four vigorous pens was let loose upon the ignorance and superstitions of the age. Brigham had instilled into the minds of the Saints that the world was degenerating to an end, propelled by lightning speed; Kelsey, without ever squinting at the Prophet, wrote the history of the past, and showed "How the world had grown;" Tullidge

resuscitated the "Great Characters" of the world, and without once alluding to Brother Brigham, the contrast was to his disadvantage; Harrison dwelt upon a philosophical faith, and Godbe exhibited the possibility of honest error. With such minds at work, and with such a field for labor, and innumerable subjects to handle, the writers had only to study caution and prudence. The Magazine was sought after by the reading portion of the community."

But our friend Stenhouse has not given to the Godbeite movement nearly sufficient sociological depth and breadth. He has displayed as the origin merely a literary enterprise as the most prominent figure of a great social drama which, in its results since that day, has changed the whole history and course of Utah events; and the development of that drama of ours is given to New York with its strange story of spiritual revelations. This is but a partial view. The Godbeite movement was, in fact, a legitimate resolution and culmination of many successive movements, both intellectual and social, which had from time to time been occurring from the earliest days of our Territory. It was, moreover, a culmination not only of preceding intellectual and social evolutions but also of the long commercial controversy waged between our merchants and the Mormon Priesthood, of which the Walker Brothers were the chief representatives on the commercial side. Herein, rather than in its mere spiritualistic aspect, was the overwhelming significance of the Godbeite Movement at that critical hour; and it was this which gave to it its sonorous swell at the first burst of its glad tidings in these silent valleys.

Thus expounded as the legitimate resolution and culmination of a series of many successive evolutions from the very heart, brain, and society-forces of Mormondom itself, this Godbeite Movement of 1869-70 has a deep and broad sociological significance. It no longer appears, in this view, as an *outside* exposition of the "Heavens" through a spiritual movement imported from New York State, (which is the birthplace of the Mormon mission itself,) much less was it simply the revival of a literary and intellectual enterprise in the form of the Utah Magazine which thereafter essayed a careful well-planned revolution, born

of a "New Movement" having but little connection with the past.

The "Godbeite" Movement *was* a *revival* of the Messianic and Millennial spirit among the Mormon people, who were chosen to open the dispensation forty years before, but who had come so very nearly losing it altogether.

The prime cause of this revolution or schism in the Mormon Church, which has never ceased in its silent workings to this hour, brings boldly into prominence the character of William S. Godbe and the remarkable combination of means and instruments chosen for the end.

Whether the mission was imported from the East or germinated in the West, —whether it was sent down from Heaven or up from beneath, it exactly fitted Utah's necessities of that hour.

It was in 1868 that the Apostles made their first attempt to establish the Order of Enoch though, ever and anon, it had been talked of for years at Conference times under the name of "consecration." Its introduction, now, was to be attempted under the guise of "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution," and the Order of Enoch was to follow when the preparation had been made.

Now, the Church was in travail with this "Order" at that very critical moment of Utah when W. S. Godbe and E. L. T. Harrison took their fated "recreation" journey to New York.

Away from Salt Lake City, these Elders did find leisure to compare notes; but it was *not* with a spirit of unbelief concerning the original Divine intentions of Mormonism, but of its outcome; and away from perplexities, in the quietude of a New York hotel, they made this subject one of the earnest prayer of two Mormon Elders. The ladder of Heaven was let down and the Angels came; for two Mormon Elders had come to the foot of the Mountain to enquire of them.

Elias Harrison is by nature a man of a spiritual and an intellectual mission, and he at once became "the Mormon Luther of the New Movement." W. S. Godbe was not a man of a mission in the same sense, but he embodied in his mental organization and character a remarkable compound of intellectuality and spirituality blended with a society-potency. He was, in fact, a society-leader; and it was a mighty society weight that these men had to lift on their

return. Alone, Elder Harrison would not have been sufficient for this "work of the Heavens." He could not have mightily moved Utah society. He could not alone have grappled with the Order of Enoch. He might have become a Reformer and a martyr, but no more. The voice of one crying in the wilderness was in Elias Harrison; but the *success* of the mission, in its popular sense, was in William S. Godbe. Hence, they were carried down together from the isolation of these Rocky Mountains, and returned again to break the silent solitude with the voice of Joseph's dispensation and to infuse into an isolated society the life of new ideas. Was there not method in this combination? Was there not purpose in these men being together? We thought there was in those days.

During the absence of these Elders the Co-operative movement had been organized into an institution.

The organization was effected in the beginning of 1869, with a president, vice president, and five directors. Brigham, president, Delegate Hooper, vice president, the Apostles, George A. Smith, George Q. Cannon, and the Elders, Horace Eldredge, Wm. Jennings and Henry W. Lawrence, directors; Wm. Clayton, secretary; and H. B. Clawson, superintendent. This gave Brigham the controlling power should any such thing as opposition occur.

At the very time when this organization was formed, the "New Movement" had already been resolved upon; so that though Henry W. Lawrence put \$30,000 into the "Z. C. M. I." and became one of its Directors, he was, to so express the historical complexity, a "New Movement" leader. The force of circumstances in those times, compelled us all to wait for the development of events which depended upon the action of President Young himself. There was nearly a total social suspension. The very times hung on the man. He had been the "Man of Destiny" to Utah, and was still; but a younger destiny was rising to succeed him which was more compatible with our age and a modern civilization.

During this period of social suspension, there was abundance of opportunity for our pause and reconsideration. There was *a year's* intellectual incubation before the "Movement" opened. Meantime, we had formulated a sort of God-

beite philosophy of Brigham Young and his mission in the world. We had no malice against him. We brought no "railing accusation" against him. In the main, our views *justified* Brigham Young, notwithstanding we were playing intellectual antagonists to some of his policies. It is the philosophy of Ralph Waldo Emerson that he who lives up to his nature *is* justified. So, also, may it be said of the man born to be a leader and a society-founder. If he lives up, both to his nature and his mission, in his day and generation, he shall be abundantly justified both of Nature and in history. Brigham Young did this. He was a society-founder by nature and mission. He was as faithful to his mission as was Moses to his; but the "Godbeites" were about to enter upon a social and an intellectual war against *a further Mosaic performance in this age and country*. Were it possible for the veritable Moses of ancient times to return to earth with his Israel to found his theocracy in America and to play his part again as recorded in his Books, all America would rise up against him and his Israel. And yet all Christendom reads Moses with admiration. So did Brigham Young read him and *copy him*, and the extraordinary circumstances of his life as the leader of the Mormon people in their exodus from civilization, *justified his copy*. No other man in his age may be justified in doing what Brigham Young did in his lifetime. This was his own view of himself and life-work. We had no controversy with his view; but we had a controversy against a further Mosaic performance. The age is not fitted for it. The Mormons were also not fitted for it. They had not come up out of Egypt and from a four hundred year's bondage. They were Americans and English. Their forefathers had taken part in religious reforms and Protestant revolutions. Brigham Young was justified in his life and mission, for his life and mission were Mosaic by a strange "manifest destiny." So were we justified in *our* lives and mission.

A mighty Gentiledom was coming up from America against our Israeldom of the Rocky Mountains; the railroad was nearly completed connecting the two halves of our continent; the mines of Utah were about to be opened; the final adjustment between America and Utah was certain. Providence was moving to

demolish the worst part of Brigham's work *that the better part might be preserved!* For the name and the body of the society-work of Brigham Young are destined to live for many generations; and when Utah shall have become one of the greatest States of America, this man will be spoken of as its founder.

With such views, it is not proper to accept, only as a popular sketch, the picture of "four Elders" at work who were "resolved to sap the foundations" of Brigham's "throne." There was no conspiracy in the dark against Brigham Young; but a social revolution was forced upon us by coming events. Had we been possessed with malice against Brigham Young, we certainly should have feared. Indeed one of the strangest features of the Movement was, that men who had loved him, better than his apostles did or do, were thus in arms against him! Looking out upon us now from his inner life, he understands it all and knows why even his own heart and sound judgment permitted him not to hurt us more than in all reason we might have expected. To-day Brigham Young justifies William Godbe and his compeers.

The Godbeite leaders opened action upon the cause of the working classes.

Having fairly started "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution," President Young next attempted to grapple with the problem of labor. In carrying out a commercial scheme of such a general yet minute character as to take an entire people out of the established forms of society over into this new Order of Enoch, it was evidently necessary to harmonize the labor problem with the whole communistic plan.

To accomplish this, the "School of the Prophets" held conventions on the labor question. The result was a proposition to reduce the wages of the laborer to a dollar per day and the mechanic to a dollar and a half.

The working men murmured. Many of the mechanics began vigorously to agitate among themselves for trades' unions; they even proposed their own conventions, in opposition to those of the "School of the Prophets." They declared to one another that those who had fixed the rates of wages were the men who *paid wages* and not the men who *received wages*. They would not submit to this labor scheme of the Priesthood

which, they said, was devised for the oppression of the working classes.

The working men were bold in their utterances on the street, bolder when they met in groups, and actually clamorous for immediate revolution when they congregated in the evening at some convenient shop to discuss their vital question of the hour.

The masons, carpenters and painters were the most affected at the onset by this proposed reduction of wages; for Salt Lake City, just previous to the Co-operative movement, was aspiring to costly stores and palatial residences. Thus, the wages of the masons, for instance, were to be reduced from four dollars per day to a dollar and a half. The shoemakers and tailors who, in every country, are the independent thinkers and agitators among working-men, were not behind the above named guilds in declaring for a social uprising in Utah upon the labor question.

President Young now found something in his hands which he could not master, yet which he was resolved to master. At length, a strong editorial came out in the *Deseret News* threatening to bring in Chinese labor if the working men did not come to terms. George Q. Cannon was editor and the working-men realized that the issue had, indeed, become one of social life or death to their class. Hundreds began to wake up to the necessity of an emigration from Utah to the States; many did actually leave; and had not the Godbeite movement opened its initial action at that critical juncture of affairs many of the Mormon people must have left Utah unless President Young had retreated from his position.

The cause of the working classes was just the one to call out the humanitarian sympathies of W. S. Godbe, with all his native resolution of character and "British pluck." A social war with President Young was certain ruin to him, at least for a time, and it was very much the same with Henry Lawrence, though the latter stood the better chance of preserving, with John Kimball, their substantial commercial base-work. These men flinched not a moment from their duty but boldly came to the relief of the working-men.

The next number of the *Utah Magazine* came out with an editorial entitled "Our Workmen's Wages," the writer being E. L. T. Harrison. The article is

too lengthy to be reproduced in full but as it was really the beginning of the action, the subject and advocacy of the working-man's cause must be preserved, condensed, in this historic record.

OUR WORKING-MEN'S WAGES.

"As part of the people, among whom we class ourselves, we desire to speak a word on the subject of our working-men's wages; and give our opinion as to whether they can be justly reduced at the present time, and how far. The arguments in favor of low wages to which we shall refer, are such as are heard discussed in every workshop and upon every street, and are, therefore, common property; and are not met as the arguments of any particular individual, but simply as abstract theories.

We will say in the start that we believe in any moderate reduction of wages necessary for competition, and proportionate to the reduced prices of such articles as the working-man uses for his support; we simply question the justice of so large a reduction as is now contemplated. * *

As a preliminary argument in favor of the kind of reduction now contemplated, it is commonly said, it cannot hurt anyone, 'because, if all are reduced alike, all will, necessarily, be as well off as before;' but this argument will apply equally to raising everybody's wages as to lowering them. * * *

But a reduction of wages has also been commonly urged on the ground that the Railroad will bring in produce and manufactured articles, and, not only compete with us in what we would dispose of to each other, but also undersell us in such articles as we may desire to part with to other Territories. That a moderate reduction may be necessary to meet this is perfectly true, and should by all means be made; but the question is—how much should it be? Will the Railroad reduce the price of our products nearly two-thirds, that we should reduce the mechanic's wages to a little over one-third his present price to meet it? We think the Railroad will not reduce our products in any such proportion. Let us ask what will the Railroad bring in to compete with us. It cannot bring in carpenters, masons, plasterers or laborers' work—except in fractional items amounting to nothing. It cannot therefore undersell the largest part of our mechanical labor that should

be reduced in wages to meet it. It can only compete with us in produce, boots, shoes, hats, cabinet-work, pottery, and such of the few manufactures as exist in our midst; the prices of which kinds of labor would, of course, have to be reduced to meet that competition, while the prices of the mechanics referred to would have to come down to correspond. *

But it may be very truthfully urged that merchandise and produce being now considerably reduced, the working-man should reduce the price of his labor to correspond with his savings. This we consider only right. The question then is, how much is he likely to save by the cheap importations of the Railroad. * *

And then as to articles of merchandise which, mark it, are now about as low as they are likely to get, they are reduced, perhaps, a little over one third of their average price during the last two years; and we have not heard that our working-men have been grossly overpaid during this slack period. Basing our views then on these facts, we submit, with all respect to better judgment, that a reduction of over one-third would be out of due proportion. And as such must be objectionable: * * *

The proposition, as we understand it, is to reduce our wages so low that we can work our small factories to compete with the gigantic ones east. Now, we simply ask—Is not this equivalent to a proposition for a man who keeps a shanty in the first ward, and keeps one assistant, to reduce the wages of that assistant to enable him to compete with the "Eagle Emporium?" May we ask how much he would have to reduce that unhappy man's wages before he could sell as low and increase his establishment to the same size? The "Eagle Emporium," which we take merely by way of illustration, can flourish on a profit of a cent a yard, because it can sell yards by the thousand, while the owner of the shanty must have six times as much profit, because he sells six times less than the other. This is the relation one of our little Utah factories would stand in to those abroad. * * *

It may be thought however, that by starting little factories, with low prices, we might grow in time to do as big a business as those abroad. But we put it to the good sense of our readers, would it be wise in order to create big businesses, to reduce prices or wages before we

have suitable establishments or the business which alone could compensate us for such reduction? Before we think of doing this, we need a vast market for our goods, for we must sell as much as those in the east before we can sell as low. Such a market neither this nor the adjoining Territories can furnish for years to come. Supposing we even *had* the factories, and they were to produce as much as those east, which they must do to compete with them in price, in a few months they would glut these Territories for years, and have the bulk of their goods on their shelves. * * *

But not only have we not the market to keep factories of the necessary size running at present; but, with respect to that class of articles, the manufacture of which is specially contemplated, we have not the material in the Territory to keep such extensive factories going. * * *

To reduce wages when we get suitable establishments, sufficient market and material to work them, would be right enough; but to-day we have neither; and while in this condition, shall we reduce wages as the most direct road to gain them? This is a theory which the wisdom of our brethren will doubtless reject as soon as they begin to carry it out, if not before. The rule of commerce—a law which no one can violate without loss, and which all business men subscribe to,—is always to be PREPARED to do a big business before you reduce your prices! To reduce before you have your establishments sufficiently large, enough material to manufacture all you need, or your market large enough to sell all you can make, is to invite certain and irretrievable ruin, whether applied to an individual or a Territory. And if it be incorrect in principle to reduce prices till all these conditions are fulfilled, there can be no reason why wages should be reduced in anticipation.

Having said so much as to the present prices proposed for labor, we now wish to present what we consider serious objections to the principle of fixing uniform prices for labor or skill of any kind.

Mankind cannot be run into grooves or ticketed off like articles in a wholesale store. There is every variety of value among men of each particular trade. This will apply equally to laboring as to mechanical work. There are scarcely any two men equally valuable to an employer.

Suppose we resolve to declare that, as a community, we can fix prices to suit ourselves, irrespective of the laws of competition, and what is the result? We have one of two difficulties to meet; either we must admit that every man's labor is as valuable as another's—no matter the difference of ability displayed, or we must admit a difference and settle it in every case by the judgment of a third party.

That we must do one of these two things is evident. Let us as a community resolve we can fix arbitrary prices, and immediately every unskilled laborer in the community has a right to say at once, "There is now no cause why I should not have as much for working a whole day as any other man. I need as much to eat, and drink, and wear, and I love to see my wife and children surrounded by luxuries as much as any other man. We are all brethren, therefore give me as much. You can do so for you have no laws of trade or competition in your way to prevent you. If the community can fix prices to suit itself, it can fix prices to suit us all, and I would like as much as any man in the Territory." This is what every man can logically say, and the demand must be complied with; and every man of skill and energy be reduced to the level of the most ignorant and unenterprising in the community.

Suppose, however, we declare a difference of value in labor, we have then the greatest difficulty of all to meet. Once we admit that a difference of value should exist, and conclude to determine that price by officers of some kind, they will not only have to examine and value the workmanship of every man in the community, but they will have to inspect and attach a separate and distinct price to every fresh piece of brainwork, artistic or mechanical skill, as fast as produced. For nothing could, in that case, have any value till they determined it. As all articles, and men's skill itself, would incessantly differ from time to time, it would take a committee as large as the community itself, to run round, watch and endlessly compare the value of every article produced—and then they could not do it. Who can satisfactorily determine the comparative value of two pieces of brainwork or artistic skill? Who can tell the value of one piece of carpentry, plastering or masonry—one piece of sculpture—one piece of carving—one

picture—one invention—one architectural design—one piece of musical composition—one piece of acting, one piece of engineering, one piece of poetry, one day's management of a business, or one effort of statesmanship over another, so as to satisfy every soul? No man or men on earth could do it. No wisdom inferior to that of God, Himself, in all the plenitude of His wisdom, without one shade abated from the boundless perfection of His knowledge, could do it, so that all could feel that the true, exact point was reached. And where is there even a foretaste of such perfect wisdom now? Less than this perfection of judgment to the senses of men, and the whole plan would break itself up in endless differences of opinion and scenes of confusion; for the divine intellect of man and right of individual judgment, as to the worth of its own labor, cannot be fettered or restrained worlds without end.

On the other hand, to avoid these difficulties, should we decide to have uniform prices for all, and begin to class men at one dollar a day or at ten, that moment we shall kill all their ambition and enterprise. Unless an opening is left for men of any trade or profession, to get more than each other, if they are worth more, there is no incentive for the development of skill or intellect. The greatest booby in his calling can claim as much as the man who has toiled day and night, and bent all his energies to obtain excellence and superiority. All are swept into one dead level. Skill, talent, energy, all are covered up, and the very motive power by which the Creator has moved the world from the beginning to perfection in every art and science, is extinguished and dried up for ever.

It may be said, however, that the Gospel is destined to bring us to such a condition, that the motive power of self interest which has hitherto been the main spring of the world's progress, is to be superseded by so much of the love of God in every man's nature, that all will be willing to sink their individuality, and labor for the glory of the community as fervently as they now do for themselves. Assuming this to be true, it will have to be when the present almighty grasp of self is released from our bosoms, and the nature of angels taken in instead. Judging by all we can see of men's con-

duct to-day, we are a thousand years at least from that blessed period. The writer has searched deep, and searched wide, and, although he has found some who say they are willing to bring themselves to this order of things if God should require it—and commence to work every day of their lives for their neighbor's good and blessing as much as their own—he has found none who are anxious to commence, even at the rate of six hours a day for the same object, until God *does* command it. From which he concludes that the fear of God in most of us must be rather stronger than the love of man. At any rate, when the nature of angels does so come upon men, that the thousand passions and strivings of the human bosom for wealth and increase to one's self, are all hushed and superseded by an equal amount of joy in seeing the balance of that wealth transferred to other hands to possess and enjoy—come when this glorious day will, there is no danger in the world of its overtaking us as a thief in the night; and least of all any reason why we should revolutionize labor or put it at one uniform level expressly to meet such a contingency. That the inhabitants of Zion will, at some distant day attain to such a Godlike condition that they could do all this, if needed, we are perfectly sure; but we are equally sure that to dry up the present sources of ambition before that vast transformation of human nature shall come, would be to kill genius and enterprise, and produce a dead and stagnant community.

In conclusion we will say we wish to go with our brethren and see eye to eye with them in all things that they do for the public good; but these reasons, in a more or less connected form, are floating through the minds of hundreds, who feel them as strongly as we do; but who are too timid to give them expression however oft invited. Such objections should, we consider, be met, and if incorrect, removed for the sake of unity. We therefore collect them together, and present them, that if baseless they may be swept away, or if otherwise, remain and prevail as all true principles should and will."

Notwithstanding the bold underlying intentions of the opening action, it will be seen that the policies of the hour were

touched most tenderly, and with a spirit of profound respect manifested towards him who had so long been the Patriarchal Leader of our people. It was almost like touching with sacreligious hands the Word of God. Even the early Protestants could not have been more profoundly shocked, when they broke the seals of the Bible, than were we when we began to attack the social policies and infallibility of President Brigham Young.

But those seals were broken to Utah now. A Mormon Protestantism was at length a fact. The workingmen wondered and applauded; and President Young at once appreciated our rebel intentions!

To the general reader in any other community, it would be a matter of absolute wonderment that an article, seemingly so common-place in the argument, on labor and wages, could have possessed any potency to save a class,—much less to interrupt the social purposes of an all-powerful Priesthood. But note that this potency was not in the *argument* on labor and wages; but it was in the *affirmation* that there was “no *man* or men on earth” to be trusted with the establishing of an “Order of Enoch” plan. “No wisdom inferior to that of God, Himself, in all the plentitude of His wisdom, without one shade abated from the boundless perfection of His knowledge, could do it; * * * *and where is there even a foretaste of such perfect wisdom now?*” This showed the real animus.

Both the Priesthood and the people saw, at once, that there was a combination of influential society men in the Church—such as Godbe and Lawrence—backed by the Walker Brothers and all the Gentile merchants, who were resolved that the Mormon working classes should not thus be reduced to servitude; and with this commercial power was united the men of the independent press, who were thus daring to fight the workingmen’s cause against Brigham Young. Vain had it been to have continued this labor controversy against such a combination of men and money as now championed this most vital cause of the people.

President Young, wisely and quickly resigned that part of his plan which touched the working classes. And here it may be observed that this sagacious Leader always showed masterly tact and ability in his quick retreats when unable

to accomplish his original purposes. He seemed ever to recover his prestige before he fairly lost it. The “Utah war” was an example of this. Nearly all the *prophecies* of that period failed; yet, after a feint played in the “Second exodus,” he got the best even of the United States. So, also, on this occasion, he retreated from his original policies and recovered in part his prestige with the people.

The “Utah Reformers,”—for that was their character now before the public,—to strengthen their position and render their part familiar to the people, next discoursed upon the daring act of the man who “steadied the ark.” The writer, again, was Mr. Harrison. The article is too important in the development of the “Utah schism” to be omitted from the historic record of those days.

STEADYING THE ARK.

“There are a few people in our Territory who, whenever an independent idea is expressed on any philosophical or theological subject, immediately call out, alarmed, that the speaker or writer in question is “steadying the ark,” meaning thereby that such person is trying to dictate the church. As if—whether the speaker’s intention was such or not—the action of independent thought could, by any possibility be dangerous to an imperishable system like ours. It is a fear of having something of this kind said about them that has deterred many a person from expressing conceptions of the truth of which they were assured,—but which did not happen to tally with popular opinion. The existence of such a fear dwarfs and stunts the intellect as well as the spiritual growth of men; and being contrary to “Mormonism” which was offered to us all as a gospel of free thought—and free speech, too—should be broken down.

Why should men, who believe they have a gospel founded on the laws of eternal nature, fear that such an ark should be steadied or jostled? Fancy the architect of the Temple, with its ten-foot granite walls and its thousand-tonned foundation, getting excited and calling out that somebody was trying to “steady” the Temple; and then fancy a gospel, ancient and imperishable as the fixed stars of eternity, being “steadied” by anybody. Men can have but little faith

in the sublime immovability of their gospel who talk this way.

Those who feel in their hearts that they are built on final and unalterable truth, can afford to look calmly on at the wildest effort of free thought, knowing that every new scrutiny will only reveal to the truly intelligent mind a new beauty—a new point of harmony with all other facts. Instead of being alarmed or annoyed, their cry continually is—"steady us if you can." On this point, we feel much as our Delegate, Hooper, expressed himself about the Railroad bringing us to the scrutiny of the world: said he, in effect, "If our system won't bear to be brought face to face with the world, the sooner the miserable thing is broken up the better;" and all proud of their religion will say Amen. But here comes in a curious fact of human nature: the very same men who will say Amen to Bro. Hooper's remarks and who will trumpet to all the world their challenge for scrutiny of "Mormonism," and glory in every outside attack, the moment one of their *own* brethren expresses a thought ahead of their own, will point him out and say—"That's a dangerous kind of thinker—he's trying to steady the ark." And with a whip of this kind—which, of course, is unsanctioned by the spirit of our divine priesthood—they unintentionally crush free thought out of their brethren's souls.

Our own opinion is that, when we invite men to use free speech and free thought to get into the Church, we should not call upon them, or ourselves, to "kick down the ladder by which they and we, ascended to Mormonism." They should be called upon to think on as before, no matter who has or has not thought in the same direction.

There is one fatal error, however, which possesses the minds of some, and out of which this fear of "steading the ark" has grown; it is this: that God Almighty *intended the priesthood to do our thinking*. Hence, if you say to such men, "What do you think on such a subject?" they will answer, "I don't know. What does the Priesthood say about it?" This is an extreme of a true doctrine. It is right to respect the priesthood but never to the crushing out of our own individuality. It is folly to suppose that the priesthood requires this. As far as we understand the spirit of that divine priest-

hood which rules this and all other worlds, it glories in bringing out the individuality of men to the utmost. Instead of seeking to bring them all to one dead level, and regulate all by one brain or twenty, it throws men back on to themselves to learn God there. It says: "Look within; you are a lens in which God is mirrored; His bright reflection is upon you; His voice is within you, speaking." Priesthood is simply an external organization, instituted for the sake of order, and for the more correct and speedy promulgation of true principles. Its authority is to teach, and help the growth of the individual—not to swallow him up. God has taught more to the individual soul, directly, than he ever has through any external organization He ever instituted. Even when He teaches through the organization, He has to witness it within the soul after all, or it is worthless to the man. Still, it is priesthood that does it even then, for it is the invisible priesthood that is around us—"the spirits of the just made perfect," who whisper to the soul the way, the truth, and the light. But they cannot whisper to him who dares not think, for it is in and through thought alone that they can get at us. They work in harmony with all who truly represent the spirit of the priesthood in this life; and all go on together without discord. Could such fill us with their divine inspiration, their voice would be: "Think freely and think forever; and above all, never fear that the 'Ark' of everlasting truth can ever be 'steadied' by mortal hand or shaken."

The authorities began at length to understand the mission of the *Utah Magazine*. They discerned in its pages something of the signs of the times "at home." Evidently the editors carried lamps of their own and of their own trimming. "New lights" were rising.

For the Mormon people to be told, thus boldly, that they might dare to "Steady the ark of God" with impunity, and even to take it from the shoulders of its High Priests, seemed like rank blasphemy. Nor is this said in derision. From their standpoint, this view was correct. These "New Movement" leaders were indeed both sacreligious and daring. In the face of the revelation in the "Book of Doctrine and Covenants" which had already been applied to the editors

of the Magazine—"While that man, who was called of God, and appointed, that putteth forth his hand to steady the ark of God, shall fall by the shaft of death, like as a tree that is smitten by a vivid shaft of lightning")—the temerity of this Mormon Elder was awful to the Priesthood. True, the revelation had no personal application to him; but was he less deserving the "shaft?" Nor did he lessen his fearful responsibility by assuring the Saints that the Divine Power had given the office of "steading the ark" to "the invisible priesthood around us—the spirits of the just made perfect, who whisper to the soul the way, the truth, and the light;" and that their voice to us would be,—“Think freely, and think forever; and above all, never fear that the Ark of Everlasting Truth can be steadied by mortal hand or shaken!” “Think freely, and think forever!”

This indeed was Joseph Smith's Mormonism.

This bold action of rebel Elders could be borne no longer. Mr. Harrison, in consequence, was appointed on a mission to England, and Mr. Kelsey to the Eastern States. Mr. William H. Shearman was also appointed on a mission. It was a test case. If we obeyed the Priesthood in this, then were we loyal after all; if not, then the ecclesiastical block awaited us.

But the "Utah Schism" practically came with its proper subject—a subject that has carried it along from that hour to the present moment. When the resolute agitation commenced to open the Utah Mines, for the social redemption of the Territory, all sides felt that the issue had indeed come. That agitation opened with an editorial entitled—"The True development of the Territory,"—and, as it appeared to come from a council of rebel merchants and Elders, it bore very much the character of a social manifesto to the people. The history of the opening, development, and fame of the Utah Mines since that day, almost demands the reproduction of that famous article, which first gave the inspiring energy and opportunity to the great mining movement of Utah. Its date is Saturday, October 16, 1869.

THE TRUE DEVELOPMENT OF THE TERRITORY.

"It is a necessary truth, well understood

by the commercial world, that any country or district that has sufficient cash or currency in its midst, should, first and foremost, devote its labors in developing those resources which will command the largest outside market, and thus establish a base for obtaining the money that it needs; and it is further understood, that all home manufactures or products in which such country is not likely to be able to compete to advantage, with other places; and which must, therefore, be confined mainly to internal exchange, are matters of secondary importance as they must draw their sustenance from those products which have a sale in the outside world.

Every country needs a certain amount of money to keep it going, and there are only two ways of obtaining it. It must either be dug out of its mines, and coined, or obtained from other places by the sale of such articles, of which it has a special surplus—which product or products it should, of course, develop before all others, because upon that the life blood of the rest depends. Internal exchanges are nothing but accessories to prosperity, and not the principal causes thereof, as they flourish on the use of the money drawn into the country by the sale of those specialties, which go abroad. It is, therefore, clear that all localities which do not develop something in large quantities, which will command an outside market, must fall back to a greater or less extent upon the miserable and cumbrous system of "trade," as money will be out of the question.

All countries before they can be rich, must develop some specialty or product of which they have a great surplus for sale, or remain poor. The reason why we have had so little cash in Utah for so long a period, and have had to do so much upon the hateful "trade" system, is simply, because we have, as yet, developed no specialty. We have, therefore, had nothing in any great amount to sell, and consequently no money in exchange; and we must always remain equally poor until we can develop some product of which we have a great surplus. We repeat, the development of "Home-Manufactures" cannot help us in this respect, unless they are of such magnitude as to create us a grand depot of supply to other places, and, as we have shown in our late article on "Our Workmen's Wages," this

is not likely to be the case with any of the home manufactures at present engaging our attention. Our Territory is of such a nature that our manufactures must necessarily be extremely limited in material, and consequently in their sale. What we need, is to produce something which we are fitted by nature to supply in large proportions, and by competing with the world, command a constant supply of the money requisite to keep the Territory going. When we have developments of this kind in operation which will put this money in the hands of the community, we can then start all the Factories we please, and keep them going easily enough by internal sale. To start them before we have, is to begin at the wrong end. Home-manufactures are proper things to have amongst us, and should by all means be encouraged, but they will fail to produce the results we desire unless we can insure the cash in the Territory necessary to pay their workmen and keep them alive. They are miserable and unprofitable affairs—as many persons have experienced—when the expenses of repairing and replacing machinery, and payment of capitalists and workmen has mainly to be met by exchanging with other home products.

The question then arises—Have we a specialty of the kind in this Territory that will bring us the money we need, and in what does it consist? In other words, wherein are we specially fitted by Nature to compete with other places. California, Illinois, and Missouri, have their distinct facilities over the rest of the continent. Wherein has Providence fitted us to excel and surpass other localities, as that must be the direction in which our energies should be mainly expended? One glance at our barren mountains and hard benches will answer the question.

Evidently we have not preeminency as a farming country. That is, we are not a farming country of the order formed by Nature to be like Illinois and Missouri, a great grain reservoir to others. We can produce enough for home consumption and a small surplus to sell, but not half enough to get us the money we need. Had we some other product which would bring money into the country so that our farmers could sell for cash within ourselves, farming could, without a doubt, be made a tolerably profitable business

in this Territory. But as a special grain-raising country, we dwindle into insignificance alongside even of California with its surplus millions of bushels, to say nothing of Eastern States.

Nor are we preeminently fitted for a grazing country, as all can see—especially those who have once looked on the rich pastures of England and other countries. Still, if carefully managed we have abundant grazing facilities for home supplies; but that is not the point; the idea is, we are not superlatively a grazing country, although, when scientifically gone into as a business (which it is not at present,) many persons will doubtless get rich at stock-raising, providing we can get money from some other source to buy their cattle with.

Neither is our country so remarkably adapted for the raising of sheep for their wool, that we should look to that for the wealth that is to keep our internal industries going. Sheep, of course, can be raised here as they can in many other countries where they do not excel in the business, but Nature does not point our people to sheep raising, as she does to the inhabitants of some countries, as that department of enterprise for which they are specially prepared and fitted. There are no self-evident facilities for raising cheaply vast quantities of wool in Utah, so that we can compete with the world at large on that point, any more than we have facilities for raising as cheap as in the south of America large quantities of cotton—an article which we can, doubtless, yet supply sufficiently for home use. We repeat that all of these branches may be profitably followed by individuals in the supply of home consumption; but home consumption brings no money into the Territory, and we imperatively need something that will. And we ask wherein is that something? And the answer comes back from all parts of the Territory, that it is in MINERALS! We are one of Nature's vast mineral store-houses—a mineral Territory in fact. From one end to the other we walk over worlds of mineral wealth awaiting development. We have mountains of coal, iron and lead, and enough copper and silver to supply the world—to say nothing of more precious metals. Here, then, is our specialty written on the face of the country—a department in which we can compete with almost any part of the world.

and keep alive all our industries as well. Here is the opening for an enterprise. Here nature needs no forcing to produce us what we need, she groans with profusion. To strain our souls out in fruitless endeavors to bend the climate and soil of the Territory in matching other countries in departments where we were evidently never intended to equal them, much less to excel, while our grand specialty lies almost untouched, is to turn our backs on the open hand of God, and shut our eyes to that providential finger and voice, saying, "This is the way; walk ye in it."

While we say this much for our mineral development, we heartily endorse the wise policy of our ecclesiastical leaders which has always been opposed to such mineral developments as gold placer diggings, and the like, calculated, as they are, to flood the Territory with the refuse of society. Gold fevers doubtless, have their use in the settling of the continent, but we do not need them to settle our Territory. We can do it on a much more peaceable and profitable principle. The mineral development we recommend, is of the more solid and useful kind, which can be worked in a manner to engage only the industrious and the honest.

All that we need for development of these sources of wealth is capital and experience—but experience more particularly. As to experience, or labor skilled in the development of iron, silver or any other of our metals, we should, of course, get what we can from the members of our community, but where they have not sufficient, it will pay to buy it of Jew or Gentile. As President Young said a few Sundays ago: "Let us accept a truth even if it comes from hell;" this is a true principle, and will apply equally to a mining truth as much as any other. It will pay to purchase the necessary skill for so important a purpose at almost any price. We can afford to pay experienced men ten times what they can get elsewhere, and then be monstrous gainers. There are hundreds of men—decent men too—in the United States, who would be glad to sell their knowledge for so long a period as was required, and then go on their way rejoicing if necessary. By so doing, we need not identify our movements as a community with any other unless we choose. There need be no more harm or admixture in buying for a few months

the judgment and skill of an outsider, than there is in buying Gentile dry-goods in New York.

Outside of this great natural source of wealth, almost ready to our hands, we have no means of getting money into the Territory. Working our proposed factories within ourselves—as we necessarily must, for we can command no large outside market—we must reduce wages very low in price, if we are determined to carry them through. In the development of our mineral riches, therefore, lies the only hope for our mechanics to get decent wages and deliverance from the miserable "trade" system. With the Great Railway at hand, we can ship them to the East and West, get our pay in cash, and the men working them can get the same kind of pay. This will present an opening to our mechanics, and our stock and produce raisers of all kinds, to obtain cash when selling the results of their labors to those engaged in developing our minerals.

Mineral development, of the honest, hard-working kind, is, then, our true starting point because it is in that and that alone of which as a Territory we have promise of a vast surplus.

We have nothing else that can enrich us except in a petty way. It stands before all other kind of developments in importance because it will alone furnish the capital for their establishment and without which they must be failures in a monetary point of view.

Without something of this kind to bring us money, we must always be a bartering community, and what that is we all know too well. "Barter" sounds very well to the ear in words, but it is a nest of uncleanness in practice. Every influence of the "trade" system tends to dishonesty. When men have to pay five or a hundred dollars in cash, any complete five or a hundred dollar note is as valuable as another, and there is no motive for their selecting one before the other, but with payment in any particular product or article of manufacture it is not so. When an agreement has been made to pay in such articles, five out of every ten men stop to select the most worthless of the kind agreed upon, or if they have promised to pay in home products without any particular specification as to which kind, they bend the whole force of their minds to discover which of all of

such articles that they possess is the most useless to them; and if they have nothing worthless enough to-day, they will stop and wait until they have. Half the debts now due on "trade" bargains are not unpaid, because the debtor is dishonest—certainly not—but simply because he has not yet discovered something he does not want. For keeping alive all the inventive faculties of a man for cheating, the "trade" system is the best in the world. Its evils are numberless. It professes to pay for labor or products at certain prices which are never realized, as from one quarter to two-thirds is lost in the trouble and delays of collection. It deprives the workman of the privilege of going to the cheapest market for his goods, because it compels him to buy only of the man who engages his labor, and at just such prices as he chooses to charge. It lays the poor man always at the mercy of the rich. It puts a bar in the way of the enjoyment of one half the conveniences of civilized life, because the trouble of effecting an exchange, especially in cumbrous articles, is worth more than the luxury. The rich man, perhaps, does not feel this because he can buy all he needs in large quantities and save two-thirds of the trouble. It effectually stops the growth of all businesses and trades which deal in small amounts. It is also the greatest bar in the way of literature the world ever felt. At this moment, twice as many people in Utah would take papers and magazines, but for the trouble and expense of forwarding this kind of pay. In our agricultural districts we are constantly met with the declaration that the people wish to take this magazine, but they cannot do so because the cost of hauling their pay to our office would eat up the subscription before it got here. Not only does the "trade" system operate in an injurious manner commercially and socially, but ecclesiastically. Hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of dollars, toiled for so laboriously, and paid so freely by our community in tithing, are wasted—utterly thrown to the winds—not because any body can help it, but because we have no currency, and the cost of hauling eats up a large proportion of the labors and sweat of the people without the cause, we love being benefitted one particle thereby.

In a word, the "trade" system is one of the greatest curses that can rest on the progress and comfort of a community,

and any free people that can protect themselves from it by any development which will command them the use of a currency, should expel it from their midst.

Our only hope of redemption from these evils lies in our mineral development. We have tried the establishment of almost everything else and have failed to obtain money, for the simple reason that the exchange of home-manufactures never can create money—money must come from the outside world. There must be something to bring it, and at present we have nothing that will. The little dribblets of grain and other products we have to spare are not worth a moment's consideration, in view of the necessities of a great Territory. We have tried with laudable energy for years to develop factories and home industries, but having no money it has been toil and loss upon loss. Where is the factory or home development that really pays? Common sense would seem to say, develop that first which will bring money from other Territories and States, and then these factories and home industries which supply ourselves will have something to lean upon. We believe in home manufactures. Where we have one now we need a dozen, but we must have money before we can have factories. Factories will not create themselves and support themselves out of nothing. We are in a barren desolate country very thinly settled, with equally meagre and sparsely settled Territories around us and the great world of commerce beyond has a thousand opportunities to our one. Factories in our midst as competitors with the giant establishments of the East is a useless proposition, but the idea of factories for internal supply is reasonable enough provided we develop something that will get us money sufficient to build them in the first place, and furnish them a money market afterwards. Till then it will only be as it has been in the past, labor upon labor and outlay upon outlay without end, and result as to-day in comparative bankruptcy. Summed up in a few words—we live in a country destitute of the rich advantages of other lands—a country with few natural facilities beyond the great mass of minerals in its bowels. These are its main financial hopes. To this our future factories must look for their life, our farmers, our stock, wool, and cotton raisers for their sale, and our mechanics for suitable

wages. Let these resources be developed, and we have a future before us as bright as any country beneath the sun, because we shall be working in harmony with the indications of Nature around us."

With the publication of that manifesto on "the True Development of the Territory," hope sprang up on the Gentile side. The Radicals saw now that Godbe, Lawrence, Harrison, Kelsey and their class were indeed about to inaugurate rebellion against the priesthood, especially in the material policies which must give the community new impulses, change its social forms and mark out for Utah, in the future, almost the reverse directions which she had taken in the past.

This movement of merchant Elders, united with an independent missionary press, brought them directly into the issue with President Young. There was no longer a question that they were assuming the character of religious and social reformers. Yet, had it been this merely, the President may have well afforded to have left them unnoticed; for no man in the world could hope to rival Brigham Young as the Leader of the Mormons.

"On the afternoon of the day on which that article was published," says Stenhouse, "Brigham, in the 'School of the Prophets' was furious. The names of Godbe, Harrison, Tullidge, Stenhouse and three others—not 'rebels'—were called, and as all these gentlemen were absent, Brigham, in his anger, moved that they all be 'disfellowshipped' from the Church, and the following brief notification was sent to each:

SALT LAKE CITY, October 16, 1869.

DEAR BROTHER: I hereby inform you that a motion was made, seconded, and carried by a unanimous vote of the School of the Prophets to-day, that you be *disfellowshipped* from the Church until you appear in the School and give satisfactory reasons for your irregular attendance there.

Your brother in the Gospel,

GEORGE GODDARD, Secretary."

There was a great sensation in the city. The Gentiles were deeply interested. Nothing before had occurred in Utah to so stir them toward a common cause. An organized movement from the Elders was

what the Gentile party most desired to see arrayed against the Utah authorities. That night, might have been seen in the Gentile stores groups of men in earnest conversation touching the signs of the times and the new situation.

Next day was Sunday, but Main Street was alive with the subject. A group of merchants was at the "Elephant Corner" when the author joined them. Among them were three of the Walker Brothers and John Cunningham. "You boys have struck the blow in the right place!" observed Mr. J. R. Walker. The agitation for the opening of the mines *was* the "right place" to strike for Utah's social redemption! Therefore had we struck there first, before proclaiming any spiritual or religious movement. It was a Utah Reform, not a "New York seance" to be expounded to our people.

But now had come the time for the initial development of the spiritual part of the movement; so, on the next Saturday morning (the day of our appearance before the School of the Prophets) the following article appeared in the *Utah Magazine* from the pen of Mr. Harrison:

WE ARE NOTHING, IF NOT SPIRITUAL.

"When Joseph Smith inaugurated our Church, nearly forty years ago, it burst upon the world as a Revelation of spiritual power. The main peculiarity of our system was, that we asserted the necessity of close and constant intercommunication between this and the Heavenly worlds.

While we freely admitted that light and intelligence were continually being imparted by God to mankind through inspiration of an intellectual or mental kind, we strongly protested against the sufficiency of this kind of Revelation.

Our Elders went forth declaring the opening of a dispensation of angelic visitation; an age of Revelation and Prophecy; a new, grand period of Heavenly manifestations. The sick were to be healed henceforth mainly by the laying on of hands. Visions and divinely-given dreams were to be the constant companions of the members of the church; the curtains of Heaven were to be lifted up, and a church established which—to use the language of the Doctrine and Covenants—by the multiplicity of heavenly manifestations poured upon mankind in the flesh, was to prepare them for the fullness of Jehovah's presence in the world

of glory, and without the enjoyment of which they could not be so perfected.

As a means to this end a *spiritual* power was to be built up to be called Zion, whose people should have a constant witness of the presence and association of Heavenly visitors.

SPIRITUAL power was our battle cry! We were 'nothing if not spiritual.' We were founding a kingdom whose glory was not the wealth of its people, the extent of their farms, or the elegance of their homes, but the fire of the Omnipotent spirit and the presence and influence of the great ones of the invisible world; while sweet and holy sentiments, changing hearts and purifying the lives of men were to be distilled through inspired lips upon the church.

This was the programme to which we have given the most vital portion of our existence, and for which we have all borne the scorn of the world. Some of us travelled for years as poor dependents, over the face of the world, and all of us struggling through hardships innumerable to these desolate valleys, to pursue any and every occupation that might present itself—congenial or otherwise—solely that we might see a gigantic spiritual power rear itself in strength above the nations. For this we suffered, and for this we struggled through poverty and hardships to this land, and for nothing else.

'Abroad among the nations,' we had plentiful corroboration that this theory was no idle dream, but based on facts. Wholesale spiritual manifestations did there attend us. Our sick were then healed by the hundred. During the great cholera-year in England, among about thirty thousand Latter-day Saints, scarcely one succumbed to the disease. We were rich in spiritual manifestations. We felt angelic presence even if unseen. We lived in an atmosphere that made us feel every day very near to God and the heavenly world. All this bore witness to us that there would be established upon the earth a great central reservoir from whence spiritual influence should spread with electric force and kindle the world afar in due time.

Cut this grand design out of the mission of this people, and there is nothing left. To open up the fountains of the Heavenly world—to stand hand in hand—the mortal church with the invisible

behind the veil. This was the destiny for which we started as a people, and unless we realize it, we have done nothing worth talking about. We did not congregate together to 'build up a big nation whose number and might should overawe the world. We needed a distinct existence as a people, of course, and therefore required cities to live in and national influence; but these were but secondary objects—merely means to an end. Our temporal influence was simply to be a kind of bulwarks within which our spiritual powers should be developed. External surroundings, without the divine part of our religion, for which the whole was brought into existence, would, we understood, be nothing but mockery and a sham.

In the providences of God, for a number of years we have been marching almost entirely in the direction of temporalities, until they are the all-absorbing theme. It is temporalities upon the street, in the garden, in the meeting and in the council—temporalities from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, and from one year's end to another. We have but one kind of a subject—houses, fences, dry-goods and money, worlds without end. This is how it is at present, and there doubtless is a providential lesson in it, but we cannot remain so forever.

We say this much in calling attention to the true object of our existence as a people, because there is to-day an inspiration resting upon us as a community that we are very near to a day of spiritual power—one that will not only take us back to our old position, but eclipse the past by its brightness. Thousands of hearts in Utah feel that light is coming that will repay us for all, and justify all our grand expectations. It stands to common sense that temporalities without far more spiritual power than we have at present will not build up a heavenly Zion. No temporal order or system, by itself, can bring this about. The presence of Revelation widely diffused amongst us will alone constitute Zion, and that must depend upon the channels of Revelation in our souls being opened up. Everybody in the church may be wealthy, and the church as a whole, by its grand co-operation, have but one pocket, and thereby be able to out-purchase the world and bring it to our feet, and all this may add

to our temporal comfort; but no union of wealth—or disunion either—can create a Zion of spiritual power. Spiritual power should in fact be *first*, and our union grow out of that and not our spiritual power grow out of our temporal union. The purity of our natures, the spirit of Christ in its self-abnegation and love in our bosoms, can alone bring angels to our homes. They will not come there because we all have our money in one bank, depend upon it. If they find our hearts right, they will come, because they will find their attractions there, and they will come no more, nor as much, if, as a Grand Commercial church, we hold the riches of the world in our hands and can buy or sell it at our pleasure, providing these characteristics are absent.

Supposing, then, as we do, that temporalities are useful and necessary in their way, they are not our ultimate destiny; it is not for this that angels left the Heavens and opened up a dispensation to man. Our destiny is to be a great spiritual nation, and all these temporalities are mere accessory aids. We were organized to bring the hosts of the Heavenly world nigh to man, the signs of whose presence in dreams, visions and inspirations, were to be daily and hourly felt—not by one man or a dozen, but by all. Unless we accomplish this sooner or later, our system is humbug and a delusion. Where is this close intercommunication with heavenly things to-day? Where the evidence of the nearness of the invisible worlds to our hearts? It is years upon years since many of us have heard even a gift of tongues, or felt the inspiration of a prophecy; and as to angels, we know many who talk of them as a weakness of the past. Supposing a Divine Hand has taken us off this pathway of spiritualities for its own great ends, must we not return before we can accomplish our destiny as a people? Let any man put this question to his soul, and the answer must be that we must return, and that speedily, and become a greater church of spiritualities than ever, or stand confessed before the world a grand and monstrous failure."

With this appeared an article on "Over Governing," by W. H. Shearman, and in the same number was also an article entitled "Our Social Redemption," by Edward W. Tullidge.

Nor were the following "Gems" in "the corner" less significant of a movement:

"I combat the error of ages; I meet the violence of mobs; I cope with illegal proceedings from executive authority; I cut the gordian knot of power; and I solve mathematical problems of universities, with truth, diamond truth, and God is 'my right hand man.'"—Joseph Smith!

"Give Truth a fair and open field. Let her grapple with error. Whoever knew Truth worsted?"—Milton.

At the School of the Prophets, Saturday, October 23rd, 1869, the rebels were at the bar.

The President had somewhat revised himself. He designed, if possible, only to take action against Godbe and Harrison. To raise up a party against himself of the chief men of the press and commerce, was too serious for so politic a Leader; for notwithstanding the conscious potency of the man, he was the reverse of being imprudent in the presence of an enemy, or rash on critical occasions. If wily management could discomfit that enemy, Brigham always remained master of the situation. So the policy of the Mormon Leader was to break the ranks of the rebels and demoralize their unity of action at their very trial.

Mr. Stenhouse, editor of the *Salt Lake Daily Telegraph*, was in sympathy with the "New Movement," but not decidedly committed to the action of the party. As yet, it was not decided, in the minds of the authorities, on which side he would fall. However, on the morning of the trial, at a preliminary council of the rebels, the editor of the *Telegraph* prepared himself for execution first. It was not altogether tasteful to either Mr. Harrison or Mr. Godbe to follow any one to the block in their own movement; but, in the patriotic spirit of the moment, our friend was prepared to be the first martyr to religious freedom. Nor is this said lightly of him—but to his honor and the honor of his noble wife. His family acted a brave part in that trying period. I was at his house a few days previous to this and the subject of the conversation was the all important event before us. "Thomas," said "Sister Fanny" Stenhouse to her husband, "let us stand by the truth and assert our independence, though it should take the home from over

our heads and the heads of our children!" "We will, Fanny!" he replied. Justice shall be done him for that resolve; and what makes the tribute so deserving is, that, in the issue, they actually paid the price which Sister Fanny Stenhouse herself set.

The first hour of the trial before the School of the Prophets was exhausted by the President's manœuvres.

I have explained that the "Godbeite philosophy" held that Brigham had played the part of a Mormon Moses to perfection, and that, so considered, he was justified in his life work; but we had appeared that day before the "School of the Prophets" for the special purpose of proclaiming the unfitness of a Mosaic dispensation in the Nineteenth Century. William Godbe's resolution and direct purpose were equal to the occasion.

Modestly, but with unwavering courage, W. S. Godbe took the speaker's stand and awaited the questions, from Apostle Woodruff, upon which he and his compeers were to be tried. The first embodied all the rest:—

"Do you believe that President Young has the right to dictate to you in all things, temporal and spiritual?"

The question drew a speech from Mr. Godbe to several thousand Elders. He did *not* believe, he said, in the extraordinary right claimed for President Young; deemed it wise, in commerce, to be guided by commercial experience and the circumstances of the case; had, till then followed the President in his mercantile schemes, often against his own judgment; and he instanced the failures. Touching taeology, he said that "the light of God in each individual soul was the proper guide and not the intelligence of one human mind in the life of every rightly cultured man, dictating for all God's creatures."

The President arose, and let loose his matchless tongue of ridicule, mimicking the man of sentiment and ideas. It was not politic to make the drama of a Mormon schism too serious before the Elders themselves; but, after a moment or two, the President's tone became severe, when he touched the commercial issue, for that was the part of our "new movement" that most touched him. He reproached Mr. Godbe for the part he was taking, and said he had commercially made him; that brother Godbe had been his "pet" whom he had "carried in his waist-coat

pocket." This was unwise, however. The President could have said nothing better than this to provoke the continuation of the controversy already begun. The *Utah Magazine* he denounced a snake in the grass, and declared it more dangerous than all the papers put together which the Gentiles had published in Utah to destroy the Priesthood.

There was a sensation when the President sat down, and Elder Elias Harrison took the stand. Brigham and his Luther were now face to face in their controversy. This was literally so, for instead of addressing the audience, the "Reformer" turned boldly to the judge himself, and protested against him and his rule in a voice which thundered through the "School." To say the least, the "School" was astonished. The Elders had not witnessed such an exhibition since the "days of Joseph." At the close of Elder Harrison's speech, the President hastened to hand the case over to the High Council for a formal trial, and took a vote for the Mormon people to discountenance the *Utah Magazine*. This brought Henry W. Lawrence out with his protest, and the statement that he should maintain the freedom of the press. The affair was publicly becoming every moment more serious.

President Young closed the action of the day by calling for the "School tickets" of all who had voted to sustain the *Utah Magazine*. The answer, with their tickets, was made by the following Elders: William S. Godbe; Elias L. T. Harrison; Henry W. Lawrence; Fred T. Parris; Eli B. Kelsey; Edward W. Tullidge; John Tullidge.

The trial before the High Council came on the following Wednesday morning. None were allowed into the Council Chamber of the City Hall, where it was held, but those who brought with them permits from the authorities or were friends of the men on trial. Apostle George Q. Cannon appeared as the prosecutor, and Apostles Orson Pratt and Wilford Woodruff as witnesses.

The Reform Leaders, however, did not long permit the case to take the form of an examination and trial, but, as soon as they obtained the floor, they made the circumstance their opportunity to declare their mission before the High Council, and read a series of resolutions for a reform movement. Clearly nothing re-

mained for the High Council to do but to excommunicate these men of a rival mission; and, at a word from President Young, Eli B. Kelsey was added to their number, and cut off without the form of a trial, yet not without cause, he having just protested by his vote and voice in special form, against the judgment of the High Council of the Church, the same as he had done in the School of the Prophets. Henry W. Lawrence, E. W. Tullidge and other Elders also voted against the High Council, but President Young desired to save them from excommunication, if possible.

Elder Harrison, in a note upon the trial says: "Not a single argument was used by the authorities at the trial to exhibit the unreasonableness of any principle published in the magazine. We were arbitrarily told that our statements differed from the views of the heads of the Church, and that was sufficient. On this ground alone, we were required to take them back or be excommunicated. No chance was given us to maintain our standing except on condition that we denied and repudiated principles which, to our minds, were the absolute truth. This we refused to do. We enquired whether it was not possible for us to honestly differ from the presiding priesthood, and were answered that such a thing was impossible. We 'might as well ask whether we could honestly differ from the Almighty.' Against this excess of authority we solemnly protested, and demanded that our protest be placed on record. An Apostle now in his grave,—over the remembrance of whose mistakes let the mantle of charity be thrown,—in his zeal for the isolation of the Territory from outside influences, attacked the advocates of Mineral Development then on trial, declaring us to be men 'with blacker hearts in their bosoms than any two men since the foundation of the world.' This denunciation he followed with a prediction that our hands would soon be red with the blood of the leaders of the Church,—a prophecy singularly unverified, and one which the apostle lived long enough to regret. Knowing the fact that men cut off from the church, from whatever cause, were liable to be followed by vague charges of immorality, I determined to settle the question on the spot; and asked, before excommunication be passed, whether the Council had any charges of immor-

ality to prefer against us; or whether a difference of opinion from the heads of the Church was all we were accused of. Elder Wallace, the president of the High Council was commencing to deny, with great feeling, the least suspicion of immorality, when he was abruptly stopped by President Young: 'Stop, stop, Brother Wallace,' said he; 'none that we know of—none that we know of—but they *must* have committed some secret crime, or they would not now be found opposing the policies of the servants of God.' But the necessity for our Movement was clearly demonstrated by President Young when, at the close of the trial, he said, in deliberate words: 'These men complain because they are called upon to submit their financial affairs to the control of the servants of God. But I tell them that the day is coming, and is near at hand, when the Latter-day Saints will give their wages every week to the bishop of the Church, and they will give them back what they think is right for the support of their families.' "

It must not be imagined that we came to this issue with hardness of heart, or that we rudely set at defiance the Priesthood of which we were all superior members; we did not design to repudiate the religion which most of us had idolized from our boyhood.

On the following Saturday the *Utah Magazine* appeared with manifestoes and "cards" from the protestant Elders which were republished in most of the leading papers in America, and first in the *New York Herald*. They are important links of this history and shall therefore be given entire.

AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE AND PROTEST.

"Since the date of writing my last editorial, a startling change has taken place in my situation, although not in my feelings or sentiments towards the members of our Church. For writing such articles as "Our Workmen's wages," "The True Development of the Territory," "Steadying the Ark", etc., a charge has been preferred against me of apostacy, on the ground that I have no right to publicly discuss the wisdom of any measure or policy of the Priesthood and expect to retain a membership in the Church at the same time. For asserting my belief that the Gospel gives me the freedom to differ with the leaders of the church,

and the privilege of stating my difference of opinion, provided I do it honestly and respectfully, I have been deprived of my membership in the Church—the doctrine being positively laid down on the occasion of my trial by President Brigham Young and Elder George Q. Cannon, that *it is apostacy to honestly differ with the Priesthood in any of their measures.*”

If this definition of apostacy be correct, of course, I am an apostate, because it is true I do not see eye to eye with our ecclesiastical leaders on the subject of the reduction of our workmen’s wages, the mineral development of the Territory, and similar matters.

I wish to give, in a brief way, a statement of the circumstances attending my expulsion, and the reasons by which I have been guided in the course I have taken, so that all my friends may judge for themselves. In doing this, I shall have to omit most of the preliminaries connected with the case, inasmuch as they occurred at the “School of the Prophets.” Suffice it to say that, on Saturday, 16th October, an announcement that we had been violently denounced by President Young reached our ears, and the following Saturday we were publicly cited to appear before the High Council and “be tried for our standing.”

On Monday we appeared before the High Council at the City Hall, which was densely packed with the authorities of the Church—no ordinary members, except those who appeared as witnesses, or were specially invited, being allowed to be present. The following is a brief synopsis of the trial, from minutes made on the spot.

After the charge of Apostacy had been preferred by Elder George Q. Cannon, on the ground of articles in the MAGAZINE containing views on financial questions differing with those of the President, as well as on account of an expressed belief that members of the Church held not only a right to think but to express their ideas on such subjects, the question was put to Elder Cannon whether “it was apostacy to differ honestly with the measures of the President,” to which he replied,—“It is apostacy to differ honestly with the measures of the President. A man may be honest even in hell.” This idea President Wells confirmed by remarking that we “might as well ask the question whether a man had the right to

differ honestly with the Almighty.” Thus the doctrine was unqualifiedly asserted that the Almighty and the Priesthood, so far as its official dictates were concerned, were to be accepted as one and the same thing, on pain of excommunication from the Church.

William S. Godbe stated that his claim to conscientiously differ with the views of the leaders of the Church on certain questions, could not be apostacy, inasmuch as he had always believed that such were his rights. While he bore testimony to the divine mission of Joseph Smith, and to the appointment of Brigham Young as his successor in the Presidency of the Church, he denied his right to enforce unquestioning obedience upon all subjects secular and spiritual from its members. He believed the preservation of our unity was worth any price short of the concession of the right of thought and speech or any other true principle. That price he was not willing to pay even for unity. He claimed that he entertained none but the kindest feelings towards the Presidency and Priesthood severally, and trusted, however much they might object to his views, that they would at least concede to him honesty and purity of purpose.

E. L. T. Harrison then stated that if it was apostacy to differ conscientiously with the Priesthood of the Church, he must be considered an apostate, for he certainly did differ with them on some matters. The point upon which he most particularly differed, was their right to expel people from the Church because of a difference of opinion on matters of Church policy. He admitted that they had a right to demand of him implicit obedience to every gospel ordinance, as well as to every condition of a pure life. All that he claimed as his right was respectfully and temperately to discuss any difference of opinion he might entertain, without being cut off from the Church for so doing.

His reasons for considering that this was his privilege as a member of the Church were, that it was part of the gospel offered to him in foreign lands. He was told that in this Church the utmost freedom of speech would be permitted. Popery and other systems had muzzled freedom of speech, but in *this* Church such oppression was to be crushed for ever, and never raise again its accursed

head. He accepted the gospel on these terms, not simply because the Elders told him these were his rights, but because the Holy Spirit bore testimony that they but uttered the truth when they so taught, and he was there that day to claim these privileges of the Gospel.

When he was examining the doctrines of this Church, he was advised by the Elders to use his judgment and intellect to the fullest extent, and dispute every principle that he could not understand. This had resulted in his entrance into the Church. If he had mounted up the ladder of his own reason and judgment to get into the Church, why should he now be called upon to kick that down by which he had ascended, and go along without it? If it was a good thing, and had brought him blessing to use his own opinion at the first, why should he not continue the use of that which had done him so much good?

He objected to the requisition for any man to accept any doctrine or principle that he did not fully understand: such a dogma could not be supported by sound reason. We could only be expected to accept any principle, because it was beautiful and true. We were not required to accept God or Jesus because they were God or Jesus, but because they presented teachings higher, holier and more heavenly than any other beings. How could we tell that any principle came from God, except that it was better to our intellect and judgment than other doctrines? Beyond this witness of the light of truth within us, we had nothing to fall back upon to guide us.

It had been argued that we must passively and uninquiringly obey the Priesthood, because otherwise we could not build up Zion. He could not see this. A nation built up on such a principle could be no Zion. The only glory or beauty there could be in a Zion must result from its being composed of people all of whom acted intelligently in all their operations. Fifty thousand people acting in concert, building up excellent cities or doing anything else well, but doing it mechanically, because they were told, was no sight to be admired. A dozen persons, not operating half as perfectly as to the nature of their work, but doing what little they did intelligently, must be a far more delightful exhibition to God and intelligences.

These were his views. If they constituted apostacy, the Council must deal with him according to their laws. One thing, however, they could not do. They might cut him off from his brethren, but they should never cut his brethren off from his affections. He had been twenty years a member of this Church, and he intended to live and die with them, and no one should ever drive him from their midst.

He knew and could bear testimony that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God. He could bear testimony that Brigham Young was divinely called to succeed Joseph Smith in the Presidency of the Church, and he knew that the President was inspired to bring this people to these mountains.

He then read the following protest:—

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

We, the undersigned, members of the Church of Jesus Christ, of Latter-day Saints, temporarily suspended from fellowship, on a charge of irregular attendance at the "School of the Prophets," before any further action is taken on our case, do present the following declaration of our faith, on the subject of Church control:—

We hold that it is the right of all members of this Church to refuse to accept any principle or measure, presented to them by the Priesthood, further than the light of God within them bears witness to the same.

We believe that it is the right of all persons, so long as they obey the ordinances of the Gospel, and live pure and moral lives, to retain a standing in this Church, whether they can see the propriety of all the measures of the leaders of the Church or not.

We also believe that it is the right of all members of the Church to discuss, in the pulpit or through the press, in public or in private, all measures presented to them by the Priesthood, providing that they do it in the spirit of moderation, and with due regard to the sentiments of others.

We, therefore, hold that it is an illegal and an unrighteous use of the Holy Priesthood to expel any persons from the Church, because they cannot conscientiously admit the divinity of any measure presented by the Priesthood.

We protest against counsel for the

members of this Church to watch one another and observe how each votes or acts, as calculated to breed suspicion, coldness and distrust between our brethren; and as opposed to that voluntary spirit which is the greatest beauty and glory of the gospel of Christ.

We also protest against the inquisitorial practise of catechising the members of this Church, through the teachers, as to their private views respecting Church measures.

And, finally, we protest against the spirit of compulsion in *every* form, as well as against the irresponsible investment of power in any person holding the Priesthood.

We claim the right of, respectfully but freely, discussing all measures upon which we are called to act. And, if we are cut off from this Church for asserting this right, while our standing is dear to us, we will suffer it to be taken from us sooner than resign the liberties of thought and speech to which the gospel entitles us; and against any such expulsion we present our solemn protest before God and Angels.

As witness our hands this 23, Oct. 1869.

E. L. T. HARRISON.

W. S. GODBE.

Speeches on the question were then made by Presidents Brigham Young and George A. Smith, also by Elder Cannon and members of the Council, and a verdict of excommunication against W. S. Godbe and E. L. T. Harrison finally rendered.

For replying in the affirmative to the question whether he sustained the above brethren in their cause, Elder Eli B. Kelsey was summarily cut off from the Church.

During the above trial, remarks were made by various speakers, comparing us to every foul apostate—the Laws, the Higbees and Fosters, and every debauchee, drunkard, whoremonger and gambler—that ever left the Church for his own iniquitous purpose. In reference to this, I have only to say that our past lives are before the people, and the future will show whether there is any difference between men who come out in the assertion of a principle, and men of the class referred to.

It was also asserted, without the first

fraction of proof, that we were seeking Gentile influence and aid to the injury of the religious interests of our community. Inasmuch as this statement will, doubtless, be reiterated in order to arouse the feelings of the people of the Territory against us, while we boldly avow that we respect all men, Gentiles or otherwise, in exact proportion to their private virtues, we dare any Gentile in this Territory or out of it, to come forward, from whom, up to this very moment, we have ever sought the first particle of assistance or co-operation, and challenge any man in existence to produce such a person. The ties of faith and principle necessarily unite the hearts of men closer together than they can be without these bonds; and to this extent, we love our brethren more than all other men; but independent of this consideration, and viewing men as men alone, we respect Gentile as much as Mormon, provided they act as well, and better than Mormon if they act better.

We have sought no Gentile co-operation, and shall seek none further than we shall desire and seek the friendship of all good men, because we believe that as a people, we need no aid beyond our own. And at once, and forever, to crush out this slander, we publish now to the whole Gentile world our sentiments upon this subject. We wish them to understand that we have intelligence, manliness and divinity enough among our people and in our system to correct our own evils where we have any. We gratefully accept, as all men should, the sympathies of our fellow men in every good word and work, but our faith is that God is in our system, and that Zion is perfectly capable of purifying her own fountains, and presenting herself before the world a model of freedom and a center of light and truth.

There is another subject on which we wish to say a word. During the investigation of our case, President Young many times asserted his willingness that we should enjoy freedom of speech and of the press. This we believe to be true, so far as civil rights are concerned. We have no quarrel with him or any other man in the Priesthood on the question of our civil rights to speak and publish in Utah. No one has interfered with us in this respect. This is not our difficulty. Ours is a Church question—a question of

our right to speak and publish and retain our positions, as members of the Church. In every other respect we have all the freedom we want. We make this statement now to all, because an effort was, and will be made to prove that we want the outside world to believe that there is no freedom of speech in Utah, and thus bring on a collision with our people. This is a charge as false as it is unscrupulous. What we complain of is that there is no freedom to think and speak within the limits of the Church. What a farce to say, "Brethren, you have all the freedom to speak and publish what you please," and in the next breath remark, "But I shall cut you off from the Church and sent you down to hell if you do. Brethren, use your privileges." What freedom is this? Who, among even despots, does not give as much? All monarchs say, "Think and speak as you please; but we will imprison and punish you notwithstanding." President Young says, we are free to differ from him, but he will cut us off from the society of God and holy beings; separate us from all we held dear in the Church, and wither up all our hopes of eternal life if we attempt it. Who uses the greater amount of compulsion or intimidation? There is no force or coercion like that applied to men's hopes and fears of a future life, and this is the lack of freedom we complain of. President Young admits our right to speak *outside* the Church. On that point he neither tries nor wants to coerce us; what we want is our right to speak within it.

In the course of President Young's speech, he drew attention to a remark in the article called "Steadying the Ark," to the effect that "the Priesthood is not intended by God to do our thinking." He stated that this was true, and said, "The Priesthood is only intended to *help* us to think." Was this principle *practically* acknowledged by President Young, as much as theoretically, he would concede all we claim; but it is not so, for, immediately on the top of this statement that the Priesthood only assumes to "help us to think," comes the doctrine that unless, when they do "help" us, we think exactly as they direct us on every subject, we shall be expelled from the Church. This, every sensible person will see, is not "*helping*," but *forcing* us to think, whether we will or not.

Among other matters urged against us, at our trial, was the idea that we wished to flood the country with the refuse of society in search of gold. This was indignantly denied. We refer our readers to our article on "The True Development of the Territory." It will be seen there that we *do* believe that the chief hope of the country lies in its minerals, but there is no invitation therein for the outside world to develop our mines. In that article, we specially urge our own people to develop them. It was to urge our people to work the minerals themselves, instead of letting capitalists from every part of creation come in and take their rights out of their hands, as they will do, unless they bestir themselves, that we wrote that article. Every impartial reader will see this; and the false charge attempted to be fastened upon us will fall harmless to the ground.

It will be seen that we have born testimony to the legality of the appointment of Brigham Young as President of the Church, even while we object to some of his views. We do this consistently, for we hold it is a false doctrine, because God in his providence calls any man to preside, that that man necessarily is the will and voice of the Lord, in all he chooses to do and say. It is a manifest truth, and agreeable to all experience, that God can only inspire a man to the extent that his organization and spiritual character will admit. A man may have a strong and determined bias, and conscientiously believe that his projects are the will of heaven when he is only following the bent of his own organization. God never did or can work through any man further than that man's character and will may permit. On this account, all prophets and presidents must be fallible in their dictation, and to build upon them—even the greatest and the best, independent of the light of God within us is to build upon the sand. Priesthoods and presidents are not given for man's infallible guides, they are aids or "helps" for the cultivation of the greater and more absolute light within the soul. That light *is* infallible, because it travels beyond all earthly weaknesses, and drinks directly and immediately from the throne of God itself.

With these explanations, I present my case and that of my friend, William S. Godbe, before the Church, and the world

at large. We have no intention of suspending the issue of this Magazine, but from time to time, shall in its columns take up this question and analyze it in every light until our brethren understand the question thoroughly. We should, and will, yield our judgment to that of a child, if it can only point out to us an error of thought or spirit, but we will not bow to force. The day has gone by for that, and there dawns upon the hill tops of Utah a bright and radiant star of ecclesiastical, as well as civil, freedom. Let every heart rejoice, God Reigns! The day of darkness flies before the era of advancing thought. From out our mountain valleys shall yet be borne a banner emblazoned with a wider creed; a nobler Christianity, a purer faith than earth has ever seen. Men shall yet learn that the true mission of priesthood is to teach and not to control, and in our midst shall stand the same priesthood that we believe in to-day, but whose greatest glory shall be that they represent a spirit from which every principle of coercion has been wiped away.

In the full assurance that that time is at hand, I subscribe myself a brother to all who do right, and no less a friend to all who ignorantly err.

E. L. T. HARRISON.

TO THE PUBLIC:—

Having been, for twenty years, a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and eighteen years a resident of Utah Territory, and the High Council having excommunicated me from said Church on a charge of apostacy, and turned me over to "the buffetings of Satan" until I repent, I feel it due to myself and my numerous friends throughout the Territory and elsewhere, to give the following particulars in regard to it:

On the 16th inst. I received a note, of which the following is a copy:—

ELDER W. S. GODBE,

DEAR BRO:—I hereby inform you that a motion was made, seconded, and carried by an unanimous vote of the School of the Prophets to-day, that you be *disfellowshipped* from the Church until you appear in the School and give satisfactory reasons for your irregular attendance there.

Your Brother in the Gospel,

GEORGE GODDARD, Sec'y.

In response to this communication, I presented myself at the School on last Saturday and stated, in answer to the charge contained therein, that, with very few exceptions, I had been punctual in my attendance at the School ever since I became a member, excepting when absent from the City or Territory, or when illness in my family prevented me; consequently I was innocent of any wrong in not having been always present at their meetings.

What further transpired on that occasion the rules of the School will not permit me to state, but on the same night I received a notice to appear for trial on Monday, 25th October, on a charge of apostacy, which charge was sustained on the ground of my having endorsed the sentiments contained in the UTAH MAGAZINE, of which I am one of the publishers, advocating freedom of speech and the press, and differing from the authorities of the Church on the question of unconditional obedience to their requirements, although nothing bordering on immorality or unchristian-like conduct was brought against me, but, on the contrary, a great amount of testimony was volunteered by the speakers to the purity of my life and correctness of my course up to the present time.

I will now give some of my views in regard to the action taken, and the principles involved in it.

According to my knowledge of the rules of the Church, no man or number of men—irrespective of their position in the Priesthood—have a right to disfellowship a man for such dereliction. Had I been guilty of irregular attendance at the School of the Prophets without justifiable cause, I should only have broken one of its rules, the penalty of which, at the most, could not have exceeded dismembership from the School.

In attempting to discharge this duty, I desire to be guided by the inspiration of Heaven, that my readers may have a correct understanding of my views, and appreciate the high motive that now prompts me to give them expression.

In the first place I wish it distinctly understood that I will speak about *principles* and not *persons*: let there be in your minds a clear line of demarcation between them; for while I feel solemnly impressed to speak with the utmost freedom concerning some principles that may reflect

unfavorably on the judgment of the Authorities, let it be remembered that I do not impugn their motives, question their integrity or attack them as men; but it certainly is my right to judge as to the correctness of the principles taught by all men, whether they be inside the pale of the Church or not.

It is proper for me to state in this connection that I possess only the kindest feelings towards my brethren in the Priesthood, and to all mankind, and especially so towards President Young, with whom none but the most friendly and intimate relations have existed since, in the days of my boyhood, I first came to this Territory; and whatever erroneous opinions I may think he possesses, I regard them as imperfections of the judgment of a great man.

Instead of enumerating the measures lately adopted that my judgment cannot endorse, I will at once call attention to the fundamental principle they involve—the soundness of which justifies or condemns them—I refer to the doctrine of unconditional obedience; implicit obedience of one portion of the Priesthood to the edicts of another portion of it who may be called to fill the leading positions in the Church. For it is well known that they claim the prerogative of absolutely dictating the people as to where they shall live, and what they shall do, what they shall eat and what they shall drink, what they shall accept as true and what they shall reject as false, and this assumption of priestly power goes as far as to determine what we shall *think* in regard to things temporal as well as things spiritual, as much with reference to where we shall purchase our goods, as to the most cardinal points in our Most Holy Faith; in a word, in regard to everything that interests us here or hereafter—that pertains to time now or time to come.

To minds unshackled by superstition, and free to think, the bare statement of such a principle would be sufficient to show its fallacy—its dwarfing influence on the intellect, its fearful and dangerous tendency.

Yet this doctrine is asserted and enforced, and those who dare question its divinity, do so at the imminent risk of their standing in the Church, in losing which they become banished from social circles, positions of public trust and honor, and to some extent, from business patronage.

Neither does the mischief end here, for in nearly all such cases the verdict against the parties cut off is, that they are grossly immoral, and, therefore, have got into spiritual darkness and allowed the devil to lead them captive at his will, no matter how long their standing in the Church, how much they may have done for the advancement of its cause, or how irreproachable their lives.

Inasmuch, then, as such vital interests are involved in this principle, it will not be wondered at that I should have realized how important it was to arrive at a correct conclusion in regard to it. For so strong is the force of first impressions; with such tenacity do early trainings—especially religious ones—cling to the mind that, although my *reason* always taught me that the doctrine of unconditional obedience was false, yet, until within the last few years, I did not dare to trust wholly to that reason—for I was taught that “the wisdom of man is foolishness with God,” and that there was safety only in following the dictates of the servants of the Almighty, whether I could see their utility or not. Moreover, of late years I have been, more or less, interested financially in some of the enterprises of the Church, and thought it probable I might be required to be more so. I deemed it, therefore, to be absolutely necessary that I should have my faith intelligently based, my principles clearly defined, and settle this question of obedience to an infallible Priesthood forever.

I looked above and sought for light from its great fountain, and the light came, and with it, a direct testimony that Joseph Smith was a Prophet, Seer and Revelator, and fulfilled a divine mission, and that Brigham Young became President of the Church by the will of the people and the approval of Heaven. But did it follow of necessity that all his schemes were fraught with Heavenly wisdom, or that obedience to them must be rendered under pain of excommunication; that his voice was the voice of God to the people in all things; and that there was no access to the illimitable fountain of truth but through him? By no means; but, on the contrary, it bore testimony that the light within the soul, however faint it might be, was a divine spark that could only have been kindled by its Creator and its God, and that it was the privilege

of all to so live as to possess sufficient of its brightness to guide them in the true path; and that while, on the one hand, obedience to the counsels of the servants of God, free acceptance of their doctrines, and a whole-souled response to their requisitions, are sound propositions, and essentially conducive to the good of the community, yet on the other hand, should such counsels, doctrines, or requisitions come in conflict, with what, by History, Experience, Revelation or Reason, we knew to be right—when *conscience* tells us they are wrong, *then* response to them is idolatry, and those who render it violate the noblest instincts of their natures—and obedience to men under such circumstances—irrespective of their priesthood—becomes disobedience to God.

But it is urged by some that such liberty of conscience should only be exercised by advanced minds, that it is only natures enriched by the influences of continued virtue, that can enjoy this freedom without abusing it; that people, in a low state of progress religiously as well as politically, have to be governed by authority, and like children be required to conform to a rigid discipline. The force of this objection I am free to admit, and, so far as the principle it involves finds application to us as a people, let it be carried out; but it will not by any means apply to the whole community. For I know by personal experience that there are thousands among us whom the truth has made free, and who sense in the gospel of Jesus “a perfect law of liberty,”—not liberty to do wrong—but who, in the consciousness of their integrity, purity of purpose and love of humanity, dare to think for themselves in regard to all principles whether they emanate from the lips of the Priesthood or not. To all such, the severe *regime* to which we are subjected, is terribly oppressive; their condition demands a more liberal one, their souls are faint for spiritual food, and they thirst for the waters of that unfailing fountain that was opened up by the meek and lowly Jesus.

I will now call attention to what I regard as the most baneful effect of forced compliance to such doctrines and rules of Church discipline, which first engender and then foster hypocrisy. Hundreds of good men in this Territory are guilty of evasion and dissimulation; they cannot see the wisdom of some things they are

required to accept under pain of being disfellowshipped; and this is not the worst of it; they are not even permitted to *think* differently from the appointed way, for, as is well known, they are visited by teachers, who, as a class, are made up of our most faithful men, who are themselves compelled to put such inquisitorial questions as will force the questioned either to a truthful avowal of their views, in which case, should they be heterodox, excommunication would be certain, or evade the objectionable points, failing in which they resort to dissimulation. In nothing is this hypocrisy so much manifested as in our so-called voting. It is a principle well understood, that in order that people should enjoy the right of voting in its true sense, they be influenced neither by fear nor favor; and yet with us, if a man raises his hand against any measure emanating from the Priesthood, he does so at the almost certain loss of fellowship. Neither is he permitted to withhold his vote; he must sustain the measure or oppose it, the effect of which is to make good men conscientiously hypocritical: for, much as they may hate dissimulation—far as their natures may be removed from hypocrisy, they believe it to be better to submit to this sort of compulsion, quieting their consciences for the time being with mental reservations, than come out in opposition to their brethren, whom, notwithstanding their differences of opinion, they both love and respect. This accounts, in a measure at least, for the unanimity so universal in our voting. One case illustrating this fact occurred the other day. A friend deeply interested in my welfare, expressed regret that he would have to be present at my trial; for, although his views in regard to certain measures of Church policy and government corresponded with mine, he knew that, in case I did not renounce those views, he would be required to vote for my severance from the Church; refusing to do which would be noticed, and an explanation called for which would probably result in the loss of his standing in the Church. Another instance bearing on this subject, illustrates the fear some have of President Young. A man occupying a high position in the Church, said he would not dare to tell the President anything he did not want to know, meaning, any thing that did not accord with the President's views.

Some twenty years ago, I became identified with this people, because the principles presented to me appealed to my reason as being true, and the sweet influence that accompanied them, told my heart that the work must be divine. Since then, the weaknesses of human nature permitting, I have been faithful to the truth I then embraced, and have learned to love it more and more as my nature unfolded and my appreciation of its beauties increased. And it never was so priceless, so dear to my soul as it is to-day. I have responded to the requisitions of the authorities frequently, because I have seen their utility and felt myself interested in their accomplishment; but sometimes I have done so at the cost of thousands of dollars, when I was of opinion that the measures were not wisely planned, and the results have proved that my judgment was not at fault. I obeyed, in those cases, to preserve unity of action, believing then as now, that our union is worth more than money, that it should be maintained at the cost of individual interests. Indeed, I regard union as a gem of such worth that we should do everything but wrong to maintain it; *that* we must not do even to preserve us from disunion; and a man does wrong when he acts contrary to the dictates of conscience, God's monitor in the soul, for then he violates the divine part of his nature and sins against light and truth. I have not done these things simply because I was told to do so; but because the light of Deity within me testified it was right.

This issue has been by me unsought; it has been forced upon me. I have endeavored to meet it like a true man, who, although valuing most dearly the friendship of this people, which has been so long and uninterruptedly enjoyed and fully appreciating all the advantages resulting therefrom, would rather incur the temporal displeasure of some and its consequences, than do violence to his sense of right, disregard the holiest promptings of the soul, and thus, in sinning against nature, sin against nature's God.

With regard to apostacy, I know myself to be wholly innocent, the truth of which, God will in the early future make fully apparent. I might as consistently be charged with the violation of a trust that I never accepted. To apostatize

from religion is to abandon it. This I have not done. It is because of my firm adherence to my religion that I have been thus dealt with. My faith at the outset was accepted on the basis of my understanding of the truth; it rests there now; and there it will continue to rest, while reason holds her sway or immortality endures.

I am charged with no crime or immorality of any kind. My only fault is in being one of the publishers of the UTAH MAGAZINE, and for endorsing the sentiments and principles set forth in its columns. Whether these be true or false, treated upon in a temperate and respectful manner or not, you will be the judges; you can read the articles; they speak for themselves. The Magazine was started with the consent and approval of President Young, although he then expressed serious doubts as to its financial success, on which I did not very much differ; but money-making was not the object for which it was started. Its aim was to disseminate liberal ideas and advocate broad, generous principles; but such only as were compatible with our faith, at least, in its most universal aspect; in a word, to do good to the people with whom our lot is cast; and it has been devoted faithfully to that object ever since.

We have taken the privilege of freely advocating our views in its pages, as an inalienable right, that no man can righteously dispossess us of; and unless they conflict with truth or militate against progress; no action of an ecclesiastical character can justly be taken against us for so doing. Am I wrong in this?

Let the future, with its irresistible logic of facts, answer!

Meantime, would you have me false to my convictions, to the holiest impulses of my being, and quench the divinest aspirations of my soul for religious liberty?

W. S. GODBE.

TO MY FRIENDS IN UTAH AND ELSEWHERE:

I was, at the meeting of the High Council held in the City Hall, Salt Lake City, Monday the 25th inst., summarily cut off from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and "handed over to the buffetings of the devil," because I voted in the negative, when the vote was taken to cut off Elders Harrison and Godbe, who were then upon trial for

apostacy. I feel it not only my privilege, but a duty that I owe to myself and those interested in my welfare, to plainly define my position with regard to the faith I have clung to so firmly and advocated so strongly for a period of over twenty-six years of my life. My faith in the divinity of the mission of Joseph Smith, as the Prophet of this dispensation is stronger, if possible, to-day than ever before; I heard with my own ears, the Prophet declare in the spring of 1844 that he had placed upon the heads of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles all the powers necessary to build up the Kingdom of God upon the earth and bear off the Gospel to the nations." I was with the number that were expelled from Nauvoo; the Church was governed by the Quorum of the Twelve in council, until December, A.D. 1847, at which time a re-organization of the Church authorities took place, by which Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and Willard Richards were taken out of the Quorum of the Twelve and constituted a quorum or First Presidency, by the voice of all the quorums and members of the Church, for the purpose as then avowed, of enabling the quorum of the Twelve to really act as a "Traveling High Council" of the Church, as contemplated in the Revelation in the Book of Doctrines and Covenants. I was present at that organization, and voted for it in connection with my brethren of the Seventies. I felt then that that move of the Church met the approval of the Heavens, and I am, if possible, more firm in that conviction now than then.

I here declare in all truth that I am as firm in my faith in the Gospel, as when I proclaimed it so fervently in my four years' mission to Europe, (from 1848 to close of 1851), or at any time since then.

My mind was first stirred up to a closer inquiry of the Revelation given to Joseph Smith upon the subject of Church government, as well as to all Revelations containing anything on the subject of the inspirations of the Spirit of Truth upon the heart and mind of the believer, by a startling declaration made by President Young nearly two years ago, "That it was his right to dictate to the Church in all things, either spiritual or temporal,—even to the ribbons the women wear;" and was still more startled when he gave a definition of his views of the Order of

Enoch, and of the Law of Consecration. When the policy of a coercive system of co-operation was inaugurated, and the faithful everywhere commanded to trade *only* with the orthodox establishments of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution upon pain of excommunication, I then fully opened my eyes to the fact that I must make a stand for liberty or be forever in bondage; that the Order of Enoch and the Law of Consecration, as *he* interprets them, were calculated in their combined results to reduce the people to the condition of "*Tenants at Will!*" and thus render them utterly powerless to resist the most oppressive conditions that it might be thought wisdom to heap upon them.

I invite all to carefully read the four Revelations given on the Order of Enoch, and if I mistake not, they will there find that all who may become members of that holy order are to be *equal* in temporal things, that they may be equal in spiritual things,—that each member has an *equal* voice in all things pertaining to to the interests of the order. I also invite all to read carefully the Revelations that treat upon Consecration. They will find, if I mistake not, that they teach the rich and well-to-do sort of men to consecrate all their surplus properties for the benefit of the poor of the Church; they will also find that each poor man, who becomes a recipient of any portion of the properties so consecrated shall thereafter be a steward unto God; and not a steward of the President of the Church through the bishops.

I have apostatized from no doctrine nor commandment ever given to the Church by revelation through Joseph Smith, nor, indeed, from any of the measures of President Young—save it be wherein he claims infallibility for *President* Young, at the same time, admitting his fallibility as a man. Hildebrand admitted his fallibility as a man in the same breath that he claimed infallibility as Pope. I cannot for the life of me, distinguish the difference between the *man* and the *president*. The fallibility of the man cannot, in my view, be made infallible by the office of President. I, myself, in my ordinations in the Priesthood, was told that I had then been made the recipient of the highest priesthood, in degree, that had ever been conferred upon man on the earth.

If a man's testimony of himself cannot be believed, in the name of all that is true, I ask, whose testimony shall be received? I have heard President Young assert, again and again, that he (speaking of himself), was neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but simply claimed to have been "profitable to this people,"—if not indeed a prophet, what, I ask, is the character of his inspirations, that they should be worth everything and mine worth nothing, unless sanctified by his? If, through the laying on of hands, the Holy Ghost was given to me as a comforter, by whose inspirations "the things of the Father and Son would be made known unto me," did I not through my faith, and that holy ordinance, receive the right to drink of the waters of the *river of life*? Who shall say to me, after I have drunk of this blessed stream, that the water is bitter, when I know, for myself, that it is sweet to *my soul*?

My acquaintance with Brothers Harrison and Godbe has reached over a period of many years. A congeniality of temperament, and a similarity of views, on all the topics of interest that have occupied our attention for years, has rendered our friendship very warm and enduring. I have proved to myself, by the best of all evidences, namely, that of close personal intercourse, that they are men of the highest moral worth and unfailing integrity—men in whose breasts flows richly the milk of human kindness; men who are true in their allegiance to God and the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Why, then, with all this knowledge of the men, should I hold up my hand to cut them off from my fellowship? I knew that they had done no wrong; that they were only in resistance to the mere assumption that to differ in opinion with the Presidency, on any question, ecclesiastical, civil, commercial, or political, is the rankest apostacy. I feel deeply the hasty, inconsiderate, and intolerant manner that we have been dealt with. Speaking for myself alone, I ask every candid and considerate mind to pause before they condemn. I have every earthly consideration to urge as an excuse for desiring to be at peace and good fellowship with my brethren of the household of faith. All my interests and affections as husband, father, friend, and citizen, would naturally impel me to desire to be at peace with the powers that

be. I am fully aware that, for a period in the future, a heavy, gloomy cloud will hang over me; that my social status in society will be deeply injured; in other words, that I shall be "spotted" as a man by hundreds and maybe, by thousands, of my former acquaintances. Yet, as is my faith in God, so is my faith that truth will triumph, and human liberties in these Mountains be placed on a sure basis that shall endure forever.

With an earnest expression of a strong desire to be at peace with all men, and at war with none, I close.

ELI B. KELSEY.

OFFICE UTAH MAGAZINE,

Salt Lake City, Oct. 27, 1869.

PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG—

My Dear Sir,

Holding my connection with the UTAH MAGAZINE, you can no longer give to me your fellowship, nor can I conscientiously ask it. I believe that you would manifest toward me, personally, much tenderness, for which I am grateful. Were I in the States or California, I do not think you would take any exceptions to my writings, for I am *simply* an author, while you are the leader of a people. As it is, I see no virtue in multiplying words in justification, knowing myself to be heterodox. For years I have tried to shun the issue of this day, for theoretically I have been a believer in republican institutions and not in a *temporal* theocracy.

I am, Sir,

Very respectfully Yours,

EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

The reform leaders hastened, also, to take the platform, which they were prepared to do in a few weeks.

In the meantime Henry Lawrence had resigned as one of the directors of "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution," and drawn out his capital. He also resigned all his offices as alderman, first counselor of the bishop, etc., and forced his excommunication. President Young and Wells had plead with him for hours not to leave their side; but Henry Lawrence had resolved to stand by his friend Godbe and the reform cause, and the man is as an immovable rock.

When the protestant elders first an-

nounced their intention of taking the platform for a great agitation of public opinion, the conservative mind of Mormonism was touched as by a tremendous innovation.

The Thirteenth Ward assembly-rooms were applied for to inaugurate the reformation. Mr. Godbe owned three or four thousand dollars' worth of stock in the property, but Bishop Woolley dared not grant the chapel without first consulting President Young. Henry Lawrence and William S. Godbe had been appointed by the council of reformers, and they answered the bishop: "Tell Brother Brigham we have no desire to be unkind, and hope he will grant our reasonable request; but we are resolved that if he refuses we will shut up the Thirteenth Ward assembly-rooms by a process of law upon W. S. Godbe's claims." The Bishop took the message, and the chapel was granted for the morning service. Brother Brigham, however, did take the threat as unkind, but he well knew that Lawrence and Godbe would keep their word.

Sunday, December 19, 1869, was an eventful day in the history of Utah. An hour before the time, the people began to gather; and by eleven o'clock the large assembly rooms were filled and the door-way crowded. The services of the day opened by the choir singing the famous hymn of Parley P. Pratt:

"The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Lo Zion's standard is unfurled;
The dawning of a brighter day
Majestic rises on the world."

It is the first hymn in the Mormon hymn book, and has been sung thousands of times at home and abroad, but on this eventful morning, it had a new meaning. The people sang it with the heart and the understanding; and even the Gentiles, who formed one-third of the audience, evidently liked the theme. Thus the spirit of Parley P. Pratt, the Mormon Isaiah, through the mediumship of his hymn, opened this spiritual revival in our Mountain Zion. Then came the speeches of the two reformers, Harrison and Godbe, reviewing the past and declaring their mission and "call from the heavens to arise and redeem the people of Zion from their bondage."

In the evening the Utah protestants met in the Masonic Hall, which was literally packed, and yet not more than two-thirds of those who came could get inside

the door. There were great speeches delivered that night by Harrison, Godbe and Lawrence, and that of Henry Lawrence was like an iron bolt driven with a forceful deliberation direct to its mark. That speech assured the Gentiles that the movement of the reform Elders would be carried on with a will which not even Brigham Young and his apostles could shake. All were impressed by the results of the day that the "schism" was a great fact, and that, henceforth, in Utah there would be a public platform and a public voice.

The Reformers did not continue long to hold their meetings in the Thirteenth Ward Assembly Rooms for, having so far gained a concession of their rights from the President, they had no wish to be ungenerous or disrespectful towards him in forcing their schism into the Church meeting houses on any claim of property. Indeed, at that period, we were almost as respectful to our "time-honored" patriarchal head as we were before our separation from him; while he, himself, had not yet got over his regret at losing William Godbe and Henry Lawrence from his side.

This New Movement was inaugurated as a mission delivered from the Heavens. It was opened with "new revelations." At the house of William H. Shearman, the revelations were for the first time read to a small assembly of the disciples of the New Movement. E. L. T. Harrison gave them their voice and circumstance.

At this meeting, the names of disciples to the Movement were first enrolled. The first woman's name enrolled was that of Sister Fanny Stenhouse; the second, Elizabeth Tullidge, mother of Edward and John.

The New Movement had now fairly been inaugurated. The Walker Brothers generously gave, for a season, their old store to its service. For a time, it was our Chapel of Reform. There, the Movement saw its most inspired days. Elias Harrison was an inspired man in those times; and on some occasions he rose to the sublime pitch of prophecy.

The new period commenced with the following enunciation by W. S. Godbe on

DIVINE AUTHORITY.

"Divine authority, in the most extended

sense, may be defined as comprising authority from all good sources; and, inasmuch as every benevolent desire, noble aspiration and generous impulse, every prompting of the soul to do good in any conceivable way, must come from a good source, it follows that—in this extended sense—all actions resulting therefrom are performed by Divine authority. In this general view of the case, it certainly requires no special delegation of power from on high for one to act under its dictation, and do “what conscience dictates to be done,” whether it leads to the acting the part of a Luther, a Wesley, a Father Mathew, or a Father Hyacinthe.

Such men find their authority in the in-born love of humanity that ceaselessly wells up from the depths of their big souls, and the lofty inspirations by which they are led to battle for the right, regardless of consequences to themselves.

But while these are propositions that none can reasonably question, we as a people, entertain certain ideas of Divine Authority in regard to the *Priesthood* that have their origin in what we learned of the order observed in the Heavens, in relation to the appointments and functions of this Holy Institution. And it is with reference to Divine Authority, in this special and important sense; that I am now desirous of expressing some of my thoughts.

Joseph Smith expressly says: “No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the Priesthood, *only by persuasion*, by long suffering, by gentleness, by meekness and by love unfeigned.” (*Times and Seasons*, vol i, page 131.)

To him who sees the end from the beginning, it was known that those, to whom were committed this power, would not, or rather, could not, in the nature of things, use it perfectly at first,—no matter how earnestly they might desire to do so, or how essentially good they might be as men. Surrounding circumstances, the condition of their brethren as well as their own, would render a perfect exercise of this authority, in all respects impossible. Hence, God in His wisdom has placed limits and restrictions upon it, beyond which no man can go, and have his actions sanctioned by Him. For the same high authority (Joseph Smith) tells us in speaking of certain am-

bitious men in the Priesthood, “that they do not learn that the rights of the Priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of Heaven, and that the powers of Heaven cannot be controlled nor handled, only upon the principles of righteousness; that the powers of the Priesthood may be conferred upon us it is true; but when we undertake to cover our sins, to gratify our pride or vain ambition, or to exercise DOMINION or COMPULSION over the souls of the children of men in any degree of unrighteousness, *behold the Heavens withdraw themselves*, the spirit of the Lord is grieved. Then *amen to the Priesthood or authority of that man.*”

This proves most conclusively that the Priesthood is liable to exercise its authority beyond its true limits, and assume prerogatives that do not belong to it. Where, otherwise, would be the necessity for this emphatic protest against the spirit of compulsion—where the necessity for this clear statement, that the Heavens will endorse the acts of their representatives upon the earth, only so far as they are in perfect accord with the spirit that prevails, where the God of love alone rules supreme?

But it is claimed by some that while fallibility may be looked for in individual members, it does not apply to the Priesthood, as a whole, neither does it apply to him who stands at the head of the Church on earth, whose voice they are taught to believe is the voice of God to them.

In answer to this I will simply say that although I have searched diligently, I have failed to discover evidence in history or revelation to justify such a belief, but, on the contrary, have found the most abundant evidence that such a belief is erroneous.

I find further that in many cases men who have been specially called of God to fulfil Divine missions, have gone more or less astray from the straight path. It does not appear that they were bad at heart—in fact, quite to the contrary. Why, then, I ask, should we expect more to-day of frail human nature than yesterday! Does not history repeat itself only in milder forms?

Seeing, then, that there is not only a possibility, but a probability—judging from what has been—of men, holding the highest positions in the Priesthood, exercising an undue authority “over the

souls of the children of men," when it does take place, by what means shall the evils resulting be corrected? Through whose agency shall the then needed reformation be effected?

All men agree that it should not come from without the Church. A system must be weak indeed that cannot, in time of need, purify itself from its own imperfections. It is also no less clear that it cannot come through the instrumentality of those by whom the evils originated, and the very existence of which rendered the reformation necessary.

Would it not be unreasonable to suppose that the Lord would let His servants exercise undue authority if He saw fit, or could prevent it in the first place? And still more unreasonable to believe that after they had done so, He should be compelled to call upon the very men who had thus erred—perhaps unintentionally, or owing to the peculiar organization of their minds or natures—to reform the evils they committed? What reason can be shown that God should be thus restricted by the ideas of finite man in His appointments? Surely He is no respecter of persons, nor has He more care for one of His children than another. Depend upon it, He is guilty of no favoritism. He operates through whom he will, because of their *fitness* for such work. And when it becomes necessary, in the interests of the progress of His Church or humanity, He raises up others for His work. Common sense should teach, and history proves, that He reserves to Himself the right so to do, He acting of course always in harmony with the divine order of which He is the great originator.

The Lord did not call upon Eli to correct his own faults, but revealed Himself to the then obscure boy, Samuel, and told him what He had against Eli, Israel's High Priest.

Neither did the Lord require Saul, His anointed, to correct his own evils, but called upon the herd-boy, David, and through him inaugurated a better state of things in Israel. All history, biblical and profane, abounds with instances more or less analogous to these.

And, as in government political, evils are permitted to grow until they produce the reactions by which they are cured, so in governments ecclesiastical do encroachments upon the rights of conscience, liberty of thought and freedom

of utterance, increase until they become so oppressive as to be no longer endured. And then the man or the men are always found to lead the van, and aid the people to remove the evils that distress them and free themselves.

It is thus in history we see the finger of God showing us the way man struggles onward and upward, painfully, slowly, but steadily, in the rugged path of human progress.

Let us see whether the facts, to which I have called attention, can have any just application to ourselves as a community as we are to-day.

In entering upon this part of the subject I find myself under the painful necessity of calling attention to the present Authorities of the Church, and of charging them with assuming—not wickedly, but ignorantly, to say the least—dictatorial control, and exercising prerogatives that do not rightly belong to them, and that are not connected with the powers of Heaven.

Do not be startled at this unequivocal statement against the assumption of the powers exercised by those, towards whom we are bound by so many lofty considerations and fraternal ties. If I am wrong in my opinion, or unfounded in my allegation, it will fall as harmless on all except him who gave it expression as a summer's breeze, that disturbs not the mighty ocean in its deep foundations. But if what I have dared to assert be true, then all efforts to refute it or avoid the consequences to which it will give birth, will be as futile and unavailing as resistance must ever be to all-prevailing truth. For truth will press calmly, steadily, grandly on, regardless alike of obstacles or opposition. And great as is the moral courage sometimes necessary to the honest man, to speak the truth,—a far greater amount is necessary to speak falsely, or to be silent when God requires that the truth be spoken.

What I have said has been considered with deliberation and uttered not in the fear of the creature, but the Creator, and with the fullest appreciation of the great responsibility that has been assumed thereby. It is not my purpose in this article to adduce further evidence in support of my assertion, nor do I consider it essential, for there are many thousands in this Territory, who, through painful experiences have been made to realize its

truth—and it is more particularly to such that I now address myself. How often have I heard men, not false, nor weak in the faith of the Gospel, but men good and true, deplore the condition of things as they now exist, and wonder how much longer the Lord will require the people to submit—and to acquiesce in an order of things that they feel is steadily increasing in rigor and severity, and that will inevitably, if persisted in, result in the overthrow of our religion and the blasting of all our most cherished hopes. They feel that a radical change must take place, and that speedily, but when or how they cannot tell. Some who have been anticipating, somewhat in advance of the times, have become through hope deferred faint at heart, for they have seen no gleam in the horizon that betokened the coming dawn; no ray of hope to strengthen and encourage them on their plodding, weary way. How often have we heard it said by our most faithful men, while discussing the situation,—“Be patient, brother, things cannot continue in this way long, but we must endure it until a change comes, so in the meantime let us *stand still and see the salvation of God.*”

What does this indicate—this deep half suppressed feeling of dissatisfaction? What does it foreshadow? It means most unmistakably that all things are *not* as they should be, that a change *will* come, and that such men will not “stand still” awaiting “the salvation of God” *in vain*; for it will come—aye, it is at our very doors.

But how shall the change be affected? By whose instrumentality shall it be brought about? Must it not come through the legitimate channel? These queries, more or less varied in form, are in the mouths of hundreds, and in the minds of thousands. They must be satisfactorily met. It will not do to tell them “they are in the dark, and have got the spirit of apostacy,” for they know better; they know they love the truth, and will hold fast to it, and cling to Zion, and are willing, if necessary, to sacrifice all they possess to promote her cause. To all such, I say that help *will* come, and that, too, in a legitimate channel. This brings me to the all-important question of Divine Authority in the special sense referred to.

As in the cases of Eli and Samuel,

David and Saul, so in the present instance will God, in His own due time, call upon such person or persons as will be willing instruments to do his holy bidding, and proclaim to the Latter-Day Saints the glad tidings that the dawning of a brighter day has come, and that its growing light will soon dispel the dark clouds that now obscure their spiritual vision, to shine with ever increasing effulgence in all coming time.

When God begins a work, evidences in support of its truth are never wanting. Its testimony will be found in the advanced character of the principles presented—principles that will appeal for their acceptance, directly to reason, which is the light of Deity within the soul, and point to the God of truth and love as the only Being in whom all faith should center, instead of any earthly representative.

Evidences of the authority of such a movement will also be found in its great success. It will also be manifested to many by Dreams, Visions, and by the “still small voice” of the spirit, that will find sure access to their souls; by sweet impressions and angelic influences that warm the heart with celestial fire, and impart a heavenly peace to the whole being; by a deep feeling of love and charity for all mankind, and the presence most sensibly felt of the spirit of Him who died to save humanity. In due time such a spirit as this will burst asunder the bonds of priestcraft, and melt the shackles that so long have bound the souls of men in slavish ignorance and fear. The light of Zion shall shine forth purely and brightly throughout this and all nations, until, by the breadth and depth of her principles, all parties and isms shall be absorbed, and bigotry and superstition be known only as things of the past.

In that day the great and mighty CHURCH OF ZION that Isaiah saw, shall be established on the earth in power and great glory; for purity of life, humility and self-abnegation, shall be the offspring of her spirit, and her genius and controlling power shall be LOVE.”

In the next number of the *Magazine* the leaders of the Movement set forth the character of its intentions by the following

MANIFESTO:

Inasmuch as a great variety of rumors

have been started with reference to our views concerning the past and future of "Mormonism," we feel that our interests, as well as our duty to the public, require us to make a plain statement of the circumstances which have led to our present relations to the Church, and the reasons that have guided our course in relation to the articles we have published in the UTAH MAGAZINE.

For some years past we have felt that a great encroachment of power was being made by the ruling Priesthood of our Church, beyond that allowed by the spirit and genius of the Gospel. We also perceived that a steady and constant decline was taking place in the manifestation of the spiritual gifts, as well as in the spirituality of our system as a whole, and that as a Church we were fast running into a state of the most complete materialism. We felt that the working out of our system was small and insignificant compared with the grandeur of the programme as announced by Joseph Smith. The broad and liberal system which, in the earnestness of our souls, we had embraced so many years ago, with its grand and universal invitation to men of every creed and nation to come to Zion for a home in our midst, was being practically ignored, and in the stead thereof was being built a wall of bitterness and hate between ourselves and the rest of the world. The constant growth of such principles as these, and the certainty that under such conditions Mormonism never could fulfill that great destiny of salvation to the world, for which we had prayed and labored, gave us great pain. But, feeling assured of the divinity of our system in its origin, and fearful lest we should ignorantly oppose the will of God as manifested through his servants, we tried from time to time, to close our eyes to the facts before us, and sought earnestly by every kind of argument to convince ourselves that we were wrong. We continued thus vainly striving to reconcile ourselves to the inconsistencies around us, until the facts forced themselves so overwhelmingly upon our minds, that we were driven from every stronghold and reluctantly compelled to admit the truth of these convictions.

During all these times we sought earnestly for light from above, our first and last prayer being that we might never be allowed to oppose the truth, and earnest-

ly, and continually examined ourselves to see whether pride, selfishness, selfwill, or any impurity of thought or deed, prevented our seeing the wisdom of President Young's measures, or receiving a testimony of their divinity. At last the light came, and by the voice of angelic beings accompanied by most holy influences—and other evidences that witnessed to all our faculties that their communications were authorized of God—we were, each of us, given personally to know that, notwithstanding some misconceptions and extremes wisely permitted to accomodate it to the weaknesses of mankind, "Mormonism" was inaugurated by the Heavens for a great and divine purpose; its main object being the gathering of an inspirational people, believing in continuous revelations, who, with such channels opened up, could at any period be moulded to any purpose the Heavens might desire; and out of whom, with these opportunities for divine communication, could be developed the grandest and the noblest civilization the world had ever seen. We also learned that the evils we had seen in the Church truly did exist; but that they would pass away before the light of a clearer and greater day of revelation and inspiration which was about to dawn upon our system.

At the same time we learned that President Young was truly called by the direct providences of God to preside over our people; that he was inspired to lead them to these mountains; and, that, so far as his personal bias and character permitted, he had been, from time to time, influenced for the good of this people; but that his course in building up a despotic priestly rule in the Church was contrary to the will of Heaven. We also learned that it was contrary to the laws of divine communication, and impossible for Heavenly beings to influence him or any other man against his will, or to enlighten such of the Priesthood associated with him, so long as they entirely surrendered their judgment and will into his keeping. On which account other channels for communication would be obtained and opened up to the people.

With this understanding came instructions that it was our duty to remain in the Church so long as the policy of the Presiding Priesthood would allow us the privilege, and at the same time our duty to throw out through the MAGAZINE such

advanced truths as would elevate the people and prepare them for the changes at hand. Two motives prompted us to this. One was that as men, independent of the question of divinity, it was our duty to strive for the liberties and advancement of our fellows, and the other, that the will of the Heavens demanded it. We well knew that we should have to fight through a thousand obstacles; that calumny and falsehood would be unsparingly used against us, and that the ruling Priesthood would bring the whole of its gigantic organization to bear, both in public and in private, to crush the MAGAZINE and its sentiments out of existence; and more than all, we knew that but few of the people for whom we were laboring, would—for some time at least—appreciate our motives. There was, however, but one course for men of truth, and that was to face the whole. And thus far we have struggled through regardless of consequences, and expect to do so until we see truth and liberty triumphant.

We were also instructed to respect the legitimate exercise of President Young's authority, and that there might be no righteous cause against us, to sustain it until he should tread upon the last vestige of liberty, and attempt to abolish all rights of thought and speech within the Church.

This he has now done. For daring mildly, and respectfully, to reason upon the inconsistencies of some of his propositions, he has deprived us of our fellowship and standing in the Church, and thus with his own hand has dissolved our allegiance to him. He has declared that his will is supreme and omnipotent in the Church, and that it shall be unquestioningly obeyed; and that to oppose any of his measures shall be deemed apostacy, and punished with excommunication.

The proper time having now arrived, we are at liberty to bear our message to the members of our church and the world at large. We, therefore, announce to them that a great and Divine Movement is at hand, when the Church will find a second birth, and commence a new era in her career. She will return to her true order—the guidance of Prophets, Seers, and Revelators, the administration of Angels, and the manifestations of the Holy Spirit. Having learned the evils of the one-man power, she will never again surrender her liberties into human keeping.

She will disentangle her hands from alliance with Commerce and the Civil power, and move onward to her true destiny—to be the Great Spiritual and Intellectual power of the earth.

The Movement will be accompanied by manifestations of divine power. The Holy Spirit in the hearts of the Saints throughout the Church will bear witness to its truth. "Israel" in all their abidings, will hear and recognize the voice of the "True Shepherd."

Up to this moment we have started no organization, having hitherto had no authority to do so. As to the question whom God will raise up to lead this people, we will say in the first place, that the Movement will never develop any one man in whom will be centered all the intelligence and wisdom of the people. In this sense there is no "Coming Man," there are, however, MANY Coming Men. Light, Truth, Wisdom, and Revelation will, and should be, reflected by the whole body of the Church, as well as by the head. While there must of necessity be an Executive, or presiding head, man-worship of every degree must pass away, and men learn to look with greater reverence to principles than to those who present them. As to whom this head will be, it is not our business to say, further than that God will produce the proper man in due time. It is sufficient for us to know that it will *be neither of us*. Of this great Movement—far greater than ourselves—we are but the fore-runners. We are as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.'" Ours is a preparatory mission, and it is our work to arouse the people, and by reasoning, teaching and enlightenment, prepare them for a new order of things. We have no personal cause to establish. We do not pretend to be Seers, nor to possess any wonderful or marvelous gifts. We make no claims to any distinction further than that, in the providence of God, it has been our privilege to be made acquainted with some great truths which it is our duty to make known.

It may be asked by what right we presume to interfere in matters appertaining to the Presiding Priesthood of the Church. We reply: by the simple right that every man has to utter a truth,—the same right that the boy Samuel had to deliver his

simple message to the Lord's servant, the Great Presiding High Priest of Israel. And, finally, by the right which the Heavens reserve to themselves, to speak whenever and by whomsoever they please.

As to how many of the present authorities, or leading men, will, or will not work into the new order of things, it is not our business here to inquire. This will depend entirely on the extent to which they suspend a hasty judgment, seek divine guidance, and lay themselves open to the reception of light. To the extent to which they, or any other persons, will lay aside prejudice, and place themselves at the feet of the Truth, determined to accept any principle, however strange or new, which their judgments shall endorse and which God shall bear witness to, God in their whole beings, intellectually and spiritually, shall bear witness that light has come and that a divine influence accompanies the Movement. The words, the voice, and the spirit of Jesus shall be felt in it, speaking to the hearts of the yearning souls of the children of Zion.

And here let us say the object of this Movement will be to preserve, and not to destroy our system. In consequence of the undue exercise of priestly authority, the elements of resistance and division are now silently working in the overwrought but suppressed feelings of our people. It requires but little more exertion of such arbitrary power to rend asunder the ties which bind us, and scatter us to the four winds. Nothing can save us but the raising of a platform combining liberty of thought and action with all the ancient beauties of our faith—one upon which we can unite. In this way alone can we preserve our existence as a people,—and for this the Heavens have provided.

We will now give a general outline of what we understand will be the governing principles and policy which will characterize the Movement when established.

The Church thenceforth will be known as the CHURCH OF ZION.

The ordinances and principles of the Gospel will remain intact as at present.

The Spiritual gifts will be encouraged in all their forms of manifestation.

The great truth will be emphatically proclaimed, that no priesthood or standing in the church, or ordinances of any kind, in and of themselves, elevate the

possessor, or obtain for him any distinction in the sight of God. All outward forms, important as they are in their place, will be considered only as means for our advancement in purity, goodness, and intelligence. Apart from which object it will be understood that they have no power or value. The whole purpose of the gospel being the elevation of man's nature, all its organizations or requirements will be held, therefore, to be but means to that end.

Inasmuch as men cannot labor with all the energies of their souls, or work with dignity and influence, unless their hearts are fully engaged in their operations, the movement will oppose the principle of sending men on missions where they are destitute of the spirit of such mission or calling.

On the subject of funds it will be understood that the Church was not instituted as a machine for raising money, and that all wealth which the Church cannot obtain without oppressing the people it will be better without. It will be taught that God has no special object in requiring Tithing, only so far as it tends to the promulgation of truth, the relief of the poor, or the promotion of public improvements. The doctrine will be that Tithing was instituted for man and not man for the Tithing. The Movement will also maintain that the Church's funds are the people's property, and should be regularly accounted for to them; and, further, that the control thereof should belong to the Presiding Bishop, acting under a board of Trustees, elected by the people, and not to the Presidency of the Church, whose minds should be left free to attend to higher duties. Tithing will consist of a tenth of one's increase, or, a tenth of all clear profits, obtained over and above the amount possessed the previous year. Or, in other words, Tithing should be a tenth of the *interest* (OR GAIN) obtained by labor or means, or both, annually, and not a tenth of one's *entire* labor, or, the *results* of labor, as at present understood and enforced. Thus throwing the weight of Tithing mainly on the rich, and lightening the burdens of the poor.

The prominence and influence once enjoyed by the Twelve and other quorums will be revived, and the policy will be to repress the principle by which any one quorum has hitherto been made to

possess the sole voice in matters, and the entire conduct of the Church.

All quorums of the Church will be understood simply as organizations for the transaction of its business and the promulgation of its principles, and not as vehicles for promoting any set of men above their fellows. The first Presidency of the Church will be recognized as its Executive, who should be chief representatives of the spirit and inspirations of all its quorums—reflecting not only their own light but the garnered wisdom of the whole people. The first and last lesson to be learned by every quorum will be that neither head nor foot can say to the other,—“I have no need of thee.”

The Priesthood will present itself before the world simply as an institution for teaching and propagating truth. It will throw aside all pretensions to dictatorial power, and leave men's professions, their employment, and the entire control of their talents and means to themselves. It will seek to promote the individuality of every man to the utmost. Instead of trying to force the conceptions of one man's brain, or those of twenty, into the million, it will recognize the God, the light and truth that is in the souls of all men, and seek only to develop it and guide it to its true end.

The Church will enlarge her creed so that she can become the nursing mother of millions instead of the controller of a few. So long as men obey the initiatory ordinances of the Gospel and live pure lives, the Church will find a place for them within her borders, whether they can accept one additional principle of truth or a thousand. Like Nature, which rejects nothing from her domain, but, from the rudest to the grandest organism, controls all with the same hand, so will the Church embrace all intelligences within her operations, accepting them where they are and leading them up to God.

The unity which the Church will aim for, will be the unity of oneness in all great principles of truth. It will seek to harmonize the sentiments of mankind, leaving all free to follow the bent of their organization, and to work out their own individuality, instead of aiming to direct their action in the petty details of life. This is the unity and harmony manifested in the universe, in which all elements are united in obeying great general laws,

while each manifests its peculiar qualities in its own way. This, therefore, is God's unity, and life and intelligence can be controlled on no other principle. All other unity is the soulless unity of the drillsergeant, and as destructive of human intelligence as it is beneath the aims of a God.

All religions will be recognized as having been wisely developed in the providences of God to meet the varied conditions of the different races and classes of mankind.

It will be understood that any creed which is above the understanding of a man cannot be divine to him, while a lower creed, which comes within his conceptions of what is divine, will touch his heart and develop more good in his nature. All creeds, therefore, will be respected in Zion as fulfilling a great and a useful mission in God's hand.

In the wide creed of this Divine Movement, Zion's motto will be: “Charity for all.” She will view the wicked or corrupt as men morally diseased, that simply need to be cured. She will ascribe all wickedness to ignorance, false education, unfortunate surroundings, and more than all to inherent tendencies to good or evil derived from parentage at birth. While she will teach that all are responsible for making the best use of such intelligence and perceptions of good as they *do* possess, she will contend that tendencies to good or evil are not equally strong in all men—that with some it is far easier to do right than it is for others, and that the wicked should be viewed as the unfortunate, who require more love and care than “those that are whole and need not a physician.”

The policy of the Movement will be to make Zion, that place, of all others on the face of the earth, where mere difference of creed has the least power to separate man from his fellow man. Zion's policy will be to abolish all distinctions which build up hatred and division in the hearts of men, and to draw all men so near to her that she can reach their affections and do them good. The term “Gentile” will, therefore, pass away. Entrenched in the strength of the broadest, most liberal, and most philosophical principles the world has ever known, and backed by the invisible influences of a higher world, she will fear no rivalry, and need no petty external arrangements to

shield her from the influence of inferior faiths, or from intermixture with the bad. All wholesale measures for separation and non-association between classes and creeds are artificial, and require, as we well know, the watchman and the inquisitor to keep them going—and then they fail. There is no true safeguard from corruption but that of higher education and intelligence. The good and the pure, the intellectually and spiritually developed, need no division between themselves and the ignorant and depraved. Their own natures and higher conditions are a sufficient division and protection.

All trading or social relations with people, in or out of the Church, will decide themselves upon grounds of acquaintance, experience and individual judgment. All wholesale prohibitions of classes or creeds, commercially or religiously, are opposed to the spirit of the age and must cease.

On the great question of Civil rule, the Movement will recognize the National Government as supreme in its sphere. It will, therefore, practically sustain its laws and seek, by constitutional means, to change those which it considers opposed to religious or civil liberty.

Another point in the movement will be to place the practice of plural marriage on the highest grounds. It will only maintain or encourage it so far as it is practised within the highest conditions of purity, delicacy and refinement. It will assert that pure affection on all sides can alone sanctify this or any other kind of marriage. It will, therefore, oppose all marriage from a cold sense of religious duty, as it will all marrying for the mere accumulation of families.

It will teach the highest principles—the strict laws and conditions which alone can render this order of life successful, and then leave it—like the question of being called to preach the gospel—to every man's light and intuitions to determine when, or whether, it will be right in his case or not.

Above all things the movement will strongly assert the highest appreciation of woman, and of her highest development and culture, as the only basis of a high civilization.

The foregoing constitutes in brief, a general outline of the policy and charac-

ter of the coming institutions, which are about to be inaugurated. To our judgment, the principles referred to speak for themselves. If any do not appear to do so, we ask all to suspend a hasty judgment until we shall further explain or amplify through the columns of our paper. We will here say, however, that the principles enumerated are but the very simplest elements of a grand chain of truths which will widen illimitably as the movement progresses. * * * *

We now submit our case to the public. To the intelligent mind, God is seen in all that is natural, simple, and heavenly in its character. What amount of light and truth we possess, this announcement, and our past and future articles in the *MAGAZINE* will best show—and each must decide for himself. We exhort all to be calm and judge dispassionately, and look for light to its great fountain, and a testimony will spring up in their minds that God is moving for the blessing and redemption of His people.

We shall seek to take that course which will give no cause for reproach. But all may make up their minds to this fact, that no course we *can* take will be allowed to be right by such as are interested in silencing our voices. If we speak boldly and bluntly, we shall be charged with being defiant and malicious. If we speak mildly and kindly, we shall be said to be hypocritical. If we reason, we shall be guilty of sophistry—we shall be wrong anyway. A tree, however, is known by its fruit, and an impure fountain will not send forth pure water, and, trusting in God, we shall fearlessly await the trial.

And now let us say, a Revolution is at our doors; not one of bloodshed or strife; but a peaceful revolution of ideas. An intellectual battle has to be fought, and Truth *will* prevail; but Moderation and Kindness must be the battle cry. The object of the Movement will be that a more Heavenly Zion may be established, the spirit of Jesus must, therefore, govern all, or our great object will be defeated. Insults, taunts, ridicule and false accusations, will, of course, prevail, but they must not be on our side. Let us dispel darkness with light, harshness with kindness, and move calmly on. And, as sure as to-morrow's sun will rise, the light will break, the truth will go forth in its ma-

jesty, and thousands of voices will soon echo our testimony.

E. L. T. HARRISON.

W. S. GODBE.

PLATFORM OF THE MOVEMENT.

Our creed is ALL TRUTH. We follow no man living or dead. We believe in the beauty and divinity of many inspirations that have been given by prophets and apostles in times past, but we are limited by none. We view them all as vehicles, more or less imperfect, through whom truth has come. We are prepared, as truth is developed to our minds, to go by them all, accepting their truths and honoring their missions as beneficial to the world though more particularly to their own times. But, while honoring the past, we cannot be bound by it and held in its swaddling clothes for ever.

We have faith in the doctrine of present revelation, but we believe in placing it at the feet of our judgment. We believe in testing the prophet by his revelations and not the revelations by the prophet.

We believe in "spiritual gifts," but we hold that the development of spirituality and intellectuality in the nature is an infinitely superior result to the reception of manifestations of any kind.

We believe in a church organization, but solely as a means for the more speedy propagation of truth, and simply as an educational institution. We believe in no priestly authority to control or dictate the judgment in any respect.

We believe in a complete division between temporal and spiritual affairs, and consequently in the separation of Church and State.

We reserve to the members of the Movement the right to accept or reject their spiritual teachers, and secure the right to vote by ballot.

We believe in being circumscribed by no creed further than by the fundamental principles herewith expressed. All speculative details as to the past or present we leave to individual judgment.

We believe that from eternal ages past, by an irresistible and inevitable law, the Universe and all the works of God therein have been progressing in beauty and perfection, and that the Universe is, and must be, forever one eternally expanding scene of progress and development in

which retrogression is impossible.

We hold that man or woman, as constituent parts of the Great Nature, are endlessly progressive in all the faculties and power of their being, and that they can no more recede to destruction or fail of ultimate perfection than the universe itself.

We hold that mankind, in the providence of God, through the experiences of life, are, without exception, being brought out of the darkness into the light.

In the foregoing Manifesto we have the status of the writers as they stood nearly eleven years ago. Polygamy, it will be seen, is touched with a gentle hand, its harder and coarser features being mainly taken into consideration. The Manifesto is full of Mormonism. Critically considered, it is the very highest ideal of which the Mormon religion is capable—the best thoughts of its best minds—its noblest and most poetic expounders.

In a word, it is Mormonism elevated, purified and celestialized. It is an ideal, too, that must be reached—sooner or later—or the fondest dreams of many thousands of honest hearts will be broken and the sublime mission of the "Dispensation of the Fulness of Times" become, in the sight of all Israel, a confessed failure.

In connection with these articles appeared the following from the pen of Edward W. Tullidge:

DO WE FEAR CIVILIZATION?

When writing my series of papers on the Mormons and their Commonwealth, for the New York *Galaxy*, I said, "Let America come up to us with all her agencies of civilization, and in grateful return we will send her down a host of Mormon missionaries." Mr. Bowles, in reviewing those papers, held to the opinion that no *genuine* Mormon elder would have written them, and believed that the *Galaxy* had been "hoaxed by a clever writer," who had palmed himself upon the editors as a Mormon elder. I note this because we are just upon this point that "*genuine*" Mormon elders do *not* fear civilization. Mr. Bowles, Mr. Colfax and the nation generally, are about to have a timely lesson, and on the other side, ruling authorities of Utah,

who have cut "genuine" Mormon elders off because they did not fear civilization, a very severe one.

But our illustrious visitors had seen the ruling and conservative few, whose policy leads to absolutism, and whose tendencies are anti-progressive. Hence the inference that Mormondom will be exploded by the American nation coming up to Utah with her civilization and destiny, bringing with her the age of railroads. They presumed that the Mormons could not endure contact with society,—the society, too, of progressive, resistless Republican America. They readily saw that absolutism and a one-man rule would be destroyed, that it could only flourish in this age in isolation, and that, therefore, isolation was courted. They believed that Mormonism could not stand the fire of thought, and that it produced no daring thinkers, and that there were no Mormon elders prepared to enter into the battle-field for human rights, or bold enough to make their declaration of independence. Undoubtedly they also believed that a free press and free speech on the public platform, representing the people's cause, would explode the Mormon faith and sweep its priesthood from the earth. Do not these conclusions of the statesmen and representative intellect of America form a lesson worthy to be read by the authorities of Utah! And is it not a scathing reproach to them, when it can be said that the men who invite civilization to their borders, who have free thoughts, and resolve to maintain a free press, are not *genuine* Mormon elders? Now these conclusions, so far as they went into our situation, were sound. They are the identical conclusions of the ruling Priesthood of Utah, as manifested by the action of the High Council and the Quorums and Wards upon my brethren and myself. Men are cut off for not being "genuine Mormon elders," because they hold to the opinion that our faith will stand the fire of free thought, and that a free press should be maintained to discuss the people's rights and defend the people's cause.

As set forth in my last article, on the schism in Utah, there are two conditions of mind, and two sides of religious faith and social views, among the Mormons to-day, which are about to be brought into bold relief. There is the side which

desires the absolute and unquestioned rule of the few, and which would reduce the entire people to a temporal and spiritual bondage. Now it will in the sequel be found that it is the *few* and not the mass, who are on this absolute side, which inclines to the absorption of the whole commonwealth of the people. The mass, always, in every nation, incline to liberalism and freedom of thought and action; and there is just as natural a tendency in the people to individualism, personal enterprise and personal property, as there is always in irresponsible rulers a tendency to absolute power, centralization and absorption of the commonwealth. But the millions ever imagine that *they* are the few and the weak, until the course of events forces them to a maintenance of their rights, and the integrity of their religious faith, proving, in some marked revolution of their times, that they are the power of the nation. But their long respect for authorities, and the natural repugnance of men to overthrow the existing state of things, no matter how oppressive, make them blind even to their own condition. They do not understand themselves, their thoughts, their desires and their settled intentions. But, by and by, circumstances come round which suddenly reveal themselves, and then they realize how much they are on the other side of absolute power, and how much man by nature is self-assertive and inclined to individual manifestation. In the meantime they hope for the better state of things in the future, and that hope is the sure sign that they are preparing for a change. Now that is the exact condition of the people of Utah to-day. They are waiting for some bright out-come of their religious and social circumstances.

The fact is that the thousands of English, Scotch and Welsh elders who created the Mormon kingdom in Great Britain, do not fear contact with the outside world. They do not fear free thought and a free press. Their secret desire is for isolation to pass away, and for all the great and good to come up to them. They believe that their religion can stand the pressure of other men's thoughts—can run side by side with the progressive tendencies of the age. But those thousands of elders, who represent the intellect, force and prime of Mormondom, those elders who shook Europe with their

missionary operations, and astounded the clergy with their bold thoughts and daring innovations, since they came to Utah, have settled down in apathy and resigned their manhood. But depend upon it, these men are all here. Be not afraid of their future results. They must of necessity re-assert themselves, and inevitable circumstances are coming round to force them out even in spite of themselves. They will return to their former force of character and maintain the integrity of their religion, in all the grand conceptions of former days. From those conceptions and the great aims of their life, those thousands of missionaries have almost entirely departed, and returned every man to his fishing nets, saying, "I thought he had come who was to bring deliverance to Israel, but our hope has departed." But, brethren, he *has* come and now stands knocking at the door.

Let Vice-President Colfax, Mr. Bowles and the entire nation be assured that there are "genuine" Mormon elders, who do not fear civilization, railroads and the liberalizing genius of the American people. If we have invited such to come up to us, it was because we understood ourselves and possessed an invincible faith in Mormonism and its destiny. We have been cut off the Church, but still do we believe in that destiny—ay, more than ever believe in it now. Mormon elders have resolved to maintain henceforth and forever in Utah a free press, free thought and a platform of human rights. The press never fears civilization, thought, progress and individuality. They are in its own line, and are its capital. The same is true of the merchant-class; for Commerce is the natural enemy of despotic rule, both in Church and State. There is no fanaticism or servility in commerce. Hence, you find to-day on the side of liberty and expansion some of the most enterprising merchants of Utah. They are with the press, and the thousands of English, Scotch and Welsh elders who shook Europe, will yet find a hundred platforms to shake Utah with their free manly speech. They will do it in the might of the prophetic spirit which moved Joseph Smith to his great work.

The world has seen the past, it sees the present, and it has now to see the future of the Mormons. Statesmen and thinkers shall behold a strange solution to

a strange problem. All they deemed us not they will find we are. They will find us genuine, and our faith potent. That which belongs not to us and the genius of Joseph Smith's mission, will pass away, and most certainly absolutism and mental bondage belong not thereto. We have thought with the best thinkers of the age, and there is much of the daring character of heterodox minds blended with the grand fanaticism of apostles of a new and prophetic dispensation. It is a strange mixture, but it is in us. The one gives the self-reliance and the other the mighty fervor. The truth has made us free.

We do not fear civilization, then, for we have come from the most civilized nations; we do not fear railroads for we have ridden upon them thousands of times; we do not fear other men's thoughts; for we are a nation of missionaries who have stood upon the platform with the clergy of the day, and taken from them a hundred thousand converts in Great Britain alone. We can solve our own problems and change into whatsoever forms best please us and suit our coming times. We are forty years of age, as the rule, and have another forty years to fill in the great Mormon programme which will give immortality to Brigham Young as well as to Joseph Smith. We are not opposed to Brigham's destiny, but simply to some of his policies and positions.

But we have been cut off from a small portion of God's family, and now we belong to the whole world. We acknowledge the great and the good everywhere as our brethren. They shall see the Mormon Elders their equals and they shall give to them respect. Brethren of humanity's great church everywhere, think with all the intellect and light of the age, and we will think and speak from your own lofty platforms! Do you not see that we are coming out of our isolation to give you greeting in God and humanity's cause? Do you not see that Mormon Elders are opening their hearts to all mankind? We will be no longer a sect, but a world. They shall be our Prophets who reveal to us most light, and they our brethren who least fear civilization. "Genuine" Mormon Elders do not fear it. Will Mr. Bowles and President Colfax take our word for this, or will they wait for further proof? They shall have that proof,

until all the world know WHETHER THE MORMON ELDERS FEAR CIVILIZATION.

It is not a little singular that, at the very moment of Vice-President Colfax's second visit to Salt Lake City, the times were pregnant with the Utah schism. Nor can one fail to be struck with the Providential interposition to save the Saints, in one of their greatest hours of danger; and it is still more remarkable that an apostasy of influential Elders, controlling those revolutionary agents of modern society—commerce and the press—should have been the means which Providence chose for its ends. We most emphatically affirm that an internal revolution or another Mormon war were the only alternatives of those times. It was our view then, and the whole chain of subsequent events has fully proved it.

There can be no doubt that Vice-President Colfax came up to Utah, that time, with a war programme very nearly perfected in his mind. His deep chagrin at the indignity which he believed Brigham Young had put upon the Government and himself, had made him the uncompromising enemy of the Apostolic head of Mormondom, and the institutions and rule that seemed to derive life from his potent administration and his supreme will. Colfax, in fact, had resolved on the entire overthrow of Brigham Young and the domination of the Mormon-hierarchy over Utah. He had unquestionably represented to President Grant that Mormondom was nothing less than a standing Rebeldom, which, ever and anon, hurled defiance or insult in the face of the General Government, and that Brigham Young had been the head and front of it for a quarter of a century. To be convinced, with a man like Grant, was to resolve to conquer "Polygamic Theocracy" by a Federal rule in Utah as iron-heeled as that placed upon any of the rebel States of the South. The method generally approved by the country at that time was to work up the action by the most summary Congressional legislation, and to consummate it by military force. Hence, at that moment, the entire country looked upon another Mormon war as imminent, for an internal revolution had not been dreamt of then by the Government, or thought possible by any outside observer. It was under such an aspect of affairs that the Colfax party

made its second visit to Utah; and his coming practically meant a warning to the Mormon people, or a proclamation of the war intentions of the Government, just as they chose.

The arrival of the Vice President found the Jew and Gentile merchants in consternation over co-operation. The Federal officers were in despair of ever being able to grapple with the problem, without military invasion of the situation, and the whole Gentile population saw themselves about to be more than ever "left out in the cold." Even the Walker Brothers were almost inclined to end their long controversy with the Church and leave Utah to her fate. But Colfax sought to rekindle the smouldering fire of a radical Gentile antagonism and pledged to the opposition the support of the Government to all intents and purposes.

Just at this crisis, it was deemed prudent, by certain of the confidants, to entrust the Vice President with the secret that a number of influential Elders, who were capable of controlling the commercial issue of the times, and able to affect Mormondom by the local press, were actually on the eve of revolution. This was better, even, than Mr. Colfax could have hoped to arrange by his visit and official encouragement; but, at first, he seems to have been more desirous to see these Mormon Protestants enlist in a crusade inaugurated by the Government, than that they should occupy the situation by a reform movement. A "Utah Expedition," sent by General Grant would be thorough in its work and speedy in its cure. On the other hand a Protestant reform movement would be conservative, peaceful and necessarily slow in its issues.

The Vice-President put himself in communication with the heretics. Mr. Stenhouse was honored with a long drive and a confidential chat with his Excellency, before his departure from the City of the Saints.

"*Will Brigham Young fight?*" enquired Mr. Colfax, bringing the question home to the issue that he most desired.

"For God's sake, Mr. Colfax!" exclaimed Stenhouse, "keep the United States off. If the Government interferes and sends troops, you will spoil the opportunity, and drive the thousands back into the arms of Brigham Young, who

are ready to rebel against the 'One-Man Power.' Leave the Mormon elders alone to solve their own problems. We can do it; the Government cannot. If you give us another Mormon war, we shall heal up the breach, go back into full fellowship with the church and stand by the brethren. What else could we do? Our families, friends and life-companions are all with the Mormon people. Mr. Colfax, take my word for it, the Mormons will fight the United States, if driven to it in defense of their faith, as conscientious religionists always have fought. The Mormons are naturally a loyal people. They only need to be broken off from the influence of Brigham Young. Depend upon it, Mr. Colfax, the Government had better let us alone with this business, simply giving its protection to the "New Movement men."

These were substantially the pleadings of Mr. Stenhouse to the significant question of Vice President Colfax—"Will Brigham Young fight?"

Mr. S. related to me the conversation between himself and the Vice-President on the same day of this fortunate ride and timely discussion of the Utah question. Stenhouse's replies will show the tenor of the Vice-President's own remarks, without my presuming to reproduce him from memory. His capital words, however—"Will Brigham Young fight?" were driven like a nail into the minds of the Elders who were just about to commence their schism.

Nor was the conversation between Mr. Stenhouse and the Vice-President, upon the Mormon question and the crisis of the hour, unsupported by similar views and utterances, to members of the Government and to Federal officials, by the men who were undertaking to revolutionize Utah and her institutions. We believed that we could affect Mormondom to its centre for good or at least bring over a large class of influential Elders into a Protestant movement with a very respectable following.

And this revolution which we anticipated has been essentially realized, notwithstanding that it has changed something in its forms and methods since it was inaugurated by Mr. Godbe and his compeers. Utah is no more in 1880 what she was in 1868-9, than England is to-day what she was in feudal times and under Papal rule.

But President Grant, Vice President Colfax, General Collum, Governor Shaffer and all the Federal officers of Utah, could bear testimony how boldly and earnestly the Protestant Elders plead the cause of their brethren who remained faithful to the old Church. Even the President of the United States was plainly told that, if the Government made war upon the Mormon people on account of their religious views and institutions, although we could never return to our former allegiance, we would stand by them against all unrighteous oppression; but that if the Government pursued a righteous and humane course to harmonize this naturally loyal and worthy people with the American genius and progressive spirit of the age, we would do our duty faithfully both to our brethren and to the nation.

It is but just to Vice President Colfax to confess, that he used his influence with his Government to give to the Mormon people a fair opportunity to show their loyalty and gradually conform to the requirements of the times. As an American Statesman he had desired to suppress the growth of a political theocracy, but we can believe that he had no desire to persecute a religious people or deprive them of their religious and social rights.

Moreover the "New Movement" leaders sought, in many ways, to save the Mormon people from the provoked wrath of the Government and the severe special legislation of Congress against them which was then impending.

Immediately upon the opening of the Movement, E. W. Tullidge wrote officially for his party to the *New York Herald*. The well considered design was to impress upon the public mind the fact that an important Mormon schism had begun; that it would be vigorously prosecuted; that it would infuse Mormondom with new ideas, harmonious with the age, and that in time a peaceful revolution would be wrought out by the Mormons themselves, resulting in the very condition of things which the country desired to see in Utah. Fortunately, the *New York Herald* took similar views and urged them upon the American public by strong timely editorials on the Utah question. Nearly all the journals of the country followed in the wake, proclaiming "a great Mormon Schism," and declaring the wisdom of "letting the Mormons alone

to solve their own problems." Thus was the Mormon people saved from a National crusade against them; for the temper of the country had never been so strong to "wipe out Mormonism" since the period of the "Utah war," as at that moment. But the Church leaders never gave the "New Movement" men credit for their mediatorial efforts, seeking instead, to impress upon the Mormons the idea that "the Godbeites" were inciting the country to a crusade against them.

Meantime, the "Cullom Bill" had come before the House, and the Hon. Tom Fitch was creating a sensation by his great speech in Congress upon the prospect of another Mormon war and the probable cost to the "Nation in money and blood" before the "Mormons could be conquered." All this may have been somewhat amusing to Congress in view of the recent suppression of the Southern Rebellion; but at home, in Utah, the affair was very serious in its war aspect. The Gentiles were most positive in their assurance that the Government would send on troops to "wipe out Mormon theocracy." Indeed, it was reported that troops were already on the way for that purpose.

It may be remembered, also, that at this period the mass meetings of the women of Utah were held throughout the Territory to protest against the impending Cullom Bill; and it must be confessed that some of the speeches of such women as "Sister Woodruff," were, for their bold tone, worthy their "revolutionary mothers" whose conduct they offered as their pattern. The American public admired, but answered the sisters that "their cause was not as good as their mothers' cause had been in Washington's day." The Mormon people, however, believed in the integrity of their cause, and therein was the danger to the parties most concerned. Connected with these mass meetings of the women, was that great meeting held by the apostles in the Tabernacle, at which ten thousand people voted by acclamation an extraordinary "Remonstrance" against the Cullom Bill, besides adopting a very elaborate apostolic statement to Congress, of the polygamic revelation and duties of the Mormon Church; in it was also incorporated the bold declaration that "this Church," would stand by her faith and polygamic institutions in defiance of all human will

and laws. This age has never witnessed another such example of religious defiance of all earthly governments, not even was that of the "Utah war" its equal, for this was made, not in isolation now, but in the very face of the American Nation, with the railroad completed over which, in a few days, troops could have been hurried by the conqueror of the South.

On their side, the Reform leaders, through the *Mormon Tribune*, warned the Apostles that the Nation would not permit them to lay the Territory in ashes and make another exodus, and that they were only endangering a hundred thousand religious people by thus pushing them to the verge of rebellion. At the same time, earnest appeals were sent forth to the people themselves not to be led to the commission of any overt acts.

The New Movement leaders fully understood the danger of those times. They knew that the Apostles held the power to lead the Mormon people as sheep to the slaughter; while on the other hand they were convinced that, in the event of another "Mormon war," General Grant would not play with these Apostles. The drama of Buchanan's time could not again be safely rehearsed, much less partly executed. No "game of bluff" could be played without its due share of consequences with the Conqueror of the Southern Rebellion. Grant would never turn back if Brigham Young once began a war controversy with him. And as we have seen in the progress of the record of those times that the Apostles *had* begun so far as proclaiming their intentions to lay Utah in ashes and to make another exodus with their people, it needed now but the first step to be made in the action and Grant's sword would have immediately cut the gordian knot of Mormondom. Impossible had it been for Brigham Young to have turned back. He must have fought it out on his "line," for Grant would have fought it out on his, and the end of the existence of the Mormon Church in America would have surely come.

But in all the crises of the Church, Providence had overruled to save the Mormon people; and on this occasion, we seem to have been chosen as the means of deliverance. Such, indeed, were our views then and such are our views to-day. Moreover, though not discerned by them

at the time, many of the leaders of the people now recognize us as the Providential instruments of that period.

The danger was enough to call up W. S. Godbe and his compeers to put forth supreme efforts to save the whole people and this wonderful Utah by counteracting the extreme purposes and plans of the Mormon leaders. So it was resolved that William S. Godbe should at once proceed to Washington to lay before President Grant the full state of affairs and "to counsel" with him; for we had reasons to believe that the President desired this. There was also an elaborate "budget" written on Utah affairs and policy and despatched to the President through Government officers to prepare him for the interview. That "budget" is now a state document and, therefore, it is not proper to publish it at this time. It bore date; "March 8th, 1870."

Mr. Godbe started for Washington immediately afterwards. He was introduced to President Grant by Vice-President Colfax, who thereupon left the two principals together and over an hour was spent in a "cozy," confidential, but very important "chat." "Mr. Godbe," observed the President, "I am as solicitous as you can possibly be to preserve the Mormon people;" and then he magnanimously pledged his honor to the Utah patriot that he would himself save the Mormon people from their dangerous leaders by checkmating their policy. No longer was a "Mormon war" possible. Grant himself was not going to permit it. If more troops were sent to Utah they were merely designed as a "moral force" to give the Apostles to understand that the Nation intended to enforce her laws. President Grant nobly kept his word. Nothing further need be disclosed of this interview.

Mr. Godbe also had an interview with General Cullom. Together, these gentlemen went through the "Cullom Bill," section by section, Mr. Godbe suggesting revisions and toning it to better suit the peculiar conditions of the Mormon people. At length, half provoked, the Hon. Member from Illinois exclaimed, "My G—d, Mr. Godbe, you would strike out all the points of my bill!" But the Utah advocate plead the cause of the Mormon people with so much earnestness and feeling that all the animus of prosecution was killed. He showed how a de-

voted Christian people had been moulded by their apostles and their religious faith; how polygamy had grown up in the Church years after the conversion of a hundred thousand disciples to the original Mormon faith; how they had, as a rule, gone into polygamy sincerely believing it to be the will of God; and how so many dear good women had been already crucified for their religion and their wifely and motherly loves; and he urged that it would indeed be cruel, now, for civilization itself to crucify them afresh instead of redeeming them. He also plead that sufficient time should be given the Mormon people for a *new education*,—enforced in the argument the new conditions: that isolation was passing away for ever,—that civilization was fast coming up to them.

There was surely the promise of a better state of things; we knew it then; we more abundantly know it now. What wonderful changes have come in Utah since that day!

At that moment, Mr. Cullom was touched with conviction. He perceived that there were events and changes occurring in Mormon society that would, in a reasonable time, accomplish even more than he could hope to be effected by his bill. "Well, Mr. Godbe," said he, in closing his interview, "I shall have to vote for my bill;" but his words bore the interpretation that he would be satisfied with its simple passage in the House. In the sequel, it did pass the House but it was never brought up for action in the Senate, though Senator Cragin had undertaken its passage there.

The substance of the Utah policy recommended by Mr. Godbe and his compeers in 1869-70 to the Government and leading men of the Nation was to first establish over this Territory a firm and potent Federal rule. This, rather than special legislation and the increase of troops, was held to be the initial move of a proper United States policy for Utah.

In the above views, President Grant fully coincided. They were, indeed, precisely his own. The country at the time was for special legislation as the opening; but the President was a man more for the direct means of Government than the roundabout ways of Congress; and for the accomplishment of the end he sent out Governor Shaffer,—than whom a fitter man for that end could

not have been chosen in all the Nation.

Mr. Godbe returned to Utah, having been successful in his mission, and soon everybody appreciated a new Governmental policy in Utah affairs; and it is not presumptuous to believe that the "Reformers" had been influential in this through their timely schism and advocacy. The Mormons were saved from collision with the United States and that, indeed, was a salvation which, perchance, they can better comprehend to day than they could in 1870.

It is due to Apostle Cannon, however, to observe here that he did to the author acknowledge something of this service. He confessed that the "schism" had turned the direction of the public mind and dissipated the wrath against the Mormons. "*God had permitted the Devil to use them and overruled it for good;*" but Mr. Cannon regretted that men for whom he had entertained so high a regard had been chosen as the instruments. A truly priestly idea is this; but what an idea? The Devil succeeds in working out good when the Divine fails in his own special servants! 'Tis the world's history, however. Heretics work out good-will to mankind and innovative thinkers crown the ages with civilization. Be it ever so if this be God's great law. Enough to us that His ways are justified.

In the meantime the Cullom Bill had passed the House; and simultaneous with the Great Mass Meeting of the Mormons in the Tabernacle, to remonstrate with Congress against the Bill, the Godbeite leaders, combined with conservative Gentiles, called a meeting of our representative non-Mormon citizens for a similar purpose. The following is the report from the *Mormon Tribune*:

MODIFICATION OF THE CULLOM BILL.

On Saturday evening, the 26th inst., a meeting called at the suggestion of Messrs. Walker Bros. and Col. Kahn of this city was held in the Masonic Hall, East Temple street, to take into consideration the propriety of memorializing Congress for such a modification of the Cullom Bill, as would make its provisions inapplicable to all polygamous marriages and associations entered into previous to the passage of said Bill. The meeting was attended by a number of gentlemen of varied religious and political opinions.

Among them we noticed Gen. Maxwell, Col. Overton, Marshal Orr, Col. Kahn, T. Marshall, J. M. Carter, R. H. Robertson and J. R. Walker Esqs., with many others.

Mr. Robertson was called to the chair, and opened the meeting by requesting a general declaration of opinion on the subject to be brought before the meeting, which he desired Mr. Eli B. Kelsey to present.

Mr. Kelsey briefly stated the purpose of the meeting, and reviewed the course which Congress had adopted since the passage of the act of 1862, and the belief among the people that no steps would be taken with reference to the enforcement of the anti-polygamy law. He, therefore, considered Congress responsible, to an extent, for the present feelings of the people on that subject. He bore testimony to his desire to uphold the laws and the influence of the government among the people, but he could not ask people to break up their families and bastardize their children.

Mr. E. L. T. Harrison said that he came to that meeting upon invitation. The object of it he understood to be to see if we could unite upon a memorial to be addressed to the Senate, requesting such modification of the Cullom Bill as would except all marriages entered into before the passage of the Bill. So far as the abstract principle of polygamy went, he did not believe in the interference of the Government on such a subject, as he believed that the people of Utah, and all other territories, were perfectly capable of adjusting all such relations themselves. Still, inasmuch as the Government is not of his opinion, and he desired to sustain law and order, he would join in any resolution to Congress expressive of a desire for a modification. He would do this not only out of justice to the people, but because he believed that it would be in the interest of the Government. He considered such a modification would greatly tend to promote a loyal and grateful feeling among the people, and do much to bring about that harmony between the Government and the people of Utah which was so desirable.

Mr. Gordon did not believe in memorializing Congress. If God originated polygamy He could take care of it. If not, he was not anxious to have it stand.

He was ready to take his own share of the risk.

Mr. Stenhouse sustained Mr. Kelsey's position. If there had been a wrong in the past conduct of the Mormons, with respect to the violation of the act of 1862, he considered Government equally as culpable as the people by their neglect on the subject. He heard Mr. Lincoln say himself that if the Mormons let him alone he would let them alone. He, Mr. S., would join in soliciting for a modification of the act. There were many points to which the attention of Government ought to be called. One was that the circumstances of the people would not permit a separate provision for their families, were they ever so disposed to obey that part of the Act; and that the carrying out of its provisions so far as existing polygamous families were concerned, would involved the people in an amount of loss and suffering of which the Government has no conception.

Mr. Shearman said it was not the object of the meeting to attempt to "dictate" to Congress, as one of the speakers had intimated, but simply to appeal in a respectful and kindly manner to the justice and humanity of its members. He (Mr. S.) would feel just as opposed to the bill were it aimed at any other people than the Mormons, because he considered it unjust, unconstitutional and impolitic, and, as an American citizen, he felt he had a perfect right to discuss or dissent from any measures of the Government. He regretted that the people of Utah had, by their past unwise course, aroused the antagonism of the nation, but the provisions of this bill were unworthy of so great and magnanimous a government as ours. A gentleman had referred to the forcible abolition of slavery as a precedent; but it should be remembered that Congress never interfered with that until it became absolutely necessary to do so to preserve the life of the Nation from those who were in arms seeking its destruction, and that if the South would have submitted sooner, slavery would not have been abolished in the way it was. But the Mormons were not in arms and had no disposition to rebel; he, therefore felt they were entitled to the kindly consideration of the Government as children to that of a father. One of his most serious objections to this Bill was that, while compiled professedly

in behalf of woman, it in reality made her the sufferer and the scape-goat, as it gave every unprincipled man the right to kick his wives and children out of doors without provision or redress. In conclusion he said all he desired to ask Congress was to so modify the Bill as not to interfere with existing social contracts, and thus save the innocent and defenceless from untold misery.

Mr. E. W. Tullidge said, what we ought to do was most clear—namely, to obey the laws of our country. It was not becoming in us to cavil with this Nation; and to talk of resistance to her will was not only extravagant, touching our strength, but decidedly wrong in principle. It is a fundamental requirement that individuals and communities must obey the laws of the State. The right of conscience in religious matters cannot be allowed when it sets aside the laws of the land and the expressed will of a Nation; and we, as a people, have only the same rights in this as other religious communities. Nevertheless Congress, in adjusting this most delicate and complicated matter, should manifest the magnanimity becoming her humane character and the same admirable administration of justice as in the past. The South had been pardoned after a rebellion; and through the generousities of the Nation, even Jeff. Davis was forgiven and at large. Should the Nation, then, be less magnanimous to this God-fearing people,—who, if they have erred, have done so through the force of a religious faith and conscience such as have often led earnest men to the stake? He would emphatically appeal to this Nation on behalf of the women, whom Congress believe to have been martyred by polygamy, and would pray that a new martyrdom might not be inflicted upon them by its special legislation, making them dishonored wives and dishonored mothers. He, therefore, proposed that we petition the Senate for a reconsideration and generous modification of the Cullom Bill.

Gen. Maxwell stated his unwillingness to make any such request of Congress, but said he would join in any effort to have the land and disfranchising clauses so modified as not to injure any who were disposed to be loyal to the Government.

Mr. Marshall, of the firm of Marshall & Carter, said he was glad of the opportunity of expressing himself in relation

to the Cullom Bill. He wished it distinctly understood that he was opposed to polygamy and would favor any measure which confined itself to stopping the spread of the practice. For this reason he decidedly approved the main measures of the Bill provided existing relationships were not interfered with. He testified to his personal knowledge of the virtue, integrity, and loyalty of many gentlemen who were already practicing polygamy in Utah, and although he believed it to be a very great evil he felt it would be a still greater evil to break up family associations already formed. To do the latter he realized would be productive of great suffering and wrong, and, therefore, he should put his name to the proposed petition even if it stood there alone.

Messrs. Henry Lawrence and William Jennings expressed their readiness to co-operate with gentlemen in any measures that would be mutually satisfactory and beneficial to the people of Utah and the Government of the Nation, but they had no desire to ask any one to move in this matter except upon the broad ground of humanity and justice.

Several other short speeches were made, and a committee of seven was appointed to draft and forward to Congress by mail or telegraph a memorial for such modifications as the prominent non-Mormons would endorse. The following gentlemen were unanimously elected members of said committee. Messrs. J. R. Walker, J. M. Carter, Samuel Kahn, R. H. Robertson, Warren Hussey, T. Marshall and O. J. Hollister. O. J. Hollister, Esqr., subsequently declined to act, and Bishop Tuttle, being informed that some gentleman had suggested his name as one of the committee, in a most kindly and christian spirit cheerfully consented to fill Mr. Hollister's place.

The meeting then adjourned after a vote of thanks to the chairman."

It is due to the gentlemen who composed this committee, as well as to all persons connected with the meeting not of the Mormon faith, to state that the part they have taken in the proceedings was dictated simply by a feeling of humanity and a desire to do good and not from the slightest sympathy with any practice on the part of the people of Utah which is opposed to the sense of the Nation.

Our former brethren, the Leaders,

knew but little of this mediatorial work in their behalf, nor, were they prepared to comprehend such motives, for their good, from recalcitrant Elders. They were not to blame that they could not trust the apostate. The Mormon people, especially the leaders, have had sufficient cause to fear them, in the lessons of their past experience. When they said that the apostates had from the beginning sought to *destroy* the Church and its apostles they were speaking according to the facts of their history. Men with the spirit of the apostate cannot be trusted; for they are full of malice. Love reversed is transformed into terrible hate; and hate stops at nothing in its aims to destroy. But I have said that the Godbeites were not possessed with malice nor inspired by hate. They came not out into a movement even upon the grounds of wrongs done to them. They had no such wrongs. Their Movement was inaugurated upon the grounds of Utah's necessities. Its professions were simply those of reform aims put forth by Mormon Elders; and its practical philosophy meant that all reforms, or progressive change, touching the Mormon Church must properly come from the Mormon people themselves. It was, therefore, not an apostate movement; but a legitimate movement. Hence it did not open with manifestoes of personal wrongs, much less with vituperative *exposés*, but with the advocacy of the cause of the working classes, the policy of turning the attention of the people to the development of Utah's inexhaustible mineral resources, and the affirmation touching the Church that she was nothing *truly Mormon* if not spiritual! Moreover, up to that time, Mr. Godbe and his compeers had been in the closest friendship with the Church authorities, and Mr. Godbe himself was greatly loved by Brigham Young, as also by the whole Mormon community. In the reverse of this, the apostates of the early days had either risen up as rivals, to dispossess Joseph Smith or to destroy the Mormon Church. They had sought to bring the community into collision with State governments, and to hound on mobs to the work of destruction. We, on the other hand, were seeking to preserve, not to destroy, and were deeply solicitous to prevent a collision between Mormon Utah and the United States. But the authori-

ties did not duly consider how much their own circumstances had changed, or they would have appreciated that men rising among themselves in social or religious differences and reforms, were wrongly viewed as apostates. Had they sufficiently reflected that Utah was not the little Church which, forty years ago, struggled for life; but was instead a commonwealth worthy of a State existence; and that society-men like Godbe, Lawrence and the Walkers were vitally concerned in the best good of both Utah and the Mormons, they would have seen at once how impossible it would be for such men to play the parts of the Hinkles, the Higbees, the Fosters and the Laws of the past. The fact is, the Godbeite leaders were bound to do everything possible to preserve the Mormon people. The following passages of an article from the writer's pen in the *Mormon Tribune* of Jan. 3, 1870, will show at once our views and aims, and illustrate that this history is not a revised exposition of the Godbeite Movement:

SAVED FROM A COLLISION WITH THE UNITED STATES.

An Address to the Leaders of the People.

"Brethren;—You say that the Movement now rising in your midst is calculated to endanger the persons and lives of the Authorities of the Church. You would have the people infer, from references to men who brought destruction upon Joseph, that those representing the Movement will bring Utah to a desolation, either through a mob or by working up a collision with the United States Government. You would have the people believe that in a few months, we, like the Laws, the Higbees and the Fosters, shall be steeped to the neck in the blood of our brethren, and especially of President Young. Now let us consider these points; and allow me to plainly speak to you the truth.

In the first place, the language and pleading of the writers of the *Utah Magazine* and the *Mormon Tribune*, have the opposite tendency to that of endangering men's lives, or of stirring up hatred against this people. On the other hand, your speeches and writings have that direct tendency against ourselves who are your best friends. I say 'best friends' advisedly. * * * Supposing a collision between Utah and the

United States Government were prospective to-day, which it is not, then it is entirely your own work and issue, not ours. * * * Let me inform you of a great fact. It is that one part of this mission is to save you *from* collision with the United States and to preserve the Priesthood of the dear old Church. * * * Moreover, they *will* preserve you and therefore you need not trouble. Even now they are pleading your cause to the entire nation, by striking at the root of animosities, and thus ensuring safety to you all. You know that the American press, everywhere, is saying to day, in effect, 'This New Movement among the Mormons, has come just in time to save Utah from the frightful consequences of a collision with the Government.' Not only editors, but statesmen and a million of intelligent people are taking these views. They see *now* no good purpose in foreign hostilities against you, but instead, all the responsibilities of a *religious crusade*. The little children now rising as your bulwark, stand right in the path of every evil design, if any such exists. This very Movement is a powerful plea to the nation to let the Mormons alone to reform themselves. It is a guarantee, that all shall be well and wisely done in this great crisis of events, which you could not have given yourselves. We can plead your cause while you would be powerless to plead your own. This will be done by proving that Mormon Elders are aiming to bring Utah into a proper harmony with mankind at large, and especially with this nation. If this be from Satan, then Satan is laboring hard to preserve you from a terrible conflict. In any case, the results to you will be the same—namely, good; therefore, there is a special Providence to you in this Movement. * * * Six months ago you stood as upon a volcano. To-day, the subterranean fire is put out. * * * We shall cry to the nation, 'Spare the people, spare their leaders. All will be well and satisfactory. Be patient; be considerate; be just. The Mormons will do the very best thing they can to meet every reasonable expectation. We are purging *our* hearts from animosities, that wrath against the Mormons may die out of *yours*.' "

The Godbeite leaders at this time were not only in communication with the Government and leading statesmen of

the nation to make good their words; but, as we have seen, W. S. Godbe went direct to the President of the United States to plead the cause of the Mormon people.

The next event in the history was the arrival in Utah of Governor Shaffer. On his arrival, he was immediately besieged by the most fiery Radicals and Anti-Mormons. Our war Governor could swear when provoked. "By G—d," he said, "Brigham Young shall no longer be Governor of Utah." It was at such a heat that Elder Kelsey found him on his first interview. They entered into a warm discussion of the Mormon problem, Kelsey taking the Mormon side, even to polygamy. The Elder explained to the Governor the painful situation of the people in any view of the case if a crusade were prosecuted against them, and how certainly the Nation was about to crucify the Mormon women afresh unless the Government was considerate and just toward them.

"Governor," said Elder Kelsey, "I will present my own family case. It is that of tens of thousands in *their* family relations. My wives entered into marriage relations with me with the purest motives, and from a conscientious religious conviction. They have children by me. Before I will forsake my wives and bastardize my children, I will fight the United States down to my boots! Governor Shaffer, put yourself in my place: What would you do?"

Thus brought face to face with the vital family question of an entire people, and boldly challenged for his personal answer, Shaffer was at once put upon his honor and manhood. The very difficulty, and the directness of the challenge, provoked him to strong feeling. He paced his room several times before he answered and then it came with an emphasis.

"By G—d, Mr. Kelsey, were I in your place I would do the same!"

And this is substantially what the manliest men of the Nation everywhere say to the Mormon people—say it in their silence and forbearance, as much as in their words and actions. After all this fuss over polygamy, America would not like to see the Mormon people dishonor themselves and betray their wives and children.

From that time, General Shaffer modi-

fied his desire for a war crusade against the polygamic people. His resolve thereafter was simply (to use his own words) to make himself "the Governor of Utah in fact and the commander-in-chief of the militia." Hence he directed all the action of his remaining life against Lieut-General D. H. Wells, which amounted to nothing more serious than the disbanding of the Utah militia.

Soon after this, President Grant sent General Phil Sheridan to Utah to judge of the situation and to establish another military post. On his arrival, General Sheridan sent for Mr. Godbe to meet him at the Governor's rooms. "Mr. Godbe," said the General, "President Grant has instructed me to come to you for my orders!" Such were exactly his words.

Thereupon, a council was called at Shaffer's room, at which were assembled the Governor, General Sheridan and staff, certain other Federal officers and W. S. Godbe and several of his compeers; and then General Sheridan, with his simple directness, observed: "The President has charged me to do nothing without consulting Mr. Godbe and his friends." The Reformers, thus honored with the confidence of the Government, then urged the following views:

That military force was not necessary to solve the Utah problem; that all which was needed was sufficient troops in the Territory to act as a "moral force" upon the public mind, convincing the Mormons that the Government intended to carry out its policy; that as more troops were designed for Utah, Provo would be the best place to station them; that these military movements should show no design to intimidate the Mormons, but simply to assert the National authority by their presence.

General Sheridan said this advice coincided with his own views and those of President Grant; and he gave positive assurance that troops in Utah should only be used as a "moral force."

Thus ended all designs of the Government to "solve the Mormon problem" by military action which a year previously had been so urgently clamored for both by the American press and the Utah Gentiles; and thus ended for ever all danger of collision between the Mormons and the Government.

Viewed then in this general record of

the Godbeite Movement, we may clearly see that this little party of Liberal Mormon Elders came into the events of those times as instruments of Providence to the Mormon people; and that they gave to Utah new impulses of development and reforms. Who, with the facts of to-day before them, can look back through the last decade and doubt the Providence manifested to Utah in this Godbeite Movement?

WILLIAM S. GODBE.

This popular representative of our Utah civilization was born in London, England, June 26, 1833. Endowed with much natural daring and that element of *selfhood* which so eminently characterises all self-made men, these qualities manifested themselves in his early youth in leading him to choose the adventurous life of a sailor. His constitutional daring and natural love of enterprise, coupled with his organic sympathy for the grand and expansive, owned the charms of the mighty waters; but it was chiefly the desire of travel to see the classical wonders of the great world that induced the boy to go to sea. Thus, early in youth, he read with the passion of a poetic nature of the classic lands, and longed to visit them himself. He had absorbed books on Egypt, Greece, Turkey, and Russia and other places of historic interest, and was specially captivated with the question between the Greek and the Turk. He sailed up the Mediterranean, visited Egypt and the Grecian Isles, and was for awhile in Constantinople, Southern Russia and the Danube. He also went to the coast of Africa, to Brazil and Northern Europe. When the ship which bore him neared some famous place, he was full of enthusiasm, and felt repaid for the toils and monotony of the sea if permitted to land and revel in the historic scenes familiar to the dreams of his youth. He spent some time in France, Germany and Denmark and during his sea life more than once experienced the disaster of shipwreck. But, apart from this ardent desire to see the world, a nautical life was most unsuited to William S. Godbe, who is a man of eminent aspirations and rare idealities. He would have soon reached the rank of Captain and doubtless sailed his own ship, but in manhood's aspiring days, he never could have been satisfied with an unhumanized and un-

peopled ocean. It was fortunate, therefore, for the general usefulness of his life, that at an early period his instinct for adventure was corrected and his constitutional ambition directed to broader life-purposes. His apprenticeship to the sea not having quite expired, Young Godbe had to render service for a limited period to a shipchandler—which his Captain had become—at Hull. There his life was one of severe drudgery and stingy fare. From day to day he dragged his truck, laden with ship stores, to the Docks; and it was while thus engaged that he was first attracted by the preaching of a Mormon Elder. The preacher possessed considerable talent, and his themes were at once bold and new. Young Godbe was immediately captivated, and he commenced a course of Mormon reading with the same avidity that he had before read books on travel. Parley P. Pratt's writings charmed him greatly, as they have charmed tens of thousands of ardent minds. The poetic fire of Parley's pen, dealing with the most glorious themes of prophecy, wrought up this youth's mind to a high pitch of inspiration and enthusiasm. A grand life of prophetic romance opened before him in this wonderful Mormonism, as he pulled his cart through the streets of Hull, lost in glorious dreams. At the Mormon meetings, the youth "bore his testimony" oft-time with such a passionate fervor and inspiration as to astonish strangers present. Mormonism was almost a miracle to them in that lad.

After a time, Young Godbe left Hull in a vessel to visit his mother in London. On the passage he got into conversation with a man of intelligence on the subject of religion to whom he began in glowing phrases to tell the story of the restored gospel in all its former power and purity. "Stop," said his fellow passenger, interrupting him, "Is your name William?" "Yes," was the answer. And then the man told the youth that a short time before, in response to much prayer and fasting, an angel had appeared to him in a vision and said that he would meet a boy by the name of William who would tell him what to do, and that he was to give heed to his words. On their arrival in London, the man was baptized into the Mormon Church. The history of Mormonism in England is full of such incidents.

These episodes are told of the boy's life to illustrate that William S. Godbe in his youth was deeply captivated with Mormonism; for that fact also explains something of the part he has since played in Utah as the leader of a spiritual movement with his compeer, Elder Elias Harrison. Thus viewed, his commercial career expresses the direction of his life rather than his essential character and mission in society.

William S. Godbe soon emigrated to America to join the body of his people in the performance of their wonderful work of founding Utah. Landing in New York from Liverpool with but little means—the earnings of the passage—the stripling boldly set out on foot to walk the entire distance to Salt Lake City. Excepting the journey from Buffalo to Chicago, which was performed on the lakes, he measured every step of the road to the frontiers, from which point he worked his way across the Plains in a merchant train.

After his arrival in Salt Lake City in 1851, he engaged with Thomas S. Williams, a first class merchant, and in a few years, the youth whose energy and uncommon "grit" had made on foot a journey of thousands of miles, had himself grown to be one of the most substantial men in the Mormon community.

In the early days of Utah, an agent to go East and purchase goods for the people was a necessity, and W. S. Godbe was the man of their choice, for already his public spirit was recognized and appreciated by the community, even in a commercial career, where a public spirit is truly uncommon. Yearly, he went East on the people's commercial business as well as his own. The day of starting was advertised in season, and then men and women from all parts of the Territory thronged his office with their commissions. Thus, Mr. Godbe purchased hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of goods for the people of Utah, and the arrival of his trains gave periodical sensations to the city, so many being personally interested.

Prior to the completion of the union Pacific Railroad, Godbe made no less than 24 trips across the plains to the Missouri River, besides several passages to California by the Northern, Central and Southern routes, aggregating a distance of

nearly 50,000 miles—performed for the most part on horseback and with his own conveyance. In some instances, only one man would accompany him, owing to the hostility of the Indians, he deeming it safer to go that way than to attract attention by a large party. He has also crossed the Atlantic 17 times.

This popular merchant was also the first who brought down prices. When there were any commercial aims to specially benefit the people, Mr. Godbe took the lead in working them out. In the case in question, he purchased a large stock of goods to be sold off immediately at cost and freight, thus bringing down prices to a figure never before known in Utah. The result of this venture benefitted the community more than it did the public-spirited merchant; but benevolence was the policy of his life, not only in his private but also in his commercial character.

Mr. Godbe, having by this time accumulated a substantial fortune erected the "Godbe Exchange Buildings" which with Jennings' "Eagle Emporium" first gave an important commercial appearance to Salt Lake City; and the Walker Brothers soon afterwards followed the example in erecting their fine stores and palatial residences.

But William Godbe's crowning mark in our Rocky Mountain civilization was in his becoming the Patron of literature. It is true that, from first to last, his civilizing mission has cost him a fortune—not less than two hundred thousand dollars—but it is just that which will give him an enduring name, not only in Utah, but among America's Representative men; for the patrons of literature live for generations classed in the same genus with the architects and founders of civilization.

Now, in Utah, we had a most peculiar case in the annals of civilization. Here we actually needed the almost extinct class of munificent patrons to come over again. Utah needed a literature and a free press, and neither could come into existence without a Godbe. It was necessary that some man should spend fifty thousand dollars for literature alone—which Godbe did—in the Rocky Mountains; it was necessary, also, that some man should have at once the money and the princely nature to do as much; there was but one such man in Utah, and he was William S. Godbe.

Moreover, the money of Mr. Godbe was spent in establishing the *Utah Magazine* and the *Salt Lake Tribune* expressly for the good, the enlightenment and the defense of the Mormon people. Indeed, the *Tribune* first bore the name of the *Mormon Tribune*; and all that its name implied, its founder and first editors understood and designed. After the foregoing record of the Godbeite Movement, a repetition of the affirmation of such intentions is scarcely necessary other than to emphasise what the public ought to keep in mind. Mr. Godbe's design was to establish an independent press-power in Utah, to correctly represent the Mormons to the Nation and the Government and, on the other hand, to speak with affectionate solicitude to the Mormons themselves, to the leaders as well as to the people. The very mission of that press, therefore, was to *plead the cause* of this God-fearing people who, whatever their errors might be, have given to the age matchless examples of devotion to their conceptions of Divine truth.

But the Godbeite Movement brought to its leader, for a time, financial ruin. Some of his sincerest Mormon friends gave him ninety days from his excommunication as sufficient for this result. A heavy stock of goods and bills payable, aggregating a very large amount, became practically worthless; for he could neither sell the one nor collect the other. In two years, the wealthy merchant lost the fruits of fifteen years of untiring and successful effort, and found himself saddled with an indebtedness of over a hundred thousand dollars, drawing heavy interest. Left with nothing to pay this indebtedness, mining was the only field offering adequate scope for his energies. To this he applied himself with a will and purpose that could brook no failure. The success since achieved by him in this important sphere is too well-known to need more than a passing notice here. More perhaps than any other man has he been instrumental in developing the mines of Utah; and in the successful treatment of their products, he has expended many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The heavy load of debt referred to has been wholly paid, and his former strong financial position more than regained, while his future in this regard would seem all that his friends could desire.

Thus recovered, W. S. Godbe stands to-day better in all respects than he stood at the beginning of the Movement. In regard to his sentiments and desires toward the Mormon people they have nothing changed. He was their friend and brother, and ever will be. Nothing that he could do to effect their happiness and prosperity would he withhold. In the heat of conflict his aims and motives were not understood; but to-day most of the Mormon people believe in his deep, undying friendship. Brigham Young himself soon became convinced of this, and to the day of his death regretted the separation. To the last, Brigham Young would often say, "*I loved William Godbe!*"

W. S. GODBE ON POLYGAMY.

An address delivered in Liberal Institute, Sunday, July 30, 1871.

I propose to speak this evening upon the subject announced—polygamy and its solution in Utah—not because some persons have publicly requested me to define my position in relation to it, but because I consider that the time has come when duty requires that I should do so. In the performance of this difficult and delicate task I have not consciously been influenced to swerve in the least degree from what I consider to be the pure truth by considerations of expediency, nor stopped to question as to how this or that statement will be received by any person or party, and, whatever may be its effect, I am happy in the conviction that no portion of my life has been more wholly devoted to the cause of truth and impartial justice than the few hours employed in preparing the thoughts that, with your permission, I will now present.

Instead of attempting the analysis of the principles involved in this system, I propose to express as briefly as the nature of the case will permit, some conclusions—the result of much serious thought—not only as to what will be the solution of the polygamic problem in Utah, but with reference to the best course to pursue on the part of those who, under the influence of a misguided zeal, formed plural relations in the past, and who now have changed their views; also to state some facts relevant to the subject, in the earnest hope that the public mind may be influenced to look upon this complicated social problem from a

more liberal point of view, and, form a more correct judgment concerning it.

BASIS OF BELIEF IN POLYGAMY.

To do this successfully it is necessary, in the first place, that a true understanding be arrived at as to the primal basis of belief in this system in the *Mormon* mind; and I know of no fairer way to do this than to quote from a tract published by the Mormon church in defence of polygamy, showing the biblical authority therefor, and some short paragraphs also, from the "*Revelation on Celestial Marriage, given to Joseph Smith, Nauvoo, July 12th, 1843.*"

"Verily, thus saith the Lord unto you, my servant Joseph, that inasmuch as you have inquired of my hand, to know and understand wherein I, the Lord, justified my servants Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; as also Moses, David and Solomon, my servants, as touching the principle and doctrine of their having many wives and concubines: Behold! and lo, I am the Lord thy God, and will answer thee as touching this matter; Therefore, prepare thy heart to receive and obey the instructions which I am about to give unto you; for all those who have this law revealed unto them, must obey the same; for behold! I reveal unto you a new and an everlasting covenant; and if ye abide not that covenant, then are ye damned; for no one can reject this covenant, and be permitted to enter into my glory; for all who will have a blessing at my hands, shall abide the law which was appointed for that blessing, and the conditions thereof, as was instituted from before the foundation of the world: and as pertaining to the new and everlasting covenant, it was instituted for the fulness of my glory; and he that receiveth a fulness thereof, must, and shall abide the law, or he shall be damned, saith the Lord God.

* * * * *

God commanded Abraham, and Sarah gave Hagar to Abraham to wife. And why did she do it? Because this was the law, and from Hagar sprang many people. This, therefore, was fulfilling, among other things, the promises. Was Abraham, therefore, under condemnation? Verily, I say unto you, Nay; for I, the Lord, commanded it. Abraham was commanded to offer his son Isaac; nevertheless, it was written, thou shalt not kill.

Abraham, however, did not refuse, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness.

Abraham received concubines, and they bare him children, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness, because they were given unto him, and he abode in my law, as Isaac also and Jacob did none other things than that which they were commanded, and because they did none other things than that which they were commanded they have entered into their exaltation, according to the promises, and sit upon thrones, and are not angels, but are Gods. David also received many wives and concubines, as also Solomon; and Moses my servants; as also many others of my servants, from the beginning of creation until this time; and in nothing did they sin, save in those things which they received not of me.

David's wives and concubines were given unto him, of me, by the hand of Nathan, my servant, and others of the prophets who had the keys of this power, and in none of these things did he sin against me, save in the case of Uriah and his wife, and, therefore, he hath fallen from his exaltation, and received his portion; and he shall not inherit them out of the world; for I gave them unto another, saith the Lord. * * *

And again, verily, verily, I say unto you, if any man have a wife who holds the keys of this power, and he teaches unto her the law of my Priesthood, as pertaining to these things, then shall she believe, and administer unto him, or she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord your God; for I will destroy her; for I will magnify my name upon all those who receive and abide in my law. Therefore, it shall be lawful in me, if she receive not this law, for him to receive all things whatsoever I, the Lord his God, will give unto him, because she did not administer unto him according to my word; and she then becomes the transgressor; and he is exempt from the law of Sarah, who administered unto Abraham according to the law, when I commanded Abraham to take Hagar to wife. And now, as pertaining to this law, verily, verily, I say unto you, I will reveal more unto you, hereafter; therefore, let this suffice for the present. Behold, I am Alpha and Omega. Amen."

We make the following extracts from a work published on 'India, Ancient and

Modern,' by David O. Allen, D. D. Missionary of the American Board, for twenty five years in India, etc. They are published in his work in an appendix devoted to the subject of Polygamy. This subject was taken into consideration by the Calcutta Missionary Conference, composed of Missionaries from various sects of England and America and including Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists and Congregationalists, in consequence of the application of converts in India who had been legally married to several wives and who had given credible evidence of their personal piety, to be admitted into the church. After frequent consultations and much consideration, the Conference unanimously came to the following conclusion:

"If a convert, before becoming a Christian, has married more wives than one, in accordance with the practice of the Jewish and primitive Christian churches, he shall be permitted to keep them all, but such a person is not eligible to any office in the church."

The arguments which we quote below are advanced in Dr. Allen's work as a justification of this action of the conference of Protestant Missionaries on the subject.

To those who have doubts in respect to the intrinsic moral lawfulness of plurality of wives as it existed among the ancient Jews, and who wish further to examine this subject, the consideration of the following extracts from a work called 'Thelyphthora,' published anonymously many years ago in England, is recommended. The author of this work says:

"The best and fairest and indeed the only way to get at the truth, on this, as on every occasion where religion is concerned, is to lay aside prejudice from whatever quarter it may be derived and let the Bible speak for itself. Then we shall see that more than one wife, notwithstanding the seventh commandment, was allowed by God himself, who, however others might take it, must infallibly know His own mind, be perfectly acquainted with His own will, and thoroughly understand His own law. If He did not intend to allow a plurality of wives, but to prevent and condemn it, either by the seventh commandment, or by some other law, how is it possible that He should make laws for its regulation,

any more than he should make laws for the regulation of theft and murder? How is it conceivable that He should give the least countenance to it, or so express His approbation as even to work miracles in support of it? For the making a woman fruitful who was naturally barren must have been the effect of supernatural power. He blessed, and in a distinguished manner owned, the issue, and declared it legitimate to all intents and purposes. If this be not allowance, what is?

"As to the first, namely, His making laws for the regulation of polygamy, let us consider what is written in Exodus, 21: 10. 'If he (i. e., the husband) take him another wife (not, in so doing, that he sins against the seventh commandment, recorded in the preceding chapter, but) her food, her raiment (i. e., of the first wife) and her duty of marriage, he shall not diminish.' Here God positively forbids a neglect, much more the divorcing or the putting away of the first wife, but charges no sin in taking the second. *

"But there is a passage (Deuteronomy 21: 15) which is express to the point, and amounts to a demonstration of God's allowance of plurality of wives. 'If a man have two wives, one beloved and another hated, and they have borne him children, both the beloved and the hated; and if the first born be hers that was hated, then it shall be, when he maketh his sons to inherit that which he hath, that he may not make the son of the beloved first born before the son of the hated, which is, indeed the first born, by giving him a double portion of all that he hath; for he is the beginning of his strength, and the right of the first born is his.' On the footing of this law, the marriage of both women is equally lawful. God calls them both wives, and He cannot be mistaken; if He calls them so, they certainly were so. If the second wife bore the first son, that son was to inherit before a son born afterwards of the first wife. Here the issue is expressly deemed legitimate, and inheritable to the double portion of the first born; which could not be, if the second marriage was not deemed as lawful and valid as the first.

"To say that a plurality of wives is sinful, is to make God the author of sin; for, not to forbid that which is evil but even to countenance and promote it, is being so far the author of it, and acces-

sory to it in the highest degree. And shall we dare to say, or even think, that this is chargeable upon Him, who is of purer eyes than to behold evil, and who cannot look on iniquity? (Habbakuk 1: 13.) God forbid.

“When God is upbraiding David, by the prophet Nathan, for his ingratitude to his Almighty benefactor (2 Samuel, xii.) He does it in the following terms;—verse 8, I gave thee thy master’s house, and thy master’s wives unto thy bosom, and I gave thee the house of Israel and Judah, and if that had been too little, I would moreover have given thee such and such things.

“Can we suppose God giving more wives than one into David’s bosom, who already had more than one, if it was sin in David to take them? Can we imagine that God would thus transgress (as it were) His own commandment in one instance, and so severely reprove and chastise David for breaking it in another? Is it not rather plain, from the whole transaction, that David committed mortal sin in taking another living man’s wife, but not in taking the widows of the deceased Saul? and thus, therefore, though the law of God condemned the first, yet it did not condemn the second? * *

“While this system of a plurality of wives was revered and observed, we read of no adultery, whoredom, and common prostitution of women among the daughters of Israel; no brothels, street walking, venereal disease; no child murder, and those other appendages of female ruin, which are too horrid to particularize. Nor were these things possible, which, since the revocation of the divine system and the establishment of human systems, are become inevitable. The supposing our blessed Savior came to destroy the divine law, or alter it with respect to marriage, is to suppose Him laying a foundation for the misery and destruction of the weaker sex.”

Having given the above extracts from the writings of the Rev. Martin Madan, in his ‘Thelyphthora,’ we now make the following extracts from a tract published by the eminent divine, Bishop Burnet, who was elevated to the See of Salisbury, England, by William III., and who is described as a learned, judicious and excellent Bishop. He is known principally by his ‘History of the Reformation,’ and by that of his own times.

The tract was written on the question, ‘Is a plurality of wives in any case lawful under the Gospel?’

“Neither is it (a plurality of wives) anywhere marked among the blemishes of the patriarchs; David’s wives, and store of them he had, are termed by the prophet, God’s gift to him; yea, a plurality of wives was made in some cases a duty by Moses’ law; when any died without issue, his brother, or nearest kinsman was to marry his wife, for raising up seed to him; and all were obliged to obey this, under the hazard of infamy, if they refused it; neither is there any exceptions made for such as were married. From whence I may faithfully conclude, that what God made necessary in some cases to any degree, can in no case be sinful in itself; since God is holy in all His ways.

“But it is now to be examined, if it is forbidden by the Gospel. A simple and express discharge of a plurality of wives is nowhere to be found.

“It is true our Lord discharges divorces, except in the case of adultery, adding that whosoever puts away his wife upon any other account, commits adultery; so St. Luke and St. Mathew in one place have it—or commits adultery against her; so St. Mark has it—or causes her to commit adultery; so St. Mathew in another place.

“But, says an objector, if it be adultery then to take another woman after an unjust divorce, it will follow that the wife has that right over the husband’s body, that he must touch no other.

“This is indeed plausible, and it is all that can be brought from the New Testament, which seems convincing; yet it will not be found of weight.

“For it is to be considered, that if our Lord had aimed to antiquate the plurality of wives, it being so deeply rooted in the men of that age, confirmed by such fashions and unquestioned precedents, and riveted by so long a practice, he must have done it plainly and authoritatively, and not in such an involved manner as to be sought out of his words by the search of logic.

“Neither are these dark words made more clear by any of the apostles in their writings; words are to be carried no farther than the design upon which they were written will lead them to; so that our Lord seeming, in that place, to strike

out divorce explicitly, we must not, by a consequence, condemn a plurality of wives; since it seems not to have fallen within the scope of what our Lord does there disapprove.

"Therefore, to conclude this short answer, wherein many things are hinted which might have been enlarged into a volume, I see nothing so strong against a plurality of wives as to balance the great and visible imminent hazards that hang over so many thousands, if it be not allowed."

POLYGAMY NOT PROHIBITED IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The belief, however, is still almost universal among Christians, that polygamy, if sanctioned by the *Old* Testament, is certainly prohibited by the New. I will only add upon that point the opinion of Martin Luther and the Synod of six Reformers, who, on a certain occasion were called upon to decide this question. Their verdict, according to Nichols, was, "That the Gospel nowhere, in express terms, commanded monogamy, and that polygamy had been practiced by the highest dignitaries of the church," and that, "if the sayings of Christ are doubtful or mystical, those of the apostles are sufficiently clear. Monogamy is clearly required of bishops, deacons and elders of the church, but not of laymen. Polygamy continued in the Christian church until a comparatively recent period, and was allowed by Luther and the Fathers of the Protestant Reformation, as it also is, to this day, under certain circumstances, by our Boards of Foreign Missions."

OTHER ARGUMENTS SUSTAINING POLYGAMY.

In addition to these scriptural arguments in favor of polygamy, some of a physiological character and others based on the preponderance of females over males in different localities, the right of individual agency is such matters and other similar data, all of which possess ingenuity and no small amount of truth, have been employed with great success. Numerous other quotations, from authors of note also, in which similar conclusions have been drawn—which still appear to me to be both logical and just—could be given. Sufficient, however, has been selected for my purpose, which is to show how strong a foundation has existed for faith in polygamy to persons who from

their childhood have been taught to believe that the Bible contained nothing but the pure word of God; and who also placed the most implicit reliance in the divinity of the modern revelation upon which it mainly rests, the language of which, in demanding its acceptance, is so unequivocal and emphatic.

MORMON BELIEF IN THE REVELATION.

To people outside of Utah it will appear almost incredible that such a revelation should be accepted, by persons of anything like average intelligence, as coming direct from God; but when we consider that it only reveals a principle that was practised by the best and greatest men, according to the Mormon view of biblical antiquity, evidently sanctioned too by the Almighty, and regulated by Him through His servants the prophets, the wonder becomes somewhat diminished. Indeed, had not the Utah Reformers reversed the method by which the quality or the character of a revelation should be tested, they would still be firmly bound to their own superstitions. Instead of testing a doctrine by the revelation, as they once did, they now reverse the process, and test the revelation by the doctrine. In fact, they no longer believe in revelations at all as emanating from the lips of a personal Deity, as claimed by the Mormon priesthood. The *only* divine revelations in which they do believe are such as may come to the souls of all, to be held in abeyance, however, until sanctioned by reason and confirmed by experience.

The "Revelation on Celestial Marriage," has been for nearly thirty years subjected to the test, and found to be untrue, so far as this life is concerned, because it reaches a principle that is in opposition to woman's highest nature, and is in direct conflict with

A SUBSEQUENT REVELATION.

This second revelation, however, can boast of no "Thus saith the Lord" by which to command attention; but rests its claim on the testimony of the still small voice speaking to the individual soul, irresistibly affirming its truth.

The great principle it came to reveal was, the *equality of woman with man*; a principle that is destined to cause a social revolution, not only in Utah, but throughout the whole civilized world. This, to us in Utah, new revelation, teaches, with

reference to the marital relation, the grand idea that woman, in her developed condition, is designed, not only to discharge the duties of the household and bear children, but to be to her husband in the truest and highest sense *a companion*. This new revelation, the truth of which is accepted by millions, also advocates the shocking heresy that a man no more needs a woman for his companion than a woman does a man for hers, and that to insure her perfect freedom she should be man's equal in the marital relationship. This doctrine is at once fatal to plural marriage, both as it exists on earth and as it is said to prevail in heaven, for it will be perceived at a glance that the great disparity of the sexes essential to the universality of polygamy, would forever deprive woman of all but a portion of male society of any kind, while men would possess a corresponding excess of female society.

POLYGAMIC MARRIAGE IN THEORY VIRTUOUS.

But while this more modern view is fast becoming universal, the student of human nature will readily understand how persons believing implicitly in the actual divinity of the revelation on celestial marriage, and the scriptural texts that have been introduced, would be led into polygamy, not, as many ignorantly suppose, to gratify a sensual nature, but fired rather with the noble purpose of aiding in the restoration and establishment of the the social order upon earth. This accounts for the fact that those who have embraced this system are among the most earnest of the Mormon converts, and not, as a class, the depraved and sensual. Especially is this true of the women, who, beyond question, have entered this order of marriage in obedience to their highest convictions, with no more doubt as to the propriety of their course than they would have in becoming parties to a single marriage.

THE PRACTICE OF PLURAL MARRIAGE

in Utah, however, as already stated, has been, and is to-day, far below its idealistic theory—it has been weighed in the balance of experience, and found *wanting*—sadly wanting, in the chief essential of human happiness to *both* sexes; and, if the inmost hearts of the women—and of the men no less than the women—who have been parties of this experiment, could

be seen, there would be read, in nature's living characters, a solemn protest against it; and one too that religious teaching, strengthened by "divine revelation," ancient and modern, is vainly trying to suppress.

POLYGAMY DECLINING.

That this system of social life is rapidly declining, there can be but one intelligent opinion. The time required to effect its final dissolution depends entirely upon circumstances. If all governmental interference and attempted passage of stringent Cullom bills should cease—if the glaring injustice of impugning to men none but *base* motives for marrying more than one wife, and the still greater injustice of calling their plural wives (who as a class, are as pure and as virtuous women as ever breathed) *concubines*, should meet with the reprobation from the liberal American press that such calumnies deserve—then but a short time will be needed to free the honest Mormon mind from belief in this imperfect one-sided order of social life. No new revelation, except the one referred to, is necessary to abolish this system in Utah, for its foundation is sapped already. Outside interference will arrest its decay, but *nothing* can prevent its final overthrow; for the steady onward course of progress, the despotism of society, the sharp sting of public opinion, the rapid growth of free thought throughout the Territory, together with the silent testimony of those who have seen its practice and felt its results, are the causes which, if unchecked by persecution, will soon solve the painful problem. The force of public opinion especially will contribute much towards it; for, whatever certain individuals may believe, they cannot wholly disregard the prevailing opinion of the community in which they live; they must, in some degree, conform to the customs and ideas of the society of which they form a part.

As this community grows in importance and becomes less isolated, the opinions of the people must necessarily change so as to harmonize with those of the great world outside. This is a law of nature. Any arbitrary enactments, therefore, are not only impolitic and unnecessary, but suicidal.

LEGISLATION ON THE SUBJECT.

Some people are unwilling to let social

matters regulate themselves, and want to expedite the work of harmonizing Utah with the rest of the country by force of law. Public opinion, in a Republic, is the basis of legislative acts. But minorities have rights just as sacred as those of the majority, which cannot be disregarded without danger to the commonwealth. That kind of legislation which has no other object than the enforcement of what the majority call morality is more properly usurpation. No body of men, legislative or otherwise, has any right to dictate a standard of morality for individual members of society. You cannot legislate virtue into people, except indirectly, by providing for their education, and restraining them from injury to others. We all have our standard of right, some high, and some low, but—high or low—alike beyond the pale of legitimate legislation. The only reasonable excuse for the passage of a law against polygamy, and other social customs of individuals and communities, is the pretence that the practice is an infringement upon the rights of others, and subversive of the public good. If this were true, legislation though unnecessary—for the evil would best cure itself—might be admissible, but it is *not* true in reference to the social status of the people of Utah, and such has ever been the verdict of candid minded persons unwarping by prejudice whose acquaintance with them justified an opinion on the subject.

COMPARATIVE VIRTUE OF THE MORMON PEOPLE.

Twenty years association with this people, with unusual facilities for observation, has convinced me that, while they are—as *I have been*—undoubtedly the victims of a false logic, and an undue faith in men and books claiming divine authority, they stand to-day unexcelled for industry, temperance and virtue. Their polygamy may not be virtuous, as judged by the standard of others, but believe me it is purely so according to their own. Pardon the dogmatism of this statement. I speak only what I *know* to be true—of facts that cannot be controverted, and were I to say less, I should fail in doing these people simple justice. While all Mormons accept polygamy as divine, only about one family in ten practice it. Contrast the Mormons (with their immunity from adultery) with any

people where the social evil with all its fearful consequences prevails, and you will find that among those where monogamy is the accepted order of marriage, something incalculably worse than polygamy is practiced by *more than one tenth* of both sexes. Compare them fairly, and then say which community is the most immoral, and calls the loudest for philanthropic aid and social reform? I do not say that all polygamists have become such from pure motives by any means. The mere ceremony of marriage of any sort cannot sanctify it or make it virtuous, *that* depends upon the parties themselves; so, plural marriage, like single marriage, may be relatively pure or impure according to the natures of the parties practising it.

It has ever been a source of pain, and it has caused the blush of shame to mantle the cheek of the refined and sensitive Mormon, to hear any one say that “polygamy is better than unbridled and irresponsible licentiousness.” With this refined class, and they are not few, plural marriage was believed to be of God and therefore intrinsically right, and the very *soul* of purity, or it was worse than nothing. Yet it is no less true that polygamy *is* better than prostitution, and until legislation can succeed in eradicating the greater evil, is it not sadly inconsistent for it to attempt by arbitrary enactments to suppress the lesser one?

Polygamy in Utah will never die through violent attacks from the outside, but, like the system that gave it birth in America, it must be left to perish from *internal* and not from external causes.

THE VITAL QUESTION.

We now come to the most vital question of all, because it must have an immediate response. What course should be taken by polygamous families who have outgrown the faith in which they were formed? This question has not only to be answered for the comparatively few already emancipated, but it is one that will have to be met for the thousands of those who still cling to the religion of David and Solomon; for as certain as the world moves and mankind progresses, will these earnest lovers of truth ere long outgrow their belief in the absolute divinity of plural marriage.

To the superficial and unsympathetic the question could be very easily dis-

posed of. "Polygamy," they would say, "is a sin against God and a crime against the nation, and should not be temporized with, but abolished at once." I would remind all such short-work reformers that there are other "sins against God" and other "crimes against the nation" in their own monogamic system of a far blacker hue and vastly more destructive to the well being of society than Mormon polygamy, and then I would inquire why, before they attack this system so violently, they do not cease to temporize with such appalling wickedness and abolish *it* at once? Men of thought and conservatism—lovers of their race—adopt a very different view. They see the impracticability of attempting, in this matter, to control people by any standard of right not their own; and that it is the veriest folly to try to force conscientious men and women to conform to what society may demand in opposition to their own honest convictions. With the class under consideration (those who have left the Mormon church) a principle is true or false, not because some ancient prophet or modern revelator pronounces a verdict upon it, but because of its harmony with nature and its tendency for good or evil—so the question to be determined by them is, and should be, simply this: What course will best conduce to the good of all the parties directly interested? The answer to this query, depending as it does almost wholly on the circumstances attending each particular case, can only be fully met by the parties themselves. In the sovereignty of their own untrameled agency, each should be allowed to answer it for himself and herself. A few thoughts, however, induced by some knowledge and much careful observation, will find here appropriate expression, and will I trust not fail to be endorsed by the judgment of such as may be interested in the peaceful solution of the problem before us.

FAMILY RELATIONS.

As to the further extension of polygamy in Utah, among the class under consideration, there can be no question; neither is there one as to whether plural obligations made in good faith and in all sacredness should be violated at the will or mere caprice of the man alone. Certainly the female parties to the contract should be consulted as well. In

families where hatred and jealousy are doing their deadly work, rendering the wives wretched and the husband—if he be not worse than a stoic—far more so, a sundering of the ties that hold them is not only desirable but inevitable. Sooner or later it must take place by the voluntary action of one or more of the parties, for where the cords that hold are not stronger than the influences that lead to separation, the difficulty will find a speedy termination.

Where, too, plural relations have been formed, in which great disparity of age, temper and taste exists, and the wives are bound more by poverty and a sense of helpless dependence than by respect and affection, in the name of freedom and humanity let such relations be at once broken, while the husband and father, no less than before, should continue to devote his life-long energies to their support and the education of the children.

But there are instances, incomprehensible as it may seem to some, in which persons have become pluralists, not only under the full force of religious influence and the lofty enthusiasm which it has inspired, but with as much true affection and as free from sensuality as ever induced others to enter into the monogamic relation—such alliances, formed in the bloom of youth, cemented by the children of love, and not of lust, have, through lapse of years, grown into an unselfish friendship that may be called holy. For be it remembered that no suspicion of impurity, by which the moral nature could have suffered the least taint, entered into their minds, for they would have staked their lives upon the supposed verity that polygamy was a God-ordained system, and the great Controller of human destiny was pledged to protect and favor such of his children as entered into it with blessings choice and peculiar both on earth and in heaven.

A CASE IN ILLUSTRATION.

Let us suppose a case of this kind, in which one man is the husband of two wives, who, although occupying separate houses, have for many years lived in amity together. Toward their husband, the father of their children, they have nothing but feelings of confidence and love; they have passed the meridian of life, and have learned to look to the lit-

the world of home for happiness rather than to the great world outside of it. Their earthly hopes are almost wholly centered in their children, and the promotion of their good is their chief desire and constitutes their greatest joy. They are far from indifferent to what society thinks and says; for they have been stung to the quick, time and again, by its unjust aspersions upon their virtue, and its cruel misapprehensions of the motives by which they were actuated. They would fain be in harmony with society, but the price demanded for its approving smile is more than they have to give; for, in addition to the sacrifice of a good husband, they are required to deprive their children of a father's presence and a father's counsel—his aid in the time of sickness, his consolation and support in the trying hour of death. It is useless to say that this need not result from divorcing one of the wives—that that should not release him from acting as the constant friend and life long protector to the divorced portion of his household. That the husband should be all this under any circumstances I do most strenuously claim, but that alone is insufficient. Are the responsibilities of paternity so slight that they only comprise friendship, bread, clothes and shelter? Is not something more comprehended in the whole duty of man to his offspring? And can any change of views justify him in throwing off any part of his entire duty to them if it remains in his power to perform the whole of it? Do we not know that nearly every waking hour of a polygamist's life is consumed in his over taxed labors, whether they be performed in the field, shop, or office? The only time at his command is late at night and early in the morning, and if the majority of men who have but one family to support have so little time to enjoy at home, how much less time must those have to spend there who are under the same sacred obligations to sustain two or more families as the case may be.

As to whether these responsibilities, already requiring almost superhuman exertions to discharge, should be still further increased by additional children there can be as a rule but one conclusion. Still this matter should be left to the supremacy of conscience and the discretion of the parties themselves to decide.

RIGHTS OF THE PARTIES.

The question to be settled in the case just supposed is simply this: has the man the moral right, because he no longer believes in the absolute divinity of plural marriage, to divorce one of his wives? and if he possesses this right, with whom shall he violate his marriage vow, and whose children shall he sever from his presence? "The second wife and her offspring" say you? and assign as a reason that the first possesses the prior claim, is the only legal wife, and therefore the only one whose right should be considered paramount. If it be assumed that a man is compelled to divorce one of these wives, then—all other considerations being equal—priority would of course decide in favor of the first, but in the absence of absolute compulsion how can he in strict justice discriminate in favor of either?

Let us pause a moment, ere we decide this momentous consideration. Equity is the basis of all perfect law, and impartial justice is its lofty aim. It is by no means certain, then, that when it becomes the duty of the tribunals of our country to settle the complications growing out of this peculiar relation of social life, that the rights of all but such as were first married will be ignored. Strict justice, in view of what has been shown, can know no difference between wives as such. The rights of all, as women,—the first as much as the second—the second as much as the first—will be respected. In a moral sense—therefore in the highest sense—the women first married, equally with those married subsequently, are polygamous wives, as much so as though, instead of being performed by the Mormon Church, the marriages had taken place in Constantinople under the laws of the Sultan. But while this is strictly true, there is another side of the question no less so, and one to which justice to first wives compels my calling attention. It is well known that many of this class have had to consent to their husband's subsequent marriages at whatever cost. It has been literally wrung from them by the fearful dread of destruction by the Almighty if they refused; for the revelation unequivocally says that after the husband has taught his wife the principle of "Celestial Marriage," "then shall she believe and administer unto him, or she shall be destroyed; saith the

Lord your God, for I will destroy her." On the other hand, the self-same doctrine, although not necessarily used by the husband in either instance, has more or less exerted its compulsory influence on the minds of plural wives, who through the same fear of actual destruction, have not dared to withhold their assent. So it will be seen that, notwithstanding the greatest possible compulsion has been used to lead women into plural relations, by appeals to their religious hopes and fears, yet all who sustained them, irrespective as to when they did so, are polygamous wives. As a consistent Mormon, the first wife, as much as her husband, must have believed polygamy to be, not only admissible, but—as the revelation, upon which it mainly rests clearly shows—a principle they are bound to accept under pain of damnation. For a man to marry again under such circumstances was not only the proper thing to do, but was believed to be essential to "a full salvation." It is due to the prevalence of this idea that the first wives, in some instances, have actually used all their influence to induce their husbands to marry again, and they have even gone so far as themselves to select maidens for the purpose; thus illustrating the power of religious zeal over woman's true nature.

Can the man of honor then, in view of these facts, fail to realize that in the sight of heaven and his own conscience he is as much the husband of one wife as another? The covenant made with the second wife was equally as solemn, and intended to be as enduring, as the previous one, while at the same time he firmly believed that he did not, by forming this second marriage, in the least degree violate or conflict with the obligation he was under in making the first. How can a true man, under such circumstances, discriminate in favor of either? Is he not bound to one as much as to the other—to both equally?

WOMAN SHOULD BE EDUCATED FOR SELF SUPPORT.

In this plural relation, as in fact in every other relation of life, women should have supreme control over their persons, and mode of life. To do this they should, as far as possible, become independent of their husbands for means of subsistence, and for the proper education

of their children, so that no ties but those of affection and their own free will should continue to unite them to their husbands. Whenever a woman, of her own free volition, desires to sever the marital cord, her husband should throw no obstacle in her path; but he should extend every facility in his power to enable her to live an independent life without him, and should feel under the same sacred obligation as before to provide for her and her children, and for ever after remain their nearest and dearest friend.

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR ALL.

Any man, himself desiring to be free from his plural obligations, who, without regard to the wishes of the other wives, should peremptorily assume for himself the right to retain one as his only wife, would be guilty of an utter disregard of his marriage covenant with the rest, and a cruel indifference to the feelings of the wives thus treated. It would be more manly and better far to frankly avow his desires, in which case every true woman, cost what it might, would at once release him. On the other hand, a man could not be held guiltless in continuing to sustain the relation of husband to a woman towards whom he has an aversion, a degree of affection at least being necessary to preserve such a union from sinfulness. All alliances not cemented by qualities essential to an eternal union, will, sooner or later, in this world or the next, be broken; but nature alone, with her slow but certain processes, should be permitted to work, either in making unions stronger or in loosening the ties that bind them together. In this way the end can be accomplished without injuring ties of respect and friendship; for, as the young child derives strength from the maternal breast, so do the weaker of earth's children derive support from the stronger, and why should not this principle be applied to those who have entered into plural wedlock? Perfect marriages, in the modern ideal sense, are but seldom met with, yet who would advise that all except this kind should be dissolved? If then, in single marriages the weak obtain strength from union with the strong—harmonizing in some points, if not in all—why should not parties to a plural marriage remain together for similar reasons. For the sake of additional clearness upon this point, permit me, in conclusion, to

use an illustration somewhat similar with one already employed.

ANOTHER CASE SUPPOSED.

In the ardor of religious enthusiasm a man marries two maidens within a year; they have lived together for a score of years, during which period both become mothers to a number of children. Suddenly the man awakes to the conviction that polygamy is not a divine institution, for he has found it to be incompatible with woman's happiness upon earth and crushing to her hopes in Heaven. Would he then be justified in casting from his bosom one of these women, and the children to which she had given birth? Her affections are still placed upon him, and him only; the tendrils of her feminine heart are entwined around his, and all the wifely and motherly qualities of her soul have been unfolded and centered in him and in his children. It does seem to me that justice, wisdom, and humanity would unite in a common verdict that both wives should remain with the husband of their youth until time and change, those great solvers of all problems, shall settle the question. When this period arrives, the parting may not be without a pang, but it will be without reproach, anger or regret, for she will accept the past as having been the best for her; feeling herself the child of a divine providence, and trusting to the no distant future to unfold its wisdom and reveal its purpose.

CHANGES THAT ARE INEVITABLE.

There is a time in the revolution of nature's wheel when the ripe fruit leaves the tree that gave it life and growth, when the infant emerges from its maternal prison, and old age yields its last feeble grasp upon this mundane existence; so will there also come a time when all those who have not been joined together by *God's* holy sacrament of marriage—an eternal fitness on the part of each for the other—will themselves sever the conjugal ties that have bound them, and separate from those they have so fondly loved—the sharers, perchance, of many years of life's joys and sorrows—but in that hour they withdraw from an imperfect order, preparatory to entering upon the perfect one; they relinquish their hold upon a system that has produced blessings of eternal worth, but is associated with sorrow and solitude and soul yearnings that could not be satisfied.

They do this to become the recipient of one rich enough to meet every necessity of the heart for love and companionship, and in which every aspiration of the soul will find its fullest realization. When this hour shall come, and while the partings it shall produce may not be unmixed with sadness, they will not be in anger, but in all tenderness and love, and with the certain assurance that the roots of friendship, so firmly planted on earthly soil, watered by tears of suffering and dew of affection, will put forth a stem that shall reach into Heaven; where, no more exposed to chilling winds, it will forever after yield flowers whose fragrance shall never fail, and whose beauty shall never fade. Let us wait in patience that coming time, when not only Utah's knotty problem, but others no less painful and difficult, will also meet their final solution.

BE FIRM IN THE RIGHT.

One word more and I will leave this weighty subject. If *mistakes* were made in entering into plural wedlock, let none of either sex add to them a *sin* in their desire to extricate themselves from its life-long responsibilities. If, as is necessarily the case, our highest idea of marriage is not attained in this system, remember that it is but seldom reached outside of it. The true heroes and heroines of life's great battle field are those who silently and unobtrusively make daily sacrifices for the good of others. Self-renunciation is a virtue of greatest worth and rarest beauty, and blessed are those who possess it. Humanity to-day stands almost redeemed from its degradation, and ranks higher in the scale of moral excellence, because a few, ennobled by this virtue, tread the earth. Let all seek to be of this exalted class, for "They shall stand up like great pillars of strength along the way of time, and coming generations, as they know the truth concerning them, shall be strengthened to go and do likewise." Be not influenced in your course by the impulsive and irresponsible voice of society, which is too often ignorant of that upon which it does not hesitate to pass a cruel judgment. Look rather to the light within, seeking in all integrity that it may be made clear and strong by a holy influx from above; and when you get the verdict of the high tribunal of your own dispassionate judg-

ment and conscience, telling you the best course to pursue for the good of all, follow that course with a firm and undeviating step, and victory shall crown your life. Then, when we reach the bright beyond, all will be harmony and love, and our cup of joy will not be embittered with painful remembrances of wrong, perpetrated upon a confiding wife, devoted husband or innocent child, but all who have become connected by the indissoluble ties of kindred and affection—wives, husbands, children and parents—shall unite in one sweet chorus to call each other blessed!

WILLIAM H. SHEARMAN.

This gentleman was born at Wakefield, Yorkshire, England, December 17th, 1831. His parents were Baptists. His father was a physician, but devoted considerable time to lecturing and preaching in different parts of England, so that William H. Shearman had a strict religious training, consonant to his own nature. His parents and brothers emigrated to America before him, but he followed them to New York in 1845, where, in the year 1847, he united with the Amity Street Baptist Church, under the pastoral care of Rev. W. R. Williams, D. D. Possessing a refined spiritual organization, he passed through what among the sects in that day was a very uncommon spiritual experience. As he was walking down Broadway, New York, in a contemplative mood, a glorious vision, in open day, was revealed to him. He saw a vast multitude of angels, in the forms of men, and one whom he recognized as Jesus was speaking to them. He was given to understand that it *was* Jesus. To describe the glory of his vision, his ineffable joy and the spirit of love which overshadowed him, his power to tell would fail, but to this day that vision is a revered experience to him never to be forgotten.

In 1849, William H. Shearman, now eighteen years of age, went to California, so that he was one of the pioneers of the Golden State. In 1855 he became connected with the Mormon people. At that period, the mission on the Pacific Coast was under the Presidency of that eloquent apostle, Parley P. Pratt. The preaching of the doctrine of new revelations in this age could not but attract the conscientious spiritual mind of Mr. Shear-

man. He knew that the doctrine was in agreement with his own experience; so that in embracing Mormonism he embraced, to his mind, a highly spiritual work; indeed nothing less than Christianity in its pristine purity, beauty and spiritual power.

Having been ordained an Elder under the hands of Parley P. Pratt, Mr. Shearman became a travelling Elder in California. He was peculiarly adapted for a ministerial life, and his highly spiritual nature found a congenial mission in the advocacy of Mormonism as he understood it. This gentleman is an excellent example of many intelligent and cultured minds who have been captivated with the ideals of Mormonism and its Messianic promise. Those ideals they do not abandon even now; and it may be said, by the way, that it was the exalted enthusiasm and religious earnestness of this class that made such a missionary mark among the nations, and converted the tens of thousands who, by their immigrations, have peopled Utah.

In 1857, Mr. Shearman being released from his Californian mission emigrated to Utah. Here he quickly showed his usefulness with the pen, and his articles in the *Deseret News* attracted attention. There was culture, both in their tone and artistic execution, and the subject which seemed most to engross the writer was the education of the rising generation of Israel. They were articles eminently designed to stimulate culture among our people, rather than being mere theological efforts or literary essays; and for this reason Mr. Tullidge, who was then editor of the *Millennial Star*, republished them in the British Mission to stimulate culture among the European Saints.

In 1862, Mr. Shearman was sent on a mission to England. There, he presided over the great Birmingham Pastorate; and, for a season, he also labored as assistant Editor of the *Millennial Star* under the Apostle George Q. Cannon. Between him and President Cannon, at this period, there existed the most affectionate relations.

On his return from England, Elder Shearman again took up the mission of education of the rising generation. He was the first to establish Sunday Schools in "Zion," beginning in the 12th Ward under the solicitous encouragement of

Presiding Bishop, L. W. Hardy. He was also the originator of the *Juvenile Instructor*, which has since become the official journal of our Sunday School organizations throughout the Territory, and the basis of the Sunday School education of the Mormon Church.

Apostle George Q. Cannon, being at an early period attracted to this educational movement begun by Mr. Shearman, took it up as his own favorite work, and Mr. S. transferred to him his interest in the *Juvenile Instructor*.

Resigning to Apostle Cannon this educational work of young Mormondom, Mr. Shearman went into the merchant's calling, purchasing, in connection with another gentleman, Mr. Godbe's store at Logan. In this he was encouraged by President Young who offered, if needing his help, to back him in the enterprise. When co-operation started, he was doing a business which would soon have made him financially comfortable for life. At the request of the Apostle, Ezra T. Benson, he promptly gave up his individual business and put all he had into the "Logan Co-operative Institution." Expecting to go on a mission to the Eastern States, he sold out to Co-operation at a great sacrifice. As long as he remained a member of the Church, himself and all that he had was at the disposal of the authorities for the advancement of the cause, and from his conscientious duty no earthly loss or gain would have induced him to swerve;—nothing but an absolute sense of duty to God and the public good would have led him to take the stand he did in coming out as one of the leaders of the New Movement which was inaugurated at this period.

Thus it will be seen, in the case of Elder Shearman as in that of William S. Godbe, that no personal feeling nor grievance, nor private pique, induced him to unite in a protest against certain policies and measures adopted by the late President of the Church. President Young had always been particularly kind to him, and, on their last meeting at Logan, before the separation took place, the President manifested toward him the most fatherly kindness and affectionate interest. It was a terrible trial to Mr. Shearman—worse than death—to oppose the President, and thus be placed in an attitude of apparent hostility to the Church and his brethren. He knew, also, that

he had every earthly thing to lose by the course he was about to take, while all which his ambition could desire was before him if he remained faithful to the President and his measures. But he was true to his sense of duty to the public cause and chose the sacrifice. His following letter and article will more fully define him in his connection with the New Movement:

SALT LAKE CITY, Nov. 6th, 1869.

PREST. B. YOUNG,

Dear Brother:—Endorsing, as I do with all my heart, most of the sentiments contained in the UTAH MAGAZINE, together with the policy, "Cards" and "Protest" of the Editors, I feel that it would be, in the highest degree reprehensible and hypocritical, to attempt to fulfil the mission lately assigned to me, without first frankly explaining my sentiments to you. I feel compelled, by every conviction of my soul, by my duty to God and to humanity, to sustain the policy and spirit of the MAGAZINE; and, while reserving to myself the right to differ from any views that may be expressed therein, I must maintain and advocate what I consider to be right and truth, regardless of consequences to myself.

With sentiments of personal esteem, I remain

Your Brother,
W. H. SHEARMAN.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION.

It has been with feelings of no ordinary character that I have placed my name among the supporters of the principles and policy advocated in this Magazine. My associations with my brethren and sisters in this Church, during the past fifteen years, have been of the most pleasurable character; and it has been a source of inexpressible pain to me, that the necessity should exist for dissenting from any part of the policy or sentiments of our leaders.

But, bitter as it is to be in the smallest degree dissevered from the friends and associations of the past, Truth is dearer than reputation or the ties of friendship and kindred; and if it becomes impossible to retain both, the latter must be relinquished. I cannot give them up without regret, but I can without hesitation. It is this love of truth, and this alone, that impelled me to my present course. It is apparent, there is nothing of a temporal

nature to be gained by it; on the contrary, an almost certain prospect, humanly speaking, of loss in every respect.

My position is most easily and comprehensively defined by stating that I heartily endorse the sentiments contained in the articles published in this Magazine entitled, "The Josephite Platform," "We are nothing if not Spiritual," "Unconditional Obedience," "Plural Marriage," "The Limits of the Priesthood," the "Cards" and "Protest" of the editors.

In embracing "Mormonism" I did not discard any truths which I before understood, neither do I renounce a single truth to-day that I have ever accepted. I am simply following, as I believe, the increasing light of the spirit of truth within me, and obeying its dictates. My faith in the divinity and ultimate triumph of the sublime principles of the Gospel, is undiminished, and I desire to forsake nothing but the errors—which through human incapacity, have been more or less associated with our divine system.

It has been urged that all persons have the privilege of entertaining what views they please and may still retain their membership in the Church, provided they will not make public any sentiments opposed to the views of the authorities thereof. But this is no liberty at all. It is simply what no power on earth can either give or take away. Every individual is required to obey, irrespective of his own convictions, or eventually lose his standing in the Church. It would therefore, be far more consistent to prohibit thought, were it possible, than to deny the free but respectful expression of that thought. I am aware it is said that even this right is granted at the proper time and place; but the ridicule, and charges of darkness and apostacy, which have ever been heaped on the unfortunate individual who has attempted to exercise it, have more effectually closed men's mouths than any Imperial edicts have ever been able to do. There are but two paths left open for all who differ from any Church measures: hypocritical submission, or an open avowal of one's belief, with a liability to excommunication. I prefer the latter, with all its consequences, to the course of hundreds who feel as I do, but who, owing to their peculiar position, dare not give utterance to their sentiments.

The exercise of "one-man power," as now claimed for the President of this Church—whether Brigham Young or anybody else—is, I feel, an assumption unauthorized by God and in direct opposition to the spirit of the age and the genius of the Gospel. However innocent, or even beneficial, its advocates may claim the exercise of such power to be at present, it would inevitably result, if continued, in the most tremendous and oppressive temporal and spiritual despotism the world has ever seen, and reduce mankind to the condition of mere machines. Such a system is an attempt—however it may be disclaimed by some—to force upon the intelligence of the nineteenth century the long-since exploded doctrine of Popish infallibility—not that "infallibility" is claimed, but it is practically enforced. All who feel such a government to be in harmony with their nature, should, of course, be allowed to enjoy it; but I feel it an imperative duty to express my dissent therefrom.

In conclusion I will say,—The cause of truth is dearer to me than ever. I am full of the joyful assurance that every divine prediction in regard to Zion will be fulfilled, and that the time is not far distant when she will arise in her splendor, put on her beautiful garments, and become the center of heavenly light, intelligence and joy to the whole earth. Then, if not before, I expect to enjoy the confidence and approbation of those who may now feel it necessary to withdraw their fellowship and friendship from me.

Respectfully,

W. H. SHEARMAN.

In closing this biographical sketch, it may be observed that Mr. Shearman has, as he once said publicly, no apologies to make for either joining the "Mormon Church" or for the course which severed him therefrom." Whatever his faults in the eyes of his former brethren, moral cowardice has not been one of them; and while he has ever boldly denounced what he felt to be wrong, he has, with equal fearlessness and greater obloquy, always asserted his attachment to and friendship for the Mormon people.

ELI B. KELSEY.

Elder Kelsey says: "My progenitor, John Kelsey, settled in Connecticut in the year 1629. I was born 27th of

October, 1819, Scioto County, Ohio. I joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in the month of June, 1843, whilst teaching school in Trimble County, Kentucky, four miles from the city of Madison, Indiana. I was not converted to what is called 'Mormonism' by the labors of any missionary of the faith. My mother had some years previous joined the church. That I might learn something of the religious faith that had so captivated her that she left home and friends and took her way to Nauvoo, the then City of Refuge for the Saints, I sent money to Nauvoo and subscribed for the *Times and Seasons* and purchased a copy each of all the Mormon books then published. I found, to my surprise, that the revelations of Joseph Smith and his teachings on doctrine agreed with the teachings of Christ and his apostles. I read myself into the faith and doctrines taught by Joseph Smith. Intellectually, I was a convert many months before I could find a Mormon Elder to baptize me.

I landed in Nauvoo, April 1st. 1844, with my little family of wife and three children, determined to be with the man who could talk with angels and enunciate to the world so grand a philosophy. I at once set to work and founded the Nauvoo Seminary. Within three months, I had 224 pupils and several assistant teachers. I soon formed the acquaintance of Joseph Smith and nearly all of the dignitaries of the Mormon Church. The children of the Prophet and his brother Hyrum were my pupils at the time of the murder at Carthage.

In the enforced Exodus of the Saints from Nauvoo in the winter and spring of 1846, I took my part and slowly worked my way with wife and four children through Iowa and arrived at what was then known as 'Winter Quarters' on the western shore of the Missouri River in the month of August, 1847. At several periods during those days of travail, I was forced to pray—"Give us this day our daily bread;" for sometimes I had not a mouthful to eat in my house or my tent; but we never went hungry, though our food was the plainest that would sustain life.

In February, 1848, I was appointed to a mission to the British Isles. I slowly worked my way from Winter Quarters to St. Joseph on the Missouri River with

my family, which was now reduced by the death of our two youngest children; from thence to St. Louis and then to my father-in-law's farm on the Kentucky bank of the Ohio River, opposite the City of Madison, Indiana. Finding no employment there, I left my wife and children at her father's home and went to the city of Louisville, Ky. and hired myself as a joiner to my brother, who was then a master builder in that city, at \$1.25 per day and my board. There I remained until I had earned money enough to furnish my wife and children with food and clothing to last them a year, trusting to my wife's family, whom I had already baptized, to give them the shelter of a home.

In the month of July, 1848, after fondly embracing my wife and children, I hailed the passing steamer for passage; and while the yawl was coming ashore for me, I emptied my purse, containing \$3.25, into my wife's lap, determined to start upon my mission of love without purse or scrip as the apostles of old had done. Her agony at my going without a cent in my pocket was so great that I consented to take the \$3.25 with me. With this small sum, I started on a journey of at least 4500 miles, and that, too, among strangers. Yet, throughout my whole journey I never failed to find friends. When questioned, I told of my mission, and friends at once sprang up around me everywhere. I landed in Liverpool on the last day of August, with \$3.50 in my pocket, being a slight increase of the money which I had when I parted from my wife to take this mission to a foreign land. My labors in the British Isles from Sept. 1st, 1848, to Dec. 31st, 1851, are matters of Mormon history."

To this autobiographic sketch must be supplemented a few general points. Elder Kelsey was left, by Orson Pratt, in charge of the British Mission during the period of that Apostle's return to America in 1850; but his crowning mark was made as President of the London Conference. Indeed it was Elder Kelsey who first brought the great London Conference to its well-known organic perfection, and under him tract societies were organized everywhere in his district, and hundreds were brought into the Church by his missionary energy. He also called into the ministry a number

mining the divinity of principles. It was a case of truth springing up intuitively in the soul, without the aid of religious guides. It satisfied me and gave me rest, and was the basis of future independent thought."

At the age of fourteen, Mr. Harrison entered upon the study of architecture, at which he remained eight years in the office of one of the most prominent London architects. It was while thus engaged that he made his first acquaintance with the Mormon movement, at that time in its most innovative and prosperous condition in England. He claims that, in joining Mormonism, he simply attached himself to a system incarnating ideas which had strongly impressed themselves upon his mind as the result of his own unaided search for truth. He was following up the line of intuitional thought commenced in his boyhood. Alone and unassisted, he had arrived at most of the principles of which the Mormonism of that day was the herald. His mind demanded a religion of present evidences. He had asked his religious teachers why definite and positive evidence of the truth of Christian theology could not be had, beyond the testimony of ancient books; and receiving no satisfactory answer thereunto, had concluded that the fault lay in modern theological systems and not in Divine arrangements. When, therefore, he met with Mormon Elders,—who were not only combatting so many of the bigoted dogmas of the past but asserting the return of an age of spiritual manifestations and direct spiritual evidences,—it was like listening back to the echoes of his own heart. He joined "the strange sect," and for a period of nearly ten years, commencing at the glowing age of youthful manhood, he resigned all professional life, and, to use his own language, "went out to preach the glorious doctrine of a present God in the affairs of men."

In one respect, at least, he realized what was promised him by the Elders—namely, an actual spiritual power accompanying the system. In the simple hearted and pure associations of those early missionary days, he found a love-influence and a brotherhood that possessed indescribable charms for him. Very remarkable healings occurred at times under his hands. Compelled to stand up before multitudes, sometimes trembling from a

sense of his own inadequacy to the task before him, he found himself the subject of influences which made him the vehicle for a flood of words and ideas beyond his existing stores of thought. Remarkable, and what seemed almost miraculous, providences supplied his needs. All this and much more were at the time, to his mind, so many evidences of the divine origin of his religion. But in later years he has supplemented this testimony with the assertion that these spiritual gifts are "the inheritance of all humanity and the special property of no Church in the world."

But Mr. Harrison met with great difficulties over the subject of the Book of Mormon, for which he expresses more intellectual contempt than would be pleasing to the Mormon people! It was the fact of a spiritual dispensation, illustrated in the experiences of the Mormon people themselves, and not the Book, that sustained his faith in the Divinity of Mormonism.

At one time during his ministry, vague reports of a very uninspired condition of things in Utah led him to review the groundwork of his faith. To his mind, the greatest evidence any system could present of a Divine origin must be in its principles. He laid down the assumption thus:

"Supposing God had originated a Church, being the product of the Divine Mind, it would as certainly be a manifestation of God in principles as Nature—its physical counterpart—was a manifestation of God in material things. The principles of such a Church emanating from God would, of necessity, present the finger marks and tokens of a Divine Hand. The image and superscription of a God should be enstamped upon them. If the enlarged methods, the comprehensive purposes, the benevolent designs, the tendencies to good, the grandeur of thought which a God would necessarily impress upon his works were not found in them, then they were not divine."

No higher method of test was ever applied to any system of Church theology. The review gave birth to Mr. Harrison's splendid series of articles entitled, "Tokens of Divinity in Mormonism." Of their kind, there is nothing equal to those articles in the whole volumes of the *Millennial Star*. They won him the admiration and friendship of the great idealist, Apostle Amasa Lyman, and are, in them-

selves, striking proof of the high intellectual elaboration that Mormonism is capable of receiving.

Of Mr. Harrison's official position in the Church in England, it may be remarked that after serving in the ministry as a Traveling Elder, he was for some years the President of the great London Conference which, at the date of his presiding, was so extensive that he regularly paid the rent of twenty-four public halls in London and vicinity. For five years, he was also manager of the Book Depot of the Church in London, and was financial agent of the Liverpool office for the receipt of all monies from the continent and several districts of England. A new system of books, designed by him, for tracing up and accounting for, of all monies paid by the people, was adopted by the British mission.

After years of faithful labor in the British Mission, Mr. Harrison emigrated to Utah in 1861. No provision of money or outfit having been made for him beyond his passage across the water, his journey was one of a most painful experience. He walked a thousand miles across the Plains and suffered unspeakable agony over the death of his beloved wife whom he buried on the Plains. Arriving in Utah, his exalted dreams and hopes of a present Zion seemed dissipated by the realities. How, like thousands of others who have concealed similar disappointment in their bosoms, he bore all this in pain and silence for some years until, when the burden grew insupportable, and the hour of inspiration came, he uttered his protest, in concert with his brethren, needs no recapitulation.

In the meantime, he occupied himself with business cares and lived a life of self suppression. There was little or no demand at that time in Utah for men of his profession; and his struggles for a mere existence were a relief.

From the first hour of his arrival in Utah, he had felt a desire to revive in the minds of the people the sentiments which had inspired their earlier and more spiritual days. To be instrumental in this, in conjunction with his friend Mr. E. W. Tullidge, he projected a literary magazine entitled the *Peep o' Day*, which they published at Camp Douglas. In this paper, the first plea was uttered in behalf of the Gentiles in this Territory

that ever came from any member of the resident community. It was written by Mr. Harrison and entitled "Gentile and Mormon." This magazine abounded with humanitarian and liberal thought and was a prophecy of its more prominent successor, the *Utah Magazine*. It passed away, but not until it had put on record the fact that, in a liberal sense at least, Utah's *Peep o' Day* had appeared.

Three years later, (in 1867), Mr. Harrison again essayed journalism,—this time starting the historical *Utah Magazine*—a journal destined to make more history and effect a greater revolution in Utah affairs than any journal or movement that had up to that time appeared. At the most successful period of its career, it was set aside to make way for the *Mormon Tribune* and, ultimately, the original *Salt Lake Tribune*. These journals were powerful because they appealed to the Mormon heart instead of to the Mormon combativeness. The great success which attended these literary and journalistic efforts within the ranks of Mormonism, demonstrated the fact that the Mormon system can only be effectively moved from within itself; and this, too, only by a spirit devoid of malice and by truly conscientious aims which in the end justify themselves; for the Mormons are, as a rule, a conscientious God-fearing people and can only be dealt with in the integrity of their character.

Mr. Harrison was the principal editor of each of these papers, and he unswervingly held them to their course to the last hour that he had control of their columns. The reasons for this course were because he comprehended the whole inner life of the Mormon people,—knew that they were bound both by the excellence and defects of their system and that no treatment but that which appealed to their sense of self-respect, could effect any change for the better. More than this, he had seen the failure of all antagonistic journalism to stir even a ripple on the surface of Mormon society. He, therefore, was, through the whole conduct of these journals, what he has been to this day, the champion of a just and conservative treatment, and the opponent of all radical and extreme measures as applied to the Mormon question. Sooner than participate in the policy of force and coercion—to his mind, equally the policy of folly and injustice—he resigned

his connection with the *Salt Lake Tribune*, the paper which, more than any other man, he had labored to upbuild, and allowed himself to be deprived of the results of all his years of toil and sacrifice. Driven by the change of policy from the columns of his own paper, he devoted himself to the establishment of a free platform; and for five years—until compelled by sickness and mental strain to desist—he has conducted meetings at the Liberal Institute, presenting, from year to year, the best talent and thought the city afforded. Equally indifferent to praise or blame, he has, whenever circumstances have thrown some Mormon question prominently to the front, boldly defended the rights of the Mormon people to considerate treatment. His lecture on “Apostates and Endowments,” in which he defended the Mormons from the charge of intentional treason, and his lecture on “Conservatism or Radical Treatment for Utah,” are marked examples at once of his loyalty to the people and his strong native sense of right and justice.

TRIUMPH OF REFORM.

It has been sometimes said that the Godbeite Movement was a failure. Now, this can be determined with almost scientific exactness by first determining whether its principles and issues have failed or succeeded. If those issues and principles prevailed, then has its cause of Reform triumphed, and its prophecy of a spirit of progress and change about to pass over the entire community, been fulfilled.

The foregoing record will show that the entire original aim of the Movement contemplated simply the social progress of the community, the freedom of the press, the development of our mines, and the right of our mission to the Mormon people as Mormon Elders. The furthest aim of that mission, on the religious side, was the restoration of the Mormon Church to its true character as a “great Spiritual Zion” in the age, as set forth in the article entitled, “We are Nothing if not Spiritual;” and, on the temporal side of the question, there was the affirmation that the commercial and labor issues of the country properly belonged to our business and commercial men, and to the working people generally, and not so ab-

solutely to the Apostles, whose calling was in the spiritual care and teaching of the Church: in fine, that the claim that the President of the Church had “the right to *dictate* in all things temporal and spiritual,” was not sound in principle nor good for the community when carried into extreme practice. To-day, this is all admitted by the majority of the Mormons, both leaders and people. Take the aims of the Godbeite Movement in some detail. There was the vital question of the necessity of the development of Utah’s mineral resources, at once for the consummation of the destiny of the Mormon people and the destiny of Utah as an important State in the great American Commonwealth. Now since the Godbeite advocacy for the opening of our mines, which began in 1869, the Utah mines have become famous in all the world, and millions of foreign capital have been invested in them. Indeed, scarcely a year had elapsed, ere an Apostle in the Tabernacle, in one of his sermons declared that “the *Lord* had uncovered the mines.” If so, then the Lord was *about* to uncover the mines in 1869, when the article on the “True Development of the Territory” was written. Be this Divine intending as it may, the mines of Utah to-day are great facts, and it is sound Mormon philosophy that the Lord is in everything which comes to pass touching the Mormon people. This is admirable philosophy, moreover. Would that all nations acknowledged as much concerning themselves. The Mormon leaders would not presume to interfere with the Lord’s uncovering the mines, now they discern that *His* hand is in it. To-day, even Apostles are interested in mining claims; and, henceforth, Utah is a mining territory. Is not this a triumph?

At first it was thought, not only by the Leaders but the people, that the opening of the mines would be destructive to the Mormon Church. The result, however, has been found, that in the development of our mineral wealth a thousand agencies have come into existence of a preserving character. Too many are vitally concerned in Utah’s welfare to allow any disruption to be brought upon the Mormon people by their enemies. The “rule or ruin” party has declined in power just in proportion to the growth of the Gentile interest in the welfare of this

great mineral country. Sometimes, the Mormon Leaders are twitted with the fact that they have changed their views and policy in relation to this question. Surely, then, the moral of the argument is all in their favor. What do Reformers labor for in their agitations but to effect such changes? It means, in this case, that the Mormon Leaders, finding that the increase of a Gentile population and the working of our mines have a preserving and not a destructive tendency, they have quickly acknowledged the hand of Providence and very nearly reversed themselves. Is not this expressive of the soundest sense and the most sagacious religious consistency? Speaking in their own style, would you have them fight against the Lord and his providence concerning them? The very fact of such rapid changes among the Mormon Leaders, themselves, affords abundant proof how admirable the Mormon people will yet become in the eyes of all America ere another quarter of a century shall have passed away.

But, perhaps, the best proof of the triumph of reform among the Mormons is the now very generally conceded fact that everything necessary for the public good can be accomplished inside the pale of the Church. There is no longer any necessity that its Elders should go out of the Church to effect reforms or to advocate a public cause. It has now become *impossible* for any large number of men to apostatize upon any question of the times, whether spiritual or temporal. Henceforth, a division of judgment would simply be groundwork for discussion among the Elders of their religious status and views, or of their State commonwealth. The constant affirmation of Elder Kelsey, ten years ago, that the Mormon Church, when worked upon her own fundamental principles, is the most democratic Church in the world, is to-day the acknowledged fact touching the true Mormon theory; and it is fast becoming so in practice. It prevailed after the death of President Brigham Young in the voting of the Elders in quorums, in the restoration of the Church to the guidance of the Twelve, and in the choosing of John Taylor as the most fitting man to lead the Church; for John Taylor was *not* the *first* Elder in the Church as every man in the Church knows; he was simply the most fitting

man, or those quorums in their democratic supremacy would have rejected him. Moreover, no sooner was the Church restored to the guidance of the Twelve than the Apostles began to investigate and adjudicate upon the last Presidential administration. There is no longer a One Man Power in the Mormon Church. Were President Taylor to do anything to outrage the Twelve and the Quorums generally, there is no doubt that he would be judged during his lifetime, but we all know that this would not have been the case with President Young. The same spirit of reform and true Mormon democracy is seen in the actions of the Utah Legislature.

There is another view which was taken by the Godbeite leaders which has been singularly illustrated by subsequent facts. They told the Government and the public that the Mormon people would solve their own religious and social problems, and that none others could do it for them;—that Congress could not; that the courts could not; that special legislation would fail, and that all anti-Mormon crusades at home would be abortive. Never was anything in history proved more conclusively than this has been proven within the last ten years.

In fine, the Mormons to-day, both in their Church affairs and social condition, are on their proper line of reform and progress. They do and say, to-day, in this respect almost what they please;—they do and say, to-day, what a decade ago they would have been excommunicated for doing and saying. The Godbeites, then, fulfilled their mission: they were the instruments of Providence for the hour. Other men are continuing the work *inside* the Church up to the Apostles themselves; and the cause of Reform is a signal triumph!

AN ATTEMPT AT THE LAWS OF PLANETARY ROTATION.

TO discover a law of the rotary period, or axial velocity of the planets in the solar system, has always been looked upon as one of the most unpromising achievements in the domain of astronomy. Such observations as—"That the diameter of our earth is nearly double that of Mars, and the distance of Mars from the sun being nearly double that of the earth, but the rotary period of Mars being greater

than that of the earth and also that of Mercury greater, though, being both smaller planets, and at opposite points as to distance from the sun: but the rotary periods of Jupiter and Saturn being each less than one-half that of any of the former, yet their *bulks*, masses, and distances from the sun, being very much greater,"—despaired the hopes of all ancient astronomers of ever discovering a law of planetary rotation. Neither Kepler, Huyghens, Newton nor Laplace, made any attempt at it.

J. P. Nichol, L. L. D., F. R. S. E., late Professor of Astronomy in Glasgow University, had a clear view of this achievement, when, in his "Phænomena of the Solar System," he gave vent to the exclamation:—"Why do the planets rotate so variously? Where the relation of these varieties? That laws like these can result from chance, is a supposition too monstrous for belief. The supposition obtrudes itself that some profound secret of nature is before us in dim shadow. But though the achievement be remote, the history of the final and certain evolution of truth, forbids us to be so unphilosophical as to despair. Let us recall the sentiment of the old Greek, 'That the divinities do not act inexplicably.' And with stout hearts push boldly, but warily on."

Now, as to the case in question, my conclusion is, that the earth and planets rotate on their axes by the agency of some power or influence proceeding from the sun in the direction of his equator, as he rotates on his axis. Their axial velocities, therefore, depend on the inclination of their equators to the equator of the sun, and the simple law in the matter is the following:

The square of the rotary periods of the planets are directly proportional to the inclination of their equators to that of the sun.

Or, more simply:

The rotary periods are as the square root of said inclination.

So bulk, mass, density and distance from the sun, are entirely out of the question in the investigation of the law of planetary rotation.

Or, if you prefer using axial velocities instead of rotary periods, *they are inversely as the square root of said inclinations.* As, when a body or point is describing a certain space, the velocity is as the time;

so, on this consideration, the more parallel a planet's equator is to that of the sun, the more power will the solar influence have to rotate it; hence, the greater will be the velocity, but the shorter the rotary period.

The objection that the cause which rotates a planet, as power emanating from the sun, cannot be proved to exist on any known natural principle, should be no reason for discarding this law. The great laws of Kepler were not explained until the time of Newton, though the law of gravity was known even to Kepler.

A few examples will show the claim of the above to be a law of nature. The greatest difficulty in the matter is, to ascertain the true amount of the angles of inclination the planets' equators make with that of the sun. They are not given in any astronomical work that I have yet seen. This field has been lamentably neglected by observers, and is of the greatest importance.

In order to find the true value of these angles, two preliminary elements seem indispensable,—the inclination of the planets' orbits to both their own and to the sun's equator. Both these, in some cases, are very difficult to ascertain from observations—the only means left us. The difficulty chiefly lies, in the arduousness of observing certain permanent spots on the surface of some planets, and tracing the direction of their paths across their discs with respect to the ecliptic; the cloudy atmosphere of these planets being almost impenetrable to the observer's instrument. This applies chiefly to Venus and Saturn.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES.

The earth's rotary period is given as 23 h. 56 m. 4 sec. The inclination of the earth's orbit to its equator is $23^{\circ} 27' 24''$. As to the inclination of the ecliptic to the sun's equator, Sir John Herschel gives it as $7^{\circ} 20'$, Prof. Lockyer as 7° ; the mean is $7^{\circ} 10'$, which, as this angle is diminishing with the obliquity of the ecliptic, cannot be far out of place.

Now $23^{\circ} 27' 24'' - 7^{\circ} 10' = 16^{\circ} 17' 24''$ or $16^{\circ}.283$ the inclination of the earth's equator to that of the Sun, whose square root is $4^{\circ}.0352$.

The inclination of the planets' orbits to the ecliptic is also given by authors, viz: that of Mercury $7^{\circ} 0' 8''$; Venus, 3°

$23^{\circ} 31''$; Mars, $1^{\circ} 51' 5''$; Jupiter, $1^{\circ} 18' 40''$; and Saturn $2^{\circ} 29' 28''$. The astronomy of Uranus and Neptune cannot be explained in this article.

Now the inclination of the earth's orbit to the Sun's equator being taken as $7^{\circ} 10'$; that of the other planets' orbits can be found by a proper application of the above angles to it, thus, Mercury $14^{\circ} 10' 8''$; Venus, $3^{\circ} 46' 29''$; Mars $9^{\circ} 1' 5''$; Jupiter, $5^{\circ} 51' 20''$; and Saturn, $4^{\circ} 40' 32''$.

Prof. O. Pratt, in his "University Lecture," lately published, makes the orbits of all the planets to incline by a smaller angle than that of the earth, to the Sun's equator. This is evidently wrong; it can only be so, amongst the above, in the cases of Venus, Jupiter and Saturn,—those planets whose rotary periods are shorter than that of the earth.

EXAMPLE 1.—TO FIND THE ROTARY PERIOD OF MERCURY.

The inclination of Mercury's equator to its orbit, is given in books as about 31° . Now, if our elementary tables are correct, this angle is a trifle too large for the resulting rotary period to agree with that found from observations; it should be $30^{\circ} 40' 38''$ for $30^{\circ} 40' 38'' - 14^{\circ} 10' 8''$, the inclination of Mercury's orbit to the Sun's equator, $= 16^{\circ} 30' 30''$, or $16^{\circ}.507969$, the inclination of Mercury's equator to that of the Sun, whose square root is $4^{\circ}.063$. Then, say by rule of proportion, as $4^{\circ}.0352$ is to 23 h. 56 m. 4 sec. so is $4^{\circ}.063$ to 24 h. 6 m. the rotary period of Mercury as given by Prof. Lockyer. This is as near as can possibly be expected, and the above angle of 31° can be corrected by this law.

EXAMPLE 2.—FIND THE ROTARY PERIOD OF MARS.

Of Mars, Professor Lockyer remarks. "The inclination of its axis to the plane of its orbit does not differ much from the earth's, and its seasons are, therefore, similar to ours." But he gives the inclination of its orbit to its equator, as $28^{\circ} 51'$, and the rotary period 24 h. 37 m. 23 sec. If the above angle were exactly correct, the seasons in Mars would not be very similar to those of the earth, where this inclination is only $23^{\circ} 27' 23''$, and to make the rotary period 24 h. 37 m. 23 sec. to result from my law, the inclination of its orbit to its equator should be only $26^{\circ} 14' 26''$. So the

seasons would be more similar than Prof. Lockyer could expect: for $26^{\circ} 14' 26'' - 9^{\circ} 1' 5'' = 17^{\circ} 13' 21''$, the inclination of Mars' equator to that of the Sun, or $17^{\circ}.2225$, whose square root is $4^{\circ}.15606$. Then say, by rule of proportion, as $4^{\circ}.035$ is to 23 h. 56 m. 4 sec. so is $4^{\circ}.156$ to 24 h. 37 m. 23 sec. the given rotary period of Mars.

EXAMPLE 3.—TO FIND THE ROTARY PERIOD OF VENUS.

Venus is one of those planets of which I said, that the spots men fancy they observe on their surfaces are so difficult to trace. "As to the mountains of Venus," says Sir Wm. Herschel, "no eye that is not considerably better than mine, or assisted with better instruments, will ever get a sight of them," and even of spots there, Sir John Herschel says, "Sometimes we may, indeed, fancy obscurer portions, but can seldom, or never rest fully satisfied of the fact." However, M. Cassini and Schroeter succeeded in tracing the path of one of such spots over the surface of the planet, so as to approximately obtain the inclination of Venus' axis to the plane of its orbit, which they estimated at about 75° and a rotary period of about 23 h. 21 m. Prof. Lockyer has since corrected this last, which he gives in his table as 23 h. 16 m. Now, by my calculation, this angle, which has not been since corrected, is given a few degrees too large to bring out Prof. Lockyer's rotary period according to my law. It should be no more than $70^{\circ} 39' 35''$ for $90^{\circ} - 70^{\circ} 39' 35'' = 19^{\circ} 20' 25''$, the inclination of Venus' orbit to its equator; from which take $3^{\circ} 46' 29''$, the inclination of Venus' orbit to the Sun's equator, and there remains $15^{\circ} 22' 55''$ or $15^{\circ}.382084$, the inclination of Venus' equator to that of the Sun, whose square root is $3^{\circ}.922$. Then say by rule of proportion, as $4^{\circ}.035$ is to 23 h. 56 m. 4 sec. so is $3^{\circ}.035$ to 23 h. 16 m. the rotary period of Venus.

Again, $15^{\circ} 22' 55'' - 7^{\circ} 10' = 8^{\circ} 12' 55''$, the inclination of Venus' equator to the ecliptic and $90^{\circ} - 8^{\circ} 12' 55''$ equals $81^{\circ} 47' 5''$, the inclination of Venus' axis to the ecliptic, which M. Cassini and Schroeter could not determine its value from observations, but say, "it is a large angle."

EXAMPLE 4.—TO FIND THE ROTARY PERIOD OF JUPITER.

I shall now step over to the transas-

teroid group, whose members, as hinted before, though much larger and farther from the Sun than any of the cisasteroids, yet rotate on their axis in less than half the time, a condition that makes many astronomers infer, that if there be any law observed in their rotation, it must be quite different from that of the latter group. See Prof. Tice's Almanac for 1878.

Now, if by applying my law to any of the members of this group, I find the result to nearly correspond with the period found by observations, I shall esteem it a strong testimony in favor of my law; and Jupiter's case will offer a fair opportunity.

The rotary period of Jupiter as given in Prof. Lockyer's table is 9 h. 58 m. 28 sec. and the inclination of its equator to its orbit, $3^{\circ} 4'$. Then, $3^{\circ} 4'$ added to $1^{\circ} 18' 40''$, the inclination of Jupiter's orbit to the ecliptic, equals $4^{\circ} 22' 40''$, the inclination of Jupiter's equator to the ecliptic; which, in this case, as in that of Venus, must be taken from $7^{\circ} 10'$ and there remains $2^{\circ} 47' 20''$ or $2^{\circ}.7888$, the inclination of Jupiter's equator to that of the Sun, whose square root is $1^{\circ}.67$. Then say as $4^{\circ}.035$ is to 23 h. 56 m. 4 sec. so is $1^{\circ}.67$ to 9 h. 54 m. 19 sec. the rotary period of Jupiter, which is within 9 seconds to the time given by Lockyer. So this case comes right to the point to prove the validity of my law.

EXAMPLE 5.—SATURN'S ROTARY PERIOD.

The case of Saturn seems to be one of those phenomena which Sir John Herschel calls *residual*. The given rotary period of Saturn will not result from the given elements on the ground of my law; but the elements of Saturn are very difficult to be determined from observations, its real body having never been, with any certainty, seen by astronomers, and the spots seen moving in its atmosphere being very precarious things. Its rotary period is given as 10 h. 29 m. 17 sec. The inclination of its equator to its orbit has been differently given by different observers, but the astronomers are now nearly unanimous, that the equator of Saturn lies in the plane of the rings, and therefore, near the planes of the orbits of its satellites, and thus inclined to its orbit in the large angle of $26^{\circ} 49'$. But unless this position of the planet can be proved by actual observa-

tions we should accept it but with great caution, for there is no necessary occasion that the equator of the planet should be in the plane of the ring, or that of the orbits of the satellites. The orbit of our own moon declines by more than 18° from the equator of its primary.

In order to bring Saturn a subject to my law, its position in its orbit must be nearly similar to that of Jupiter, as both its diurnal period and the obliquity of its orbit differ but little from those of that planet.

Should the law here announced be discarded on account of this difference? Can the agreements above found be attributed to chance coincidence? and if the case of Saturn be proved to be a residual phenomenon, should it not stir us up to profounder inquiries? since Professor Lockyer himself tells us in his "Manchester Lecture," page 49: "But when we pass outwards from the interior group to the uttermost confines of the exterior one, when we leave Mars to go to Neptune, Saturn and Uranus, we find that *from Jupiter outwards*, there is a something interpolated into the atmosphere, so that the outermost planet has the atmosphere which differs most from our own."

Now, who can tell but that these outermost planets, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune differ from their inferiors in more respects than one, and that the *residual phenomena* can yet be explained on pure scientific principles?

THOMAS JOB, Salt Lake City.

On the 20th of September, 1850, President Fillmore, "with the advice and consent of the Senate," appointed Brigham Young Governor of Utah. The choice of Governor was made upon the recommendation of Col. Thomas L. Kane, but President Fillmore could not with consistency have appointed any other than Brigham Young, for though his ecclesiastical supremacy might have been objectionable to the Government, Congress could not wisely set aside his just claims. Governor Young took the oath of office on the 3rd of February, 1851; and on the 25th of March, he issued a special message to the General Assembly of the State of Deseret, notifying them of the action of Congress. On the 5th of April, 1852, Deseret was officially merged into the Territory of Utah.

TOMMY RAE BURN, THE AYR-SHIRE HERMIT.

BY JOHN LYON.

TOMMY RAE BURN, the Scotch hermit, with whom the writer was personally acquainted, was the son of a respectable farmer of land, on a beautiful bend or curve of the river Irvine, three miles from Galston, and near the same distance from Kilmarnock, a populous town in Ayrshire.

His father was a quiet, honest, frugal man, and lived on his small farm in comfortable circumstances. He had a family of three daughters and one son. At his decease, Tommy took possession of the farm, being heir at-law, and his three sisters were thrown portionless on the world to shift for themselves.

At the time of his father's death, he might be thirty years old, and was of a morose, solitary turn. He was a bachelor and employed an old servant of his father's to keep his house and dairy, who was known by the name of Margaret—Meg, the abbreviation of which answered all the purposes of less polite society. She had been in the family from the dawning of her girlhood, and was, in the estimation of her new master, a hard-working, saving lass. The surrounding farmers looked upon her as the fair choice of his affections, and found an argument for the discharge of his sisters as being a preliminary for Meg becoming the wife of the new laird.

The fairy dell of the Holm farm, three years after the death of Tommy's father, was well tilled, and was as productive as any other mailing in Crooked Holm Parish. But "it is a long road that has no turn," says the old Proverb, and so it was in Tommy's experience. His next neighbor, who was a freeholder like himself, and a cousin of his own, lived near to the highway leading to Kilmarnock; but the only way to the main road from his farm was a distance of nearly a mile round by the river side from his house, which was not ten rods distant through a corner of Tommy's field. He, therefore, proposed to give him as much land in exchange for the privilege of making a new road to the highway, to which both parties agreed. Sometime after, however, they quarreled about the exchange, and Tommy would have the new thorough-

fare shut up; but as the barter had been legally executed before two witnesses, Farmer Thornton held to the new road in defiance of the threats of Tommy, which led to much bad feeling on both sides, the one pulling down what the other put up, until they came to blows. Ultimately they went to law, where the case was decided that Farmer Thornton, by right of agreement, was the lawful proprietor of the new road.

Vexed with disappointment, and being naturally sour and dogmatical, Tommy swore a solemn oath before Meg and high heaven that he would never shave his beard, cut his hair, change his clothing, nor till his land until the ground was *lawfully* restored to him again.

A number of years had passed away from the time he had taken the oath before I saw this then wonderfully transformed man. His appearance was beyond any description I could give. He was covered with what had been home-made blue cloth, but so patched with all sorts of colored rags that no one could distinguish, at a short distance, the original *ground-work*. His hat was without a brim; his coat, vest, and pants were hanging in tatters like a sheep's fleece ready for shearing. His shoes had been worn out and made into clogs; his legs were naked, and the uncombed hair of his head and beard hung down over his back and breast more than two feet, matted together like a batch of cow's hair disgustingly besmeared. Tommy was a strong built person, over six feet in height, broad shouldered and well formed; but such a figure of rags and filth I have never seen before nor since. A crowd followed him through the street keeping at a respectful distance as if he had been a bear let loose for their amusement.

I had but recently come to Kilmarnock at that time, and had not heard of such an outlandish being, although I had a residence near the town. I was led by curiosity to inquire into the cause of his miserable appearance, the particulars of which I learned afterwards from himself in his own dwelling. My father-in-law being acquainted with him, took me to his place along with some other persons on a holiday frolic, as Tommy's land or hermitage had by this time become a special rendezvous for all persons who had any relish for the grotesque in human nature, or the beauty of rural scenery.

It was enchanting to walk along the banks of the river with your mind filled to overflowing with the ideas of seeing a real hermit! The banks were beautifully shaded with large fir, oak and elm trees, casting their dark figures on the water. As you passed by the foliage of the green coppice, the large hawthorne hedges, with here and there a solitary crow cawing to a distant rookery, or a magpie chattering across the path, as inquisitive of your wanderings, till up a dark lane of shade trees, your eye caught the lonely thatched roof of the hermit. There his uncultivated garden lay in ruins overgrown with nettles, and young trees sprung from the fallen seeds of other years. Currant, gooseberry and rose bushes, with verdure of wild flowers, in their glory as fantastic as the proprietor himself.

In the fields around, six or eight cows were grazing knee deep in grass, where Meg with her milking pail might be seen bawling for Brawkie, Motherlike, Goodo'-kin and other names belonging to her herd that came like children, beneath the great beech shade to wait their turn in milking. Tommy, with a crowd of visitors following him, would walk into his orchard, whistle, and a robin redbreast would hop on his great red beard and pick crumbs of bread from his tongue. His green-houses, built for the pleasure of his visitors, were made of moss and seated where the birds above head had built their nests; everything was in keeping with Tommy's transformation. He had left human affairs to the poor despicable world, and cultivated friendship with the less intellectual of creation—the birds, the cats, and the dogs. His fame spread far and wide, and few travelers of any note left Ayrshire without paying a visit to the Scotch hermit.

Tommy grew big in the character of recluse and also in his own importance, and as every year added to his transformation and the natural growth of wildness around his dwelling, he gathered visitors from all parts of the compass. Edinburgh, London, Dublin and the continent each furnished its quota, who were seen occasionally driving their conveyances along the romantic turns of Whirlford and Crooked Holm, inquiring for the hermit's abode.

These visitors were a source of untold revenue to Tommy, who made the most of their visitations to gain their favor and

acquaintance, as he had formed an opinion that a visit to London might add considerable to his fortune as well as further a secret desire he had to see the Queen, who might grant a reversion of the law-suit in Kilmarnock, an idea which had been fostered in his mind by some of his antiquarian friends through mere sport and a desire to satisfy his whimsical notions; but in the mind of the hermit it was a wise and lucrative suggestion through which he saw the dawning of a hope that he might thereby get rid of his oath and live like other men.

So to it he went. A light covered cart and horse well harnessed were soon provided, and Tommy, leaving Meg in full possession of the premises, dairy, etc., with strict injunctions to keep everything as he left them, drove off for London one fine summer morning in May, 1837, leaving Meg with, perhaps, the distant hope in her mind that when the plea was gained she might become Mrs. Raeburn!

By the time Tommy reached Edinburgh the provincial newspapers were filled with a description of his person and the design of his travel; and the foppish pleasure-seeking aristocracy of the city got up a mock public dinner to the man of rags, where speeches were made and every honor paid as if he had been another Garibaldi, seeking for sympathy and aid for the freedom of his country. In fact he was led to believe that the honor of being made a free burgher of the city, would be presented to him before he left. So ignorant was he of civilized humbug, that Sancho Panza never entertained greater views of his personal greatness, than did our deluded victim of covetousness.

In Dumfries and Carlisle, he was entertained by some of his former visitors, through mere complacency; but beyond this, his journey was everything but pleasant, as he was often taken to the police stations to be examined for bringing crowds of people together on the public thoroughfares, in consequence of his strange appearance; and although not chargable with their conduct, he was often severely censured, and let off, attended by a guard to see him safely out of the county.

Tommy swore many an oath, and raised his great mason-mell of a fist at his protectors, saying—"Lord, had I a grip 'o your wizens, ye eaten and spewed look-

ing imps, I wud soon let ye see yer ain thraples out o' whilk, ye make soe muckle bragging." The Scotch dialect saved him, and he went on swearing, and driving, being arrested and liberated again, until his patience was fairly worn out, when at last he reached the acme of all his hopes safely in the city of London. In many of the towns and cities through which he had passed, no public houses of entertainment would receive him, neither could he obtain a seat on any of the mail coaches,—all of which facts greatly mortified our proud, independent, yet mean aspirant to notoriety, especially as he had often to sleep in his covered cart, and drive rapidly through large towns as his only security from mobs and the police.

In London, however, he managed to find some of his professed friends, who, ashamed of their former protestations of friendship made at his hermitage, could not but receive him with some signs of respect; but to procure him an interview with Queen Victoria, who had then but recently ascended the British throne, was rather beyond their power.

Doctor Bowring and Dunlop of Dunlop, who were both aspirants as representatives for the boroughs of Kilmarnock and Renfrew, were applied to as persons likely to obtain for him the desired interview, but they rejected the humble petition of the Scotch hermit, as they had done those of hundreds of similar applications made by other needy expectant constituents who, through poverty or desire of patronage, were daily on the hunt.

Tommy, I was told, had the audacity to apply to the Home Secretary, but all his endeavours were as futile here as elsewhere.

It was now wearing far into Autumn, and Tommy's heart was getting as bare of hope as the trees were of leaves, when, one morning, he was interrupted while in deep meditation respecting his return home to Ayrshire, by a genteely dressed person who called at his residence informing him that Lord M——k wished to see him at Portman Square, at three o'clock p. m. of that day.

Tommy had seen this noble personage at his hermitage in Scotland, two years before while on his circuit as Supreme Judge of the Criminal Court, and therefore accepted with heartfelt thanks the invitation, with which he duly complied.

I may just mention, by way of explanation, that shortly after Tommy arrived in London, a relation of the late Sir James Shaw, who was a native of Kilmarnock, took him to his house, and through his influence, protected him from many difficulties he otherwise might have been subjected to. He had also persuaded Tommy to wear an overcoat when he went out, which covered the rags and hair of twenty years growth with which he was adorned. Tommy, in his great coat was duly conducted to Portman Square and there left to find his way, among a crowd of footmen, to the great saloon where he was introduced to a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen, with all of whom he was unacquainted, except one whom he instantly recognized as a visitor at his hermitage.

On entering the spacious apartment into which he had been so unceremoniously ushered, he threw off his great coat and made his best bow to the company. The amazement and disgust of the party may be better conceived than described.

One lady, however, seemed much interested, and questioned him as to the cause of his appearance in London in such a guise. He told her of the road fraud, of his solemn oath never to shave, cut his hair, change his clothing, nor cultivate his land until he had justice done to him, also of his desire to see the Queen, and to throw off his rags and *be a man as he once was*. He told her of the farm, and of Meg, and how he had repented taking the oath, and how he traveled for weeks among strangers who left him to suffer every kind of bad usage by the way, from his first entering England to his arrival in the city. A great many questions were asked by others of the party, and were answered by him in great simplicity, intermixed with a species of wit, to the diversion of the company.

On his retiring, a purse was put into his hand by this lady; and Tommy returned home that evening much gratified with his visit. Mr. McFee, the gentleman with whom he resided was not long in learning that the interested lady was no less a personage than the Queen herself, who had taken this private way of seeing the far-famed Scotch hermit.

She had read a paragraph in the *London Times* newspaper respecting him, with a short sketch of his life, and a statement

of his desire to throw himself at the foot of the throne to gain redress.

This newspaper report was a mere far-fical description, but it turned out a prize for a blank in Tommy's behalf. No words could paint the joy, exultation, and gratitude which he expressed when he was told that Queen Victoria was the person interested in his favor. It would have made the most morose laugh to see him open his great hairy mouth and shake his mass of uncombed red hair, behind and before, swinging it from one side to the other, as if it had become animated, and had a design to fly off; while with a voice like far-off thunder, he roared and laughed, and kept jumping and skipping about like a wagon load of rags blown with the wind.

After this unexpected interview he remained in London two months, and was invited to several places of distinction. The newspaper reporters were not idle in following his tracks, and gained for him a notoriety far beyond anything recorded in the history of Daniel Dancer, or Mother Bunch.

Christmas was at hand, and Tommy, like a child, was longing to get home.

Old St. Paul's, the Tower, the Parliament House, Drury Lane Theatre, the Palace, and Newgate Prison; all of which places of note he had visited soon after his arrival, and which had been objects of much thought and speculation in his great cranium; dwindled into mere dots on the mirror of his reflection when compared with his old house at home; the tangled orchard, the great elm trees, the rookery, the crow's nests, the rapid river sweeping round the Holm farm; and above all, his cows, his cheese cellar, and Meg, and that cursed road which was never out of his mind.

His friends tried to persuade him to stay until after spring, but Tommy's obstinacy in this, as in every other thing, could be moved by no kind of reasoning.

He had seen an advertisement of a vessel bound for Leith, a place sixty miles from his home, which led him at once to conclude on going by sea rather than land, and suffer the treatment he had had to indure in coming.

He had never seen the ocean but once, at a great distance, from the top of London hill, a few miles from his own place, and then it looked like a broad mirror, glittering with variegated hues, changing

with the clouds as they passed over its bosom, bounded by the misty mountains of the highland isles, with the crag of Elsia standing like a giant in its midst. It was to him, a scene of beauty; and he longed to behold its sublimity and to have to relate to his visitors, his Sinbad adventures—as a part of the wonders he had seen.

He sold his horse and cart, and providing a good outfit, embarked for Scotland, having the good wishes of his friends. And above all a letter to the provost of Ayr, from an unmistakable authority in London, recommending another examination of the road-case settled against him in Kilmarnock.

Nothing extraordinary happened during the voyage, except rough weather, which in that season of the year on the German Ocean was no strange matter to the ship's crew; but Tommy, who had anticipated to see great whales and porpoises, and flying fish, was sick and confined to his birth till they landed at Leith.

In four days more he came in sight of the Holm farm, where he found Meg at work in the dairy, and every other thing just as he had left it eight months before, except a light covering of snow on the ground.

It would be folly to attempt a description of the meeting of Tommy and Meg. Neither would it be prudent to tell how she clasped his unwieldy body in her arms, and pressed his rough hairy face to her mouth; and how she did everything she could think of and a great deal more in the exuberance of her love and gladness,—she laughed, and wept, and kissed him and then laughed again. Then she showed him the cheese she had made, and the pork she had salted and dried, and two fine heifer calves added to his stock, and a great hole in the roof she had thatched, and everything that had transpired since he left. She also told him of the strange encounter she had had with visitors, who had carried off all his nick nacks as relics of their visit; while Tommy, the great traveler, stood before her as actionless as an Egyptian pyramid in the vast desert, enjoying the kind reception of his old housekeeper, who bustled about and made him a big coq full of whey brose and cut him a great whang o' cheese for his supper.

Let philosophers talk as they will of persons in this world being friendless, 'ti;

all gammon. There are no persons, no matter how prodigal, rough, cruel, or ruthless, but there are some kind hearts to yearn after them, to speak kind words to them, to cheer them in their misfortunes and sooth their despairing souls in the worst difficulties. No matter how clumsy, how awkward, how slovenly, how deformed, still there is found some one to be a light foot, a ready hand, and a bright eye and quick tongue to love, cheer, and help them forward in this said-to-be ungrateful world. And where could be found such a loathsome, disagreeable being as Tommy? Not to mention his miserly propensities or the whimsical oddities of his eccentric nature, and the filth he had gathered around him; which were enough to disgust the most slovenly. Yet Meg could feed and caress him on his return, as a sister—ay, more, if we could have seen the mainspring that moved the machinery of her affections.

The solitude and wild rural grandeur of the Holm Farm so engrossed Tommy's attention, compared with the bustle and glare of London, that he seemed more content and happy after his return. His budget of strange mishaps on his way up through England, the sights he had seen, and the nobility he had conversed with, were themes of endless relation to the visitors who were daily at his place, now grown more numerous and more curious to see a man who had traveled so far. The name of recluse was lost in his new character, and he assumed a familiar importance, compared with his former secluded habits. He had high hopes of his release from the bondage of his oath which he anticipated would be removed at an early date. And Meg was no less happy in her expectations, she was sure that Queen Victoria's request would meet and quash all other opposition that stood in the way of her master's right, when she would see him shaved and made clean again as he was once in her young days, when few could compare with his manly form as he walked with her to fastens'-een races, and bought her gingerbread and sugar-plums and when everybody said they would be married. Oh! those were happy days, but that road had been in the way until now, now, she could see it in her silent contemplations, shut up, and Tommy happy.

During the ensuing summer the road question settled formerly in favor of Mr.

Thornton was brought before the authorities in Ayer, and after a careful examination of the case, was again decided against Tommy, regardless of all his patronage and high hopes.

This blow of fate was not looked for even by his most considerate friends, who, through sympathy, would have willed it otherwise, and Tommy returned to his solitary domicile, broken down in spirit, to morn over a life-penance and an irrevocable oath never to be canceled till death set him free. The value of the road was nothing. It was that dreadful oath he could never break, without perjuring himself, that haunted him through so many years of punishment. He became more gloomy, secluded and miserable. No one could cheer his disconsolate soul. He would sit for days together looking like a stone statue through the window at the desolation of his weedy orchard. No robin-redbreast came nigh him, and Meg, with all her kindness and attention, could not move him out of his lethargy. His friends flocked around him, and even Thornton offered to shut up the road, but all offers proved fruitless, to restore that obstinate but now broken heart; and thus he lingered on for weeks, sitting in his chair, with all his filth around him, and died,—died without making a will, and left all his miserly-gathered wealth, to be inherited by his poor sisters, who had lived in poverty, and whom he had never inquired after or owned as relations.

He had in the national bank of Scotland upwards of three thousand pounds sterling. His oldest sister's son took to the farm as entailed; and Meg, his faithful housekeeper, retired to the whirlferd, with a broken heart, to live on her penny-fee, which she had saved as a nest-egg, for a rainy day.

Thus ends an authentic tale of an inconsiderate man, who, but for his obstinacy, miserly propensities, and rash oath, might have lived in happiness, and died in peace, surrounded with kind relations and friends. But the fate and circumstance of his life, and the notoriety of his unnatural career, stamped him a singular being, led by a nightmare of fancy to become an odd figure, standing out from the ranks of all other deformities as a prodigy made by itself, to be wondered at, despised, flattered and followed, as a gazing stock in the great drama of life.

THE LATTER-DAY KINGDOM.

BY CHARLES W. PENROSE.

How shall I sing thy beauty, pow'r and
light,
O glorious kingdom of the latter-days?
I see thy loveliness, I feel thy might,
But find no utterance to speak thy praise!

I search in vain the records of the past,
Which paint dead kingdoms in their
short-lived pride.

They cannot picture thee, whose pow'r
shall last
While Heav'n, and Truth and Deity
abide.

And shall the little "powers that be"
to-day,
Be likened for a moment to that majesty?
As well declare pale Vesta's twinkling
ray
Unfolds the splendor of eternity.

In hist'ry only, Egypt's greatness lives,
Lost are its treasures, all its wisdom hid,
Except the scraps the crumbling mummy
gives,
The sculptured Sphynx and tow'ring
pyramid.

Assyria! Thy sceptre lies in dust.
Thy bow is broken and thy pomp has fled;
Perished thy fruits of conquest, blood
and lust,
With all the warriors Rameses led!

Where are the palaces of Babylon,
The "hanging gardens" and the golden
tow'rs?
With the Chaldeans, starlight wisdom,
gone,
Walls, gates, and glory, images and
flow'rs!

And couldst not thou, O Greece, avert
thy fate,
With oracles and wealth and victory?
• Couldst not thy world-wide reign per-
petuate,
With all thy Gods and deep philosophy?

The soul that moved thee in thy conquer-
ing march,
That spoke in poesy and art and grace,
Is disembodied; and the mouldering
arch
And chiselled fragment mark thy burial
place.

And thou, O Rome! proud mistress of
the world!

Thy armored legions spread no terror
now.

They bring no blood-bought spoils of
gems impearled,

To deck thy bosom and thy haughty
brow.

Thy Coliseum's vast and vacant walls,
Rot as an emblem of thy great decay.
And on the ear its mournful echo falls,
A dismal knell of thy departed sway!

O! all ye living governments and states!
Gaze on the relics of far mightier powers!
The hand that shattered them, uplifted
waits

The bell that ends your few remaining
hours!

O Zion! built by Saints of latter days,
Bring forth the promised kingdom to the
world!

Upon the mountain tops "the ensign"
raise,

And let its shining folds be now unfurled.

Gathered from ev'ry clime and tongue
and race,

Under that banner, righteous men shall
stand,

And the all-conquering Christ shall show
his face,

And give dominion to that faithful band.

Armored in truth and God's authority,
Dauntless and terrible, yet full of love,
The King shall lead them unto victory,
And bring a vanguard from the ranks
above.

No weapon formed against them shall
prevail,

No cunning plan shall prove their over-
throw.

The prince of all earth's kingdoms they
assail,

And drive his forces to the shades below.

Left, in a day of storms, each bark of state,
Rotten and rudderless, whirls madly on
Against each other on the sea of fate,
With awful crash to depths of death go
down.

But see the ship no storm can overwhelm,
Saving the remnants of the wrecks below!
'Tis "Zion" written on her shining helm,
"God's Kingdom" is inscribed upon her
bow.

God's kingdom! seen in vision by the
seers!
God's kingdom! clothed in justice, truth
and light!
Theme of the prophet and the bard ap-
pears,
To save the nations from chaotic night.
Jesus, the Sinless, fills the regal
throne.
To him all other rulers bend the knee,
He reigns not by his right and might
alone,
But loving homage swells his majesty.

Earth, linked into the chain of worlds
on high,
Among the ransomed planets takes its
place,
And finds itself in blest affinity,
With orbs that govern time through
boundless space.
Such is the kingdom now on earth begun.
A branch of the great Governmental Tree,
Whose roots are grounded in the central
sun,
Whose boughs bear fruit through all
eternity.

JOSEPH, THE PROPHET.

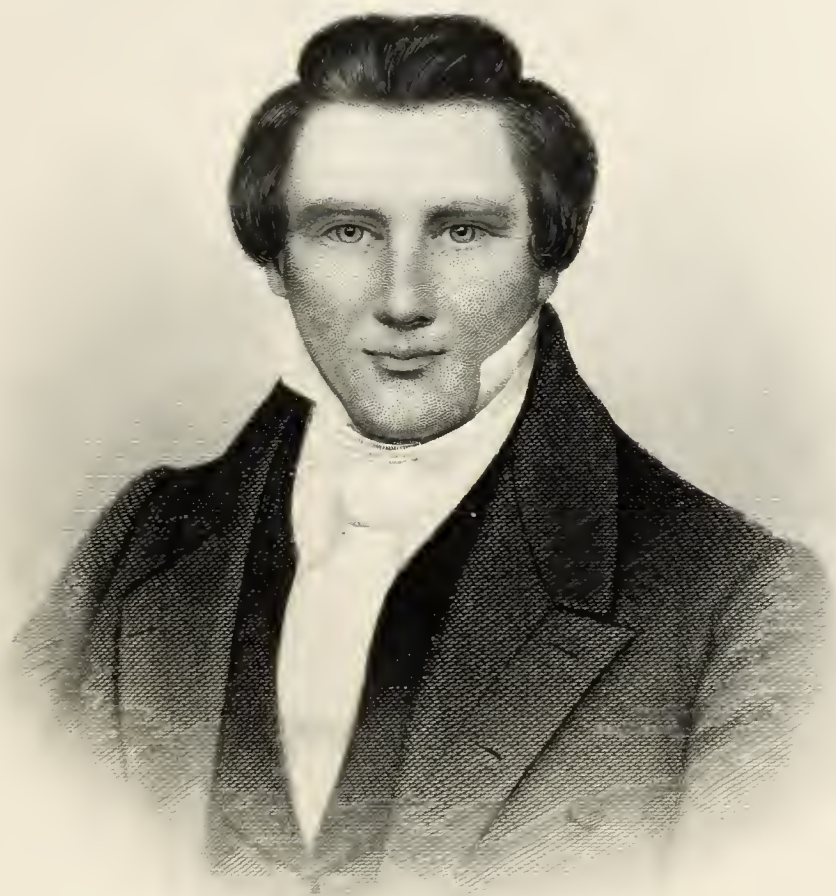
FIFTY years ago, when Joseph Smith founded the Mormon Church, he was accounted simply an impostor. Thus judged all the world who knew anything about him or deemed it worth a thought to give a judgment. To-day, however, the world will pause ere it pronounces judgment upon this marvelous man. He is now a problem, not a fraud—a problem, moreover, of a new dispensation and not an *ordinary* subject for a philosophical judgment to be pronounced upon readily. Indeed, this much was felt even before his martyrdom.

Forty years ago, Joseph Smith was named the American Mohammed. By this high sounding name he was known not only in America but throughout much of Europe. Indeed, in Europe it was the popular distinguishing mark of this uncommon man. The Mormon Prophet and the American Mohammed were synonymous in the public understanding. The writer remembers hearing in his youth the Rev., the Hon. Arthur Fane, (one of the great ministers of the Church of England), preach a very able discourse on the Mormon Prophet, the argument of which was to show that a Mohammed was the natural offspring of America. Thus considered, Joseph Smith, to the high class orthodoxy of Europe, was America's veritable Prophet. It was a very general view in England thirty or forty years ago. A Beecher or a Channing was no new light in the age looming up across the Atlantic. They were merely of the old type such as Europe herself produced; but Joseph Smith *was* the new light of an American civilization; and that idea of the man was Joseph Smith's charm to the multitude

abroad, though it greatly outraged the classical orthodoxy of the High Clergy.

Now a man who could thus, in so short a period, (from ten to fourteen years), provoke by his extraordinary career the drawing of a parallel between himself and the great Prophet of Arabia, must in himself be an extraordinary man. A religious empire grew out of Mohammed which has stood a thousand years and which, in the ages past, bid fair to rule the world; so that the name given to Joseph Smith suggested something like it for America in the destiny of his mission. But all this was too fanciful; yet at that time it was sufficiently suggestive of the spiritual impulses that were moving America to the birth of a new dispensation of her own typing.

To-day the philosophical judgment has not only to revise all such views of the Mormon Prophet but, also, to set aside with some intellectual contempt the original view of a narrow sectarianism that the man was a mere impostor. Since his martyrdom, the spiritual and philosophic thoughts of the Nineteenth Century have so markedly changed that Joseph Smith is, as it has been observed, a wonderful problem—almost a new dispensation in himself. Millions in America will now confess that he was a Prophet, though they will qualify this confession to mean a remarkable spiritual medium. His Hebraic type of mediumship is all that is out of harmony with the new dispensation which tens of thousands are to-day proclaiming, yet is the genuineness of his peculiar type confessed. Do not these very facts, then, both of the man and the age, render Joseph Smith a supremely suggestive subject for analyti-



your Husband un til death
Joseph Smith Jr

cal thought? He is no longer a mere inspiring cause for his disciples' faith, but quite as much a scientific study for the intellectual student of remarkable human developments in these wonder-producing times of ours? Let us systematically review his life to gather its suggestive points.

Sixty years ago, (in 1820), Joseph Smith proclaimed his first visions! Now, sixty years ago, the prevailing theological judgments of all the Protestant Churches, both of Europe and America, (to say nothing of the Catholic) was that the "canon of Scripture" was "full;" that "the Heavens" were "hushed for ever;" that "the voice of prophecy" had ceased; that God, who once spoke to mortals, would "never speak to mortals again till the great judgment day," and that "angels no longer visited the earth." These forms of wording are quoted because they were the common pulpit sayings of the times, and yet so changed has all become in the last half century that these popular pulpit sayings must be quoted in the past tense. We can no longer say the canon of Scripture "*is* full." The very atheist will controvert it. He will tell you that the revelations of the Nineteenth Century far surpass the revelations of any century or all the centuries previous, since the world began. To be sure, he is not theological to-day any more than the atheist of the past, but he is a believer in a stupendous Bible of the universe, the Genesis of which is barely unfolded. The canon of Scripture is, then, not full, but almost the reverse even to the modern rationalist. There is no affirmation which can be made more in accordance with modern scientific thought than this one. Now the first affirmation which the Mormon Elders themselves made was similar. They declared that the canon of Scripture was *not* full and it was the basis of all their other affirmations.

We can no longer say the Heavens "*are* hushed;" for the Heavens are speaking daily: so say a multitude of witnesses. No longer must we declare even in the pulpit (where the truth of new revelations is uttered the latest) that the voice of prophecy "*has* ceased;" for "mediums" are prophesying all over the land; no longer tell the multitude that angels do not visit the earth; for, according to the present testimony, angels are

visiting millions daily; and if we were to dare in 1880 to declare that God is not speaking to mortals, the modern intellect would answer back;—The Infinite Voice is speaking everywhere and to every soul!

Now this change which has come over the spirit of the age in the last half century, brings forcibly into the subject of review the life experience and testimony of Joseph Smith. Sixty years ago, the fact of the age stood in the minds of both "priest and people" that the Heavens were hushed, when suddenly burst upon the ears of the Nineteenth Century a great voice declaring:

"Jehovah speaks: let earth give ear;"—

Coupled with the announcement,

"Angels from Heaven and Truth from Earth have met,
And both have record borne."

That great voice came from the Mormon Prophet and his Apostles.

The story must be told in Joseph's own simple narrative. It is as well known to the Mormons themselves as a school boy's catechism, but only few besides themselves know it in its circumstantial form. And it is the more worthy of frequent repetition from the fact that it is a key to the now very general experience of our times. Besides a great and remarkable church having been built upon his experience and testimony, therein is much corroboration found to the experience and testimony of millions outside the Mormon people, so that this narrative of sixty years ago should have a scientific value to the Huxleys and the Herbert Spencers of our times.

"I was born," says the Prophet Joseph, "in the year of our Lord 1805, on the 23d of December, in the town of Sharon, Windsor Co., Vt.

"My father, Joseph Smith, Sen., left the State of Vermont and moved to Palmyra, Ontario Co. (now Wayne Co.), N. Y., when I was in my tenth year. About four years afterward he moved, with his family, into Manchester, in the same county.

"Some time in the second year after our removal to Manchester, there was in that place an unusual excitement on the subject of religion. It commenced with the Methodists, but soon became general among all the sects in that region of country; indeed the whole district seemed affected by it, and great numbers united

themselves to the different religious parties, which created no small stir and division among the people, some crying 'Lo, here!' and some 'Lo, there!' * * * A scene of bad feeling ensued; priest against priest; convert against convert; so that all of the good feeling entertained, one for another, was entirely lost in a strife of words and a contest of opinions.

"I was at this time in my fifteenth year. My father's family was proselyted to the Presbyterian faith, four members of it joined that church; namely, my mother, my brother Hyrum and Samuel H., and my sister Sophronia.

"During this time of great excitement my mind was called up to serious reflection and great uneasiness; but although my feelings were deep, and often pungent, still I kept myself aloof from all those parties, though I attended their several meetings as often as occasion would permit. But in time my mind became somewhat partial to the Methodist sect, and I felt some desire to unite with them: but so great was the confusion and strife among the different denominations that it was impossible for a person, young as I was, and so unacquainted with men and things, to come to any certain conclusion in the matter. * * *

"While I was laboring under the extreme difficulties caused by the contest of these parties of religionists, I was one day reading the Epistle of James, first chapter and fifth verse, which reads, 'If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth unto all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.' Never did any passage of Scripture come with more power to the heart of man than did this to mine. It seemed to enter with great force into every feeling of my heart. * * * I at length came to the determination to 'ask of God,' concluding that if he gave to them who lacked wisdom, and would not upbraid, I might venture. Accordingly I retired to the woods to make the attempt.

"It was on the morning of a beautiful clear day, early in the Spring of 1820. It was the first time in my life that I had made such an attempt, for amidst all my anxieties I had never as yet made the attempt to pray vocally.

"After I had retired into the place where I had previously designed to go, having looked around me and finding myself alone, I knelt down and began to

offer up the desires of my heart to God. I had scarcely done so, when immediately I was seized by some power which entirely overcame, and had such astonishing influence over me as to bind my tongue so that I could not speak. This darkness gathered around me, and it seemed for a time as if I was doomed to utter destruction. But exerting all my powers to call upon God to deliver me out of the power of the enemy which had seized me, and at the very moment when I was ready to sink into despair and abandon myself to destruction—not to an imaginary ruin, but to the power of some actual being from the unseen world—just at this moment of great alarm I saw a pillar of light exactly over my head, above the brightness of the sun, which gradually descended until it fell upon me. It no sooner appeared than I found myself delivered from the enemy which held me bound. When the light rested upon me I saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me in the air. One of them spake to me, calling me by name, and said, pointing to the other, 'This is my beloved son; hear him!'

"My object in going to enquire of the Lord was to know which of all these sects was right, that I might know which to join. No sooner, therefore, did I get possession of myself, so as to be able to speak, than I asked the personage who stood above me in the light, which of all the sects were right—for at that time it had never entered into my heart that all were wrong—and which I should join. I was answered that I should join none of them, for they were all wrong; and the personage who addressed me said that all their creeds were an abomination in his sight; that those professors were all corrupt, 'They draw near me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me; they teach for doctrine the commandments of men, having a form of godliness, but they deny the power thereof.' He again forbade me to join any of them. * * * When I came to myself again. I found myself lying on my back, looking up into heaven.

"Some few days after I had this vision, I happened to be in company with one of the Methodist preachers who was very active in the before mentioned religious excitement, and conversing with him upon the subject of religion, I took occasion to give him an account of the vision which

I had had. I was greatly surprised at his behavior; he treated my communication not only lightly, but with great contempt, saying it was all of the devil; that there was no such things as visions or revelations in these days; that all such things had ceased with the Apostles, and that there never would be any more of them. I soon found, however, that my telling the story had excited a great deal of prejudice against me among professors of religion, and was the cause of great persecution, which continued to increase, and though I was an obscure boy, only between fourteen and fifteen years of age, and my circumstances in life such as to make a boy of no consequence in the world, yet men of high standing would take notice sufficient to excite the public mind against me and create a hot persecution; and this was common among all the sects—all united to persecute me."

This experience and testimony of the Mormon Prophet will bear for the interested reader quite a circumstantial historical investigation, and will also afford one of the most famous examples in modern spiritual experiences from which to begin both a psychological and a sociological argument upon the strange developments of the Nineteenth Century in the *genus homo*. Had there nothing come in the age more than the experience of this one man, Joseph Smith, it had been but of small moment to the race; but when we consider that this man, from first to last, has had a million disciples and that their experience has corroborated his own, it grows into a subject worthy the profound thought of the social philosopher and calls upon him for a careful diagnosis. In the ethnological diagnosis which has been given to the Hebrews, deducted from their Bible and their history, the philosopher and the theologian have marked them down in the *genus homo* as a peculiar type of the human race: and the Hebrews at first became this peculiar race in the eyes of all nations for being precisely what the Mormons and their Prophet have been in the Nineteenth Century. Thus considered as a veritable modern Israel, the Mormons are almost worthy of a race diagnosis; but when we consider that this race has been created by the "second birth" and not the natural birth, we have at once the complex subject of an ethnological and a spiritual

problem in one development. Joseph Smith has been the Father of a race of prophets, seers, speakers in tongues, healers of the sick, workers of miracles and of an inspirational family generally, as much as Abraham was the Father of a race once distinguished for its prophets and seers. The question suggests itself in a moment;—By what strange law of human beings, or by what strange chance happening in the *genus homo*, has Joseph Smith brought forth such a Church in modern times? And the question is the more suggestive from the fact that he has done this just when the sane world had concluded, perhaps for the first time in its history—that the peculiar type with its experiences was extinct,—just, in fact, when the hard-headed world believed that it had reached its supreme mood of sanity. The question now brings us close to the history of this Latter-day experience itself.

Hitherto, I find that everybody—disciple as well as sceptic and scoffer—begins the investigation of this problem—Joseph Smith—with the Book of Mormon, or Solomon Spaulding's story. Indeed, in all our British and American Encyclopedias, Joseph Smith and Mormonism are simply developments of Spaulding's brain; and yet the Mormon people have no more relation to Solomon Spaulding than they have to the man in the moon. Take away the Book of Mormon altogether and the Mormons and their experience remain entire. Perhaps the outside reader will be surprised in being told that not ten in a hundred Mormons ever read the Book of Mormon; and that the British Saints never fairly reached faith in that Book and yet reached absolute faith in their Prophet and their own spiritual experience as a Church. The fact is, the Mormon Prophet himself and not his book, is the "new Bible." The problem is in him and not in the ancients. Mormon or Moroni, much less in this Solomon Spaulding who, to the Mormons, never had so much as an existence.

It will be noticed in Joseph's first narrative that there is nothing of a Book of Mormon: but simply a personal history and a personal spiritual experience. All this is easily to be dissected and the story proved true or false by our own familiar methods, and our own personal acquaintance. We have, at first, simply a plain narrative of a revival at

Palmyra among the sects. The scene described is so graphically real in the history of sects that each reader might transpose it to his own native place and become a party in the revival drama. Then the quarrel among the sects over the converts is so real that we can grasp it and know that it is not an impostor's ghost. But the spiritual problem opens with Joseph's "going to the Lord" to ask him which of all the sects is right, and now we have indeed a problem. Will he be answered? The question here becomes scientific, so far as such questions can be reduced to a scientific investigation. The testimony follows. The youth *is* answered, such is the form of the story. Has he, then, discovered a great spiritual law applicable to millions? It may have been a discovery by a Divine guidance or by the merest accident growing out of the circumstances which he narrates. The scientist would care but little which was the fact. The whole substance of the question is;—Was such a law discovered? The next question is;—Will it hold good for the million?—Will a Church be born of it and the experience of that Church agree therewith? Now just in the answer we get the existence of the Mormon people themselves and their strange history. The Mormon Church is a great fact, and its experience agrees with Joseph's testimony. Moreover, ere fifty years of the new dispensation expired, twenty million souls in the world have become partakers in some respects of the same faith and manifestations: of course, this affirmation applies to the millions of modern spiritualists.

When Joseph Smith discovered the spiritual law, either by Divine guidance or pure circumstance, he did not dream of such a general application. The text is, "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." At the onset, this was merely to Joseph Smith in its application, and not to an entire age. His plea, when he was persecuted for his vision, was simply that he had seen an angel and could neither help it nor deny it. There was no mission and no merit affirmed, but merely a manifestation. All the rest have been of subsequent development in our times, growing out of the application of some spiritual law connected with the race, and nine tenths of

these experiences have been outside Joseph Smith and the Mormons—the unity is in the identical age and the common law, yet that latter fact makes the whole still more marvelous. But before considering the Mormon Prophet as developed in his Church let us read the narrative of his second vision. He says:

"During the time that intervened between the vision and the year 1823 (having been forbidden to join any of the religious sects of the day, and being of very tender years, and persecuted by those who ought to have treated me kindly, and, if they supposed me to be deluded, ought to have endeavored in a proper and affectionate manner to have reclaimed me), I was left to all kinds of temptations, and mingled with all kinds of society. I frequently fell into many foolish errors, and displayed the weakness of youth and the corruption of human nature, which, I am sorry to say, led me into divers temptations to gratify appetites offensive in the sight of God. In consequence of these things I often felt condemned for my weakness and imperfections."

"On the evening of the above-mentioned 21st of Sept., after I had retired to my bed for the night, I betook myself to prayer and supplication to Almighty God for forgiveness of all my sins and follies, and also for a manifestation to me, that I might know of my state and standing before him; for I had full confidence in obtaining a divine manifestation, as I had previously had one.

"While I was thus in the act of calling upon God. I discovered a light appearing in the room, which continued to increase until the room was lighter than at noon day, when immediately a personage appeared at my bedside, standing in the air, for his feet did not touch the floor. He had on a loose robe of exquisite whiteness. It was a whiteness beyond anything earthly I had ever seen; nor do I believe that any earthly thing could be made to appear so exceedingly white and brilliant; his hands were naked, and his arms also, a little above the wrists; so, also, were his feet naked, as were his legs, a little above the ankles. His head and neck were also bare. I could discover that he had no other clothing on but this robe, as it was open so that I could see into his bosom. Not only was his robe exceedingly white, but his whole person was

glorious beyond description, and his countenance truly like lightning. The room was exceedingly light, but not so very bright as immediately around his person. When I first looked upon him I was afraid, but the fear soon left me. He called me by name and said unto me, that he was a messenger sent from the presence of God, and that his name was Moroni. That God had a work for me to do, and that my name should be had for good and evil among all nations, kindreds and tongues; or that it should be both good and evil spoken of among all people. He said there was a book deposited, written upon gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent, and the source from whence they sprung. He also said that the fullness of the everlasting gospel was contained in it as delivered by the Saviour to the ancient inhabitants. Also, that there were two stones in silver bows (and these stones, fastened to a breastplate, constituted what is called the *Urim* and *Thummim*) deposited with the plates, and the possession and use of these stones was what constituted seers in ancient or former times, and that God had prepared them for the purpose of translating the book. * *

He told me that when I got those plates of which he had spoken (for the time that they should be obtained was not yet fulfilled) I should not show them to any person, neither the breastplate with the *Urim* and *Thummim*, only to those to whom I should be commanded to show them; if I did, I should be destroyed. While he was conversing with me about the plates, the vision was opened to my mind that I could see the place where the plates were deposited, and that so clearly and distinctly, that I knew the place again when I visited it.

"After telling me these things, he commenced quoting the prophecies of the Old Testament. He first quoted part of the third chapter of Malachi, and he quoted also the fourth or last chapter of the same prophecy, though with a little variation from the way it reads in our Bibles. Instead of quoting the first verse as it reads in our books, he quoted it thus: 'For behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall burn as stubble, for they that come shall burn them, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch;' and

again he quoted the fifth verse, thus: 'Behold I will reveal unto you the Priesthood by the hand of Elijah the Prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord.' He also quoted the next verse differently: 'And he shall plant in the hearts of the children, the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to the fathers; if it were not so, the whole earth would be utterly wasted at His coming.'

"In addition to these, he quoted the eleventh chapter of Isaiah, saying that it was about to be fulfilled. He quoted also the 3rd chapter of Acts, verses 22 and 23, precisely as they stand in our New Testament. He said that that Prophet was Christ, but the day had not yet come when 'they who would not hear his voice should be cut off from among the people,' but soon would come.

"He also quoted the second chapter of Joel, from the 28th to the last verse. He also said that this was not yet fulfilled, but was soon to be. And he further stated the fulness of the Gentiles was soon to come. He quoted many other passages of Scripture, and offered many explanations which cannot be mentioned here.

"After this communication, I saw the light in the room begin to gather immediately around the person of him who had been speaking to me, and it continued to do so, until the room was again left dark, except just around him, when instantly I saw, as it were, a conduit open right up into Heaven, and he ascended up till he entirely disappeared, and the room was left as it had been before this heavenly light had made its appearance.

"I lay musing on the singularity of the scene, and marveling greatly at what had been told me by this extraordinary messenger, when, in the midst of my meditation, I suddenly discovered that my room was again beginning to be lighted, and in an instant, as it were, the same heavenly messenger was again by my bedside. He commenced, and again related the very same things which he had done at his first visit, without the least variation, which having done, he informed me of great judgments which were coming upon the earth, with great desolations by famine, sword, and pestilence, and that grievous judgments would come on the earth in this generation.

Having related these things, he again ascended as he had done before.

"By this time, so deep were the impressions made on my mind, that sleep fled from my eyes, and I lay overwhelmed in astonishment at what I had both seen and heard; but what was my surprise when again I beheld the same messenger at my bedside, and heard him rehearse or repeat over again to me the same things as before, and added a caution to me, telling me that Satan would try to tempt me (in consequence of the indigent circumstances of my father's family) to get the plates for the purpose of getting rich. This he forbid me, saying, that I must have no other object in view in getting the plates but to glorify God, and must not be influenced by any other motive but that of building his kingdom, otherwise I could not get them. After this third visit, he again ascended into heaven as before, and I was again left to ponder on the strangeness of what I had just experienced, when almost immediately after the heavenly messenger had ascended from me the third time, the cock crew, and I found that day was approaching, so that our interviews must have occupied the whole of that night."

"I shortly after arose from my bed, and, as usual, went to the necessary labors of the day, but, on attempting to labor as at other times, I found my strength so exhausted as to render me entirely unable. My father, who was laboring along with me, discovered something to be wrong with me, and told me to go home. I started, with the intention of going to the house, but, in attempting to cross the fence out of the field where we were, my strength entirely failed me, and I fell helpless on the ground, and for a time was quite unconscious of anything. The first thing that I can recollect, was a voice speaking unto me, calling me by name; I looked up and beheld the same messenger standing over my head, surrounded by light as before. He then again related all that he had related unto me the previous night, and commanded me to go to my father, and tell him of the vision and the commandments which I had received. I obeyed. I returned to my father in the field and rehearsed the whole matter to him. He replied to me that it was of God, and bade me go and do as commanded by the messenger."

The narrative of this second vision will interest the modern Spiritualists, as it has so much in it consonant with the form and method of their own experience of the visitation of angels; and this brings us with emphasis to the assertion that Mormonism and the Mormon Church begin their Genesis not with the "Golden Bible" but with the ministration of angels. Even thus early in the history of the Mormon Prophet and his people we find nearest their cardinal doctrine of present revelation. It is true Joseph's angel is Moroni, an ancient of the American continent, and some reference is made to plates of gold upon which is written the prophetic story of the aborigines of the land; but as the subsequent record shows, the Book of Mormon made not its appearance till years afterwards. We may construct the Mormon dispensation and analyze the spiritual phenomena without even bringing into account the Book of Mormon, which is most strikingly illustrated in the fact that the Mormons of Utah have never built upon the Book of Mormon but have practically disposed of it, yet their religion and their Church survive. Both have grown *without* the Book of Mormon, rather than out of it; and this fact, which is seldom if ever noticed, gives to Mormonism a sonorous harmony with the general spiritual experiences of the age. The Mormons alone have their "new Bible," but the millions have to-day their angels, so that the dispensation is emphatically a dispensation of angels rather than of ancient records.

Let us dissect this second vision itself that we may see how full it is of a new dispensation of spiritual manifestations for *all mankind*, as well as a special mission for Joseph Smith, setting aside Moroni with his book, excepting the view of him as the angelic messenger:

"He called me by name, and said unto me that he was a messenger from the presence of God to me; that God had a work for me to do and that my name should be had for good and evil among all nations, kindreds and tongues."

Here in effect, is a prophecy as early as 1823 that a new dispensation of angels and spiritual gifts should be preached to "all the world as a witness" by this Prophet and his apostles. This has been singularly fulfilled, and but little of this missionary work, with its voluminous

history of spiritual manifestations, have been wrought out of the Book of Mormon. Thus viewed, we discern a regular opening of another spiritual dispensation among the race, beginning with the Mormons but finally extending to "all nations, kindreds and tongues."

It may be also noticed in this vision that, after telling the story of some plates or hidden book, the angel falls back upon the Hebrew Bible for the themes of the Latter-day mission. Malachi is the Prophet cited:

"And again he quoted the fifth verse thus: 'Behold I will reveal unto you the Priesthood by the hand of Elijah the Prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord.' He also quoted the next verse differently: 'And he shall plant in the heart of the children, the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers; if it were not so, the whole earth would be wasted at His coming'."

But especially notice the new rendering of the great day of burning: "For *they* that come shall burn them saith the Lord of Hosts." What a coming of the Lord with his angels is here suggested!

This mission of Elijah became the crowning part of the Mormon dispensation, and out of it have grown the sealings and baptisms of the living for the dead which give nearly all the work and endowments of the Mormon Temple. The Temple, indeed, is Elijah's, not Moroni's.

Just before his martyrdom, the Mormon Prophet revealed to his disciples the whole Patriarchal Plan of this world, culminating in the mission of Elijah. Adam presides over all the dispensations and is set to watch over them, to reveal them from heaven to man, or to send angels to reveal them: 'Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?'"

These are "the fathers." They are the prime actors. Their hearts are turned toward their children. Says the Prophet:

"These men are in heaven, but their children are on earth. Their bowels yearn over us. God sends down men for this reason (to weld the heavens and the earth). And the Son of Man shall send forth his angels. All these authoritative characters will come down and join, hand in hand, in bringing about this work.

Thus, angels come down and combine together to gather their children. We cannot be made perfect without them nor they without us. When these things are done, [under the mission of Elijah], the Son of Man will descend, the Ancient of Days sit. We may come to an innumerable company of angels, have communion and receive instruction from them."

The Spiritualists little dream, when they tell us of the universal coming back of the fathers and mothers from the other life, that they are bearing testimony to this mission of Elijah. True, Joseph struck the theme in its Hebraic pitch; but the Latter-day theme is no less continued in its lower tones by the modern spiritualists. Mark the subject of the vision still farther:

"He [the angel] also quoted the second chapter of Joel, from the 28th to the last verse. He also said that this was not yet fulfilled, but was soon to be. And he further stated that the fulness of the Gentiles was soon to come in."

Turn now to Joel, and see what the angel quoted:

"And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions:

"And also upon the servants and upon the handmaidens in those days will I pour out my Spirit.

"And I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood, fire, and pillars of smoke.

"The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and terrible day of the Lord come.

"And it shall come to pass that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be delivered: for in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance, as the Lord hath said, and in the remnant whom the Lord shall call."

Here, then, is the great spiritual dispensation of the "last days" laid out at the very beginning. What has the Spaulding story to do with all this? The story explains next to nothing of Mormonism and Mormon facts, much less does it account for the great "spiritual wave" that is passing over the Nineteenth century: "*I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh.*"

As soon as the Mormon Church was

founded the law of spiritual communication was extended from the Prophet to his disciples, and the Church grew as an Apostolic Church having the New Testament pattern applied in all its organic forms, government and offices. But the Latter-day Saints were not content with the mere "forms of Godliness" as they expressed it; they "contended for the faith once delivered to the Saints" and they soon became known in the world as a Church that claimed to possess the spiritual gifts and graces of the ancient Church. This profession of the character and endowment of their Church could not have been false and the whole work an imposition. There is no consistency of facts or logic of argument in such a view. The case is of such a nature that it cannot but be genuine so far as its manifestations and historic data are concerned, though what the philosophical value of the whole may amount to in the world's development, is quite another matter. It is no longer the testimony and experience of one man—the Prophet, himself—that we have to deal with, but the testimony and experience of an entire Church—indeed, of a million disciples who have believed on this man. As consistently might we deny the facts of the Mormon emigrations from Europe to America; the Exodus from Nauvoo, and the existence of Utah, as to deny that the Church of "Latter-day Saints" has possessed all which is recorded of the Church of "Former-day Saints." In plain words, the Mormons have had the administration of angels; they have "spoken in tongues," prophesied, healed the sick, seen visions and wrought miracles. Yet withal, the Mormons may be no better than ordinary sinners, and they may be (as we know they are) very objectionable to other churches; but their history as a people led by angels and revelations is too circumstantial and notorious in the age to be questioned or dealt with other than as the facts of the strangest religious history of the Nineteenth century.

The subject, then, of the opening of a new spiritual dispensation for the modern world soon passed from Joseph Smith, as an individual oracle, to his Church,—to hundreds of thousands of disciples, every one of whom must have a kindred experience with his own, for thus is the whole constructed. If the dispensation proves not itself in the lives of his disciples, then

in vain has Joseph seen visions, and in vain have his angels come to him. They must come to the disciples as well as to the Prophet, or at least by some method communication must be opened between them and the Heavens. We have seen that years before the Book of Mormon appeared, the enunciation of the genius of the new age then opening was made by the angel Moroni: "I (the Lord) will *pour out my spirit upon all flesh*; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." Moreover, with this, we have the Angel's supplemental affirmation that this prophecy of Joel was not fulfilled in the ancient times, but that it shall be fulfilled in our day. The fulfilment, also, is brought within the period of our own times, as a dispensation crowded into a man's lifetime. In Mormon phraseology, "This generation shall not pass away before all these things shall be fulfilled." It is, therefore, a matter worthy of philosophical thought, as well as popular astonishment, that the Mormon Prophet has opened a new dispensation which proves itself. First it was to be proved in the experience of his disciples, and, afterwards, in the experience of all mankind; for the test of the age is—"I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh." What means the strange history of the Mormon people, and the equally strange history of our modern spiritualists, if they both mean not fulfilment of the prophecy with which the age was big when Joseph Smith appeared in the world as the Voice Crying in the Wilderness, "Prepare ye the way, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand?"

The Mormon Prophet and his Apostles, furthermore, from the first worked the development of their dispensation upon a great spiritual law. It is the law nearest in the commission of the Great Spiritual Head. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel. * * And these signs *shall* follow them that believe." The law has held good everywhere. The Apostles carried the mission from America to Great Britain. There the law also prevailed. Both in the New and in the Old World it has tested itself. Has Joseph Smith and his disciples, then, proved an all-prevailing spiritual law for Churches in the coming time? It would seem so. The man could have been no mere impostor; for that which is being found to

hold good in the universal experience must have been true in his own life.

The strange history of the millions of modern Spiritualists came in quickly, further proving the law and the fact of communication between the Heavens and the earth, so that both histories together in one period, seem like the records of the two halves of one dispensation. By and by, it will be thus considered. Indeed, the best advocates of the latter, like Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, now take the same apostolic tests and apply the identical arguments used by Mormon Elders a thousand times in every city of America and Great Britain. What was once regarded as strange Mormon doctrines, are now thundered to the world by a myriad of voices on Spiritualistic platforms as facts of the age. Angels *do* visit the earth; communion is opened with the Heavens: "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh!" is the almost universal proclamation of the times.

Much of this came to pass during the lifetime of Joseph Smith. His new dispensation was a success; but after his death his church was "driven into the wilderness." In Utah, under Brigham Young, the Mormons ceased to be a "visionary people." They became more famous in the latter period as the builders of cities and the founders of a State, and their peculiarity in the eyes of the world has been more in their polygamy than in their belief in angels and revelations. On the whole, this may be well for them. They have become a greater and more solid fact in the times in this part of their history than they were as a visionary Church. But mark the other half of the history of the new dispensation. Millions of modern spiritualists quickly succeed them and the whole world is fast coming to a belief in an age of revelation. At last, then, the Mormon Prophet turns out to be a crowning success;—the triumph of his testimony is greater outside his Church than within. There is more connection between Mormonism and Spiritualism than many dream of. By and by, this will be confessed enough. But Mormonism has doubtless solved the Gospel problem most for the Churches. Let the laws tested by these Latter-Day Apostles be applied to Churches, and communion between them and the Heavens would be opened. True, they may travel very

differently to what the Mormons have, and we may then know better what the dispensation means. One thing, however, seems certain now: there is an universal meaning in all this, to all mankind scarcely less than to the Mormons, whose apostolic fervor and faith opened the dispensation.

Now, just here, the subject is big with suggestiveness of the need and continuation of the Mormon mission in the world. Since the death of the Prophet and the flight of the Church into the wilderness, we see that Christian nations in general, and America in particular, have been given over to the mission of the iconoclastic apostles of modern Spiritualism. The strong church fabrics that have endured for ages have crumbled before the presence of these spiritualistic iconoclasts. The boast is that spiritualism is the great disintegrating agency of modern times,—an agency sent into the world "by the Controlling Powers" to dissolve old systems that a new order of things may arise. Spiritualism is permeating all society with its most subtle and potent influences, and to the religious part of the world it is absolutely destructive to the last degree. There are more Spiritualists inside the Churches than outside, numerous as those are who have already made an open profession of the spiritualistic faith and theories. Indeed, the most advanced preachers in our popular pulpits are known to be deeply imbued with its philosophy, and orthodoxy is fast dying in the most orthodox Churches. Two or three more generations of this work, and the Christian religion as understood in the past, would be exploded and Churches buried in their own ruins. On the other hand, the infidel millions that modern thought has brought forth are captivated by spiritualism; and scientists, at length, are giving in their testimony to its marvelous manifestations. But all this means disintegration and overthrow to religion. There never was such a spiritual movement in the world before; for, now, just in proportion as angels come in, God goes out of human faith.

To-day, then, Joseph Smith and the Mormons have a greater significance in their mission in the world than ever before. This will, by and by, be better appreciated and Zion may yet become the very hope of all the religious world.

Mormonism is a new revelation of God to the race, and faith in Him is not only continued but increased. As a Godfearing people, the Mormons are matchless, and their history and works show them to be a perfect Israel in type and spiritual genius. The great voice of their mission still is and ever will be, "Jehovah speaks, let earth give ear!" The Mormon Church *cannot be disintegrated*. It is founded upon the rock of revelation, and, cannot be moved. The Mormons have spiritualism with a God in it and "Con rolling Powers" who bow to His authority. They are, therefore, the proper builders of the great Church of the future and the Apostles of the new Christian civilization. The work of disintegration cannot possibly go on for ever. The day of rebuilding must come, and there are none in the world with a faith so mighty as these disciples of Joseph Smith. A generation back, the nations saw neither sense nor fitness in the rising of a Latter-Day Israel; but this almost universal dissolution of the olden order of things in which God was enshrined, is fast bringing an Israel up as the organic Spiritual Power born just in time for the world's reconstruction. We grant that the Mormon Church is not an aggregate of the foremost intellects of the Nineteenth Century, yet it has from the beginning been *the* Church of new impulses, new ideas and innovative force, never surpassed by any people since the world began. The Mormon Elders, then, we grant are not first in intellectual polish, but they have been first in all the world for mighty faith and their organic genius as Church founders; and this is that which so fits them for the religious work of the future. They will adopt a thousand new ideas without losing an atom of their faith. This will be to them the growth of Mormonism—not its decline. They will become intellectual lights—and yet remain on their Spiritual Rock. What destroys other Churches will only strengthen and enlarge the Mormon Church; and this because their Church was founded upon the Spiritual Rock in our own times. Doubt it who please, the Mormons have a great destiny in the world.

The following views of the Prophet Joseph, painted by the pen of Parley P. Pratt will interest the reader:

"President Joseph Smith was in person tall and well built, strong and active;

of a light complexion, light hair, blue eyes, very little beard, and of an expression peculiar to himself, on which the eye naturally rested with interest, and was never weary of beholding. His countenance was ever mild, affable, beaming with intelligence and benevolence; mingled with a look of interest and an unconscious smile of cheerfulness, and entirely free from restraint or affectation of gravity; and there was something connected with the serene and steady penetrating glance of his eye, as if he would penetrate the deepest abyss of the human heart, gaze into eternity, penetrate the heavens, and comprehend all worlds.

"He possessed a noble boldness and independence of character; his manner was easy and familiar; his rebuke terrible as the lion; his benevolence unbounded as the ocean; his intelligence universal, and his language abounding in original eloquence peculiar to himself—not polished—not studied—not smoothed and softened by education and refined by art; but flowing forth in its own native simplicity, and profusely abounding in variety of subject and manner. He interested and edified, while, at the same time, he amused and entertained his audience; and none listened to him that were ever weary with his discourse. I have even known him to retain a congregation of willing and anxious listeners for many hours together, in the midst of cold or sunshine, rain or wind, while they were laughing at one moment and weeping the next. Even his most bitter enemies were generally overcome, if he could once get their ears."

As an instance of his marvelous psychological power, the following incident of Joseph's imprisonment, as told by Parley P. Pratt, is worthy of reproduction:

"In one of those tedious nights we had lain as if in sleep till the hour of midnight had passed, and our ears and hearts had been pained while we had listened for hours to the obscene jests, the horrid oaths, the dreadful blasphemies and filthy language of our guards. Col. Price at their head, as they recounted to each other their deeds of rapine, murder, robbery, etc., which they had committed among the Mormons while at Far West and vicinity. They even boasted of defiling by force, wives, daughters, and virgins, and of shooting or dashing out the brains of men, women and children.

"I had listened till I became so disgusted, shocked, horrified, and so filled with the spirit of indignant justice, that I could scarcely refrain from rising upon my feet and rebuking the guards, but had said nothing to Joseph or any one else, although I lay next to him and knew he was awake. On a sudden he arose to his feet, and spoke in a voice of thunder, or as the roaring of a lion, uttering, as near as I can recollect, the following words:

"'Silence! ye fiends of the infernal pit! In the name of Jesus Christ I rebuke you, and command you to be still. I will not live another minute and hear such language. Cease such talk, or you or I shall die this instant!'

"He ceased to speak. He stood erect in terrible majesty. Chained and without a weapon; * * * *

He looked upon the quailing guards, whose knees smote together, and who, shrinking into a corner, begged his pardon. * * *

"I have seen the ministers of justice, clothed in their magisterial robes, and criminals arraigned before them, while life was suspended on a breath, in the courts of England; I have witnessed a Congress in solemn session to give laws to nations; I have tried to conceive of kings, of royal courts, of thrones and crowns, and of emperors assembled to decide the fate of kingdoms; but dignity and majesty have I seen but once, as it stood in chains, at midnight, in an obscure village of Missouri."

His character points and personal majesty must also be touched.

He was over six feet; his structure the very type of might, physically, and his organization akin spiritually. He was as courageous as a lion, and as daring as courageous.

For example, what character-marks are these:

"I am the Buckler of Jehovah!"

"He that runneth against me will find that he is running against Jehovah's buckler!"

"I combat the errors of ages; I meet the violence of mobs; I cope with illegal proceedings from executive authority; I cut the gordian knot of powers, and I solve mathematical problems of universities with truth—diamond truth, and *God is my right hand man!*"

Still, Joseph was most child-like, while his tenderness was as exquisite as his love

for the brotherhood was boundless. He would play with the boys of the Elders, and bless them in the intervals of the game with prophetic words of their future as ministers of Christ among the nations; and he would wrestle with the brethren in the evening after a hard day's labor.

But the supreme feature in Joseph's character was his love for his people. Not only was he ever ready to die for his people, as well as live for them, with the irresistible force of love in him to make them all *feel* that fact, but even his more homely actions and impulses were quite as suggestive that the soul of brotherhood was incarnated in him. Instance the following example:

At dinner, at home with one of the brethren, he was remarking "what a kind, provident wife" he had. "At this moment," he says, "Emma came in while Phelps, in continuation of the conversation, said, 'You must do as Bonaparte did—have a little table just large enough for yourself,' [for the table was loaded with good things as for a company, and the pleasantry of the Prophet as an appreciative tribute to his wife, who, catching up the conversation, observed]:

"Mr. Smith is a bigger man than Bonaparte—he can never eat without his friends."

"I remarked," he adds, "that is the wisest thing I ever heard you say."

The example is homely, but telling. He was not so much gratified that he was greater than Napoleon for deeds of sounding fame, but greater that he could not with self-satisfaction partake of anything which his brethren did not amply share. A world was not too large to divide with them, nor a table too small.

The last parting between Joseph and the Twelve, when he sent the majority of them away, was deeply pathetic, full of unspoken words—a very prophecy of the coming event which was soon to clothe the Church in mourning. In the scene of parting with Wilford Woodruff and others, that Apostle says; "Joseph looked upon me long and mournfully. I shall never forget his look. It was as though he was bidding us an eternal farewell!"

Joseph and his Apostles were indeed parting to meet no more till the glorious day of their immortality dawned.

The likeness usually presented of Joseph is the side view of one looking like a

Napoleonic Prophet. That is the picture of him as the Leader. The likeness given with this character sketch is a front view taken from a painting preserved by his wife, Emma. It will best illustrate him as the Prophet.

Before closing with this wonderful man, something must further be said of his power to attract and inspire love in his disciples. He drew around him such men as Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Parley and Orson Pratt, John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff. Stronger men of their kind never lived in any age. It is a perfect marvel that two such men as Joseph Smith and Brigham Young should be found together. His Apostles almost worshipped Joseph. Moreover all his people loved him. He was a very battery of love to the Church. Perhaps in this there has never been but one who surpassed him—Jesus himself; and the burden of Joseph's last days was shown in his often repeated saying that he should lay down his life for the Church.

The closing tragedy of Joseph Smith's history is here extracted from the minutes of President John Taylor who was wounded at the time of the Martyrdom:

"June 26th. 9:27 A. M. The Governor, in company with Col. Geddes, arrived at the jail, when a lengthy conversation was entered into in relation to the existing difficulties.

"The Governor left [at 10:30 A. M.] after saying that the prisoners were under his protection, and again pledging himself that they should be protected from violence, and telling them that if the troops marched the next morning to Nauvoo, as he then expected, they should probably be taken along in order to insure their personal safety. * *

"While Joseph was writing at the jailor's desk, William Wall stepped up, wanting to deliver a verbal message to him from his uncle John Smith. He turned around to speak to Wall, but the guard refused to allow them any communication. * *

"Joseph remarked, 'I have had a good deal of anxiety about my safety since I left Nauvoo, which I never had before when I was under arrest. I could not help those feelings, and they have depressed me.' * *

"The Prophet, Patriarch and their friends took turns preaching to the

guards, several of whom were relieved before their time was out because they admitted they were convinced of the innocence of the prisoners. They frequently admitted they had been imposed upon, and more than once it was heard, 'Let us go home, boys, for I will not fight any longer against these men.'

"During the day, Hyrum encouraged Joseph to think that the Lord for his church's sake, would release him from prison. Joseph replied, 'Could my brother Hyrum but be liberated, it would not matter so much about me.' * *

"2:30. Constable Bettisworth came with Alexander Simpson and wanted to come in with an order to the jailor demanding the prisoners, but as Mr. Stigall, the jailor, could find no law authorizing a justice of the peace to demand prisoners committed to his charge, he refused to give them up until discharged from his custody by due course of law. * *

"20 minutes to 4. Upon the refusal of the jailor to give up the prisoners, the constable, with the company of Carthage Greys, under the command of Frank Worrill, marched to the jail, and, by intimidation and threats compelled the jailor, against his will and conviction of duty, to deliver Joseph and Hyrum to the constable, who forthwith and contrary to their wishes, compulsorily took them.

"Joseph, seeing the mob gathering and assuming a threatening aspect, concluded it best to go with them, and putting on his hat, walked boldly into the midst of a hollow square of the Carthage Greys, yet evidently expecting to be massacred in the streets before arriving at the court house, politely locked arms with the worst mobocrat he could see, and Hyrum locked arms with Joseph, followed by Dr. Richards, and escorted by a guard. Elders Taylor, Jones, Markham and Fullmer followed outside the hollow square, and accompanied them to the court room. * *

"On motion of counsel for the prisoners examination was postponed till tomorrow, at 12 o'clock, noon, and subpoenas were granted to get witnesses from Nauvoo, twenty miles distant, whereupon the prisoners were remanded to prison. * *

"5:30. Returned to jail, and Joseph and Hyrum were thrust into close confinement. * *

"8 P. M. Counselors Woods and Reid called with Elder J. P. Greene, and said that the Governor and military officers had held a council which had been called by the Governor, and they decided that the Governor and all the troops should march to Nauvoo at eight o'clock tomorrow, except one company of about fifty men, in order to gratify the troops, and return next day, the company of fifty men to be selected by the Governor from those of the troops whose fidelity he could most rely on to guard the prisoners, who should be left in Carthage jail, and that their trial be deferred until Saturday, the 29th. * *

"They retired to rest late. * * 5:30 A. M., arose. Joseph requested Daniel Jones to descend and inquire of the guard the cause of the intrusion in the night. Frank Worrill, the officer of the guard, in a very bitter spirit, said: 'We have too much trouble to bring old Joe here to ever let him escape alive, and unless you want to die with him, you had better leave before sundown; and you are not a d—d bit better than him for taking his part; and you'll see that I can prophecy better than old Joe, for neither he nor his brother, nor anyone who will remain with them, will see the sun set today.' * *

"10:30. Gov. Ford went to Nauvoo some time this afternoon, escorted by a portion of his troops, the most friendly to the prisoners, and leaving the known enemies to the Prophet [the Carthage Greys], ostensibly to guard the jail, having previously disbanded the remainder. * *

"3:15 P. M. The guard began to be more severe in their operations, threatening among themselves, and telling what they would do when the excitement was over. * *

"4 P. M. The guard was again changed, only eight men being stationed at the jail, while the main body of the Carthage Greys were in camp about a quarter of a mile distant, on the public square. * *

"4:20. Jailer Stigall returned to the jail and said that Stephen Markham had been surrounded by a mob, who had driven him out of Carthage, and he had gone to Nauvoo. * *

"Before the jailer came in his boy brought in some water, and said the guard wanted some wine. Joseph gave

Dr. Richards two dollars to give the guard, but the guard said one was enough, and would take no more.

"The guard immediately sent for a bottle of wine, pipes and two small papers of tobacco, and one of the guard brought them into the jail soon after the jailer went out. Dr. Richards uncorked the bottle and presented a glass to Joseph, who tasted, as also brother Taylor and the Doctor, and the bottle was given to the guard, who turned to go out. When at the top of the stairs some one below called him two or three times and he went down.

"Immediately there was a little rustling at the outer door of the jail and a cry of surrender, and also a discharge of three or four firearms followed instantly. The Doctor glanced an eye by the curtain of the window, and saw about a hundred armed men about the door."

The following statement by Willard Richards, one of the survivors of the tragedy that followed the events last stated, is probably the most trust-worthy record of the matter extant. It is entitled "Two minutes in jail," and is as follows:

CARTHAGE, June 27th, 1844,

A shower of musket balls were thrown up the stairway against the door of the prison in the second story, followed by many rapid footsteps.

While Generals Joseph and Hyrum Smith, Mr. Taylor and myself, who were in the front chamber, closed the door of our room against the entry at the head of the stairs, and placed ourselves against it, there being no lock on the door, and no catch that was unsealable.

The door is a common panel, and as soon as we heard the feet at the stair-head a ball was sent through the door, which passed between us, and showed that our enemies were desperadoes, and we must change our position.

General Joseph Smith, Mr. Taylor and myself sprang back to the front part of the room, and General Hyrum Smith retreated two-thirds across the chamber, directly in front of and facing the door.

A ball was sent through the door which hit Hyrum on the side of the nose, when he fell backwards, extended at length, without moving his feet.

From the holes in his vest (the day was warm, and no one had their coats on but myself), pantaloons, drawers and shirt, it

appeared evident that a ball must have been thrown from without through the window, which entered his back on the right side, and passed through, lodging against his watch, which was in his right vest pocket, completely pulverizing the crystal and face, tearing off the hands and mashing the whole body of the watch. At the same instant the ball from the door entered his nose.

As he struck the floor he exclaimed emphatically, "I am a dead man." Joseph looked toward him and responded, "Oh, dear! Brother Hyrum," and opened the door two or three inches with his left hand, discharged one barrel of a six-shooter (pistol) at random in the entry, from whence a ball grazed Hyrum's breast, and entering his throat passed into his head, while other muskets were aimed at him and some balls hit him.

Joseph continued snapping his revolver around the casing of the door into the space as before, three barrels of which missed fire, while Mr. Taylor with a walking stick stood by his side and knocked down the bayonets and muskets which were constantly discharging through the doorway, while I stood by him, ready to lend any assistance, with another stick, but could not come within striking distance without going directly before the muzzle of the guns.

When the revolver failed we had no more firearms, and expected an immediate rush of the mob, and the doorway full of muskets, half way in the room, and no hope but instant death from within.

Mr. Taylor rushed into the window, which is some fifteen or twenty feet from the ground. When his body was nearly on a balance a ball from the door within entered his leg, and a ball from without struck his watch, a patent lever, in his vest pocket near the left breast, and smashed it into "pi," leaving the hands standing at 5 o'clock, 16 minutes and 26 seconds, the force of which ball threw him back on the floor, and he rolled under the bed which stood by his side, where he lay motionless, the mob from the door continuing to fire upon him, cutting away a piece of flesh from his left hip as large as a man's hand, and were hindered only by my knocking down their muzzles with a stick, while they continued to reach their guns into the room, probably left handed, and aimed their discharge so far round as almost to

reach us in the corner of the room to where we retreated and dodged, and then I recommenced the attack with my stick.

Joseph attempted as the last resort, to leap the same window from which Mr. Taylor fell, when two balls pierced him from the door and one entered his right breast from without, and he fell outward, exclaiming, "O, Lord, my God!" As his feet went out of the window my head went in, the balls whistling all around. He fell on his left side, a dead man.

At this instant the cry was raised, "He's leaped the window," and the mob on the stairs and in the entry ran out.

I withdrew from the window, thinking it of no use to leap out on a hundred bayonets then around General Smith's body.

Not satisfied with this, I again reached my head out of the window and watched some seconds to see if there were any signs of life, regardless of my own, determined to see the end of him I loved. Being fully satisfied that he was dead, with a hundred men near the body, and more coming round the corner of the jail, and expecting a return to our room, I rushed towards the prison door at the head of the stairs, and through the entry from whence the firing had proceeded, to learn if the doors into the prison were open.

When near the entry Mr. Taylor cried out, "take me." I pressed my way until I found all doors unbarred, returning instantly, caught Mr. Taylor under my arm, and rushed by the stairs into the dungeon, or inner prison, stretched him on the floor, and covered him with a bed in such a manner as not likely to be perceived, expecting an immediate return of the mob.

I said to Mr. Taylor, "This is a hard case to lay you on the floor, but if your wounds are not fatal I want you to live to tell the story." I expected to be shot the next moment, and stood before the door awaiting the onset.

WILLARD RICHARDS.

Upon the tide of grief that swept over Nauvoo, and the consternation that filled the hearts of the mob, when the awful deed became known, we will not dwell. Neither will we attempt to depict that scene of woe which occurred when the bodies of the slain were delivered into the hands of their families.

A whole people had been cruelly,

fiendishly betrayed and bereaved. Awful, beyond the power of words to picture, was the lament.

Thus lived, and labored, and loved, and died the martyr prophet of the Nineteenth Century. Thus flashed athwart the black midnight of his age the light of the latter-days. But the darkness comprehended it not; and even as one of old was he betrayed and sacrificed.

UTAH AND FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

THE *Phrenological Journal* for November, 1870, in its biographical article on "William H. Hooper, the Utah Delegate and Female Suffrage Advocate," says:

Utah is a land of marvels. She gives us, first, polygamy, which seems to be an outrage against "woman's rights," and then offers the nation a "Female Suffrage Bill," at this time in full force within her own borders. Was there ever a greater anomaly known in the history of society? The women in Utah hold political power to-day. They are the first in the nation to whom the functions of the state have been extended, and it is just as consistent to look for a female member of Congress from Utah as a member of Congress sent to Washington by the women's vote. Let the women be once recognized as powers in the state as well as in society and in the church, and their political rights can be extended to any length, according to the temper of the public mind, of which the female element forms so large a part.

There is in our innovative age much discussion on the abstract justice, and also on the practical propriety of extending political power to the women of America; and the women of England have made the same demand in the political motions of our old Saxon fatherland. This may be caused by one of the great impulses of the times, for we are certainly living in an age of impulses. It is, therefore also an age of marvels, not merely in steam and electricity, but in our social states and philosophies of society. Indeed, until modern times, the phrase "social science" was not known; but these new problems and marvels of society have led statesmen and philosophers to recognize a positive "social science," and the term sociology to-day is just as legitimate as the term geology.

And it is very singular that those advanced minds who are beginning to reduce government and the social development to systems of positive philosophy, bring in the function of political power for woman. Of course your political gamblers and legislative charlatans are against the innovations which female suffrage bills would work out in the age; but such philosophical lawgivers of society and government as John Stuart Mill, and also statesmen like Cobden and Bright of England, are contemplating the extension of political power to the women as one of the grand methods for the world's future good.

Our present object is not, however, to contend for the benefits to accrue to society through the agencies of woman brought to bear upon the State, as they have been in the Church and in the general spheres of life, but to note the extraordinary circumstances of political power having been first granted to and exercised by the women of Utah. We see that female suffrage is both accepted and strongly maintained as one of the great social problems of the future, not only to advance the world, but to assert the dignity and cause of womanhood; that it is thus accepted and maintained by the boldest female reformers of America and the great masters of social science in England. That is one side of the case, and in that view we find no subject for astonishment, for the men and women whose very names represent mind in the reform movements of the times will be certain to be found in the vanguard of civilization; but that the women of Utah, who have been considered representatives of womanhood in its degradation, should suddenly be found on the same platform with John Stuart Mill and his sisterhood, is truly a matter for astonishment. And moreover, when we look upon the Mormon "kingdom of God," as the Saints denominate it, as the first nationality in the world which has granted to woman political power and created her the chief part of the State as well as the Church, one cannot but confess that the Mormons in this have stolen a march upon their betters.

Three years ago a friend of the Mormons informed us that the delegate of Utah was in New York, just from Washington, bound for Utah to lay before Brigham Young the extraordinary design

of giving to the women of Mormondom political power. And the circumstance was the more marked from the singular fact that legislative minds, aided by the American press, were proposing just at that time a scheme for Congress to *force* female suffrage upon Utah, to give to the women of that Territory the power to break up the institution of polygamy and emancipate themselves from their supposed serfdom and the degradation of womanhood. This done, the conclusion, of course, was that Mormonism and the Mormons would become converted and transformed into respectable monogamic problems, easy of solution by our multitude of Christian and other civilizing agencies."

The incident referred to in the *Phrenological Journal* relative to William H. Hooper as the Female Suffrage Delegate from Utah, may be supplemented with the narrative itself. Mr. Julian, of Indiana, offered a bill to the House in 1867 in substance, "A Bill to solve the Polygamic Problem." Upon its presentation and announcement, Delegate Hooper immediately called upon Mr. Julian, saying "That bill has a high sounding title. What are its provisions?" He replied simply a bill of one section providing for the enfranchisement of the women of Utah. "Mr. Julian," said the Delegate, "I am in favor of that bill." He inquired, "Do you speak for your own leading men?" Mr. Hooper replied, "I do not; but I know of no reason why they should not also approve of it."

When Mr. Hooper returned to Utah, he held a conversation with President Brigham Young upon this subject. "Brother Hooper," inquired the President, "are you in favor of Female Suffrage?" "I know of no reason why I should not be," he answered. No more was said; but from that time the subject appeared to develop itself in the mind of the President and soon afterwards it was taken up by the Legislative body and passed by an unanimous vote.

This is a striking incident of the practical sagacity of the Mormon Leaders in their questions of politics and reforms. The illustrious Statesman and National Reformer, Charles Sumner, and others nearly as historical and important in National Reforms as he, have confessed their faith in Female Suffrage as a righteous and proper endowment for the

Women of America; but they have not labored in the cause as actively and effectually as they did in the abolition of slavery. Had they done so, several at least of the States, ere this, must have granted Female Suffrage; and Congress itself been shaken to its centre by this great question of the age. But with Brigham Young and our Mormon Legislature, to believe in Female Suffrage was to grant it speedily. Moreover, the practical sagacity of William H. Hooper, in dealing with one of the most difficult questions of modern times, deserves particular emphasis and admiration. To thus boldly accept a measure, offered to Congress from the enemy's side—a measure too in which there is latent the very power which is destined to dispose of this question of Mormon polygamy was a master stroke of diplomacy. It was, indeed, quite a polygamic *coup d'etat*, for it secured the *power of solution* while it leaves to the future itself to determine what the nature of that solution shall be. Female Suffrage may dispose of polygamy on either side according to a judgment maturing by experience. Anti-Mormon Statesmen discerned this and concluded that Female Suffrage would dispense of polygamy immediately by abolishing it; but the Mormons themselves, having absolute faith in their institutions and religion, had no fear of the extension of woman's power in the State, and closed with the enemy's measure and turned to their own political account. It was a fair and conscientious victory. It was a very proper policy, in the first place, for Delegate Hooper to accept the proposition for the enfranchisement of the women of Utah, because it was in itself a just and proper measure; and seeing it has at once given his constituents a political triumph and the Women of Mormondom great importance in the eyes of the Women of America, at the same time that there is still latent in Female Suffrage the final settlement of the polygamic question, his policy is justified in every view of the case as a great State measure.

Our so-called Utah Liberals on the other hand have, from the first, opposed the application of Female Suffrage to this territory. Their sage political argument is primarily based on the fact that Brigham Young and the Priesthood wanted its passage and therefore it ought not to be one of our society measures;—

that they granted it, and therefore it ought not to have been granted and should be abolished. This is political and social wisdom only worthy of contempt.

The plea of these one-sided Liberals involves that the Mormon Leaders granted Female Suffrage to strengthen their own power and to preserve their own institutions, and that the Mormon women generally exercise the suffrage for the same purpose. Certainly, this is the fact. And whose preservation should nearly the entire people of the Territory seek if not their own? and whose rights should free men and women assert if not their own? This is according to the aim of all free and democratic governments.

But the crowning argument of our falsely styled Liberals of Utah is that Female Suffrage will give longer life to polygamy. The answer to this is;—The Women of Utah have the power of their destiny in their own hands and they can use it whenever they please. This is substantially also the answer of the Female Suffrage Leaders throughout America concerning the Mormon Women. It is only in Utah that the Gentile and Liberal sense is so miserably perverted over this matter.

If, with the possession of Female suffrage, and the power of the Utah women to rule their own destiny, polygamy, in the end should prevail, then will the issue be the strongest argument yet given in favor of polygamy. Neither Orson Pratt nor the Revelation itself could possibly afford so strong a defence of the institution if this be the result when Female Suffrage shall have existed among the Mormons for a quarter of a century. It is at once a slander and a shallow judgment to say that the Mormon women, with this power in their hands, will sustain polygamy right or wrong. They will sustain it if right and proper for them; but, if not, they will abolish it, and this, too, by the exercise of the suffrage. The very nature of both questions—that of polygamy and that of Female Suffrage—is such that, if wrong for the woman, they could not possibly co-exist; for both, strange to say, are the supreme questions of woman, brought into one grand solution. If they have no natural harmony, they must soon conflict,—at least with the daughters if not with the mothers,—and with such conflict polygamy would be overthrown, for Female suffrage is the all-powerful dis-

poser of the case. Polygamy has been the cross of the majority of the women concerned; whereas, Female Suffrage is woman's triumph. It has been one of the greatest social marvels of the Nineteenth Century that polygamy was ever introduced among the Anglo-American women. To say, therefore, that the Mormon women are not yet educated up to the issue of polygamy with Female Suffrage, is to talk wide of the facts and the lesson of their lives. The Mothers and their Daughters will together dispose of the case; and they will do it rightly from the inevitable law which will control the question to its finality. The mothers may not dispose of it during their life-time, but the daughters will after them, and that by their mothers' advice and upon the ground of their mothers' experience; and as the daughters must, in the order of things, soon become the ruling factors in the case, the solid and lasting judgment of the Mormon woman on polygamy must also speedily come. If polygamy prevails in the next generation, co-existent with Female Suffrage, then we shall have a new problem of the human family in the world, and no power of Governments can hinder its growth!

Utah, then, is the very place of all others where Female Suffrage should be tested. If it is sound here, it must of necessity be sound and effectual everywhere; for here is the most difficult woman's case in the world. It is but a poor compliment to the Leaders of Female Suffrage in America to say that women anywhere will betray their own cause by the very exercise of Female Suffrage. It would argue such a radical caprice in womankind that they ought never to be trusted with Female Suffrage. The power being granted to them, they would be the greatest danger to our American commonwealth and also to our American civilization; for their pernicious influence and caprice would prevail everywhere. But the sense of the age on this question, and upon woman herself, is all to the contrary.

The Women of America stand by the Mormon women in their question of Female Suffrage. This will be seen in the following report of the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association, read at the Opera House, Detroit, Mich., October 13th, 1874.

"During the session of Congress we spent some time in the capital, proposing to work for the enfranchisement of the women of the District of Columbia and of the territories; but finding that Congress was more likely to disfranchise the women who already possessed this right, than to enfranchise others, our efforts were used, as far as possible, to prevent this backward step.

"Had we been a voter, we might have had less trouble to convince some of our friends in this affair.

"Several bills were introduced, any one of which, if it became a law, would have disfranchised the women of Utah.

"The McKee bill had been referred to the House Committee on Territories. While the subject was under discussion in the committee, by invitation of the members, on two occasions, we stated our views. One of the members, before the committee convened, gave his reason for favoring the passage of the bill.

"The woman's vote sustains polygamy,' said he, 'and to destroy that, I would take the right of suffrage from every woman in the territory.'

"Would it do that?' we enquired.

"I think it would."

"Did polygamy exist in the territory before the women voted?"

"Oh! yes."

"Have you ever had the privilege of voting against it?"

"No; that has never been made an issue; but they voted to send a polygamist to Congress,"

"Did any man vote for him?"

"Yes, more than eleven thousand men, and ten thousand women."

"How many voted for the opposing candidate?"

"Something less than two thousand men and women together."

"You intend to disfranchise the men who voted for this man?"

"Oh! no."

"Then the polygamists can still come to Congress by a majority of five to one.' Though this was true, he seemed to think it very wrong to disfranchise the men.

"How many of the committee reasoned as this one did, we are unable to say, but the majority wished to disfranchise the women, as they returned the bill to the House with the obnoxious sections unchanged. The friends of woman, by their honest work, prevented action be-

ing taken on the bill, and perhaps saved the country the disgrace of having done such a great wrong, which it could not soon have undone. There was something more vital to the well-being of the nation in this, than some of our legislators were willing to admit. Had they passed this act they would probably have laid the foundation for the ruin of the nation. If Congress has the power to disfranchise one class, it undoubtedly has the power to disfranchise another, and what freeman in such a case is secure in his rights?

"Similar bills were before the Senate and House Judiciary Committees.

"The question came: Where shall we look for help among those in power? To the true, the trusted and the tried. To those of the grandest intellect and the purest heart. To the friends of the weak and the oppressed. Our appeal shall be made to the highest, to the honorable and most honored Charles Sumner. He cordially granted us a hearing. When we stated the object of our visit, he quietly remarked, 'You have come to the wrong person. I have no influence with these men.'

"After talking some time on the subject, he said, 'I should hesitate to take this right from any who now possess it. I will go farther; I would be willing to grant it to those who have it not.' He afterwards remarked, 'I shall investigate this matter thoroughly.'

"The bill passed the Senate last year, and many good men voted for it,' we said.

"He kindly apologized for their action, in these words: 'They did not fully realize the nature of the bill; they had not examined it carefully.'

"Had it deprived them, or any class of men, of the right to vote, would they have realized what it meant, and voted differently?' we inquired.

"In that case they would doubtless have had sharp eyes to note all its defects,' he answered, with a smile. 'I did not vote on it. I was sick in bed at the time. Have you seen Mr. Frelinghuysen in reference to this?' was the next inquiry.

"We have not. It seems useless. A man who would frame such a bill would not be likely to change it.'

"But we followed his advice, saw Mr. Frelinghuysen, Mr. Edmunds and others.

Mr. Frelinghuysen declared he would not change his bill however much he might be abused.

"Two days after we again met Mr. Sumner and stated the results of our efforts.

"In closing this second interview Mr. Sumner said, 'I will present to the Senate any memorial or petition you may wish, and then refer it to the Judiciary Committee. That is the best way to do.'

"His farewell words were: 'Whether you succeed or not, I wish you all well.'

"Just three weeks from the day of our last conversation with Mr. Sumner, his work on earth ceased, and the cause of justice lost a grand friend. On the morning of February 20th we handed him a suffrage memorial, which he presented to the Senate, requesting that it be referred to the Judiciary Committee, which was almost his last official act."

The women of Utah were not disfranchised. Doubtless this was chiefly owing to the searching and logical editorials of the *Woman's Journal*, which placed the subject in its true light before the people, together with the action of the advocates of woman suffrage in New England, New York, Pennsylvania and other States. Miss Mary F. Eastman, in her report to the New York Association, said: "When the bill, disfranchising the women of Utah, came before Congress, our representatives were promptly petitioned to use their influence against the measure."

And thus have the American Women done to this day. The attempt is in vain to wrest Female suffrage from the hands of the Women of Utah. Were any Congress to do it, that Congress would be covered with shame and its name would go down to infamy. Surely this certain result should of itself be a lesson to our Utah Liberals. The question of Female Suffrage is the greatest question of its kind in the age; and, as we see by the status of England as well as of America in this matter, the age and the Anglo-American people are prepared for it, the world cannot wait the will and pleasure of one-sided Anti-Mormon Liberals in Utah.

The following is the Female Suffrage Bill in question:

AN ACT, *giving woman the elective franchise in the Territory of Utah.*

SEC. I. Be it enacted by the Governor and the Legislative Assembly of Utah, that every woman of the age of twenty-

one years, who has resided in this Territory six months next preceding any general or special election, born or naturalized in the United States, or who is the wife, or widow, or daughter of a naturalized citizen of the United States, shall be entitled to vote at any election in this territory.

SEC. 2. All laws or parts of laws, conflicting with this act, are hereby repealed.

Approved Feb. 12, 1870.

Since the grant of woman suffrage the women of Utah have exercised the ballot repeatedly in their municipal and territorial elections. Moreover, within that time, they have voted upon the constitution for the "State of Deseret," which will doubtless be substantially the one under which the territory will be admitted into the Union. Female suffrage was one of the planks of that constitution. It will become a part of the organic act of the future State. No Congress will dare to expunge it, for such an attempt would bring a million of the women of America into an organized movement against the Congress that should dare array itself against this grand charter of woman's freedom.

To-day, fifty thousand Mormon women are organized under the leadership of such women as Eliza R. Snow, Zina D. Young, Mrs. M. T. Horne, Mrs. Sarah Kimball, Mrs. Emiline B. Wells, of the *Woman's Exponent*, Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Phoebe Woodruff. These are all strong representative women, in whose hands the case may be safely trusted. They are all earnest Godfearing women and they are leading the Mormon women right, be the final result what it may. They hold their Woman's Conferences and have developed a woman's-power to which the entire world can furnish no equal example. More than to any other, this triumph belongs to Eliza R. Snow. She has fostered the female organizations of the Church for over forty years, and what were originally mere Female Relief Societies have grown into a mighty woman's organization with Female Suffrage in its hand. There is no power to-day in Utah equal to it. And with Eliza R. Snow, William H. Hooper comes in for the next place of honor. It may yet be generally confessed that Female Suffrage is the proper monument of William H. Hooper's life.

ELIZA R. SNOW.

IT was about the year of our Lord 1806 that Oliver Snow, a native of Massachusetts, and his wife, R. L. Pettibone Snow, of Connecticut, moved with their children to that section of the State of Ohio bordering on Lake Erie on the north and the State of Pennsylvania on the east, known then as the "Connecticut Western Reserve." They purchased land and settled in Mantua, Portage county.

Eliza R. Snow, who was the second of seven children, four daughters and three sons, one of whom is the accomplished apostle Lorenzo Snow, was born in Becket, Berkshire county, Mass., January 21st, 1804. Her parents were of English descent; their ancestors were among the earliest settlers of New England.

Although a farmer by occupation, Oliver Snow performed much public business, officiating in several responsible positions. His daughter Eliza, being ten years the senior of her eldest brother, so soon as she was competent, was employed as secretary in her father's office.

She was skilled in various kinds of needlework and home manufactures. Two years in succession she drew the prize awarded by the committee on manufactures, at the county fair, for the best manufactured leghorn.

When quite young she commenced writing for publication in various journals, which she continued to do for several years, over assumed signatures,—wishing to be useful as a writer, and yet unknown except by intimate friends.

"During the contest between Greece and Turkey," she says, "I watched with deep interest the events of the war, and after the terrible destruction of Missolonghi, by the Turks, I wrote an article entitled 'The Fall of Missolonghi.' Soon after its publication, the deaths of Adams and Jefferson occurred on the same memorable fourth of July, and I was requested through the press, to write their requiem, to which I responded, and found myself ushered into conspicuity. Subsequently I was awarded eight volumes of 'Godey's Lady's Book,' for a first prize poem published in one of the journals."

The classical reader will remember how the struggle between Greece and Turkey stirred the soul of Byron. That immortal poet was not a saint but he was a great patriot and fled to the help of Greece.

Precisely the same chord that was struck in the chivalrous mind of Lord Byron was struck in the Hebraic soul of Eliza R. Snow. It was the chord of the heroic and the antique.

Our Hebraic heroine is even more sensitive to the heroic and patriotic than to the poetic,—at least she has most self-gratification in lofty and patriotic themes.

"That men are born poets," she continues, "is a common adage. *I was born a patriot*,—at least a warm feeling of patriotism inspired my childish heart, and mingled in my earliest thoughts, as evinced in many of the earliest productions of my pen. I can even now recollect how, with beating pulse and strong emotion I listened when but a small child, to the tales of the revolution.

"My grandfather on my mother's side, when fighting for the freedom of our country, was taken prisoner by British troops, and confined in a dreary cell, and so scantily fed that when his fellow-prisoner by his side died from exhaustion, he reported him to the jailor as sick in bed, in order to obtain the amount of food for both,—keeping him covered in their blankets as long as he dared to remain with a decaying body.

"This, with many similar narratives of revolutionary sufferings recounted by my grand-parents, so deeply impressed my mind, that as I grew up to womanhood I fondly cherished a pride for the flag which so proudly waved over the graves of my brave ancestors."

It was the poet's soul of this illustrious Mormon woman that first enchanted the Church with inspired song, and her Hebraic faith and life have given something of their peculiar tone to the entire Mormon people and especially the sisterhood; just as Joseph Smith and Brigham Young gave the types and institutions to our modern Israel.

Sister Eliza R. Snow was born with more than the poet's soul. She was a prophetess in her very nature,—endowed thus by her Creator, before her birth. Her gifts are of race quality rather than of mere religious training or growth. They have come down to her from the ages. From her personal race indications, as well as from the whole tenor and mission of her life, she would readily be pronounced to be of Hebrew origin. One might very well fancy her to be a descendant of David himself, indeed the



Elizabeth H. Thomas



Eliza R. Snow.

Eng'd by E. D. Hall & Sons 13 Parsonage, N. Y.

Prophet Joseph, in blessing her, pronounced her to be a daughter of Judah's royal house. She understands, nearly to perfection, all of the inner views of the system and faith which she represents. And the celestial relations and action of the great Mormon drama, in other worlds, and in the "eternities past and to come," have constituted her most familiar studies and been in the rehearsals of her daily ministry.

Inspired by the mystic memories of the past, Eliza R. Snow has made popular in the worship of the saints a knowledge of the grand family, in our *primeval spirit-home*. The following gem, which opens the first volume of her poems, will give at once a rare view of the spiritual type of the High Priestess of the Mormon Church, and of the divine drama of Mormonism itself. It is entitled, "Invocation; or, the Eternal Father and Mother."

Oh! my Father, thou that dwellest
In the high and holy place;
When shall I regain thy presence,
And again behold thy face?

In thy glorious habitation,
Did my spirit once reside?
In my first primeval childhood,
Was I nurtured by thy side?

For a wise and glorious purpose,
Thou hast placed me here on earth;
And withheld the recollection
Of my former friends and birth.

Yet oft-times a secret something,
Whisper'd, "You're a stranger here;"
And I felt that I had wandered
From a more exalted sphere.

I had learned to call thee Father,
Through thy spirit from on high;
But until the key of knowledge
Was restored, I knew not why.

In the heavens are parents single?
No; the thought makes reason stare;
Truth is reason; truth eternal
Tells me I've a Mother there.

When I leave this frail existence—
When I lay this mortal by,
Father, Mother, may I meet you
In your royal court on high?

Then at length, when I've completed
All you sent me forth to do,
With your mutual approbation,
Let me come and dwell with you.

ALFRED AND THE SAXON CIVILIZATION.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY ILLUSTRATED IN
ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

HERE we come to the very best type of civilized man, and the most exalted Christian that the middle ages produced. Born in barbaric times, it is surprising to find how little of the barbarian there was in Alfred. His intellectual tone of mind, and the truly Christian spirit which he sought to inculcate, is in happy concord with the enlightened and advanced views of modern times. We can endorse nearly all of Alfred's philosophic conceptions of religion to-day, and his state policy and illustration of just Monarchical economy stand out as the brightest example in the history of kings. James Stuart's execrable economy of kingcraft and divine right of princes is put to shame by the enlightened views of the great Saxon lawgiver. He conceived the grand thought that to be truly great was to be truly good, and that goodness should be the attribute of the king preeminently. This goodness was his highest divine right to reign over his fellows. The king must be a father to his people or he was no proper king. This view of

the Saxon lawgiver has a very touching and practical illustration in his counsel to his son and successor, Edward, just before his death.

"Thou, my dear son," said this wise man, "sit thee now beside me, and I will deliver thee two instructions. My son, I feel that my hour is coming. My countenance is wan. My days are almost done. We must now part. I shall to another world and thou shalt be left alone in all my wealth. I pray thee (for thou art my dear child), strive to be a father and a lord to thy people. Be thou the children's father and the widow's friend. Comfort thou the poor and shelter the weak; and, with all thy might, right that which is wrong. And, son, govern thyself by law; then shall the Lord love thee, and God, above all things, be thy reward. Call thou upon Him to advise thee in all thy need, and so shall He help thee, the better to compass that which thou wouldst."

Here is political wisdom of the very highest order. No kingcraft is in this. It is sound state-policy grandly noble in its philosophy of a sovereign's duties and

supremely touching in its beautiful simplicity.

Alfred's conceptions are purely Saxon. There is no priestly mysticism of divine right, but a thorough English view of religion and human liberties. Indeed we see how natural it is for that nation which brought forth an Alfred to also bring forth constitutional governments, and lastly republican institutions. Alfred is no accident of his race, but its legitimate offspring, and his genius and character are English to the last degree. He is, moreover, Protestant as much so as Oliver Cromwell, John Milton and the rest of the Puritan demolishers of kingcraft of England and America. His legacy of wisdom to his son Edward, as well as the literary and philosophical fragments which he has left, manifest that healthy simplicity so characteristic of Protestantism in its religious and political economies. That grand mysticism of the Romish priesthood, which awed nations and reduced them to mental and spiritual servitude is altogether un-English and un-American; and that it is so, we have simply to go back a thousand years to Alfred to find the proof thereof. George Washington himself was not a better illustration that the Saxon race is in its genius both Protestant and republican than was the immortal lawgiver of England. Absolutism and despotism are as unnatural to it, as kingcraft must ever be to the American mind. This race is, therefore, the proper parent of liberties and human progress, as much in its own essential nature and genius as it has been in the actual facts of history.

Mark how the great Alfred places the law above kings: "And, son, govern thyself by law." Here is the opposite conception to that blasphemous assumption, "The king can do no wrong." "The law is not made for kings." "The king is above the law!" Such doctrines are monstrous even in barbarous ages but they are supremely repulsive when attempted to be applied in modern times. They have cursed the world for ages and would curse the world for ages yet to come, were they still maintained. But they are irreconcilable with the Saxon genius, whether applied in the Church or state, and Alfred only anticipated a universal sentiment of his race when he placed the law of right and truth above the throne.

On the other hand Charlemagne, in working out the new civilization of the world, was a necessity to Popes; but Alfred the Great had a higher character and a diviner mission. He was a necessity to Christ, for he was more like Christ in his genius and nature than Charlemagne. The one gave the imperial tone to the world, and it was warlike and barbaric;—it was more than up to the state of popes, but nowhere near the state of Jesus; but Alfred gave the world its christianizing and humanizing tone. The one was something of a Cæsar, and though he blended the priest with the king, which made him also something of a David, he better illustrated the imperial potency of a Christendom, than its divine spirit of love and its ultimate aims—human good; but Alfred was truly an apostle of humanity. As a lawgiver he was the prophet of constitutional rights both for subjects and rulers, and, as the king, he was a witness that the sovereign should be a father to his people. That part of civilization, then foreshadowed in Alfred the great, was a radical necessity, not only in the Christian economy, but also in human development. This is a necessity independent of Christ, though since He has come, we take him as the type of all the ultimates of good ordained for man.

Alfred, and the part of civilization which he represents, we consider, belong to the advanced conditions of the race. He is, very properly, raised up by Providence after Charlemagne, for, though we do not claim for him any preordinations, nor imagine that any of these great men of history are brought up by Heaven in a special and definite design, yet the course of human progress casts them up on the surface of events, and, in a general sense, the time may be said to bring forth the men. Alfred and a Saxon race were among the world's necessities; and a Saxon race have been among the mightiest and most blessed facts of history. Without them, indeed, Christ and his civilization would not stand to-day where now they stand. Charlemagne and the French nation could no more have filled in the better part of human progress and brought forth a Protestant Christianity than did Napoleon and his grand army of conquest. That part specially belonged to the nation which brought forth an Alfred and a George Washington; for.

though separated by ages, these two men and their works were the natural outgrowths and manifestation of the Saxon people and genius.

More than to any other nation we believe that Providence gave to England and, after her, to America—the lands of Alfred and Washington—the mission to work out human liberties and a Protestant Christianity. And, just at this point we are brought to the difference between a philosophical infidelity to which France and Germany have come from despotic forms of Church and State and that enlightened faith which always characterized England and America. The continent of Europe, in embracing Christianity, received it more in the grandeur of ancient superstitions and priestly mysticism belonging to heathenism rather than in that beautiful simplicity of a divine spirit and principle exemplified in Jesus and the fishermen of Gallilee. Indeed the Roman and the Grecian genius which in former civilizations had received the finest elaborations both imperially and intellectually, had demanded, as a necessary condition of acceptance, a Christianity as imposing as the Roman empire, and as captivating as Grecian philosophy and art. A magnificent Priesthood was, therefore, necessary, and a magnificent religion, with its *trappings* and *tinsel*. Charlemagne rising up, after the dissolution of the Roman empire, as the successor of the Cæsar's rule and the Cæsar's mission, both to the nations and to the Churches perpetuated the genius of empire and Christianity blended, and continental Europe was typed with absolutisms both of Church and State. To the Roman form of civilization represented by Charlemagne and his successors in conjunction with popedom, there was needed another form to balance the world, and finally to save it by securing to it human liberties and the simplicity of the Christian spirit and principle. That better form was the Protestant or Saxon, which is very much the same in effect, and nationally—not ecclesiastically speaking—Alfred the Great and George Washington are the two proper types—the one the beginning, the other the culmination. From Alfred to Washington, the genius which inspired them, as the two "Fathers of their country," has traveled persistently to human liberties and a broad vigorous Christianity, which has much of faith but

little of priestcraft and absolutism in it. On the other hand, from the successors of Charlemagne and the successors of St. Peter, have come absolutisms of Church and State, which, finding an explosion—not a solution—in the revolutions of modern times, loses religious faith in German mysticism and French infidelity. These are the issues of two civilizations—the Catholic and the Protestant—the absolute and the republican. Let us go back to the writings of the great Saxon lawgiver, and see how much like a republican George Washington he evolved his economy of government, and how much like a Puritan he manifested Christianity. Here is Alfred's exposition of divine right,—it is that of goodness:

"If then it should ever happen, as it very seldom happens, that power and dignity come to good men, and to wise ones, what is there then worth liking but the goodness and dignity of these persons: of the good king, not of the power? Hence power is never a good, unless he be good that has it; and that is the good of the man, not of the power. If power be goodness, it is so far this, that no man by his dominion comes to the virtues, and to merit; but by his virtues and merit he comes to dominion and power. Thus no man is better for his power, but if he be good, it is from his virtues that he is good. From his virtues he becomes worthy of power if he be worthy of it."

This is eminently republican in principle and strikingly illustrative of the Saxon or Protestant conception of Christianity as far back as Alfred himself, and that simple thought that good was the only divinity either in Church or State, in after ages led the men of England under Cromwell to demolish kingcraft and priestcraft with one mighty blow; since which, the Saxon race have never fairly set either up again. The following is another passage from Alfred, expressive of his views and feelings as a king, and containing an allusion to his hesitation in accepting the crown of England:

"O Reason, thou knowest that covetousness and the possession of this earthly power, I did not well like, nor strongly desired at all this earthly kingdom, but, oh! I desired materials for the work that I was commanded to do. This was that I might unfractiously and becomingly steer and rule the power that was com-

mitted to me. * * * *

These are the materials of a king's work, and his tools to govern with; that he have his land fully peopled; that he should have prayer-men and army-men and workmen. * * * *

For this purpose I desired materials to employ that power with, that my skill and power might not be given up and concealed. But every virtue and every power will soon become oldened and silenced if they be without wisdom. Therefore no man can bring forth any virtue without wisdom, hence whatsoever is done through folly, man can never make that to be virtue.

This I can now truly say, that *I have desired to live worthily while I lived, and after my life to leave to the men that should be after me my remembrance in good works.*"

Here is another passage from the literary works of the English lawgiver, upon the equality of men and what constitutes nobility.

"What ! all men have a like beginning; because they all come of one father and mother. They are all yet born alike. This is no wonder; because God alone is the father of all creatures. He made them all and governs all. He gave us the sun's light, and the moon, and placed all the stars. He created men on the earth. He has connected the soul and the body by His power, and made all men equally noble in their first nature. Why, then, do ye arrogate over other men for your birth without works? Now you can find none unnoble. But all are equally noble, if you will think of your beginning, creation, and the Creator, and afterwards to your own nativity; yet the right nobility is in the mind. It is not in the flesh as we said before. But every man that is at all subjected to his vices, forsakes his Creator and his nobility; and thence becomes more ignoble than if he were not nobly born."

Alfred entertained the very lofty view that no nation could be great whose subjects did not possess the fullest extent of constitutional liberties, and pursuing the same vein of philosophic logic, no king could be truly great, who governed a servile people. So impressed was he with this judgment that he has applied it to God to affirm his wise policy in permitting man to do good or evil, inferring that even God could be only truly great

in ruling over free men. The passage is in the form of dialogue.

"I said, 'I am sometimes very much disturbed.' Quoth he, 'At what?' I answered:

"'It is at this which thou sayest, that God gives to everyone freedom to do evil as well as good, whichsoever he will.' *

"'Then,' quoth he, 'I may very easily answer thee this remark. How would I now look to you, if there were any very powerful king, and he had no freemen in all his kingdom, but that all were slaves?'

"'Then,' said I, 'It would not be thought by me right, nor also reasonable, if servile men only should attend upon me.'

"'Then,' quoth he, 'It would be more unnatural, if God in all his kingdom, had no free creatures under his power. Therefore he made two rational creatures free; angels and men. He gave them the great gift of freedom. Hence they could do evil as well as good, whichsoever they would. He gave this very fixed gift, and a very fixed law with that gift to every man unto his end.' "

Thus we see that Alfred the Great was eminently Protestant and republican in his conceptions of religion and State government. The nation which brought forth an Alfred was certain to enlarge human liberties, and in time, work out a Christianity which should embody the noble simplicity of the spirit and gospel of Jesus, stripped of all mysticism and priestcraft. And thus it has been. Protestant constitutional monarchy came first, and then in America, the still grander exposition of Protestant republicanism. Alfred the great and George Washington are at length on one platform.

Alfred ascended the throne at the period when the Saxon Heptarchy was expiring, and the Dutch invaders contended with the Saxon possessors for the dominion. Britain had been divided under eight Anglo-Saxon governments, and the island was, therefore, ruled by an Octarchy, though the Heptarchy—or the seven governments—is the most familiar historical denomination.

And here, with the ascension of Alfred the Great and the Danish invasion, we are brought at once to a very interesting consideration in the growth of England, and the development of her Commonwealth. We see the nation which was

destined to play the most important part in the history of the world, passing from its semi-barbaric state, into one of consolidated empire, which, had it not done, England could never largely have contributed to the world's civilization. Ancient Britain had been divided under its petty kings and chiefs, and even to the ascension of Alfred, England had not assumed the form of a capital kingdom, but was portioned out between a number of Saxon Princes, who had by their pre-eminence and wars among themselves, set up their respective governments. France, it will be seen, had therefore the start of several centuries before England in her imperial course, under the first dynasty of Clovis, and afterwards that of the family of Charlemagne; but while the huge empire of Charles the Great broke up into smaller empires, kingdoms and dukedoms, represented in Germany and France, from the day that the Saxon Heptarchy, or more correctly the Octarchy, was succeeded by Alfred's consolidated kingdom, England has traveled to *unity*, until at last it culminated in the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. This may be accounted for partially by the peculiar genius of England and her commonwealth, which binds law and order with a supreme love of liberties. England is revolutionary and progressive by her very genius and constitution, and not by diseased epidemics, consequently she has traveled to an imperial unity from the day that Alfred became the father of the English nation, while France and Germany have reached all its forms of popular government through volcanic irruptions. Indeed, the passage of Great Britain into a modern republic would be as legitimate a development as her passage from a hereditary kingdom into a constitutional elective monarchy, she having already elected William, Prince of Orange, Queen Ann and the Hanoverian dynasty, after the great revolution which threw James Stuart from the British throne.

The great English unity was brought about by the famous invasion of the Danes; and with the rising of Alfred, the Providence of the world shows two phases—a nation destined to lead the vanguard of civilization, forced to consolidated empire by fierce invasions, and the raising up of a man worthy to found an empire,

and to infuse into it a genius compatible with our modern forms.

Ethelred, King of Wessex, was mortally wounded in his battles against the invaders, and Alfred, by his brother's death was elevated to the throne of Wessex. Ethelred left children, but the critical state of the country induced his Earls to choose his brother Alfred to succeed him.

During the first year of Alfred's reign, as King of Wessex, a succession of the fiercest conflicts took place between his army and the Northmen. The west Saxons fought eight pitched battles with the invaders, many thousands of whom fell, but new fleets of them perpetually swarmed on the German Ocean, and poured upon England the invading tide. It was now fairly a war between the two people for the occupation of the land, and within a month after the accession of Alfred, the Danes, in his absence, vanquished his troops at Wilton. This made the ninth great battle fought in West Saxony during the year. Alfred now made peace with the enemy, and they quitted his dominions.

For the first seven years of Alfred's reign, England saw a succession of great struggles, with short cessations of hostilities between the invading Danes and the Saxon possessors for the occupation of the country. During this period, Alfred by no means won his immortality, nor fulfilled the promise which his valiant conduct gave in the reign of his brother, Ethelred. Then came that famous historical episode in his life, when he lost his kingdom, and became a fugitive in his own land. But the sequel brought forth Alfred purified and ennobled, and gave to him the dominion of all England. It was not until after he was an outlaw, that he merited his title of the Great king, and the father of his nation.

The "locusts of the Baltic" in the words of the old chroniclers, having spread themselves over a part of the kingdom of Mercia, being joined by new swarms, advanced into Wessex, and next took possession of Chippenham, in Wiltshire. At this formidable invasion, the inhabitants fled to other regions; some passing over to France, while the country generally submitted to the invaders, and Alfred himself became a fugitive.

This part of English history has been a marvel to the chroniclers; for Alfred

seems neither to have played a worthy part, nor his countrymen a very heroic one in submitting, almost without resistance, to the invaders. The cause is supposed to have been chiefly from some grave faults of the Saxon monarch in his early reign. Assar, his loving tutor and biographer confesses his royal master's sin. He says:—

“We believe that this adversity occurred to the king not undeservedly. Because in the first part of his reign, when he was a young man, and governed by a youthful mind; when the men of his kingdom, and his subjects came to him and besought his aid in their necessities; when they were depressed by the powerful, and implored his aid and patronage; he would not hear them, nor afford them any assistance, but treated them as of no estimation. Saint Neot, who was then living, his relation, deeply lamented this, and foretold that the greatest adversity would befall him. But Alfred paid no attention to his admonitions, and treated the prediction with disdain.” Assar further says: “The Lord permitted him to be often wearied by his enemies, afflicted by adversity, and to be depressed *by the contempt of his people.*”

The following incidents of Alfred's great humiliation in the loss of his kingdom, and fugitive life, we quote from writings about contemporary with the Saxon lawgiver. The author of the life of St. Neot, written in Alfred's time, speaking of the meeting of the invaders and the English, says of Alfred, that when the Danish army approached:—“He was soon lost, he took flight, and left all his warriors, and his commanders, and all his people, his treasures and his treasure vessels, and preserved his life. He went hiding over hedges and ways, woods and wilds, till through divine guidance he came safe to the isle of Athelney.” Matthew of Westminster continuing the subject says:—

“In the exteme borders of the English people towards the west, there is a place called Æthelingeie, or the isle of the nobles. It is surrounded by marshes, and so inaccessible that no one can get to it but by a small vessel. It has a great wood of alders, which contains stags and goats, and many animals of that kind. Its solid earth is scarcely two acres in breadth. Alfred having left the few fellow soldiers whom he had, that he might

be concealed from his enemies, sought this place alone, where, seeing the hut of an unknown person, he turned to it, asked and received a shelter. For some days, he remained there as a guest and in poverty, and contented with the fewest necessities. But the king, being asked who he was and what he sought in such a desert place, answered that he was one of the king's thegns, had been conquered with him in a battle, and flying from his enemies had reached that place. The herdsman believing his words, and moved with pity, carefully supplied him with the necessities of life.”

The famous incident of King Alfred burning the loaves, with the scolding he received from the herdsman's wife, is thus described by Assar, Alfred's friend and tutor:—

“He lived an unquiet life there, at his cowherd's. It happened that on a certain day the rustic wife of this man prepared to bake her bread. The king, sitting then near the hearth, was making ready his bow and arrows, and other warlike instruments, when the ill-tempered woman beheld the loaves burning at the fire. She ran hastily and removed them, scolding the king, and exclaiming, “You man! you will not turn the bread you see burning, but you will be very glad to eat it when done.” This unlucky woman little thought she was addressing the king, Alfred.”

We are told that the munificent Alfred afterwards rewarded his peasant host, whose name was Denulf. Observing him to be a man of capacity, the royal prophet of our Saxon civilization advised the peasant to apply his mind to learning and to assume the ecclesiastical profession: he did so, and the king made him his bishop of Winchester, which position he held till his death in 909. The fullest account of Alfred in his little island of refuge, when he began to rise above his abject state, to assert his heroic character, is left by the Abbot of Croyland, who says:—

“The king, overwhelmed with the disgrace of poverty and dejection, and instead of his royal palace being confined to a vile hovel, was one day casually recognized by some of his people, who, being dispersed, and flying all round, stopped where he was. An eager desire then arose both in the king and his knights to devise a remedy for their fugitive condition.

"In a few days they constructed a place of defense as well as they could; and here recovering a little of his strength, and comforted by the protection of his few friends, he began to move in warfare against his enemies. His companions were very few in number, compared with the barbarian multitude; nor could they on the first day, or by their first attacks, obtain any advantages; yet they neither quitted the foe nor submitted to their defeats; but, supported by the hope of victory, as their small number gradually increased, they renewed their efforts, and made one battle but the preparation for another.

"Sometimes conquerors, and sometimes conquered, they learnt to overcome time by chances, and chance by time. The king, both when he failed and when he was successful, preserved a cheerful countenance, and supported his friends by his example."

Alfred and his companions, in their little island of refuge led an uncertain and unquiet life, obtaining their subsistence by plunder, hunting or fishing in the adjoining districts. With his small force, Alfred constantly harrassed the Danish army, when he found any of their camps or companies exposed. Whether victorious or repulsed by an overwhelming force, he always retreated with such celerity to his unknown asylum, as to baffle his pursuers, and soon he was found again harrassing the enemy in some distant quarter. "By day and by night," says the historian, "at dawn, and in the evening twilight, from woods and marshes, he was ever rushing on the Northmen, with all the advantage of selection and surprise." By these expeditions, Alfred inured himself to war, obtained a knowledge of the country, won the hearts of his followers, gathered recruits to his standard, revived the spirit of the country, and made himself a skilful general.

A touching incident is told of Alfred during his residence in his fenny isle. His troop was abroad on one of their expeditions, but Alfred was at home with his queen and one thegn. As was his custom, he was reading the Holy Scripture, which he would vary with reading the annals of his country, and the actions of illustrious men. While thus engaged, a feeble knock and a cry of hunger was heard at his gate from one of his people.

Alfred laid down his book and called his thegn to give the poor claimant some food, but the thegn found only one loaf and a little wine in their store. But the good king, who had now resolved to be the father of his people, divided a pittance between his family, and gave the rest to the mendicant; the beggar for once had the share of a king.

Alfred had been in his retreat six months when he resolved to surprise the main army of the Danes, which still continued in Wiltshire, encamped under Bratton-hill at Eddendun near Westbury. Having resolved to inspect the camp of the enemy, he assumed the character of a harper, and thus disguised, he went to the Danish camp. His early love of Saxon poetry and music stood him in good service now. His executions on the harp and fine singing excited the admiration of the Danish soldiers, and he was placed at their king's table to enchant him and his officers by his vocal and harp performances. Here he heard the conversation of the Danish chief and his officers, and while in the encampment, observed the position of the enemy. His bold design accomplished, he quitted the Danish camp without molestation and returned in safety to his little isle of refuge.

It was Whitsuntide when Alfred returned from the Danish camp, and he immediately sent messengers to his friends in Wiltshire, Hampshire, and Somersetshire, announcing his existence. He instructed them to collect their followers and meet him in arms on the east of Selwood Forest. The Anglo-Saxons rallied at the call of their fugitive king: England lived again. The heavens were also busy. His relative, St. Neot, appeared to Alfred in vision, promising him both assistance and great success. The circumstance of this vision was communicated to the Saxons, who were by it greatly encouraged.

On the third day of the gathering of the Anglo-Saxons, Alfred marched his new raised army to Æcylea and seized an adjoining hill. Æcylea is supposed to have been near Warminster, in Wiltshire, but there are various conjectures upon the point. Here they encamped that night, near the enemy, and in the morning they advanced rapidly to a place then called Ethandune, where the Danish army overspread the plain. Here

Alfred halted and addressed his soldiers, reminding them that they were about to combat for the deliverance of their country. When he had concluded, the Anglo-Saxons advanced upon their enemies with such celerity, that the Danes, who seem to have been surprised by the sudden rallying of the English, were thrown into disorder by the impetuous charge. It is said that, seeing a standard-bearer leading on one of his divisions with great valor, Alfred pointed him out to his warriors as St. Neot himself at their head; which belief made his soldiers, heroes. The Saxons won the battle, drove the Northmen to their fortress, and besieged them. The strength of Alfred daily increased, cutting off all hope from the Danish chieftains, who, subdued by famine and cold and imprisoned by the siege, humbly supplicated the mercy of their conquerer. Thus, after a doubtful struggle of twelve years, between the Sea kings of the North, and the Anglo-Saxon kings who divided England between them, Alfred, king of Wessex, conquered the most formidable invasion that ever swept over a nation. In his moment of triumph, this great prince conceived the splendid policy of incorporating the Danes as part of the English nation, making Godrun, the Danish king, his ally. The Northmen were pagans and pirate kings of the sea, but the Saxon prince converted them to agriculture, civilization and Christianity. In a few weeks after their defeat, Godrun and his chiefs were baptized, Alfred standing as godfather to the Danish king, who was baptized into Christianity by the name of Ethelstan. England was divided now between two great powers; the Danes and the Saxons, both of whom must, from this incorporation, be considered natives of the land—both now Englishmen, who together formed that mighty kingdom which for centuries led the destinies of the human race.

From the restoration of Alfred to the throne, the Saxon heptarchy became absorbed in him. There has been a difference among the old historians, as to which was the proper founder of the English kingdom, Alfred or his grandson Athelstan. The former united the Saxon kingdom in himself, while his grandson united the Saxons and the Danes. It is true that Athelstan completed his grandsire's work, and was the

first monarch of all the land, but Alfred, we believe, should be considered the beginning of the "one man power" of the British Empire—the father of the English nation. Let us now consider this "one man power" and especially as illustrated in Alfred and the British Commonwealth.

That our national unity is an absolute necessity to the greatness of a kindred race is most certain. From that unity, civilization and nationality may properly be said to begin. Previous to that is semi-barbarism; and the growth of small states and petty kingdoms, in a country made one by nature and Providence, is but the transition of a people towards their nationality and civilization. France became France in a Charlemagne, England was born in Alfred the Great, and the American Republic is a grand centralization in George Washington. Here we have three forms of the "one-man power," the one imperial, the other in constitutional monarchy, and the latter in republican sovereignty, which emanates from the people. The former is better and grander than barbarism, and more blessed than anarchy, but it is the nearest to barbarism, and it is only tolerable in modern times as a savior from anarchy after an eruptive revolution which has been fed with its volcanic force by the despotisms of ages. The monstrous tyrannies of Church and State—the brutalizing "one-man power" of priestcrafts, and kingcrafts which chain the intellect, interrupt civilization, and destroy the manhood of the people, in time produce revolutions as their very ultimate. Such a "one-man power" for a nation to build upon, must therefore be a curse not only to itself, but if sufficiently important in the world, a curse to the human race. It may begin with an immortal Charlemagne, but it will culminate a thousand years afterwards with a revolution that shall shake the world out of its old forms, into new conceptions, and redeem their France from anarchy. They give to the world no proper ultimate. After the death of a Napoleon, shall come another revolution and another anarchy, and thus it shall ever be, until human liberties and human progress be secured to the coming age in a healthful sovereignty of the people—a proper commonwealth that cultivates God in the hearts of the mil-

lions, and acknowledges the *will* of that God in the intellects of those millions of immortal souls.

Alfred the Great, after his restoration, was deeply and solemnly impressed with such views as these, for they abound in all the writings, reflections and acts of his reign. He was traveling to his phase of "one-man power," if a nation's *unity* must be dishonored by that term, for there still be those who insist that *unity* and national perfection mean the one *only* to will, the one brain to think, the one heart to feel, the one personality to absorb a nation's commonwealth. But Alfred the Great illustrated the subject differently. He traveled to Anglo-Saxon *unity*, but, after ages of progress, his race and genius brought forth a grand declaration of human rights and liberties, not a French revolution—a George Washington, not a Napoleon, as the ultimate for man. Not less even than the republican fathers of the American nation, did Alfred, the Saxon lawgiver, seek to secure to mankind their inalienable rights and liberties by a regular constitutional government. He saw his race, which until his day had been divided into small kingdoms, in a country which God had geographically marked with unity, now growing into one great nation, not only from the *necessities* for a governmental unity, as well as a geographical oneness, but also from the inevitable blending of a kindred people, with the same language, on a sea-girt isle, formed by Nature herself for a great national unity. The growth of civilization, the increase of the means of travel, the exchange of thought, the extension of commerce between the different cities and counties, the enlargement of men's intellects and the general humanizing and Christianizing of the Saxon people, would, in time, certainly bring about a national oneness. But the circumstances of Alfred and the circumstances of his country threw him into a more rapid development in that direction. The Danish invasion and the *necessities* of a common defense and a potent government throughout the land under one head produced, in his reign, what otherwise might have taken centuries to bring about, and the same necessities and causes, in his grandson's reign, united both the Danes and the Saxons into one common people. From his very restoration, the intellectual Alfred

saw these necessities and causes working rapidly. It was, to all intents and purposes, a new era which, before his dethronement, existed not. England, with that restoration, had a new birth. Alfred was, doubtless, the first of his age to realize this in the civilizing sense and, as we have seen, he, immediately after his victory over the Northmen, sought to incorporate them into England as Englishmen. His prompt, sagacious policy was to first Christianize the pagan Sea Kings and their warlike forces; and by settling them on land in various countries as tillers of the soil, and to imbue them with the spirit of civilization and peace, he was consolidating and augmenting a kingdom, not distracting it nor dividing with the invaders his power. The Saxons had the start in civilization and, therefore, they would absorb the Danes, not be absorbed by them; they were the teachers of Christianity, and, therefore, the pagans would become their converts and adopted brethren. It was a thousand times easier to thus incorporate them into the nation and civilize them than to drive them, as invaders, from his shores. Alfred therefore, like an enlightened statesman, sought to found a greater England than that of the past, and by a grand commonwealth, to bring forth a united kingdom.

The first step to this great design which Alfred took was, like Charlemagne before him, to create a powerful navy and to thoroughly organize the national forces on the land. With his navy and armies he defended the country against more invasions and kept his Danish allies faithful, so that he was enabled for many years to contend with the terrible Hastings and, at last, break his power and scatter him and his broken forces into France. Thus did Alfred preserve his kingdom during his reign and every year increase its martial and naval glory.

His next work, which was wrought conjointly with the defense of his country, was to create a just commonwealth which has not only been brought down to the present day, but which absorbed, tempered and held in check the imperial Normans after the Conquest—which, in fact, became their commonwealth as much as the Saxons. And in this work of our English lawgiver, religion and civilization were laid down as the proper basis of the national superstructure. In this

part we will let Alfred himself describe. He says in his correspondence to one of his bishops, speaking of the times when the Saxon Bede and Alcuim flourished.—

“I wish thee to know that it comes very often into my mind what wise men there were in England, both laymen and ecclesiastics, and how happy those times were to England! how the kings, who then had the government of the people, obeyed God and his messengers! how they both preserved their peace, their customs, and their power at home, and increased their territory abroad, and how they prospered both in wisdom and in war! The sacred profession was diligent both to teach and to learn, and in all the offices which they should do to God. Men from abroad sought wisdom and learning hither in this country, though we now must go out of it to obtain knowledge, if we should wish to have it.”

The king contrasts with this account the condition of England in his time:

“So clean was it fallen out of England, that there are very few on this side of the Humber who understand to say their prayers in English, or to translate any letter from Latin into English; and I know that there were not many beyond the Humber: so few were they that I indeed cannot think of a single instance south of the Thames, when I took the kingdom.”

Recollecting here the success of his own exertions, he exclaims:

“Thanks be to Almighty God, that we have now some teachers in our stalls.”

The father of his people, and the benignant man appear strikingly in the expressions which he continues to use:

“Therefore I direct that you do, as I believe you will, that you who have leisure for the things of this world, as often as you can, impart that wisdom which God has given you, wherever you can. Think what punishments will come upon us from this world, if we shall neither have loved it ourselves, nor left it to others; we shall have had only the names of Christians, and very few of their proper habits.

When I recollect all this, I also remember how I saw, before that everything was ravaged and burnt, that the churches through all the English nation stood full of vessels and books, and also of a great many of the servants of God.

They knew very little of the use of

their books, because they could not understand anything in them, as these were not written in their own language, which they spoke. Our ancestors that held these places before, loved wisdom, and through this they obtained abundance of it, and left it to us. Here we may yet see their treasures, though we are unable to explore them; therefore we have lost both their wealth and their wisdom, because we have not been willing with our minds to tread in their steps.

When I remember all this, then I wonder greatly that of those good wise men who were formerly in our nation, and who had all learnt fully these books, none would translate any part into their own language; but I soon answered myself and said, they never thought that men would be so reckless, and that learning would be so fallen. They intentionally omitted it, and wished that there should be more wisdom in the land, by many languages being known.”

In the other portion of the correspondence, we have the simple narrative of the great lawgiver how he himself learned the languages to begin the work of translating books into English for the use of his people.

It is worthy of special mark just here that all truly great characters are the very apostles of civilization. They are not merely the friends of learning, but its promoters;—not merely the patrons of men of genius, but their very brothers. How well, for instance, Shakspeare and Elizabeth rank together, how well Milton and Cromwell. These seemingly different classes have a common work, and they enhance each other's glory. Their work is their special civilizations and the grandeur of their respective nations. These imperial characters and men of genius are not rivals, but more than any others they live to a mutual glory. And hence, when we find an Elizabeth, we are certain to find her Shakspeares, Cecils, Bacons, and Walter Raleighs; when a Cromwell, you have a Milton and the grand apostles of the Commonwealth; when a Napoleon, his marshals and men of mind. We thus see that every truly great person brings forth a galaxy of genius, even though the imperial person be a grand despot. This has been true from Charlemagne to Nicholas of Russia; while on the side of constitutional governments, an Alfred the Great has ever begun to

lay the foundation of nationality, by working out the lines of the special civilization of his people. It is therefore an infallible sign of true greatness in the imperial name when it is associated with men of talent and the center of civilization. So we find that Alfred, directly after his restoration commenced his grand work of carving out a distinct Saxon civilization. England had taken the lead in this, in the days of the learned Bede. Charlemagne had himself and France tutored by Englishmen, among whom was Alcuin, the famous master of the founder of the French empire. Alfred recollecting this and seeing that, when he came to the throne, France had outstripped his native land, while England had gone back, he conceived the wise design of committing civilization into the hands of the people. Therefore, instead of confining learning to the priestly few, he sought to disseminate it through the entire nation. As soon as he had provided for the military and naval defenses of his country, he devoted himself to those nobler objects of civilization which were more congenial to his nature than war and bloodshed; and rapidly the Saxon Commonwealth, in its first phases, became evolved. Indeed it was a Commonwealth that Alfred sought to establish in England, as much as that which Cromwell and the Puritans affirmed. They, in fact, but copied Alfred; for his grand work was nation-building and civilization, and not the petty work of founding mere monarchy and establishing a race of kings. Give the Commonwealth robust liberties and a high civilization, and it is but very little practical difference whether you call the executive chief, prime minister, king or president. England and America, to-day, are proof of this, for in a true republican genius and the purity of a Commonwealth, England is above America; and so, though Alfred the Great founded a kingly constitution for the realm, he based it upon a Commonwealth with, in effect, a republican or popular genius, and the Saxon civilization which he began was essentially one of general enlightenment, and the people's progress. The notion of despots and some exclusive classes even in our age, to keep the people ignorant and deny them the right to think, belong to ages upon ages more barbaric than that of noble Alfred of England.

To communicate the knowledge which we possess, Alfred goes so far as to state it to be a *religious duty*. What a noble thought! How harmonious it is with the present views of all truly enlightened men. He lamented, as we have seen in his correspondence, the ignorance which had overspread his native land; but to remedy it, he desired all the youth who possessed the pecuniary means, to learn to read English, and gave a gentle, but very practical, censure to former students, who had not put their knowledge into a popular form, by translating it into the vernacular tongue. To this end he devoted his own leisure, and called upon his literary clergy to devote theirs to the translating into English the books which they possessed. He set an example himself worthy of a first class author and teacher in his historical, philosophical and theological writings, for he seemed to place his glory in the intellectual advancement of his rude countrymen. The clergy were, by the force of his noble example, to follow in his track to educate the nation and thenceforth to make the educated man the Saxon type. He established schools and provided masters for high and low who were educated with his son Æthelweard; to his court he invited learned foreigners and skilful artisans; he searched around his dominion for men of literary attainments and was a munificent patron of all men of talent. In this we have the special example of all truly great men.

Next to his efforts for the civilization and Christianization of his people, Alfred evolved civil institutions and framed wise laws. With the concurrence of his witenagemot or parliament, he introduced into the Anglo-Saxon legislature not only the decalogue, but also the principal provisions of the Mosaic legislature with such modifications as were necessary to adapt them to the Anglo-Saxon manners. And in the laws which he attached to them; he tells us that with the concurrence of his parliament, he had collected together and committed to writing the regulations which his ancestors had established, selecting such of them as he approved, and rejecting the rest. All these, he tells us, passed his witenagemot or parliament, and thus we see he started not with a *good* absolute or despotic legislation, but with a *good* parliamentary. Will this be an answer to those who even

now would have us believe that *good despotism* is the perfect form of government? Alfred, a thousand years ago, was further advanced in civilization than they are to-day.

After the restoration of the great Saxon lawgiver, he found that the Danish invasion had destroyed the ancient order of the kingdom, and that the Anglo-Saxons were committing depredations one upon the other. To remedy this evil and to provide sufficient force to oppose future invasions, he made some modification of the ancient provincial divisions of England into shires and put the country under a complete organization of hundreds and tens,—in fact, too complete for the advanced state of modern society, but very fitted to bring a social chaos into order.

In legislation, Alfred's times were somewhat patriarchal, and much of the administration of justice in the courts and government in the *witena-gemot*, or parliament, devolved upon the king. The judicial affairs of the people before Alfred's day were so crude, that the nobles and the people were accustomed to dispute with each other pertinaciously, even in the very tribunal of justice. The earls and legal officers were disregarded, and the people came to the great Saxon lawgiver for judgment. Alfred never refused to sacrifice his own comfort, and even health, for the welfare of his people, and his minute investigations were chiefly in behalf of the poor whom he served day and night. He examined every dispute, reviewed the adjudications made by others in his absence, mildly rebuked erring judges, discharged those who were not qualified for office, and punished severely corrupt and wicked judges. He instituted trial by jury, which is still the boast of the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon fathers in America, Canada, Australia, and Great Britain, and so strict was the great king upon this wise institution that he punished capitally some judges for deciding criminal cases by an arbitrary violation of the right of jury.

Alfred did so much for the English race in advance of his times that we are only beginning to comprehend the Saxon civilization in England and America of the present day. The Normans brought in a different genius, but the Commonwealth of Cromwell's day and the Parliament since the period of William III. of

England have restored the true Saxon civilization.

POETRY OF ALFRED THE GREAT.

We will conclude our article on Alfred the Great by specimens of Saxon literature from the pen of that illustrious founder of the English civilization and nation.

ON TYRANTS.

Hear now one discourse	And who attend him
Of those proud,	With great glory.
Unrighteous	They threaten everywhere
Kings of the earth,	The surrounding
That now here with many	Other nations;
And various garments,	And the lord careth not,
Bright in beauty,	That governs this army,
Wondrously shine	For either friends' or enemies'
On high seats;	Life or possessions;
Clothed in gold	But he, a fierce mind,
And jewels.	Rests on every one,
Without these stand around	Liketh of any thing
Innumerable	To a fierce hound.
Thegns and earls	He is exalted
That are adorned	Within in his mind
With warlike decoration;	For that power
Illustrious in battle;	That to him every one
With swords and belts	Of his dear princes
Very glittering;	Gives and supports.

HIS ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

O thou Creator	Hail! Oh thou Eternal,
Of the shining stars;	And thou Almighty,
Of heaven and the earth;	Of all creatures
Thou on high throne	Creator and ruler.
Eternal governess,	Pardon thy wretched
And thou swiftly all	Children of the earth,
The heaven turnest round,	Mankind,
And through thy	In the course of thy might.
Holy might	Why, O eternal God!
Compellest the stars	Wouldst thou ever
That they should obey thee.	That fortune
Thus the sun	At her will
Of the black night	Should go
The darkness extinguishes	To evil men?
Through Thy might.	That in every way so strongly
With pale light	She full oft
The bright planets	Should hurt the guiltless.
The moon tempers	Evil men sit
Through the effect	Over the earth's kingdoms
Of thy power.	On high seats.
A while also the sun	They tread down the holy
Bereaveth that of its	Under their feet
Bright light	Who know no crimes.
When it may happen	Why should fortune
That near enough	Move so perversely?
It necessarily comes.	Thus are hidden
So the greater	Here on the world
Morning star	Over many cities
That we with another name	The bright arts.
The evening star	The unrighteous always
Here named:	Have in contempt
Thou compellest this	Those that are, than them,
That he the sun's	Wiser in right:
Path should precede,	Worthier of power,
Every year	The false lot is
He shall go on	A long while
Before him to advance.	Covered by frauds.
Thou, O Father,	Now, in the world here,
Makest of summer	Impious oaths
The long days	Hurt not man.
Very hot.	If thou now, O Ruler,
To the wintry days,	Wilt not steer fortune
Wondrously short	But at her self-will
Times hast thou appointed.	Lettest her triumph,
Thou, to the trees	Then I know
Givest the south and west,	That thee will
Which before, black storms	Worldly men doubt
From the north and east	Over the parts of the globe,
Had deprived	Except a few only.
Of every leaf	Oh, my Lord!
By the more hostile wind.	Thou that overseest all
Oh! how on earth	Of the world's creatures.
All creatures	Look now on mankind
Obeys thy command,	With mild eyes.
As in the heavens	Now they here in many
Some do	Of the world's waves
In mind and power.	Struggle and labor,
But men only	Miserable earth citizens!
Against thy will	Forgive them now.
Oftenest struggle.	

ON THE NATURAL EQUALITY OF MAN.

The citizens of earth Inhabitants of the ground, All had One like beginning. They of two only All came; Men and women, Within the world. And they also now yet All alike Come into the world The splendid and the lowly. This is no wonder, Because all know That there is one God Of all creatures; Lord of mankind; The Father and the Creator. He the sun's light Giveth from the heavens, The moon and this Of the greater stars. He made Men on the earth; And united The soul to the body. At the first beginning The folks under the skies He made equally noble; Every sort of men.	Why then do ye ever Over other men Thus arrogate Without cause? Now you do not find Any not noble. Why do ye from nobility Now exalt yourselves? In his mind let Every one of men Be rightly noble, As I have mentioned to thee. The inhabitants of the earth Not only in the flesh; But yet every man That is by all His vices subdued First abandons His origin of life, And his own Nobility from himself; And also which the Father At the beginning made for him. For this, will The Almighty God Unnoble him; That he noble no more Thenceforth might be, In the world: Nor come to glory.
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THE EXCURSIVENESS OF THE MIND.

I have wings Swifter than the birds: With them I can fly Far from the earth, Over the high roof Of this heaven. And there I now must Wing thy mind, With my feathers, To look forth Till that thou mayest This world And every earthly thing Entirely overlook: This is the Wise King. This is he that governs Over the nations of men, And all the other Kings of the earth. He with his bridle Hath restrained around All the revolutions Of earth and heaven.	Thou mayest over the skies Extensively Sport with thy wings, Far up over The heavens, to wind Afterwards in view Above over all. Thou mayest also go Above the fire That many years ascends far Betwixt the air and the firm- ament So as to it at the beginning The Father appointed. He his governing reigns Well coerces. He governs ever Through his strong might All the swift cars Of Heaven and earth. He the only judge is steadfast, Unchangeable, Beauteous and great.
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HIS PICTURE OF FUTURITY.

O children of men Over the world! Every one of the free! Try for that eternal good That we have spoken of, And for those riches That we have mentioned. He that then now is	Narrowly bound With the useless love Of this large world. Let him seek speedily Full freedom, That he may advance To the riches Of the soul's wisdom.
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THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR:
OR, RADICAL OR CONSERVATIVE MEASURES FOR UTAH?

An Address to the Liberals of Utah, delivered in the Institute, March 10th, 1878.

BY E. L. T. HARRISON.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—We live in what may well be termed Fighting Utah—a Territory of the United States which has been noted for its fighting Prophets, fighting Apostles, fighting Judges, fighting Governors and fighting "Apostates"—in a word, a Territory of the United States "divided

against itself," inhabited by opposing and hostile sections, animated and inspired by the most irreconcilable principles.

Here, not long ago at any rate, the elements boiled and bubbled in fierce commotion—here the demon, or the angel, as you please, of Unrest and Agitation seemed to have his head-quarters; and no wonder, either, for here, the "Irreconcilable Conflict" had certainly, for a time, at least, its halting place, if not its home. Both parties to this conflict complained of grievances, and each charged the other with intended and actual oppression, persecution, trickery and falsity. Each was satisfied of the justice and righteousness of its own particular cause, while neither was disposed to do full justice to the motives and intentions of the other side. Neither was willing to recognize the hardships of the situation in reference to any other case than its own.

Here in Utah, where, as every discerning man knows, the majority of neither party are wilfully seeking the injury of the other, the seeds of bitterness and hate have been sown, which will bear fruit for generations to come, if unchecked. Every man who wishes to see Utah become a home where his children may grow up under peaceful influences—a place where life may be enjoyed, and a harmonious population exist; instead of being a perfect hot-bed of antagonisms and conflicting interests as in the past, owes it to himself, and as a duty to humanity, to do something towards bringing these opposing sections still more face to face that they may better understand the good which is in each other.

My object, then, in addressing you to night is to ask for a fair and impartial view of the matter.

What, then, are the facts of the case as to the actual situation? They are, it appears to me, that there have been actual causes of complaint on the Liberal side at least—actual cases of repression, if not of absolute oppression under which it has labored, arising out of prejudice and misconception of religious duty—misconceptions and prejudices, I must again insist, which will not only be intensified and perpetuated, but made to bear still more bitter fruit in years to come by the cultivation of a spirit of ceaseless antagonism. In regard to the evils in question, it can be truly stated

that many of them are finding their own solution in numerous concessions by the Mormon people to the situation in which they find themselves placed. How numerous these concessions are, a brief comparison of our present and past condition will clearly show. The question as to the only true and effective means by which the remaining difficulties can be overcome, I propose, with your permission, to discuss this evening.

I repeat, then, that many of the evils of the Judaic form of Theocracy which has existed here, especially those of the most absolute period of Brigham Young's administration, have measurably passed away, and exist, now, only in an apprehension of their return.

Take as an illustration, the once fierce banning and excommunication of dissenters from the Church; the indiscriminate charges against them of secret crimes, as an explanation of their dissent, and the old attempts to sever them from association with all the ties of blood and friendship. Such things as these are seldom attempted now, or have so far lost their power to be effective, as to be scarcely worthy of special notice.

We all remember when mining was stringently forbidden; and when an article simply arguing that that was one of Utah's best industries, could be produced and read at a church trial as an evidence of an apostate spirit.

Now the Priesthood "see the hand of God" in the development of the mines, and Mormon church editors sing the praises of mining in louder tones than the excommunicated men themselves.

There was a time, also, in the past, when the Gentile, unless specially subservient to the ruling Priesthood, was in high disfavor. *But those days have departed.* And with the departure from this world of that man, who represented in his life, to Mormon and Gentile alike, the *Reign and Spirit of Force*, there passed away for ever, and was buried in his grave, the possibility of a return of half the difficulties of the situation. And to-day we stand in Utah on the threshold of a New Era, demanding new measures, as, before long, it may demand new men! The agitators of the past, unless they adapt themselves to the new issue, may find themselves superseded by a very different class.

But wonderful as is the softening down

of animosities; wonderful as is the Spirit of concession manifested on the liberal side of the Mormon church, especially as displayed of late in the councils of legislating apostles and bishops, who voluntarily stripped themselves of one of the greatest safeguards of their absolute power—the numbered ballot: marvelous, considering the harsh spirit of the past, as is the friendliness now displayed to both Gentile and Apostate, Theocratic ideas and policies still exist here, which make union and concord of action between the Mormon people and the Government utterly impossible; and equally impossible for a homogeneous and perfectly prosperous people to exist within these valleys. And the question to be considered this evening, by all who have the welfare of both sections sincerely at heart, is:—what are the best means by which these conflicting aims and practices can be so abolished or modified as to give, to the Government of the country its true place in the esteem and affections of the Mormon people, and to overthrow every sectional and dogmatic theory, which, nourishing disunion and discord, prevents the people of Utah from taking their place as an independent, and truly Republican State, within the American Union? Should these measures be Radical ones, or should they be of a Conservative nature, such as will appeal to the reason and self-respect of the Mormon community, whether they be priests or people?

The answer to this question depends, upon the other question: whether the policies referred to, rest mainly upon ambitions aims of the few comprising the leading Priesthood, or upon the special modes of thinking and reasoning sincerely adopted by both people and Priesthood.

The reply of Utah Radicalism to this latter question is:—that the ruling Priesthood, for mercenary and self-aggrandizing purposes, by the exercise of their superior skill and cunning over the minds of the people, maintain the whole system. That the Mormon theology itself is a crude and illogical combination of ideas, without any philosophical or intellectual attractions calculated to influence a thinking mind; that the people themselves are slavish and unreasoning, and in consequence have practically nothing whatever to do with the matter; and need not be considered in the case.

Now this is the Radical view of the situation, which I feel it my duty, wholly and severally to oppose to-night—a view which from thirty years study of, and close acquaintanceship with, the people, I know to be incorrect in every particular. Twenty of these years were spent in the closest relations with the people in question, with every opportunity to ascertain the facts, having acted as an officer and financial agent of the church for a very long time; with the added advantage of several years experience as an agitator outside the system.

Based upon knowledge thus acquired, my assertion to you is, that the Radical view of the case rests upon entire ignorance of the real situation; and that the most consummate generalship could not have devised a better statement with a view to the misdirecting of the efforts of Liberalism, and for the triumph of all that they consider objectionable in Mormon Theocracy. I assert that the Mormon people are not the unreasoning unthinking beings they are in this case assumed to be. They are not, it is true, a highly cultured people, but they have thought and studied a great deal in a theological and rational direction. Excepting several of the later emigrations from the centre of continental Europe, of which I know nothing, the class that have contributed the most efficiently to the upbuilding of the church are a body of religious thinkers to whom Mormonism came as a solution of their mental difficulties. This I know, having traveled largely among them at the time of their entrance into the church. As I shall endeavor to show you, they have traveled logically and consistently to their present apparently strange situation. The main defect in their system of religious ideas lies in the unsoundness of the assumptions from which they have argued—a weakness, however, for which they have, like the members of other churches, to thank Christianity and its learned Divines. Farther than this, their theology, instead of being a crude mass of ill-digested ideas, is, as I shall show you, largely impregnated with the elements of modern rationalistic thought; and was, at the time of its reception by them, *possessed of a greater number of Liberal ideas than any other church of that period.* A fact, which, more than any other, induced large

numbers, with whom I was personally acquainted, to accept of it. I shall show you, also, that the Mormon people, and *not* the Priesthood, are the chief support, bulwark and stay of their church—the source of all its power and influence; and that the permanence of the system depends entirely upon a continuance of their mental condition. That the Priesthood, instead of being the skilful manipulators, whose cunning and ability alone holds the system together, are merely the accepted symbols of the people's ideas of a correct form of church government; every extreme form of which system they will abolish or modify, as soon as they are convinced of the errors of the assumptions upon which such excess of authority has been founded. All of which facts, I submit, are necessary to be known by us as Liberal thinkers, so that whether we fight for mere fighting-sake or whether we combat solely for the love of truth and humanity, we may understand correctly the nature of the system with which we have to deal, and not expend our strength in fruitless efforts.

THE QUESTION OF "SLAVISHNESS."

First, then, that it is not any natural tendency to slavishness—any general predisposition to the worship of their leaders on the part of the people at large which lays at the foundation of their obedience. one fact will abundantly prove. That fact is, that the great mass of the Mormon people commenced their career as Mormons by disobedience, rebellion and warfare against the religious guides of their youthful days,—a little thing of itself, which a great many bold, independent men find a trifle too hard for them to accomplish. Nearly every one of these supposed slavish Mormon people has, at some time or other in his career, broken away from some popular and established church and joined his present one in the face of ministerial authority—so imposing and important as it is in old countries;—a ministerial authority, too, rendered sacred by tradition and habit. Men in this temper, after running the gauntlet of ministerial wrath in the localities of their childhood, as they did, where from the force of natural circumstances it would be more terrible to them than any where else, would not be likely to feel very slavish, or much inclined to cringe to religious authority, except as

they feel so constrained by the force of principle. The facts are, that the docility and obedience of the people is the result of an attempt to be consistent with the religious assumptions upon which their faith is founded; and from which course, from their stand point, they cannot depart without throwing off their faith altogether. To this conclusion, they are chained and riveted by a logic, the bolts and links of which were forged for them by Christianity a thousand years before they were born—a process of reasoning, too, sanctioned and endorsed by the whole world of Christian Divines! In other words, having accepted the fact of the inner spiritual influences, and external manifestations, or “gifts,” witnessed in the more spiritual days of their history, combined with the scripturality of their church ordinances, organization and doctrines, as all-sufficient proof of its divine origin and authority, they are necessarily constrained to yield obedience to its requirements or reject the system altogether. If slaves at all, they are, therefore, slaves to their idealisms, and anybody who imagines that they are slaves to anything else can make a very easy trial of the matter by ordering them about and taking the result.

THE QUESTION OF INTELLECTUALITY.

And now, as to the question of the intellectual character of the creed which first attracted the Mormons to their church, as testing their reasoning or unreasoning habits of mind. The proper way to settle this point evidently is to contrast the elements of their theology with the platform of the most popular churches at the time when the staunchest supporters of Mormonism joined the system, say from twenty-five to forty-five years ago.

In those good orthodox times, not so long ago either, when the churches believed in a devil with absolute horns and a tail, and a hell of absolute fire and brimstone—when limitless eternities of tortures and agonies, for all who did not accept the orthodox doctrines, was greatly rejoiced in; when religious bodies sent off the entire portion of pious humanity after death to the realms of indescribable bliss, and, having no suitable location provided for the middle class, consigned them with the depraved and corrupt, to the groaning, sulphurous regions of the damned; when all good churchmen be-

lieved that indulgence in fun and merriment indicated an unregenerate heart; when love of the beauties of Nature, and the refinements and attractions of Art were considered clear evidences of the carnality of the natural man; when dyspeptic sourness, and crystalized unnaturalness, and unhealthiness generally, were supposed to prove the presence of vital piety in the soul; when groaning prayers, delivered after the manner of a chronically ruptured hand-organ, were considered delightful to God Almighty; when all the great pagan nations, (excepting of course, the very limited number of their inhabitants whom Christian missionaries could capture and convert) were considered, by Christian ministers generally, to be mere human conservatories, in which millions of human souls had been for thousands of years, and would probably be to the end of time, annually prepared for hell; when all true Christians fervently believed that the Golden Gates of the upper world—which their own creeds taught had been open from Abraham to Moses, and from Moses to Christ were barred for ever against any descent of another supernatural ray of light upon our planet: when Christianity, which based all its own faith, its own authority and its own evidences of its divine origin upon ancient miracles, and supernatural manifestations in the past, was stoutly declaring to the ever increasing multitude, who were craving for some present evidences of the divinity of their faith, that all such manifestations were impossible—it was *at this very time*, in our age, I say, when such theological ideas as these were resting like a pall upon the Christian world, with its million-fold craving hearts and unfed brains, desiring better spiritual mental food than dogmas of this kind, that Mormonism sprang into existence, not only denying, in toto, all these debilitating, dwarfing, ungenerous and contracted doctrines, but affirming a brilliant array of progressive principles for itself—opening in a word, a mine of liberal, rationalistic, and spiritualistic thoughts, which were not only at that time, far ahead of the creeds of the orthodox Churches, but which are in many cases unreached by them to-day.

Strange as it may seem to some, this Rocky-Mountain Church, considered for several years in the past, the emblem and type of conservative power, came then as

an Iconoclast, warring with all these repulsive dogmas.

It abolished the ancient Devil of Horns and Hoofs and refined him to the mere evil representative of our human family—a much nearer approach to the spiritualistic conception of our times.

It struck Hell and its fires out of existence thirty years before Beecher.

It harmonized with advanced Unitarianism, declaring Jesus of Nazareth only a child of Nature and of God, like the rest of our human family.

It antagonized with the doctrine of the Fall, asserting that man had only "fallen upwards."

It affirmed in opposition to general orthodox views of the meanness of human origin, that man was no "mere worm of the earth," but a "spark struck from the fire of God's eternal blaze,"—in his perfected condition, the highest representative of Deity we should ever behold in this world or the next.

It was Universalian and charitable, declaring that all honest men of all creeds, or no creed at all would find a Heaven adapted to the aspirations of their souls.

It denied the orthodox dogma that man's chances of Salvation were confined to our present brief span of existence, and proclaimed a gospel of repentance, reformation and progress beyond the grave.

It aimed to be natural, arguing for naturalness in religion; abolishing long-facedness, and groaning canting prayers; and declared that merriment and fun, and all innocent amusements legitimately used, to be "as sacred as prayer."

It sided with science, asserting the eternal existence of matter; and opposed the idea of the creation of the world "out of nothing."

It asserted the existence of a plurality of inhabited worlds, and opposed the doctrine of a "finished Creation" in the "Morn of Creation," or at any other time. It preached an ever-living, ever-acting and ever creating God, whose illimitable activities would never cease to produce new worlds, suns, and systems throughout eternal ages.

It was spiritualistic:—To the multitude who were seeking for direct evidences of the truth of the fact of inspiration and Revelation, it asserted that such evidences were possible in our age or they never had been possible; and furthermore,

that every living man and woman had a right to evidence independent of bibles, books or priests of any kind.

It asserted that, which in its essential spirit millions now know to be a truth:—that light, revelation, and inspiration, from a higher world than this, will never cease so long as the ages roll along, or the planet revolves in its course.

Its greatest success lay in its appeals to the human heart. It declared the eternal continuance of the family relations; affirming that the relationship of brother and sister, husband and wife, parent and child would never come to an end. Similarly it appealed to the lover of Art and Science by declaring that every idealistic power, every scientific quality of the mind, every phase of governmental ability, in fact every power that makes up the man and woman we know to-day, would pass through the grave but to be beautified and enlarged, and crowned with immortality as enduring as the spheres. Thus it conferred immortality on Science and Art, *and did it as a Church*—did it at a period when churches were astonished if one of their members, like Doctor Dick the Philosopher ventured, on his own responsibility, to suppose that scientific investigations might probably be one of the occupations of our future life. This much it did as an exceptional church, battling, unsupported by any other church system in the world, for the highest intellectual conceptions of man's origin and destiny. For man himself, its doctrines opened up an endless vista of progress; asserting that eternity would never reveal the limits of his intellectual powers and researches, the developments of his spiritual perfections, or the grandeur of his destiny. Humanity as a whole, was elevated by it to the highest pinnacle conceivable by human thought; for it affirmed men's relationship to the Divine:—that not only in Jesus of Nazareth but in every human soul we had an incarnation of Deity—a revelation of the Divine, a germ, in a finite degree, of every power and attribute displayed in vaster proportions by the Infinite Soul. Not only lifting up man prospectively to kinship and co-operation with Deity in the sublime scenes of an infinite universe of power and beauty; but presenting a thought to the world, one of the grandest of this or any other age.

I ask you now to go back, and compare this early Mormon creed with the creeds of your childhood, and ask yourselves whether it appealed to a lower or a higher order of reasoning powers than the religious systems you were at that time familiar with. If you admit, as I think you must, that it could only find favor with a class of persons accustomed to think and mark out new tracks for themselves—bearing in mind the fidelity to one's convictions and the self assertiveness and courage necessary for the public acceptance of unorthodox views—I have another question to add and that is, whether you think it was a suitable religion to hand out to slaves or fools?

I have not time now to detail the scriptural fascinations of the system—the evidence of its divine origin which it presented to the scripturally religious mind. For instance, the harmony of its organization, ordinances and doctrines, with the ancient apostolic forms and principles; and the logical consistency with which it insisted upon the equal nearness of God and His direct Revelation to this, as to any other age of the world. And what was as convincing—and perhaps still more pleasing, to the biblically combative mind, was the short work it was able to make of the sects, when it demanded to be informed:—how churches, asserting that they had had no Revelation from God for over eighteen hundred years, could know that they had any authority to act in His name? Or the still more puzzling question:—if Christ built up but one church on the earth, and that a church of constant Revelation and spiritual gifts, and has never intimated that a church of any other kind was to be expected—how churches destitute of these distinguishing features could prove, by any progress of logic, that they were continuations of the original system?

It was glorified, furthermore, to the Scripturalist by the greatness and daring character of its programme, which included the gathering together of the honest, over sea and land, from all nations; the re-establishment of our apostolic church with all its ancient gifts, and the fulfilment of a host of prophecies. Is it any wonder that in all these things in which, collectively, there was so much to appeal to the intellect, to touch the heart, and to fire the imagination there should appear to

be a new Dispensation of Gospel truth.

In all these things taken together, with the idea of a spiritual testimony bearing witness to the divine calling of the chosen and elected authorities of the church, you have an insight into some of the causes which hold the Theocracy together, which bind the Mormon to his faith, and of the power and influence of the Mormon priesthood.

This power and influence of the Mormon priesthood! You have it here:—*Obedience to an idealism!*

It needs no peculiar cunning, no especial skill, no remarkable shrewdness, where this exists, as in the case of the Mormon people, for a man like Brigham Young to lift himself into power, display great ability, and manifest wonderful controlling influence; or for an honest conscientious people to appear destitute of will, self respect and independence, so long as they are controlled by these ideals.

EFFECTS OF RADICAL MEASURES.

I have drawn this brief picture of the mental attractions of the Mormon system, not by any means to convert you to Theocracy, for in that case I should have but to convert you back again. But, that having a better understanding of the inner-life of the Mormon people, you may the more correctly be able to judge of the relative fitness of Radical and Conservative methods for dealing with the evils of our situation.

For my own part I assert that long observation of the effect of Radical policies in Utah has demonstrated to me not only their injustice, in many cases, but their total inadequacy to effect any change desirable for Mormon or Gentile.

Take for instance the well known Radical habit of indiscriminate denunciation of the leading Priesthood, with a view to the weakening of their influence and the breaking up of the Church. Who does not know that no priesthood in the world was ever broken up in this way? And that in a case of this kind it does not matter whether the accused Priesthoods are guilty or not? The habit of churches invariably has been to suspect and summarily reject all statements of this kind coming from avowed opponents of their faith. Such personal denunciations of the leaders of ecclesiastical bodies never has been known to have any other effect—not even with a dissatisfied

people laboring under an oppressive priesthood—than to create a reaction in favor of their leaders, and revive their declining influence; and thus increase the priestly influence sought to be overthrown.

This has been the exact history of the experiments of this kind in Utah, as all intimate with the inner workings of the Mormon system well know. Instead of being enlightened or in the least degree convinced of the guilt of any of their leaders, the Mormons naturally enough resented these charges as personal reflections on their own good sense and discernment; and have simply showered on the accused leaders manifestations of greater confidence than ever, as men martyred for their sakes.

If these have been the natural effects of personal attacks on the men of their choice, need I tell you what has been the result, when as a preliminary method for their conversion, every term of derision, contempt and degradation, has been constantly applied to their most revered sacred ordinances.

Still further, what shall we say of the short-sightedness of the policy, which, not content with emptying its vials of bitterness on the head of the offending polygamists, has applied such terms as "sluts," "hussies," "drabs," "concubines," and still worse terms of reproach, and infamy, to the good virtuous women involved in polygamy? Who so blind as not to perceive that if polygamy gives greater license to the passional nature of men, that in exact proportion, it of necessity, curbs and limits that of woman? Who does not know that, as a rule, polygamy brings to both their passional and love-nature nothing but restraint and repression;—that with them it is *all* sacrifice without any compensation beyond a mistaken sense of duty? It needs no philosopher to tell you, that to strike a blow at them under such circumstances is to create an almost impassable gulf between the Mormon people and every true reformer; and that it is the most effectual way to convince them that the Liberals of Utah are—as they have often been told—their enemies and not their friends.

"Put yourself in his place," is a very good motto in this case. Imagine yourself a Mormon, proud of your religion, as the grandest, noblest and purest religion on earth; and believing it to be a relig-

ion of ideas, many of them manifestly in advance of orthodox systems,—a religion embraced by you from personal convictions at a cost of friendships and popular favor. Under such circumstances, how would you feel to have your religion treated as a mere conglomeration of superstitions, without a redeeming feature, your sacred ordinances daily derided, yourself sneered at as an unreasoning dupe, and to hear your mother, sister, or daughter, spoken of in the way I have referred to? What would be your opinion of the "Liberalism" which thus treated you and yours? How long do you think it would be before you investigated Liberalism in such cases? Knowing, as you must, that your whole nature would be stirred as much with contempt as dislike for those who, understanding so little about your inner-life—would treat you so unjustly, ask yourselves what must be the effect on the mind of the Mormon people, if it be not to drive them to nestle more closely in the arms of Theocracy, and contribute their money, votes and influence for the perpetuation of the system these over-zealous partizans are so anxious to pull down?

THE QUESTION OF COERCION.

I am quite aware that there are a class of persons in Utah who will be little affected by the fact that their course repels the Mormon people from the investigation of liberal sentiments, or that it encourages the false ideas of the outside world infused into them by most of their teachers, and thus tends to keep the sections here still further apart. They may care little for this. Seemingly they are not quite so anxious for reformation as they are for punishment. The system very probably has injured them by limiting their opportunities as citizens, or by treating them unjustly as seceders from the church, and what this particular class seem to be most anxious for is a species of retaliation. There are others, however, into whose minds no personal vindictiveness enters in this case. They firmly believe that the Mormon system still exercises a soul-dwarfing influence upon the minds of its followers and that its course in many ways is injurious to the best interests of the country. And they hold that the exercise of force, on the part of the Government, in the suppression of polygamy would tend to destroy the illusion prevailing in the minds

of the people, as to the God-given character of all of their institutions; and thus tend to make them less bigoted and fanatical. While I sincerely sympathize with the honest convictions of this latter class, I greatly doubt the effectual character of the means to accomplish this object. There is a deal of popular illusion existing as to the power and energy which the Government can bring to bear in such a case. Political orators—who reject the influences of enlightenment and association as too tardy a process—urge the proposition for Congressional influences as being a speedy and effectual method of settling the perplexities of the Mormon problem—one, which they tell us, will end its difficulties and leave nothing behind to be desired; when the facts actually are that under the circumstances in which we are placed, Governmental interference—notwithstanding its big title—is the tardiest, most wearisome, nerveless, uncertain and inefficient mode of dealing with the question that can be suggested—a remedy which is bound to be in the future, as it has been in the past, a constant source of humiliation to Liberalism, and a triumph for Theocratic principles.

The popular delusion on this subject lies in the confounding of the idea of governmental power such as the nation can display in the suppression of an armed rebellion, with such a meagre and limited amount of force as it can exercise through the Courts.

There would be some sense in talking of the “crushing power” of the Government, if the Mormon people proposed an armed fight as in the case of the Southern rebellion, in which case it could, of course, be speedily “crushed into shape,” and such words would have some meaning.

But the case is quite different. The Mormon hierarchy has no idea of putting its head into “the lion’s mouth” in that sort of a way. It only proposes to resist the Government with just such weapons as the law itself approves and gives its best blessing to. In this case the display of the nation’s power which the public imagination suggests as crushing up the theocracy and putting us to rights so speedily, dwindles down to a mere legal fight to determine whether some insignificant gentleman is a polygamist or not, and individually liable to

punishment or otherwise; and into which contest the Government enters like any other party to a suit. The Governmental collision with the Theocracy is transferred to a mere war of wits between rival legal gentlemen, hampered by rules, precedents, appeals, and other legal formulas and technicalities, “worlds without end;” and confused and bewildered by conflicting evidence, quibbles, lies, evasions, delays, bafflements, and a score of other “befoozlements.” Through all of this, the Government, by its representatives, has to fight its weary way, propitiating and pleading with the twelve strong-minded jury-men, who hold the “balance of power,” for a favorable consideration of its case; and then taking its chances whether it gets it or not.

To make this matter still clearer as to the practical potency of this governmental force for the suppression of polygamy, let us get down to facts and allow us to ask in mountain phraseology:—“Who is the Government in Utah?” I reply, an amiable individual called the District Attorney. Practically for all inquisitorial and prosecuting purposes, to the offending polygamist this gentleman is all the Government there is in Utah. No other representative of the Government anyway, can move till he is ready, or can operate without his aid. The embodied strength of the Nation which is relied upon to break up our “rebellious condition” and obliterate the “twin relic,” is compressed within his person. That terribly ideal force—the “strong arm of the law”—is supposed to reside somewhere within his coat-sleeve, and what it cannot penetrate or crush in his hands must remain uninjured. Under what circumstances then, have the vigilance of Justice and the energy of the Administration to exert themselves through his person in Utah? In a city noted for its brilliant bar—always as much at the service of the polygamic church as of the Government, he has, with the meagerest professional aid—and generally single-handed, to cope with the combined strength of the whole Religio-political power which governs Utah. And to make matters worse, the “strong arm” under his control is liable to get nervous, or irresolute at times; and, indeed, there have been cases in the past where it has seemed to evince a de-

sire to pummel the Government instead of the Theocracy! But supposing that it was always a virtuous and a high-minded "strong arm," and that its wielder combined the mental energy of a whole bar in his person, what would he be,—trammelled and limited, as he is, by the forms of law itself, and baffled by the persistence and combination of a territory full of opponents—as an overwhelming force to break up a polygamic corporation like that of Utah? What, for instance, can he do in the way of that most essential of all essential requisites for his work—the procuring of evidence, as compared with an army of ecclesiastical teachers—themselves involved in the practice—in the way of its suppression?

GRAND-JURY EXPERIENCE.

I have a right to speak on this question, for I happen to know by experience what our District Attorneys have to contend with in a case of this kind. It has been my lot to sit upon two Grand Juries, said by the judges and the Radical press at the time,—in consideration of the peculiar labors they were called upon to perform—to have been two of the most remarkable ever convened in Utah. The sessions of these Juries occupied altogether about one-hundred-and-forty days; and polygamic cases occupied a great deal of the time. If ever efforts were made by our Prosecuting Attorneys to obtain the evidence necessary to convict polygamists, they were then made. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, neighbors, friends, and polygamic wives themselves, were summoned. And if you had seen them, as I did, enter those Jury rooms with their teeth clenched, and resolution and determination expressed on every muscle of their countenances, to resist the expression of every word calculated to be of the least service against their polygamic friends and relatives; and seen, moreover, how successfully they foiled the District Attorney at every turn, and resisted siege after siege, coming off at last triumphant, scarcely a particle of evidence being obtained of any material value—you would have felt, as I did, how innumerable are the difficulties attendant upon any process of law for the correction of this system.

You need, I am sure, no illustrations from me, of the success with which united

corporations can resist governmental enquiry when their interests are at stake. What the great wealthy railroads, and other corporations of this country have already been able to accomplish in evading the plainest provisions of law, has already passed into a proverb. And here we have in Utah a corporation of enormous proportions,—one whose stock lies in the bodies, souls and combined energies of a people, numerous enough of themselves to constitute a sovereign state. This corporation controls and wields in its own defence a Legislature of the American Union, as well as the municipal authority of a whole Territory. It has its Delegate in Washington to watch its interests, supported too, as it happens, by the Parent Government itself. Being very largely a commercial as well as a political institution, it is in such affinity with the great railway and and commercial lobbies at Congress as to be able to bring a great influence to bear in staving off or weakening any legislation adverse to its interests. Thus it is not only a powerful corporation of itself, but it is a corporation acting through and upon other corporations, and has both its own and their combined influence.

Now, if private wealthy institutions of this order can evade governmental action for so many years—if in their hands the Government is oftentimes a weak, baffled, manipulated and juggled thing, defeated and robbed before its own face, what cannot a corporation of such proportions as this Utah one to whom the Government has delegated a portion of its own power—do in the way of self-protection against legal enactments!

As you are also well aware, it is a principle acknowledged by the best legal minds in the country, that all laws must, of necessity, be inoperative where the majority of a people are opposed to their execution. If this rule holds good anywhere in the world it must do so in Utah where the opposing majority is as large as an incipient State of the Union. It stands to reason that a hundred thousand or so of thoroughly drilled people, the whole of whose interests are at stake, with all the evasions of law at their command and the money of the whole people at their control, to sustain the general cause, can in the long run, (as they have a natural right to) always defeat or evade

any law looking to the destruction of their system.

On this point let no one deceive you with the fallacious statement that as but one tenth or one fifteenth of the whole people are actually engaged in polygamy, the bulk are indifferent as to the question of its suppression. It is true that a large number have no more than a theoretical and doctrinal interest in that particular practice, but they have a very practical interest in the treatment of their friends and relatives engaged in the system. It must be remembered that polygamy is now in its third generation in Utah, and the whole population are so interblended by marriages, plural and monogamic, that there is scarcely a person in the community but has a relative of some degree, or an intimate friend, involved in the polygamic practice. So innumerable and intimate, in fact, are these relationships and family connections, that the interests of the people as a whole may be said to be thoroughly tied up together on this point. It is, therefore, impossible to strike a blow at polygamists at large, without more or less arousing the energies of the entire people in their defense.

RADICAL FAILURES.

Under the circumstances I have described there is no wonder that compulsory measures have been such a failure in the past. In sixteen years of agitation they have but resulted in a promise of one or two convictions. And during the whole of this period they have failed to deter a single person from entering polygamy.

But the compulsory principle has not only had its difficulties to meet *within* this Territory, but has been nearly as unsuccessful outside of Utah as within. Congress after Congress, both Democratic and Republican, have been appealed to in vain to produce some such special and peculiarly framed law, that would, by reducing the amount of evidence necessary to the conviction of a polygamist down to a minimum, enable the law to put its hand effectually upon the system. Then, all the measures themselves demanded by the Radical party have been equally suicidal. The nature of their case demands extreme measures. Nothing else will do. Experienced and cautious legislators have been naturally afraid of opening too wide the doors of special legislation against a class, lest through

those same doors, some day, be carried enactments that will strike some other party as unpopular as the Mormons are now. Others have been too much engaged in their own affairs to give much heed to applications of the kind.

But we are told that this unwilling Congressional body can yet, by perseverance, be moved to action, and laws obtained of a character which this combined polygamic community cannot resist or escape. For instance:—association with a woman or acknowledgment of her children—or some slighter amount of evidence still—can, they say, be constituted a proof of marriage. Now, that Congress will consent to the enactment of such laws as these is very improbable. But we will admit for argument sake that laws can be passed that will do all that has been anticipated. Let us suppose that this polygamic corporation collectively and individually can be baffled and beaten at every point—that it can be made to give evidence against itself, and pass its own sentence. Let us suppose that every polygamic office-holder in the Territory can be driven from position, and every polygamic citizen deprived of the right of franchise. Let us admit all this, and what then? At the very worst, the hierarchy can lay down polygamy, charging the account up to the malignancy of its enemies, and the inscrutable will of God: retaining all its present political power in Washington, its legislative and municipal control of the Territory, its commercial wealth and importance, its influence over the masses and all that constitute its present domination. And where will the Liberal Political party of Utah be in that case?

My object in thus calling your attention to the weakness and insufficiency of Radical measures has simply been to show you that whether the purposes aimed at by their projectors have been “good, bad or indifferent,” they have been equally a failure, and a triumph to the cause they have attacked. For myself, I have no need of such measures, or indeed of any measures looking to the overthrow of the Mormon community. No one can feel more than I do that there have been great errors in the past, in the administration of that system, and that ambition and fanaticism have, in particular cases, led to deplorable results. But while there have been great wrongs and

excesses in individual cases, there have also been great earnestness and great heroism displayed by the people at large with a noble purpose; sufficient to inspire in the mind of every right thinking man the hope, that they may yet result in an out-come worthy of the labors and sacrifices with which they have been accompanied.

Entertaining such sentiments as these, and recognizing as I do, the existence of much that is rational and philosophical in their theological system, I nevertheless see clearly that it is susceptible of greater mental freedom, and above all of greater spiritualization. But, neither compulsion nor denunciation can bring these about. There is, furthermore, a public opinion, in which your speaker shares, rapidly growing up all over the country, that mental as well as social questions belong solely to the domain of the platform and the press, and spiritual agencies generally. The idea that governments are brought into existence to act as a "moral police force," as some politicians, who want to play the priest, seem to imagine, is growing weaker every day. Anyway, I think you will perceive that the law is not the instrumentality we need in the Utah case. You will readily perceive that, was the Radical assumption true, that the Mormon religion is a mere conglomerate of superstition, and its people an unthinking herd, there would be some consistency—if indeed a great deal of inhumanity—in seeking to crush them into shape by blind force. But with a people who, notwithstanding their eccentricity on the marriage question, have already reasoned their way into half-a-score of the most advanced rationalistic religious thoughts of the age, the Radical practice of ignoring their mentality, and treating them as a set of unreasoning serfs, only capable of being coerced into obedience to laws of propriety, is, to say the least, a blunder, if not a violation of right.

You will have seen, I think, from the combined picture—imperfect as it is—which I have presented before you of the elements of the Mormon creed, and the resisting capabilities of the organization, that while the system constitutes, as a whole, a barred and impregnable door to every compulsory measure, it is open to an intellectual, a generous, and a heartfelt course. In other words, while there

is only defeat and humiliation in store for all coercive measures, the system is full of promise to the rational thinker, the humanitarian, and the philanthropist, be he Liberal, Mormon or Gentile, who has—under the auspices of this more liberal period—but to cultivate and encourage the action of the elements of free thought already incorporated in the system, with a greater promise of success, too, than with half the religious creeds of the world to-day. Instead of its being true that we have to deal with a people too ignorant for thought, or possessed of so narrow a creed that the introduction of new ideas is impossible, we have to do with a community on many theological questions already emancipated, and needing scarcely anything but redemption from one erroneous idea—a thoroughly orthodox one by the by—that all Revelation actually coming from the Higher World to this, is above human criticism, and too authoritative to be subjected to the analysis and judgment of the people; and which, therefore, must be unhesitatingly received and acted out at any cost. Upon this Christian dogma—heavy with age and resplendant with respectability, the Mormon people have stumbled. They have but to learn that all revelational or inspirational, like natural, light is invariably more or less colored, if not distorted, by the medium through which it passes. That for instance, the purest white light passed through blue glass becomes blue light to the observer on the other side; that the very same white light passed through red glass will become red light, and that on the same principle, the ignorance, the passions and the ambitions of all men called prophets, whether of ancient or modern times, have always been liable to color such impressions or inspirations as they may even have actually received. And that on this account, just so long as there exists a Heavenly world to reveal, and humanity remains imperfect, as it is to-day, it will be absolutely necessary for all Revelation, whether from false or true sources, to be laid at the feet of human judgment, that the question may be asked by every individual soul:—how much of this is unpurged inspiration, and how much of it is mere prophet or man. With this added thought to the category of noble ideas already existing in the thinking Mormon mind, and its array of rationalis-

tic principles aroused to practical action by the magic touch of the truth I have named, you will have in due time the freest and the most mentally emancipated people in the world. This much granted their social system, judged solely, as it will then be, by the light of their individual reason, will receive its solution, and their relations to the Government will adjust themselves. All that is good in their system will remain, while all that is erroneous will be blown away "like the chaff of the summer threshing floor."

How soon all this can be brought about we cannot, of course, say. But we know that forces are already at work within the system to the accomplishment of this end.

A number of causes are combining to bring about this result. In the first place, the severe experience resulting from past policies, by a process of reaction on the Mormon mind, seem to be inducing a tendency to a more liberal form of church administration, and the encouragement of more independence among the people.

In addition to this, the revolutionary protest of 1869, against the excessive assumption of the Priesthood, which influenced the minds of a large number who remained in the Church, has grown into a popular sentiment, more or less concurred in by the Priesthood themselves. Priesthood as well as people, are remodeling and shaping their policies to meet the new order of things which they feel is fast approaching.

What we need in Utah on the other hand is a generous recognition of this new order of things, and less bigotry and exclusiveness on our own side of the case. The spirit which has denounced all association with Mormons,—prominent ones in particular—is no better than that which in the past, from Mormon sources, proscribed all intercourse with Gentiles.

In our Territorial administration on the Governmental and Judicial side, although we are not without illustrations of the proper kind—we need still more of a non-partizan spirit. We require a Judiciary, calm and impassive as Justice itself, which, in its official course, shall know nothing of our sectional differences. Above all, we need a Governmental administration, that will cease from forever marking and insisting upon the existence of the dividing line between the parties here. We have had Governors in this

Territory who have proclaimed their intention to act as "Governors to the whole people." Whether they have done this out of honest purpose for the general good or from motives of a corrupt kind, the result has providentially been the same. By their association with both parties they have prompted and induced appropriate acts of concession from the Mormon side, at least, from which there can be no return. What we need is a Governor, who, with statesmen-like sagacity, anticipating the inevitable harmonization of the peoples here, and conscientiously desirous of bringing it about, shall seek to imitate the course of Pres. Hayes in Washington in the beginning of his administration. And like that gentleman, who, desiring the union of the whole country, said: "Come North, come South, let us come together more that we may appreciate each other's value," shall, in the same spirit of conciliation say—"Come Gentile, come Mormon, let us know each better, that our animosities may be subdued and that we may like each more."

In closing, let me say:

If ever there was a time when Radicalism should abate the intensity of its bitterness it is to day. Every where, we perceive indications of freedom, everywhere, tokens of concession, and on every hand acts indicating greater friendliness to Gentiles and outcoming Mormons. There may have been a time in the past when fierce attacks, merciless denunciations, and so called exposures were measurably justifiable—but it is not to-day. Mormon society is stirred and agitated as it never has been before. The last Utah legislation witnessed scenes of freedom and expressions of independent thought never manifested before since Utah has been a Territory.

Already, a party of moderation—a party of boldness and manliness but nevertheless of generosity, as a party of boldness and manliness can always afford to be, is demanded by the nature of the times. That party will yet come fully into organized existence. It will be a daily and ever increasing party, for it will be added to by every liberalizing phase destined to sweep over this Territory; and that body will, I confidently predict, be the Party of the Future.

Editor's Department.

SALUTATORY.

TULLIDGE'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE has for its specific mission the following designs and purposes:

It will represent Utah, her founders and her people. It will be devoted to the service of her Commonwealth and her material enterprises and it will especially aim to fairly and intelligently expound her peculiar civilization. It will also contain biographical sketches of Utah's Representative Men and Women accompanied with many of their likenesses (steel engravings and wood cuts). It will furthermore aim, in the series of its issues, to furnish Utah with her own complete history following her chief lines of growth, record and progress in distinctive articles which will, however, possess historical continuity and unity as a whole. As yet, Utah has no published history; hence the design of this series of historical articles.

TULLIDGE'S QUARTERLY will also from time to time take up the historical data of our cities and the works of their founders, accompanied with wood-cuts of their principal places and scenery, among which will be prominent our Mormon Temples and Tabernacles.

This MAGAZINE will aspire to some literary character, but the ambition of its editor will be to make it chiefly a Magazine of Utah with the pens of the best writers of this country engaged upon its pages. In size and style it begins its career as one of the largest Magazines in America and we dare to hope to live to see it one of the best, through the generous patronage of princely hearted friends and the able pens of professional contributors.

The initial number has been devoted to the Mormons as the founders of Utah and to the movements and reform issues which they have developed in their growth and civilization; and as this Magazine will be sent throughout America it is to be hoped that it will be received as an acceptable exposition of Mormonism and the Mormon people.

Subsequent numbers will each have some specialty as a leading subject and the Gentiles and their interests will be as fairly treated as the Mormons and

their interests. The principal subject of No. 2 will be Utah and her Mines.

Without further promise, and hoping the prospectus has not overstepped the bounds of modesty, the Editor sends his Quarterly Magazine to the public with his cordial greeting.

UTAH'S NATAL DAY.—IN the recent celebration of the founding of Utah, the "year of jubilee" was evidently blended with Utah's natal day. There can be no doubt that the Twenty-Fourth of July is to Utah what the Fourth is to the Nation; and this is so, not to the dishonor of the Fourth, but from the certain manifest fitness of *celebrating* on the Twenty-Fourth. For instance, it would be absolutely impossible that Utah could have two such grand celebrations as this thirty-third anniversary of the Pioneers. When Mormon Utah rises up to have a crowning Fourth after Mormon fashion—that is to say *everybody* taking an appropriate part as in a grand drama gotten up for the occasion at great cost to the actors personally—that year the Twenty-Fourth must be suspended; and *vice versa*. Thus has it been from the beginning of our Territory,—sometimes the Fourth being celebrated, and at others the Twenty-Fourth; and always, to the Mormon mind, the two days are blended in the celebration. Very properly, this year, being also the Mormon year of jubilee, the Twenty-Fourth was the day selected by the Mormons for the grand rejoicing of an entire community, while the Fourth was as properly chosen for the "Gentile celebration." Thus, by the arrangement, the year 1880 has been blessed with two grand holidays which will long be remembered by our citizens.

The following is from the *Deseret News*:

It was a general holiday. The trains brought in visitors in large numbers from various parts of the Territory, the stores were closed, business was suspended and the people, prepared by previous announcements, were ready to do honor to the occasion, and celebrate at the same time the grand work of the noble pioneers and the glad year of Jubilee. The public buildings and many of the stores and private houses were decorated with

flags, the stars and stripes showing gaily in every direction, and the streets presented a very animated appearance.

The various sub-divisions of the pageant promptly appeared in the localities assigned to each and were received by the marshals and their aids. Notwithstanding the immense crowds that thronged the broad streets the utmost order prevailed, good humor, gratitude to God, respect for the occasion and that love of peace and harmony characteristic of the people of Utah, calming and regulating the exuberance of feeling natural on such a time. The weather was lovely. The sky clear, the sunshine warm and brilliant, a light breeze stirring and the air balmy and healthful.

As announced, the procession began forming at eight o'clock in the morning, on First South Street, and a short time after the appointed hour of starting, began to move forward. The head of the column moved at the call of Chas. M. Evans, bugler of the pioneers, from the corner of Second West and First South streets, and proceeded eastward, the entire procession, a grand and beautiful display of over three miles in length.

UTAH BIOGRAPHICAL ENCYCLOPÆDIA.—We design a continued biographical encyclopædia of the first settlers and founders of Utah, as well as illustrated sketches of Utah's Representative Men and Women. The argument of this department will be that a people who have migrated from the European fatherlands, as well as from the Eastern States of America, not for an adventurous life, but for the express purpose of building up a noble State of the American Union, deserve to have sufficient of the record of their lives and works preserved for the eye of posterity. Will our subscribers furnish *short* sketches of their lives to the editor, to be published in TULLIDGE'S QUARTERLY?

OUR PIONEER BOOK STORE.—Our enterprising citizen, Mr. James Dwyer, by his untiring energy and laudable ambition, has for years supplied the Territory with the best books of the age and the best popular "light reading." He has made this his special mission, and in that mission he has done for the public good more than any other news agent in this Territory. He keeps the editorial tables

well supplied with the best papers of the country.

OUR RECORD ON THE PACIFIC COAST.—The state-founding work of the Mormons on the Pacific Coast is yet destined to form one of the most extraordinary and interesting parts of the American history. The Mormons not only founded and peopled Utah, but they were also the Pioneers and first settlers of California and nearly all the Pacific States and Territories. It is true that Fremont and his volunteers were in California before the Mormons, but the ship *Brooklyn* carried the first American company of settlers to the "Golden State," under Mr. Samuel Brannan. These Mormon State-founders, with a number of the disbanded soldiers of the famous Mormon Battalion, made the first brick, built the first houses, and laid off the first cities of California under American rule, and it was their shovels that turned up the first glittering gold of these wonderful regions. The arrival of the ship *Brooklyn*, the finding of the first gold at Sutter's Mill, with scenes of the early California emigrants passing through Salt Lake City will by-and-by be all illustrated in this Magazine. Our record on the Pacific Coast must be kept alive.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.—*Harper's Monthly* for August is a very interesting number. In the American mind, *Harper's Magazine* is established as the greatest and most popular monthly in the world. Its later volumes have thrown off something of the heavy classicalty of the olden times, and taken on the more popular style of modern Monthly literature. Its pictorial work is still unsurpassed, notwithstanding the extraordinary efforts of Scribner's splendid Monthly to rival the fame of *Harper's Magazine*. The August number opens with a short, but exquisite poem on Robert Burns, from the pen of Longfellow. The first page has a woodcut of the Scotch bard; and the poem closes with a pictured scene of the visit of the ghost of the dead poet to the living one. The following verses will suggest to the reader the beautiful scene and subject:

"And then to die so young, and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve!
Yet better sure
Is this than wandering up and down,
An old man, in a country town,
Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land
 As an immortal youth; his hand
 Guides every plough;
 He sits beside each ingle-nook;
 His voice is in each running brook,
 Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night,
 A form of mingled mist and light,
 From that far coast,
 Welcome beneath this roof of mine!
 Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,
 Dear guest and ghost!"

An elegant magazine story—"The Happy Hunting Ground"—beautifully illustrated with wood-cuts, follows the poem on Robert Burns; and then a descriptive paper entitled "Fish and Men in the Maine Islands," the illustrations of which are all alive with fish and fishermen. "By-Paths in the Mountains" also furnishes excellent scenic subject for the charming artist, Graham. The story of St. Martin carries the reader back to the old classic vein of literature. It is one of those charming stories from the accomplished pens of good authors which prove how much more acceptable such are when we can get them even for the common people's reading than the novelettes of the popular story-papers which the modern public so greedily devour. It is a pity that more of the best authors do not write for the "common people" as well as for the educated fashionable reader. It is the beautiful works of the pictorial artist, and not that of our best authors, which gives the popular charm to our Monthly magazines.

"Mary Anerley," the chief novel of the current volume of Harper's, is closed in the August number. The editor himself reviewing it, says:

"Beyond all cavil, the first place in the list of the novels of the month must be accorded to Mr. Blackmore's 'Mary Anerley.' In this charming Yorkshire tale the great story-teller exhibits his powers, and even surpasses himself as a limner of English farming and peasant or rural life, and of picturesque local customs, traits, and scenery. Always most at home when describing the genial, well-to-do English farmer and his hospitable and comfortable surroundings, or when picturing the sweet womanly blossoms that cheer his ample hearth, Mr. Blackmore has given a new direction to his genius in this tale by the introduction of a new element, namely, the perils, pleasures, vicissitudes, and

incidents of smuggling and sea-faring life. The hero of the novel is the *preux chevalier* of smugglers, abundant in resources, and possessing every virtue save obedience to the revenue laws; and its heroine is one of those sweet and brave daughters of the farm, whom he habitually paints with loving skill. The story is one of the most relishing of this ingenious writer's productions."

"*Scribner's Monthly*" for August appears in the character of a "Midsummer Holiday Number." Evidently, Scribner puts forth all his efforts as a publisher to rival *Harper's Magazine*. The August number is certainly a splendid effort. It is gorgeously illustrated and full of good papers, but the chief feature of this number is "The Plain Story of Savonarola's Life;" a magnificent wood-cut of Savonarola being given as a frontispiece to the number. The wood-cuts of these great magazines are wrought to such perfection that in their force and effects they far excel the steel engraving and some of them—this of Savonarola for instance—appear quite as costly in their artistic execution.

OUR HOME POETS.—Utah is beginning to produce some really good poets in a pure literary point of view, apart from the "sweet singers of Zion" who, heretofore, have altogether carried the palm. The following poem from the pen of Mrs. Emeline B. Wells is a capital specimen.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

It seems to me that should I die,
 And this poor body cold and lifeless lie,
 And thou shouldst touch my lips with thy warm breath,
 The life-blood quicken'd in each sep'rate vein,
 Would wildly, madly rushing back again,
 Bring the glad spirit from the isle of death.

It seems to me that were I dead,
 And thou in sympathy shouldst o'er me shed
 Some tears of sorrow, or of sad regret,
 That every pearly drop that fell in grief,
 Would bud, or blossom, bursting into leaf,
 To prove immortal love could not forget.

I do believe that round my grave,
 When the cool, fragrant, evening zephyrs wave,
 Shouldst thou in friendship linger near the spot,
 And breathe some tender words in memory,
 That this poor heart in grateful constancy,
 Would softly whisper back some loving thought.

I do believe that should I pass,
 Into the unknown land of happiness,
 And thou shouldst wish to see my face once more,
 That in my earnest longing after thee,
 I would come forth in joyful ecstasy,
 And once again gaze on thee as before.

I do believe my faith in thee,
Stronger than life, an anchor firm to be,
Planted in thy integrity and worth,
A perfect trust, implicit and secure;
That will all trials and all griefs endure,
And bless and comfort me while here on earth.

I do believe who love hath known,
Or sublime friendship's purest, highest tone,
Hath tasted of the cup of ripest bliss,
And drank the choicest wine life hath to give,
Hath known the truest joy it is to live;
What blessings rich or great compared to this?

I do believe true love to be,
An element that in its tendency,
Is elevating to the human mind;
An intuition which we recognize
As foretaste of immortal Paradise,
Through which the soul will be refined.

Here is another of a different kind and
of good quality from the pen of Mr.
H. W. Naisbitt of this city:

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS DEATH.

Throughout God's infinite domain
Life reigns perennial, all around,
And every pang, or pulsé of pain
Leads but to higher vantage ground.

Where Autumn's leaves by myriads droop,
They wake to higher forms of life;
And every shower, exhaled, doth stoop
To earth again with beauty rife.

Disintegrate, earth's granite base
Brings untold wealth from fertile fields,
And in the circling smoke we trace
Those elements which beauty yields.

So, where on sloping hillsides dwell,
The generations of the past,
Doth not their resurrections swell
In forms unknown, or known, as vast?

Systems and suns, replete with change,
With wandering orbs, or earths or moons,
In resurrections have their range,
In morn, or night, or cycling noons!

Nothing destroyed, naught can be lost,
No particle but finds its place,
Now here, now there, at rest or tossed,
Each process adds to form, to grace.

By rigid law, eternal moves
In higher planes, refined at last.
What art of man, from God, but proves
That change, not death, hath powers so vast!

Little we know, and that is vain,
Compared with element advanced;
We only feel the backward strain,
We hope for being, life, enhanced.

Nay more; that inspiration must have had
(A drop from life's great fountain head,) Assures,
though reason college mad,
May scorn such moods by spirit fed.

There's no such thing as death, we feel
Instinctive, in the realms of space,
But *change*, with noiseless step doth tread
Where'er Omnipotence can trace!

Thus feeble man, and fallen earth,
Aspire, and feel their pulses thrill,
The one to be as Gods in worth
The last celestialized by *will*.

Will, that hath worked, will work, unspent,
Till past eternities shall fall,
As single drops to ocean sent,
Till God shall be the all, in all!

The grand Jubilee poem by Mr. O. F. Whitney, which was read at the celebration of the Twenty-Fourth, bears off the palm of the season. Here are a few sparks struck from the young poet's pen:

Hail to the Year of Jubilee!
Let pealing anthems rise,
And bursts of echoing melody
Loud mingle with the skies!
Let earth resound with music's pow'r,
Glad welcoming the year,
When Zion sees her natal hour
The fiftieth time appear!

An hour when, thro' the ling'ring night,
In beauty broke the morn,
When Faith, exultant, hailed the Light
That told her Truth was born,
The fulness of an omened birth—
In verse prophetic given—
When Truth, new springing from the earth,
Saw Mercy smile in Heaven.

* * * * *

Far down the mystic river of the Mind,
A fleet of recollections slowly wind—
A chain of gems on Fancy's pinions brought,
Historic views on Mem'ry's canvas wrought!
The foremost is a scene where forests grow,
Where flowers bloom and spring-time breezes blow.
Where sweet-toned birds send up their matin lay,
And lave in th' golden fountain of the day.

* * * * *

And fifty years, like billows on the sand,
Have left their marks on life's unruffled strand,
Since dawned the morning of that chosen day
When Israel's fold refound the Narrow Way.
And planted, firm, the Gospel's glorious tree,
On Joseph's land, the land of Liberty.
Tho' rudely torn from out the parent soil—
Its budding glories fierce Oppression's spoil—
And flung far out upon the burning plain
To meet the doom its murd'rous foes ordain;
Like Aaron's rod, the Bough of Joseph blooms
Brings forth, in gladness, mid the desert glooms,
With fragrance rare, the sterile valley fills,
And Blossoms on the Everlasting Hills.
Deep rooted in the chambers of the rock,
Upheeding war, and storm, and earthquake shock,
It stands where Hatred's fiery shafts are hurl'd,
Waving a welcome to the wond'ring world.
Afar, its shadows o'er the nations fall,
Again its branches climb the ocean wall,
And seeds of Life, sown with Almighty hand,
Are springing from the soils of every land,
And these shall bear, upon the world's broad face,
The fruits of Freedom for the human race.

* * * * *

And Zion, the redeemed, the pure, the free,
Shall celebrate the WORLD'S GREAT JUBILEE.

HADASSAH, THE JEWESS.

An historical story of the return of the Jews to Europe after their expulsion from Spain.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE JEW AND THE CHRISTIAN.

DURING that wondrous period which saw the rise of imperial Protestantism under Elizabeth of England, and that glorious evolution of the British Commonwealth which also brought forth as its offspring our young America, the Jews began to come from under the curse of ages, as though their strange destiny was necessary to be brought in as the Divine seal of a new dispensation of nations. At that supreme moment, when the star of a millennium rose to gladden the eyes of the watchers of a new civilization, a Hebrew tidal wave poured into Europe as the marvelous race revived from the terrible expulsions from Spain and Portugal which occurred during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Holland was the first nation to lift up Judah and make him again a power in the world, and an acceptable offering of the Providence that had wrought in and through him so much of blessing to the world. England next did Judah justice, and from Cromwell's time he has been rising to such an influence in the earth that the terrible past has been well nigh forgotten. London has become to the Jew more than was Jerusalem to his fathers, and in our own day one of his blood has been raised to the premiership of England and more potent among nations was he than was Solomon in all his glory. In the coffers of the Rothschilds are locked the sinews of Europe, and in their hands is much of Europe's destiny. Verily, to-day is Judah in the old world riding in the chariots of civilization, while in America no barrier is interposed to bar the flight of his loftiest ambition. And thus is Judah coming from under the curse.

Our story opens in the city of Cordova, where the Hebrews had shared with the Moorish conquerors almost a royal splendor, until the Moors and Jews alike were driven from the country.

Baron De Leon, at this time British ambassador to Spain, in the service of his royal master, Charles I., with his retinue of armed servants, was approaching as night came on some famous ruins of the palace of Israel of Cordova which was destroyed at the time of the Jewish expulsion.

"Hark!" he exclaimed, checking his steed with a firm hand, "I hear the clash of steel!"

"There is fighting in yon ruins, my lord," observed his esquire, also reining up his steed.

"Dost think, Gilbert, 'tis un-Christian work?"

"I can but conjecture, my lord; yet do I mistrust Spanish steel."

"By my knightly honor, did I think it other than a pass at arms between some courtly gentlemen—ha! that surely was a cry for help!"

"So thought I, myself, my noble master, at the first,—but there was in that second cry more of the tone of knightly defiance than mortal fear."

"Thou art right, Gilbert. Yet there is the cry for help again. I'll wager me 'tis some brave gentleman sorely pressed by odds of ruffian swords. Unhorse and to the rescue! It becomes not a De Leon to hesitate at such a cry. Quick, my men, to the rescue!"

The nobleman leapt from his horse as he gave the orders, and followed by Gilbert at the head of a score of armed men, he dashed into the ruins; but as he reached the place of conflict he paused and waved his followers back.

The scene that met the quick eye of the British ambassador stirred the warrior's soul in him to admiration. There, keeping at bay half a dozen Spanish cavaliers, fought a person of most majestic mein. His back was protected by a crumbling column; his foot boldly planted to meet the foe, and his mighty sword swept the air like flashes of lightning rendered wierd-like by the glimpses of the moon. Two of his assailants were vanquished, one wounded, the other disarmed. These

had given way to a couple of fresh swordsmen,—for in his guarded position only two could attack him at once,—while the others keenly watched expecting that, in the heat of the conflict, he would be drawn toward the centre, when they could attack him from behind.

Never before had De Leon beheld one more like a hero in his wrath, yet more self-possessed and cautious in dealing with odds so fearfully against him. When his fury overmatched his assailants and his skill beat down their swords, he drew back to his pillar and, resting, waited the renewal of attack instead of following up the seductive advantage. The experienced eye of De Leon detected in him not only the warrior, but one who had commanded in battle and who well understood the science of defence. It was this which had caused him to pause ere taking part in the conflict; for in his admiration he was inclined to believe that this fearless warrior could vanquish his odds. But when the third couple came fresh to the attack, giving the assassin-like back-watch to their companions, De Leon was provoked to disclose his presence. In the din and excitement of the battle, his approach into the ruins with his men had not been observed by the combatants; and as he stood on the threshold of the grand hall in the shade of the ruins and waved his troopers back, they stealthily drew around him and watched with him in profound silence. But the cry of "De Leon to the rescue!" startled the combatants.

At the battle cry of their lord, the troop of Englishmen sprang into the ruins, while the Spanish cavaliers fled in wild dismay, carrying off their wounded comrade as best they could.

"Let them escape, Gilbert," commanded De Leon, "We are well to be thus rid of them. By my knightly honor, noble sir," he observed, turning to the hero who was resting upon his sword with a quiet unostentation, "thy sword was nearly a match for them."

"Yet, but for thy timely appearance," replied the warrior, "I doubt not they had slain me. My advantage at the onset was in their ignorance that I was armed and could wield this trusty blade. They were fair swordsmen and I perceived their intent to wear out my strength by a system of attacks. Yea, they had doubt-

less slain me had not help come. The Jew owes thee his life."

"What! Art thou he of whom the gossips of Cordova make such strange reports?" inquired De Leon, amazed.

"The same. And thyself! For I would fain know the name of him to whom I am so greatly debtor. For once, the Jew owes to the Christian his life."

"Jew or Christian, thou hast a knightly soul; and Richard De Leon thus gives thee a brother's hand."

"De Leon! Ambassador of England to the court of Spain? I have heard of thee. This is not the first time thou hast put the Jew under obligations to thee."

"Aye; in the Netherlands, I confess, I did thy race some service. I had a secret cause to love them."

"Then be this clasp a covenant of love between us two," said the Hebrew with impulsive fervor.

And the two princely men clasped each a brother's hand.

"Yet, why buriest thou thyself within these ruins, thus provoking danger?" inquired the British ambassador.

"Once, this ruin was the palace of my forefathers," replied the Hebrew. For a moment he paused in deep thought, as though revolving in his mind some great purpose, and then he continued:

"Yea, I will trust thee as I thought not possible for a descendant of Israel of Cordova to trust the Christian and here in Spain; but thou art from England, where the fated footsteps of our people will next be planted. Yea, I will trust thee."

"And thou art truly a descendant of Israel of Cordova, whose mystic tomb invites so much admiration and curiosity to this day?" observed the Englishman in a tone half musing as in question.

"Thou hast said truly. I am a descendant of old Israel of Cordova."

"The rumors of thee, then, are not all fable," the Englishman continued, in thoughtful solicitude for the noble Hebrew. "Thou art in deadly peril. Enemies of thy race encompass thee. They say thou hast in old Israel's stead returned to Cordova to possess his buried treasure. I understand now the attack upon thee to-night. It was thy secret, not thy life, they sought."

"Thus have I myself reasoned, most worthy brother;—for though I am but Jew I may call the Christian knight,

brother, if the Jew in me hath yearning toward him as I have toward thee."

"Aye, brother; so call me freely; for thou hast revealed thyself to me of knightly order, much, I confess, to my astonishment; but hadst thou been simply the Jew, yet thy deeds and soul being noble, freely shouldst thou call De Leon brother. Speak on; I see thou hast something of import to communicate."

"Thou hast spoken, my brother, to my very thought and to the bent of my inclining. Thou hast said it was my secret, not my life, they sought. Doubtless, the fact struck one so familiar with courts, that my assailants were Spanish nobles and courtiers, and not common assassins?"

"It did; therefore I bid my esquire to let them escape, for, as ambassador of Spain, I cared not to let my troop slaughter a band of Spanish cavaliers. And so, detecting their rank, I did also conjecture they did seek to wring thy secret from thee, not to take thy life."

"Aye, Sir Christian, perchance to wring the secret of the Jew from him by torture. Oh! we have not forgotten that the Spanish Inquisition came into existence to torture the Jew as a holy instrument of Christian recompense against our people. But pardon this outburst, my noble friend, and think not ungraciously of me that the Jew cannot quite forget the past."

"Thy people have indeed had just cause to hate the Spaniard and all Christendom. Frankly, I must confess as much to thee."

"De Leon; thou art a just man. That much of thee I learned in the Netherlands, though personally I knew thee not. Thou didst advise the States of Holland to give succor and generous countenance to the Jews, and didst boldly say thou wouldst urge England to welcome us to her shores again. De Leon, I said I would trust thee, and the Jew gives not half his heart where he gives his trust. Come into the palace of my fathers. Thou wilt not find it all a ruin."

The descendant of Israel of Cordova led the English ambassador and his retinue through many ruined apartments of the palace, by the light of a torch which he took in one of the outer courts, until they came to a sort of labyrinth of corridors, at the termination of which he gave a call in the Hebrew tongue. At this, a door opened through which they passed and found themselves in a gorgeous apart-

ment of vast dimensions in which were a number of Hebrew ladies. One among them was beautiful beyond description, and by her side was a youth of fifteen,—not her own son, evidently, for she, herself, was not many years his senior, and yet as the youth approached to greet the Hebrew warrior as though greatly relieved by his coming, De Leon fixed him in his mind as the son of his host.

"Serve up the banquet, Esther. These gentlemen are our guests to-night."

The princely Hebrew had addressed her who appeared to be the queen of this inner paradise, so much in contrast with the ruin without. She was his wife.

The ambassador had, perhaps, protested on account of his retinue, for his rough English troopers, though of sterling Saxon manhood, were scarcely fit companions of a bevy of eastern ladies (whose air of superiority and jeweled Oriental robes bespoke them of the chief families of their tribe,) but the English knight felt that the true vein of delicacy was on the side of the Jew. They were all guests of the noble Israelite—master and servants alike—and the banquet room was ample for all.

After having partaken of the banquet rather in silence than in free communion, the troopers conversed among themselves in an undertone, while the ladies, with equal reserve, discoursed in their native tongue. The two knights, each occupied by his own thoughts, resigned themselves to reverie.

Baron De Leon could scarcely persuade himself that he was not verily acting a part in some romance, antique in its type and marvelous in its subject and development. It was before the days of chivalry had quite passed away; he was born in the reign of the English Sheba; his father was a companion-in-arms of that prince of knights, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and he, himself, had personal remembrance of Sir Walter Raleigh. A strange freak of fate in his life had now brought him into relationship with a Jew who was yet something more than a Jew, for both were members of a knightly brotherhood and both had recognized the fact. It surprised him at first to find a brother knight in one of Hebrew race; but his admiration of the prowess of the Hebrew warrior confessed that he was rightly ranked; yet did that rank suggest of him some uncommon personal history

still to be revealed. Whatever it might be, his Hebrew brother was about to take him into full confidence, and the working up of a charm of fate between them had seemed so natural, or rather in his present mood seemed so strangely supernatural, that he submitted to let Fate run her length with him that night. Moreover, there was, in the entire case, a resistless call for a brother's help. His knightly honor was piqued; he resolved to obey the call; he felt, also, that he could trust in the honor of the noble Israelite.

This charm of romance commenced in the ruins without in the scene of combat; but still more potent was the charm of romance within. Here was a purely eastern scene and a veritable Oriental assemblage. De Leon might well have fancied that himself and retinue had been, by a magician's power, suddenly transported to an eastern land. The personages of this Oriental paradise which had burst upon his vision were, excepting the youth, ladies all, and all seemed noble dames of their tribe, heads of families, in fine, rather than Jewish maidens. Esther, as she has name in De Leon's thoughts, alone appears to him like a maiden jewel of her race; but excepting this and her rare beauty, nothing distinguishes her from the rest; they are evidently all of the same caste among their people. This does not altogether surprise Baron De Leon; he is not expecting a love romance; there is something deeper than this in the scene and the event; he is preparing his mind for some marvelous romance of a race, and wondering what it can be, for it is surely greater than the mere personal history of this knightly descendant of old Israel of Cordova. One feature, however, of the scene does surprise him: there are no male members of this tribe except the warrior and his son; yet does he divine that there is the counterpart of this somewhere and soon to be revealed. Thus concluding, Baron De Leon dismisses so much of the mystery from his thoughts and seeks to read something of the history of the Hebrew sire in his son.

Here, now, the ambassador finds a complex study both of type and history. This is not all Jewish. Races seem to meet and congregate in that lad. He is standing with reverence beside his noble sire, but his deep gaze, fixed on his father's countenance, as clearly reads the parent thoughts as though a volume was

before him written. De Leon saw this at a glance; and as the youth rapidly digested the subject in his father's mind, his own countenance interpreted something of it: evidently he was in full communion with all the parent secrets.

This was a strange and rare youth. There was that in the countenance and daring intellectual form of the head that marked him almost Germanic in type. Thus revealed, he was not of the race of whom our Saxon poet has made Shylock declare the epitome of ages,—“Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe,”—but of a race all conquering in its might of individual self—that type of selfhood which, when it is supreme in cast, makes the great Germanic man a Colossus superior to his race. But as De Leon's gaze dwelt upon the lad, the Jew came out of him and tarried; the race now prevailed above the individual stamp. The boy was Hebrew after all. His very complexity of type suggested to De Leon the thought that in the possibilities of the Jew there may some day be found the Alpha and the Omega of races blended in his supremest type. As it was, the ambassador decided that two races already blended in this youth, and it gave to him the clue of something of the noble Hebrew's personal history. Ending his reverie, he threw himself back in his chair, as if waiting upon his host for the further revealment. He had not long to wait.

CHAPTER II.

MYSTERIES OF THE TOMB.

WHEN the Hebrew Knight perceived these signs of readiness in the Ambassador's manner, he addressed him with that charming grace with which truly great men ask and receive favors of each other.

“Noble sir,” he said, “wilt thou now lend me an hour of thy company? I owe thee obligations yet, if the Jew's confidence be not too great a burden for thy patience.”

“Nay, speak not of burden, I have given thee a brother's hand, and De Leon gives not grudgingly. Lead whithersoever thy trust or purpose inclines. This night, I am at thy service.”

“Yet first be my honor pledged to thee that thou shalt in no wise be bound by what may be revealed to thee to-

night, other than by thine own simple honor. If thou shalt, beyond this, of thine own free will and pleasure, grant more to the Jew, be it as thy pure gift to him to be requited by as much to thee."

To this, De Leon bowed his head. No further speech was needed, for they understood and trusted each other.

As by common impulse, the Hebrew and the English noble rose together from the festive board; leaving the Saxon troopers well at ease, for the ladies had already withdrawn to their own apartments. Beckoning to his son who, comprehending his sire's purpose, took an antique lamp from its socket, the princely Israelite bade the youth go in advance to light their path, and then, taking De Leon by the arm, he passed out with him and presently they were retracing their steps in the labyrinth of corridors. Entering one of these, branching from the main passage, they traversed its length, reaching a marble stairway, down which they went and then entered other corridors leading to a narrow stair which they also descended and so, pursuing successive flights, winding about from passage to passage, until at length they paused beneath the base of the palace and rested well nigh breathless by the descent.

"We are now beneath the ruins," observed the Jew, "our course is hence by subterranean paths; but fear not, De Leon, the breath of deadly vapor."

"Lead on, Sir Israel, I fear nothing with thy guidance."

Again they advanced, now nearly in a direct line, quite a quarter of a mile, and then ascended a short stairway which seemed to rise from a vault to the outer world; for above them was a ceiling of masonry which, as they approached, opened as though it had dissolved into air, revealing an outlet large enough for a man to pass. But this was simple; for the Jew had pressed a lever at the bottom of the stairs which had let down one of the marble flags of the ceiling, turning it into a groove under its mate. They now found themselves in a grand marble mausoleum of eastern architecture and beauty, but which De Leon in the deep gloom could not define, for the tiny lamp which the youth carried scarcely made a circle in the darkness beyond their presence. But he was not long in wonder.

"This, Sir Leon," said the Hebrew knight, "is the tomb of Israel of Cor-

dova, spoken of sometimes as the Tomb of the Covenant."

"I have heard much of it," answered De Leon, "but knew not how far the legend of the tomb had truth in history, yet do I now conjecture the legend itself is but the shell of a story still more strange. Ha! here is the statuary memento of the covenant made between Ferdinand of Castile and the first Israel of Cordova."

"Right, Sir Leon," responded the Jew. "There stand the gigantic bronze statues of the royal Ferdinand and my ancestor, with clasped hands over the tomb. 'Tis the sign of their covenant. Long did it protect our house, and to this day hath protected Israel's tomb, for the pride, at least, of the Spanish sovereigns has guarded its sanctity. No spoiler's hand hath yet dared to touch this sacred pile. Around, behold also the tombs of many of my family!"

"Aye, as my eyes grow used to the darkness, I behold them. 'Tis the burial place of thy dead."

"And yet, De Leon, their ashes rest not here."

"How sayest thou, Sir Israel!" exclaimed the ambassador; "their ashes rest not here?"

"I have brought thee hither to reveal the secret of this tomb. Thou canst see that clock peeping out of the gloom as though it were watching us, Sir Leon? Canst discern it fairly? Throw up thy light, Judah. 'Tis the clock of the tomb. Mark!"

From a receptacle in the clock, the Jew brought forth a huge key and wound it up. Then he moved the hands around on the face, seeming to make many combinations, but, finally, leaving the hour hand at seven. Then the clock began to go its rounds and the solemn tick, tick, charmed the silence of the tomb. Presently was heard the noise as of vast machinery working inside the bronze statues of Ferdinand and Israel!

"What meaneth that noise?" enquired De Leon.

"Thou shalt presently see," replied the Jew. "No doubt thou hast already conjectured that my fathers had some purpose in the erection of these monuments, even beyond the memory of the covenant, though that had been sufficient, seeing it gave to our house such potent friends as the Kings of Spain.

"Aye, Sir Israel, since thou hast said

there was a secret to the tomb, such thoughts have been suggested of a deeper purpose."

"Thou mayst have noticed, Sir Leon, that Ferdinand stands at the head of the tomb and Israel at its feet?"

"Yes, I have observed it, and did think at first it was a flattering tribute to the Prince of Castile most exquisitely symbolic; but now, from thy suggestive words, methinks—"

"Express thy thoughts," said the Jew, with a smile, as the other paused somewhat embarrassed. "Thou thinkest, now, 'tis Hebrew cunning. Sir Leon, cunning is nature's guardian of the weak against the strong. My race hath indeed had bounteous need of it or we had perished long ere this. 'Tis Ferdinand who guards the secrets of Israel's tomb. Behold!"

"Wonderful! Tomb of the wonderful! The statues unclasp their hands! The statue of Ferdinand opens like a folding door and into the bowels of the earth old Israel points."

"Look into the passage. Judah, throw the light of thy lamp within. What see'st thou, Sir Leon!"

"A spiral stairway around an iron pillar, yet ending soon," De Leon answered.

"Aye," added the Jew, "and beneath it, were not the stairway there, a pit that to the eye would seem as bottomless and dark as Hades. Enter, Judah, and light the feet of the noble Knight to the secret of the tomb of our ancestors."

The youth obeyed his father in silence, awed, perhaps, "being one in the secret and the circumstance.

"Follow my son, Sir Leon. The descent hath no danger. A child might safely enter. I must bring up the rear and close the door."

Slowly the lad lighted De Leon's feet down the spiral way, but, somewhat to his surprise, the ambassador presently found himself simply in a circular room. The mystery seemed ended. The boy placed the lamp upon a tiny table and De Leon sat down in one of the seats around with a touch of some such a feeling as a hungry man expecting a feast might sit down to an empty board.

"What!" he mused, "hath Sir Israel but brought me here to relate his family story? The mystery hath no compensation. Well, what matters it to me, if

it pleaseth him? Perchance the secret, whate'er it be, must be told in the tomb, and this a convenient closet for the telling."

But the musing of the ambassador was quickly ended by a sharp ringing of the statue as it closed, and then the coming of the Jew. And now, by the noise, it was evident that the machinery which he had heard above was again in motion, and he became conscious that the room was going down into the pit with some velocity, yet not enough to suggest imprudent speed.

The Jew seated himself by the side of the ambassador, but spoke not. Ten minutes thus it seemed, though the watch had told it but half as long, when the Jew arose. They were approaching the bottom of the pit. Suddenly there was a sharp concussion as the room struck the ground; but the speed had slackened almost to nothing so that the shock was not great. At the same instant a door flew open as its spring bolt shot down into its socket.

They came out, now, into a small hall dimly lighted. Judah still led the way. Quickly they turned into a vaulted passage from the ceiling of which hung silver lamps of fine workmanship whose brilliant lights jetted in every direction. A hundred, quite, of these suspended from the marble arched vault, while on each side, on the walls, in golden brackets, a line of silver lamps were socketed, making three rows of lights which, playing upon such a mass of silver everywhere, filled the passage, which was built of white marble, with a light of unspeakable refulgence, yet soft, beautiful and gracious to the eye withal. It was like the very gate of heaven.

"'Tis the pathway to the realm of my dead," observed the Jew, as De Leon stopped wrapt in amazement and admiration.

The expression of the descendant of Israel struck De Leon with a sense of reality. A charmed bewilderment came over him. It was as one waking from a dream, so real in seeming that the waker questions if it be a dream, yet scarce can tell.

"The realm of thy dead? Sir Israel, I know not if I be one of earth myself at this moment!"

They passed on, and as the fleecy light poured down upon the white marble on

the floor, De Leon fancied themselves like spirits treading the "milky way." Nor was the illusion lessened as, here and there in the refulgent pathway, they met silent figures robed in gabardines. Soon they came to lofty marble gates which slowly opened at some seemingly mystic words uttered by the Hebrew in his own tongue. Then, addressing the ambassador, he said:

"Enter, Sir Leon, the solemn chamber of my immortal race."

With this they entered. And if the outer seemed to De Leon the pathway to the realm of light, this, indeed, was heaven itself. A vast chamber of such architectural beauty as he had never imagined. All was built of white marble, and the light, if possible, a hundred fold more refulgent; for diamonds glittered in their settings; caskets of jewels that seemed themselves all jewel; lamps studded with diamonds suspended on golden chains from the wondrous masonic arches of the solemn chamber; tombs, in which slept the ashes of the house of Israel, inlaid with precious stones; all intensifying the glory of this palace of immortals of the race of Israel. Here, too, gathered in the vast chamber, were five hundred forms who, as De Leon entered, seemed to rise from the tombs and niches around, as though some were the personages, the others the guardians of the tombs, and every figure robed in a gabardine.

Leading De Leon to one of the caskets, the Jew opened it, observing:

"My knightly brother, examine, it it pleaseth thee. These gems are rare. Let thy fancy choose; for I would fain present thee with some fitting token of the Jew's love. Meantime, excuse my presence awhile. My son will abide with thee."

And the Hebrew left the Christian knight, if possible still more amazed, and passed into an alcove out of sight, and with him the solemn forms in gabardines also disappeared.

The son of Israel seemed gone from De Leon's presence but a moment, so lost was the knight in wonder at all he saw; yet a quarter of an hour had elapsed ere he returned, robed as a Prince and wearing the golden spurs of knighthood. On his breast was a star, ensign of his princely rank, and other jewels adorned his person such as were worn only by the highest personages of Europe. One of these

indicated that he was a knight-commander in the field; and by his side a hero's sword; but about his neck, on a massive chain, was one jewel belonging to the princes of ancient times.

"Ah! now I know thee, Sir David, Prince of Nassau!" exclaimed De Leon, meeting him and grasping his hand anew. "The Hebrew knight, whose deeds of war in the Netherlands against the hosts of Spain some twenty years ago seemed like a romance in the age, is now before me. Am I not right?"

"Thou art right, my brother. I am that David who was created knight and Prince of Nassau by the great Maurice. And these, De Leon, are my comrades," added Sir David, pointing to the tribe in gabardines who had returned. "Soldiers of Israel, unrobe. He is my brother, even as was Maurice of Nassau, whose cause we did espouse against the invading hosts of Spain."

In a moment the troop of Jewish heroes threw off their gabardines—now soldiers revealed whose deeds had made glorious the immortal war of Maurice of Nassau, Prince of Orange, when he saved the Dutch Republic, which his father founded, from the returning grasp of the Spaniard.

"Richard De Leon is welcome to our chapter," responded the knights of the tomb, as with one accord.

"Comrades," said Sir David, addressing them, "comrades, I have taken upon myself more to-night than well becomes me without having first consulted you all in formal chapter; yet I had not thus presumed had you not often bade me as your prince and leader to act on any supreme occasion, alone, in your stead, as 'twere act or purpose pre-ordained by us. Richard De Leon is known to us all as a just and righteous man, though he be a Christian. In the Netherlands, he did serve our people with a brother's love and zeal; what secret cause did prompt him I know not, other than that found in his noble heart to befriend our race. To-night he hath saved your Prince's life. But this alone had not resolved me to bring him into covenant with the Jew. As you may conjecture, our great enterprise did resolve me. We have decreed to plant our people again in England; and in Holland, Richard De Leon declared that he would urge his Parliament to give us welcome. I have taken him at his word as 'twere already a half formed covenant

with us. Have I done well to bring him to this sanctuary of our covenant?"

"David, our Prince, hath done well!" the comrades of the tomb responded.

"Our Prince hath not acted to-night apart from our ordaining, most noble Christian," said Ben Levi, advancing and giving the ambassador his hand. "Thou hast not forgotten me, Baron De Leon. Ben Levi was thy banker at the Hague when thou wast ambassador to the States General. Thou hast not forgotten the Jew, most noble sir? Nor hath he, thy friendship."

"I have not forgotten thee, Ben Levi, though a decade hath passed since I saw thee last; nor the learned Rabbi Manassah, whom I see among you. Ah! as I look around upon ye all, I am amazed to recognize so many familiar faces. Why, it would seem that all the Jewish bankers of Europe had congregated here in Spain to-night. What meaneth this strange meeting, Sir David?"

"Ere we separate, thou shalt know all, Sir Leon, with not a jot kept back. A chapter of my comrades was called to-night, but while we supped I sent them message that Richard De Leon would meet with us, and they have made this preparation extraordinary to welcome thee."

"Our Prince did send us message most welcome," observed Rabbi Manasseh Ben Israel, "the God of our fathers hath a hand in this."

"The God of our fathers be praised!" responded Caleb, who was lieutenant-commander of the order.

If much of the mystery and romance had disappeared to the English ambassador, the momentous significance of the occasion had nothing lessened but rather greatly increased. All had now a semi-political cast,—almost, indeed, a national aspect. The Jews designed a return to England after a banishment from that country during a period of nearly four hundred years, and Sir David, without circumlocution, was fairly confessing in his presence that he was seeking to bring him, an English ambassador, into covenant with the Jews to effect that vast and difficult purpose. The Hebrew Prince, then, was evolving a great Jewish scheme, a new race-policy, in fact, in which he was mixing England up and improvising a plot, growing out of the circumstances of that night, to make a Brit-

ish nobleman a brother of their covenant, that through him they might work out a covenant or treaty between England and the Jews. This was a sound and pure policy, but, in less noble hands than those of David and his comrades, it might have been tortuous in them and anti-English in him,—perchance anti-Christian also, considered in the light of those times. But De Leon possessed a lofty soul and a mind of universal largeness, so far as the human race was concerned. The Jew was his brother already; he was rather proud of his relation to him than otherwise; yet, had Sir David, on the outside world, proposed to him a compact with a Jewish brotherhood, instead of so trustfully leading him to their sanctuary, he had refused the covenant but confirmed his promise of a service to the Jewish people. Nor was the ambassador nearly decided as to what should be now his conduct in this case beyond the pledge of his honor; he was, moreover, quite conscious that, could the Spanish Government have penetrated to this scene in Israel's tomb at that moment, these soldiers, who had served under Maurice of Nassau, would have been declared a tribe of Jewish conspirators, and he, the English ambassador, as one in league with them.

"I read thy mind, Sir Leon," observed the Hebrew Prince. "But, remember, we give thee our trust and secret without a price. If thine own judgment and thine own fair honor go not with us in fullest sanction, be this night's work as blotted from thy memory, thy friendship and our gratitude alone remaining. Lend now thine ear in simple knightly courtesy to David's story of his race and family here in Spain, and of our present purpose in coming to this land so cursed unto the Jew."

Thus addressing him, Sir David led the ambassador of England to a chair of honor, seating himself by his side, and beckoning his son to the chair on the left; while each comrade silently took his niche among the tombs to listen to the story of their Prince.

CHAPTER III.

A LINK FROM ANCIENT TIMES.

"MY STORY, Baron De Leon, opens in the ages past, when the sceptre had not

altogether departed from Judah. The glory of Jacob waned, but the house of David still ruled in gorgeous captivity. In Babylon, my royal ancestors reigned as 'Princes of the Captivity'.

"Periods came when heroes from the house of David arose among our Princes. Then gave they promise that a Messiah was in arms to restore the sacred nation and bring Israel from under the curse. Such an one appeared in the eleventh century. In the glorious dash of a Messianic war, he shook the foundations of the Caliphate; but, in the sequel, ended his extraordinary career on the scaffold. Thus closed the reign of the Princes of the Captivity.

"After the fall and execution of this hero, the wealthier classes of the Israelites of Babylonia made an exodus into Spain. Among them was a woman with the soul of a leader. She was of the blood of this prince; the traditions of her family say she was his sister. Certain it is that she was a kindred spirit; and her heroic conduct in this exodus was long afterwards a theme of romantic memories. She was my ancestress, Sir Leon.

"In Moorish Spain, the Jews found another Sion; yet scarcely need I tell thee this but for the linking of my story. Our people had suffered horrible persecutions from the Gothic princes; so they became natural allies of the conquerors; and, during the whole period of Moorish rule in Spain, the Hebrews knew no bondage, but felt as did their fathers when they came up out of Egypt. Yet did our race repay the country well, and, with the Moors, carved out a civilization such as Europe had not known before. Nor was their work confined to Moorish Spain. The Christian monarchs of the rival country gradually learned the value of our people, and for a time they were protected and encouraged by the rulers of Aragon and Castile.

"Nor in all Spain, either under the Moorish or Christian Kings, were any counted more illustrious by our people than those descended from her who led the remnant from Babylonia. For several generations, her sons had settled in the kingdom of the Moors; but when Ferdinand, king of Castile, took the city of Cordova, Israel of Cordova greatly aided him with his wealth and the wisdom of his statesmanship in the government of the conquered city; yet did my ancestor

remain true to the Moor until the country had fairly passed beyond his rule; for, as thou wilt doubtless grant, it becomes not the Jew to strive against the fate of war between two rival nations. So thus, between Ferdinand and my ancestor, grew up a friendship; and in after years the covenant was made sealing to our house the potent friendship of the kings of Spain. During the happy period that ensued, the Hebrews were protected by these princes of Castile and Aragon, while Spain herself, in every city, was blessed by our civilization, our wealth and our industry.

"But the Christians kept not their covenants with the Jews. Their wrongs grew rapidly. In numerous provinces, outbursts of priestly and popular violence raged against our people. Escape was possible only by flight to Africa; yes, one escape besides from Christian wrath, but one compared with which flight anywhere was as mercy granted. It was by accepting baptism at the point of the sword. Oh, David dare not, e'en in story, dwell upon that horror!

"At length, came the final tragedy when Ferdinand and Isabella issued their edict for the expulsion, within four months, of all of our race who refused to become Christians, with strict inhibition to take neither gold nor silver out of the country. Our people offered a kingdom's ransom for the revocation of the edict. For a moment the sovereigns hesitated; but Torquemada, the Inquisitor-General, dared to their face to compare them to Judas. 'Twas then that Isabella betrayed the covenant made by her royal ancestor and mine. Torquemada won the stake against us, and his fiendish work went on.

"Yet were we not quite unprepared. My ancestors foresaw that, sooner or later, some terrible crisis must come to our people from the many causes of their wealth, though they dreamt not of the extermination of all our race from Spain. So, generations before the evil day, they set about to build this tomb and conceived the Symbol of the Covenant between Ferdinand and Israel to guard alike the secret of their wealth and protect their tomb. What thou hast seen to-night, Baron De Leon, is not the building of one generation. At length these chambers were completed, and our dead removed from their tombs above; and

with the ashes of our race, stored we the mighty wealth which each generation did accumulate; and thus their wealth made gorgeous their sepulchre.

"At first the tomb was named 'The Palace of Our Dead.' Thou must have noticed how pure is the air. This sanctuary is built near a mountain gorge through which a river courses. As though nature conspired with my fathers, a quarry of white marble was found in that mountain. Boats loaded with this, from time to time unostentatiously floated down the stream, disappearing in an harbor which our workman cut in the mountain where they unloaded for the building. Thus was it all by plans most simple. Here barrack my comrades with the breeze of the mountain beating their brow, while our women abide in the Palace. But to return to my story of the covenant.

"Then came the edict; but being apprised thereof before its issuance, my great-grandsire, Israel the last of Cordova, gathered the chief men of our tribe throughout the nation, and they together did resolve to use the covenant of the tomb also as one between themselves, agreeing to deposit here as much of gold and jewels as could be saved from the spoiler. But this alone, without some recompense, had been as poor revenge; hence, in their covenant, they did foreordain that in some future generation their descendants should return and, repossessing the wealth of their fathers, establish our people in Europe greater than before. Sir De Leon, in vaults around this chamber their gold is groaning for deliverance now; here in this sepulchre, their jewels gleam with ten thousand precious eyes.

"But great was the disappointment and terrible the rage of the Inquisitor-General over the wealth of old Israel; for although much could be traced in his loans to the Spanish noblemen, and also in vast mortgages held against the princes of the Church, that which fell to the spoiler compared as nothing to his imagined wealth, for it was supposed that in his vaults were treasures enough to ransom an empire.

"From the moment of the promulgation of the edict, the palace of my ancestor was under strictest espionage of the servants of the Inquisition and seals were placed on all his vaults and repositories; for it was the aim of Torquemada that

Israel of Cordova should quit Spain before the Crusade of spoiling began, seeing the edict gave him the hateful chance of turning Christian.

"To guard his people with his life had there been need of it, (for thus did it become one of the sacred blood of David,) my ancestor was among the last who quitted Spain; and Torquemada's fears grew nigh to certainty that Israel of Cordova would betray his people and his faith to save his wealth. Oh! these Christian do judge us by themselves! Your pardon, most noble Christian, that I did forget myself and thee in saying it.

"At last, my ancestor, with a few of those joined with him in the covenant, departed out of Spain with quick and stealthy movements which Torquemada himself with greedy cunning covered, his avarice preserving the Jew for once from his most active hate. Israel now gone and, as he thought, the spoil his own, the Grand Inquisitor gave orders to the trusted for the breaking of the seals set upon our vaults and treasure places; and then ensued a scene of dismay among the Holy Fathers and a terrible storm of rage from the Inquisitor-General. The gold, the silver and the precious stones—the treasures all were gone. There remained only heaps of mortgages and bonds which, if pressed home, had beggared many a Spanish noble, but were made worthless by the edict. None could explain the mystery. The priests declared it the work of Evil Powers; and the superstitious multitude readily credited the report that the Evil One had aided the Jews in transporting their wealth out of the country. Again did Torquemada, his cunning overmatched, preserve the refugees, or they, perchance, had been pursued. It was his belief that some of his subordinates, with avarice like his own, had betrayed him. In vain did they protest their innocence; but after causing his instruments of torture to be applied in confessing the suspected priests, in despair Torquemada gave up the search for old Israel's missing treasures; but, meantime, in the popular rage, the rabble and the priests demolished the palace of my ancestors.

"Sir Leon, I will not touch upon the horrors of that exodus from Spain, nor follow the footsteps of my people to Portugal, where another Ferdinand did give us covenant for gold,—granting us six

months' sojourn within his realms, but to betray us in the sequel and tax our Jewish mothers for their babes to make a tribe of Christians for us from our flesh and blood. Nay, I dare not dwell on this to thee, Sir Leon, lest I should provoke my Christian brother with my Jewish wrath and make the offer of a covenant with us a thing to loathe.

"Suffice us, Sir Leon, for my story, that old Israel of Cordova, drawn by the ancient memories of our sacred people, led his band of Hebrew refugees to Babylonia. These, with my ancestor, as I have already told thee, Sir Leon, were those who, in the sanctuary of this tomb, had taken the covenant with him. They all were true to it and, dying, left it as a legacy unto their children.

"To my grandfather, old Israel, when he gathered up his feet, said: 'Nay, my son, our people as yet have no destiny in the East. The Providence of Jacob hath departed from the sacred lands. 'Twill not return, my son, till He who led our fathers out of Egypt shall lift the curse. Yet remain thou and thy sons here in Babylon till the evil signs against our race in Europe be dispersed. They are but transitory. Our race hath marvelous destiny in Europe yet to come, and then shalt thou return to Spain, thou and thy sons, and repossess the wealth that was thy father's.

"Scarcely had I reached manhood, ere my father entrusted me with the secret of the tomb and the purpose of the covenant made by our elders. My imagination was fired, youth's ambition aroused, and the voice of their lofty purpose, like the morning trumpet, waking my soul with the tidings that the hour had come! I gathered a band of youths to whom, like myself, the covenant did appertain and soon inspired them with my enterprise. I scarcely need tell thee, Sir Leon, they are before thee now.

"We sought our fathers and demanded, yet most reverently, to be sent forth with Israel's mission to Europe. The matter, Sir Leon, pleased our sires well, and so they sent us out with their blessings on our heads. Five hundred Hebrew youths, with their brides, started as pilgrims from Babylonia under my command; but as we entered the land of the Christians we scattered in small troops, hiding ourselves as under our gabardines thou beheldest to-night: I mean, De Leon, we

hid ourselves and purposes from jealous eyes.

"With my small troop, I entered Holland. It was at the hour that the veteran Captain, Maurice of Nassau, rose like his father, William the Silent, to complete the redemption of the Netherlands from the returning grasp of Spain and to raise the siege of Bergen-op-Zoon,—for a Spanish host, under the Marquis of Spinola, even then sat down before that rare stronghold and had well nigh reduced it. Seeking Prince Maurice, I offered him a troop of Hebrew soldiers to fight against our common enemy, for I burned to avenge the past; yet did I not at that time tell Maurice ought of our own secret. The Prince, who was as great a statesman as he was a warrior, nobly accepted us and I sent couriers to all my captains. Soon they were with their troops in arms around our leader. Suffice it to say the siege of Bergen-op-Zoon was raised and Maurice again was the acknowledged hero of Europe."

"Yet scarcely more than thyself, Sir David," observed De Leon, for the first time breaking in upon the story; "nor in all Europe was there a troop that could compare with thy Hebrew soldiers."

"Aye, they were heroes worthy of Israel of old," returned Sir David, in lofty pride, casting his luminous eyes around with a brother's love on his companions in arms. "But let others tell of their deeds and mine."

"That will I, thou Royal son of Israel."

"Yet will I not forget acknowledgment of love to Maurice as henceforth to thee. In the action, in the very hour when victory and defeat promised alike, I saved the great Captain's life. In gratitude, he knighted the Hebrew soldier on the battle field and thereafter in regular form adopted him as a Prince of the house of Nassau."

"And right well hast thou deserved the honor, Sir David, Prince of Nassau!" exclaimed De Leon with a soldier's admiration.

"Years have since passed. My sovereign has slept long with his heroic father, William the Great. Our mission, as soldiers, was ended. Then set we ourselves to work to establish our people in Holland,—and Holland graciously opened her door and welcomed the Jew—the first of nations in modern times to do so

much. The Jews have now a home in Europe."

"Aye, as they shall yet in England, if my influence can prevail," interrupted the British ambassador.

"And so, De Leon, our sequel. A refuge found, we are here, the children of the covenant, to fulfil it. Under our gabardines, we have stolen into Spain and are hiding in the tomb of the covenant. I had appointment here to-night and had come forth to reconnoitre when I was attacked and rescued by thee. Then did the thought suggest itself that thou would'st be to the Hebrew knight a brother as Maurice was before; and would give us thy potent aid and covering while transporting our wealth from Spain to Holland. Say, De Leon, have I misjudged in this?"

"Nay, by our common oath of knight-hood, I am, henceforth, thy brother, Sir David, and right proud to own thee as mine!"

Leading De Leon into the circle of the soldiers of Israel, Sir David took from his neck a priceless jewel of his own house and hung it about the neck of the knight, solemnly pronouncing:

"Thus do I create thee a brother of the covenant of Israel's tomb! It yet may serve thee and thine well, Richard De Leon."

"The God of our fathers be witness!" responded the five hundred soldiers of Israel. Then each resumed his gabardine.

The object of the descent of the tomb thus accomplished, Sir David of Nassau conducted De Leon, now his brother, back through the glorious avenue of light to the foot of the stair-way leading up from the region of illumination—the very palace of the immortal race—through the pit of darkness to the outer world.

"Mark, De Leon, our *ascent* is reserved. The stair-way now is on the side of the statue of Israel. He gives us egress. On the side of Ferdinand, there is but the pit."

"This hath the mechanism done, Sir David, since our descent?"

"Ay, my brother. Thou hast conjectured rightly. Judah, light thou again thy lamp. Judah still leads Sir Leon with the world's light! Up boy, through thy ancestral line. We follow!"

The ascent was soon made. Touching the spring—this time by Judah's hand—

the door flew open and the knightly brothers, Jew and Christian, led by the youth, emerged from the monument of Israel.

"Thus shall all nations, Sir Leon!" exclaimed the descendant of the Kings of Israel. And he spoke with such a majesty of divine arrogance that the Christian knight, awed, bowed his head as in assent.

CHAPTER IV.

CATASTROPHE OF THE PALACE.

THE COVENANT of love between the adopted brothers of the two races was kept sacred; and the soldiers of Sir David, in disguise as the retinue of the British ambassador, sailed from various ports in small parties and transported the treasures from Spain with great secrecy. Last of all, went Sir David with his party, leaving but a few of the heroic band behind to protect Esther, his wife, and several of the Hebrew women, her companions, till the return of her lord. The reason David did not take his young wife with him was because she was near the blessed time of woman. Moreover, with the ships of treasures, they knew not but they might be attacked at sea by Spanish ships of war who, if their secret were discovered, might choose to treat them as buccaniers unlawfully bearing away the treasures of Spain. So, Sir David deemed it wisest to leave Esther in the stronghold of his ancestors till after the birth of her child.

Scarcely was it possible that all this should have been accomplished without some discoveries, yet Spanish officials dared not rudely put hand upon the British ambassador nor prevent the free passage of those with whom De Leon chose to travel as his retinue. But the Spanish ministers communicated with the British Government that there was much of offensive mystery surrounding Lord De Leon. All this, however, had been as nothing but for the tragedy that befell the Princess Esther a few months after the birth of her daughter.

The Spanish nobles who had before attacked the Jews with the intention of forcing him to confess, by torture, if necessary, the secret of his hidden treasures, did, night after night, explore the mystery of the labyrinth of corridors. Tracking

the Hebrew inmates, they several times seemed on the very threshold of discovery; but on that very threshold, they met solid masonry, nought more, yet were they assured the Jew's treasure was there. They were right. David's treasure *was* there, but not the one they sought.

Missing the Hebrew altogether, they became so mad with rage lest the treasure of old Israel of Cordova had been a second time spirited away that they resolved on one desperate effort more. To cover their own purpose, and at the same time to afford them an appearance of justifiable action, they sent out rumors that Jews had entered Cordova and were concealed in the ruins of the Palace awaiting a chance to bear the hidden treasures away. This aroused the populace to a fruitless search and maddened them to a consent of the work of destruction which the plotters designed upon the Palace of old Israel. Meantime, in the corridors surrounding the spot of the seemingly solid masonry which had so long defied their penetration, they placed vast quantities of gunpowder.

It was one beautiful evening. The maid, Miriam, girl-like in lack of caution and desire for freedom, with Sir David's infant daughter stole into the gardens of the palace. Esther and her women, with the three of Sir David's comrades left as their guard, were together in their secret chamber conversing upon the expected return of the Hebrew chief with a small troop of comrades to bear them in safety from Spain, under the protection of their Christian brother, the English ambassador.

Suddenly, a terrible explosion was heard, followed by the fall of large masses of the masonry near them. The screams of the Hebrew women within were heard by those without, who were bent on finding the treasures that night before the populace could gather to share the spoil with them. The Spanish cavaliers shouted to encourage each other in their work, and again the ruins shook. The cries and consternation of those within were appalling, but the fall of the ruins had cut off their escape. Again and again the explosion; for trains of gunpowder were in all the corridors around the chamber where the Hebrews hid. At length, the chamber itself fell beneath the shocks. Several were already killed by the falling masonry, but Esther was as

yet unharmed. She thought of Miriam and her babe. The courage of the young mother rose above the terror of the woman. She climbed the ruins in heroic despair calling upon her maid and crying in anguish for her babe. With bleeding hands and alone she climbed over mass after mass of stone, calling for her child until she fell exhausted near the outlet. She was about to make a last supreme effort. If she but reached her babe, all this destruction and horror were as nothing, for the mother was oblivious to everything now beyond the desire to clasp her child once more to her breast. Then came another explosion and she fell crushed and bleeding.

"God of my fathers, I die!"

Again she raised herself and crawled with difficulty from the crevice of fallen masonry. One effort more! It was in vain. She was indeed dying; but the mother's love was deathless. One prayer offered on earth ere her spirit fled: she felt that no more was granted her.

"God of our fathers, O, preserve my child! Merciful Father, yielding up her life, the Hebrew mother implores that David's daughter may escape these Christian demons. O, my babe! My babe! God of David, let not our sacred race perish from the earth! To thee, O, mighty God of Jacob, to thee, I commit my babe. David, my husband, I die. Hadassah! Hadassah!"

With the name of her babe on her lips, the Hebrew mother yielded up her spirit to Him who gave it.

CHAPTER V.

A SPIRIT FROM THE ANCIENT DAYS.

A MAIDEN was reading a grand yet an awful legacy left to her forefathers. It was the legacy of a race.

The subject that she read was too mighty a burden for her own soul. She sought to share it with those to whom it belonged.

She read aloud; yet she was alone: alone in corporeal seeming.

She read aloud: there was legion around her to listen. But they to whom she read were of the dead, not the living. To the maiden, however, *they* were the living. All the world to her at that moment were as the dead,—not so those congregated there. To the mortal, they were

as nothings: to the immortal, as the essence of things. They were the spirits of her race: she, a spirit, was in their midst; and she read to them the legacy which one greatest among them had left for reading as long as his race endured.

"'Tis the Book of our Destiny,—the awful mystery of our sacred people; but these Christians understand it not!"

The maiden was a Hebrew. In her veins was magic blood. She was as a spirit from the ancient days,—an incarnation of the past, not an offspring of the present.

But she was a waif of fate—a waif borne up from the deluge that had overswept the ancient races and cast her upon a modern shore. She was rescued by a Christian hand and launched upon another sea.

She was in the bondage of Christian loves. More torturing to her was it than the bondage of her fathers in Egypt or their captivity in Babylon,—more accursed her seemingly favored fate than their wanderings as outcasts in the land of the Gentiles.

The maiden had been reared as the adopted daughter of Lord and Lady De Leon. They had sought to redeem their beautiful waif from the curse of Hebrew destiny: they had baptized her with a Christian providence.

Aye, Judah's offspring was in the bondage of Christian loves! Thus did the maiden herself word her case. It was this that stirred the ancient passions, impregnated in her through a hundred generations. The legacy of Hebrew destiny did but awe her mystic soul: 'twas sweeter than the cup of Christian grace which she daily dashed from her lips.

"Under the curse! Under the curse!" she cried.

She rose from the luxurious chair in which a line of nobles of another race had often sat in almost princely state. It became her not, while her people were wanderers and outcasts, she thought. She laid down her book. No need was there of its text. The legacy of Hebrew fate was burnt upon her brain. Her soul was in a tumult such as it had never before known; and she paced the grand library of De Leon castle like a lioness caged. Yet had this classic retreat of the castle been to her as a bower of Eden. She and one other only were permitted there during the old Baron's frequent absence from

his castle, caring for the safety of the realm in his seat in Parliament. But that one other who had dwelt with her in that Eden had grown with her from childhood. To her, he was neither Jew nor Christian, of no race and of no faith: he was—ah! that was the maiden's trouble at that moment,—to define *him*! He had been her mate,—nursed with her, it seemed, in the very chaos of all nature ere races began: her mate till to-day, for to-day she had come squarely under the curse, and he was not with her there. Nay, she would not have *him* there. But herself! Ah herself? Henceforth, she must be to the core of Hebrew fate or—nay, not that!—never the betrayal of her ancient people whose wondrous fidelity had outlived ages of the curse. She wiped the sweat of agony from her brow. The tyranny of race triumphed. "*Under the curse! Under the curse!*" she cried.

There was a passionate exultation in her voice as though she were now invoking the curse, not praying for its removal. She drank the cup to its dregs and it gave her superhuman strength.

She had cried to the invisibles. She was of them and they of her. They understood her; she had grown to understand them; much of the Book of Mystery—of *their* mystery—had been unsealed to her by their daily communion.

"It is our heritage!" (she spoke of the curse.) "But what is it to the Christian?"

Her manner was imperious now. It was a question which might have been put to the ages.

"*It is our heritage! What is it to the Christian?*"

The haughtiness of her race was in the maiden. A stiff-necked people even the God of Israel pronounced his elect. They are not wont to bow at the mercy-seat of the Gentiles; and the blood of the maiden was pure.

"There is in us an everlasting destiny; and to be predestined is to be accursed?"

Had she struck the chord of their Mystery?

They answered her.

"*To be the elected everlastingly is to be accursed as well as to be blessed?*"

"Nay" she mused, as the answer of the invisibles thrilled her, "these Christians understand not the awful mystery of a chosen people! Oh! that I were with my people! This bondage, once so sweet, has grown intolerable. I am Hebrew. They cannot

make me Christian. Thrice more accursed than the deadly sea of Egypt were the waters they did sprinkle on my Jewish brow. I would the furnace of the Babylonish king were seven times heated to purify me of the Christian's grace.

"Yea I must seek my people. I can no longer bear this hateful bondage. In every drop of blood that courses through my veins there is a voice that cries against it. Yes, I will to them. Their fate shall be mine. I will fly from De Leon castle. I will fly at once, while this superhuman strength is on me. To-morrow it may be not.

"Where is Miriam? She must know all. I will go at once. We will fly to-day.

"To-day? Fly from him to-day? The curse hath met me on the threshold of my purpose! I cannot to-day, for I fly from him.

"God of my fathers, whence hath my strength departed? I am weaker than a babe. A trembling is in every joint. I cannot fly from him! not to-day,—not to-day! To-morrow, the superhuman strength of my race will be again upon me. To-morrow, I will fly from him.

"Oh! he hath been soul of my soul. Till now, I knew it not so well. Yet when was Hadassah, and he not her life? I cannot fly from the young De Leon—not to-day—not to-day."

"Under the curse! Under the curse!" she wailed, as she staggered to her chair and wept convulsively.

She was Hebrew, but she was also woman. She was under the curse of her race and in the bondage of a woman's love. She sobbed herself into oblivion. The divine might of the curse had gone out of her; the divine agony of her love was quenched.

CHAPTER VI.

"I WILL CONSULT MY DEAD."

RECALLED home by his government soon after the tragedy of the Palace of Israel, Lord De Leon,—to whom Miriam had fled with her infant charge,—carried the Hebrew child with him. But he left agents in Spain to inform David, Prince of Nassau, on his return, of the terrible event; and to bid him follow to England to receive the precious charge,—his daughter, Hadassah.

But from that day, Lord De Leon never

heard of his Hebrew brother; nor had any in Europe seen him, as far as he could learn.

The daughter of David of Nassau was at first fostered by the noble De Leon as a sacred Hebrew trust; but, having lost all traces of Sir David and believing him to be dead, the Princess Hadassah became to him as an adopted daughter. Of himself, the upright-minded Baron had no intention to cut off the links between her and her people; but different was the mind of his proud Christian wife. Lady De Leon dearly loved the Hebrew child who had been thrown upon her maternal bosom almost at its birth, and that love was intensified by her truly Christian sympathies; but, being herself of a high Catholic family, the lady, as the little Jewess grew into her heart, gave faith to the pious conceit that Providence had done all wisely in the maiden's life in order to redeem her from the curse of her race and adopt her into the fold of the Holy Catholic Church.

What sophistry can match the sophistry of a deeply religious mind? What inconsistency will compare with the inconsistency of the church? What human arrogance is there worthy to be taken in a mouth fashioned to the arrogant utterances of a Christian priesthood? From the beginning of the world, no Church or Priesthood ever matched the towering presumption of this of Christendom; and yet, withal, this could be pardoned in dominant races like those of Europe! But it is a crowning wonder that the Christian can arrogate Divine favor in the presence of a Jew, or think to wash out the election of the "chosen people" by the waters of Romish regeneration. Such, however, is our Christian consistency.

Surely Jerusalem will be damned unless sprinkled by Rome! Thus in her way, though not so rudely put, reasoned Lady De Leon with many pious prayers for little Hadassah whose veins were damned so fully with Jewish blood.

Lady De Leon was not a priest; but she was the sister of a Bishop of the Romish Church; and it was the worthy lady's weakness to feel that the Church had a mission to redeem her adopted daughter from the curse of her origin. Her brother, the Bishop of Arundel, commended the noble lady's pious purpose, and so, at the age of ten, our Hadassah was sprinkled with enough, they thought, of holy wa-

ter to drown out her Jewish blood—for a time.

For years, Baron De Leon had held out against the sacrilege. It seemed to him like breaking his covenant with his Hebrew brothers; but at length his wife and the Bishop triumphed; and Hadassah was baptized with great family pomp.

Lady De Leon would fain have reared Hadassah in total ignorance of her origin had it been possible; but, as the child grew, the maid, Miriam, not only told her of all the past but taught her the Hebrew tongue.

Was there magic in that tongue? There certainly was magic in the child's blood, and it spoke more than the child could comprehend. She was a mystery to herself. Her Hebraic soul was as a sealed book; yet the angels within her were teaching her to read this Bible of herself above the lessons of her Christian guardians. To the noble lady, the maiden was a perplexing mystery. At eighteen, she seemed more Jewish than if she had been reared among her people; and this because, perhaps, cut off from her people, she was guided, at first unconsciously, into an inner communion with more than mortal teachers.

Child-like, pregnant with questionings concerning her sacred race, Hadassah puzzled the orthodoxy of the austere Bishop. Hebrew-like, as she grew older, she stretched out her hands to her fathers' God and proclaimed the majesty of his election. But the awful authority of the Church was not to be set aside by the simple faith of a Hebrew girl, nor was Christian temper invulnerable. Daily, with that lone Hebrew girl, my lord, Bishop of Arundel, held controversies with more warmth than he had ever discussed theology in the schools. First, Christian persuasion; but the maid grew more Jewish under it and her blood would not be persuaded. Then, my lord Bishop thundered upon the head of her race the curse of ages, and Moses and the Prophets were brought up from the dead (in their books) to make valid my lord Bishop's utterances. It was seething the kid in its mother's milk!

The maiden wept bitterly. What terrible days were these to Hadassah when she was brought to a consciousness of her people's fall! Yes, they were "under the curse"; she felt it upon her own head; she read her people's awful history; she was brought face to face with the curse

of ages. Yet the angels which congregated in the temple of her Jewish soul clamored for speech against my lord Bishop and proclaimed a Divine mystery in all this, deeper, and more everlasting in its intending, than the curse itself.

The maiden wept. My lord Bishop was hopeful. Christian orthodoxy had conquered Jewish blood. This was one day when the maiden was eighteen years of age. Yes, the Holy Father was victor over a Hebrew child and was profuse in his theology, as became a victor after so many controversies.

The maiden rose from her mighty grief. A tremendous thought had flashed upon her mind. She looked the incarnation of that thought. My lord Bishop took its meaning as a soul exultant in the supreme moment of its reclamation.

"I will consult my dead!" she said, as she swept from the room.

My lord Bishop was alone. Had he heard aright? "I will consult my dead!" The Church repeated the maiden's words several times to familiarize itself with the strange utterance. The Church could not comprehend it. Orthodoxy was an open book; but this was a sealed one. "I will consult my dead!" No, my lord Bishop could not read it clearly. He would seek his sister and consult her. The mind of Hadassah must surely be endangered by her grief. Physic must be summoned to the aid of theology lest Hadassah should consult her dead; but what such a consultation signified my lord Bishop only dimly perceived, though he was brim full of orthodoxy to the very lips.

Forth from the presence of the awful majesty of the Church of Rome went the Jewess. To her, my lord Bishop of Arundel was the Church. She had never seen anything of the Church so awful as my lord Bishop. His mouth was ever loaded with the majesty of the Church. From his lips, the Church pealed its thunders in her Jewish ears. My lord Bishop to her was the incarnation of the Church. When he came as her teacher, she was face to face with the hierarchy of Rome. She could not breathe freely in my lord Bishop's presence; and, when he spoke, it seemed to her that his words were as books of reiterations of the curse upon her people. After my lord Bishop had interpreted and expounded to her, the Bible of her race was the most anti-Jew-

ish book in existence. Moses was a sort of a pope in a prologue, and the Hebrew prophets were mendicant monks denouncing Jerusalem and proclaiming the mission of the Church of Rome. What wonder, then, that the indignant spirits of David's line should provoke their daughter to an inspired outburst to my lord Bishop of Arundel:—"I will consult my dead!"

Hadassah sought the library of Baron De Leon. The old lord was away at the Court of Charles II. with his son. None were allowed there in his absence but Hadassah. The place was, therefore, as sacred from intrusion as her own chamber. The Baron's library was well filled with Jewish histories and Jewish literature. In this class of reading he took special delight. There was Jewish psychology in that sanctuary. Why may we not say as much? Are not the dead living in their books? Books are not the "dead letter" when the magic of genius and inspiration is in them.

Alone in the library, Hadassah breathed freely. The terrible presence of the Church of Rome was not there to stifle her Jewish soul. She took from the shelf her Hebrew Bible which her maid, Miriam, had taught her to read. She laid it upon the old Baron's chair and knelt. She prayed to the God of her fathers and in simple, but impassioned, words, told Him of her mighty trouble concerning her people's curse. But the voice of no curse from Him came back in answer. What meant so surprising a silence touching this terrible subject, which my lord Bishop could seemingly find on every page of the Bible of her people? There was *no* curse: not as Rome interpreted against Judah.

Hadassah rose from her knees. She was awed and surprised. She would not have been so surprised had Heaven's Mount Sinai thundered the curse down upon her. There was a solemn mystery in the silence that pervaded her. But she was not alone. For the first time in her life she felt the multitudinous presence of a magic solitude. The very atmosphere around seemed crowded with congregations.

"God of my fathers!" she exclaimed, in awe, "*they are here to answer me.*"

When Hadassah, by impulse, said to my lord Bishop, "I will consult my dead!" she understood not herself.

Much less did she think "they", so far away, had heard her; still less that they would come from the so far away to answer her. But were they so far away? Are they not so near to every one of us?

In their invisible presence Hadassah had no question to ask. All her questionings had gone up to her fathers' God. What, then, were these congregations now so near? Were they the angels of her presence? And so many of them too? Oh, that Hebrew child felt at that moment that she was dwelling in the very centre of the Eternal; there was no need to ascend to Heaven to find out His abode!

Hadassah took up her Hebrew Bible and, opening it by impulse, sat down and read:

"And Jacob went out from Beer-sheba, and went toward Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took the stones of that place and put them for his pillows, and lay in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. * * * And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven,"

Here was light for that Hebrew child.

"The Temple of God!" she mused, "The temple of God, which my father Jacob found ere Solomon built his house. What have I, his daughter, to do with Rome and her temples? I also see the angels ascending and descending. This shall be my house; here will I consult my dead till I have read the mighty mystery of my race!"

Moved by her own volition, the Jewess turned to the closing chapters of the Mosaic books. She trembled as she did so; for they were the great Lawgiver's legacy of blessings and cursings left to his sacred people. This, my lord Bishop of Arundel had read to Hadassah a hundred times, until at last he forbore in very mercy, himself alarmed at the horror which his reading and interpretation produced upon the maiden's mind. Inspired now with a superhuman courage, she turned to the terrible chapter which

up to this moment she had never herself read, though so often heard from my lord Bishop's mouth.

She read the dispensation of blessings and paused.

"Oh, would to God," she said, "my people had dwelt under its wing forever."

My lord Bishop was also in the habit of pausing at this point, for the purpose of impressing duly upon the maiden's mind how the stiff-necked children of Jacob were about to lose all this favor of heaven.

The maiden had fain closed the book, but some superior power held her to the task and she read the dispensation of curses to the end of the chapter.

Here my lord Bishop was in the habit of making his final pause, closing his reading very much like a judge at the end of a death sentence. Then my lord Bishop would go away with the orthodox black cap on his head, leaving Hadassah and her Jewish tribe on the scaffold. Yet to Hadassah herself the mercy of Holy Mother Church was offered. What could my lord Bishop offer more than this?

Hadassah was again about to close the book, now in despair.

"Child, read!" said a voice.

"God of Jacob!" she exclaimed, "the *Daughter of the Voice* that of old spoke to our people, speaks to me!"

Directed now by some invisible guide she read:

"And it shall come to pass, when all these things are come upon thee, the blessing and the curse, which I have set before thee, and thou shalt call them to mind among all the nations whither the Lord thy God hath driven thee.

"And shalt return unto the Lord thy God; and shalt obey his voice according to all that I command thee this day, thou and thy children, with all thine heart, and with all thy soul;

"That the Lord thy God will turn thy captivity, and have compassion upon thee, and will return and gather thee from all the nations, whither the Lord thy God hath scattered thee.

"If any of thine be driven out unto the outermost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence will he fetch thee:

"And the Lord thy God will bring thee into the land which thy fathers possessed, and thou shalt possess it, and he

will do thee good, and multiply thee above thy fathers.

"And the Lord thy God will circumcise thine heart, and the heart of thy seed, to love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, that thou mayest live.

"And the Lord thy God will put all these curses upon thine enemies; and on them that hate thee, which persecuted thee."

Oh, this was new interpretation, indeed! Hadassah was consulting her dead to some purpose; and they were expounding Jewish mystery to their daughter. She learned from them more that afternoon than ever my lord Bishop had taught her. As by one mighty instinct, she understood in a moment the book of her race. It was the book of her people's destiny which Moses read ages ago. There was a Divine and everlasting *intending* in all this. The curse was but as the ordinance of night which follows the day; the day shall come again more gloriously. The book of Hebrew fate was, after all, no more terrible than one's horoscope. This was the Divine horoscope of the chosen people which the Jewish fathers cast and read with a grand understanding. Hadassah understood it now; and she quickly rose to the sublime conception that to be predestined everlastingly is to be accursed as well as to be blessed. There is no sounder philosophy than this, of human experience or human destiny.

But with this Hebraic understanding, came a yearning in Hadassah's mind to be with her people. She could no longer remain in the home of the Christian; no longer feast on Christian loves. She hungered and thirsted for the curse. Her race was still under it. The curse fascinated her. The fascination grew upon her daily. She resolved to fly to her people and, with them, bear their curse of ages. It was at this supreme moment that Hadassah comes to the reader in this Jewish story.

CHAPTER VII.

HADASSAH'S VISION OF HER RACE.

LADY DE LEON was confounded and thrown into unspeakable consternation when Hadassah made known her purpose. She plead with the maiden to forego that purpose and remain in the Christian home

which had nurtured her. The lady conjured her by the loves which had been lavished on her; pictured the outcast condition of her race and sought to make Spain hideous by re-telling the tragedy which bereft her at her birth, of a mother. But it was all in vain that the lady plead. Hadassah resolved to go to Spain even because of that tragedy, to gather the remnant of her people thence, if any remained in that land so dreadful to Jewish memories. At length the lady reproached her with ingratitude; but she repented of it immediately, for it struck the maiden to the heart without moving her from her purpose. But there was one deeper chord yet to be touched. It was that of the maiden's love for her son and of his answering love for Hadassah.

Lady De Leon invoked Love's omnipotence to stay the maiden's flight. She conjured Hadassah by the magic of that love. Love was almost the victor.

"Oh, Hadassah, my child," the lady plead, "renounce forever a race that you have never known,—a race that is nothing to you, only in blood. Your father is dead; your mother, an angel who passed away from earth ere memory dawned in your mind. I,—I, Hadassah, have been the only earthly mother of your life. Oh, forsake us not, Hadassah, my child! Think of the desolation of my son if he returns and finds you fled from the home that has nurtured you and the loves that have grown up so sweet to us all. I know not that you have one of your immediate kin in all Europe. All the links of your family are in Babylonia. We alone are your kin. Ours is the kinship of love—a kinship, my child, greater than that of the Jewish family all unknown to you. Baron De Leon and myself have long looked upon you as the future bride of our son Richard. But a gulf has lately come between us. Spite of your Christian training, you have become the Jewess. As the Jewess, my son can never wed you. No, no, I dare not permit Richard De Leon to marry other than a Christian maid. Oh, Hadassah, child, renounce your outcast people and be henceforth a Christian, truly! Choose, Hadassah, choose; your love or your race!"

"God of my fathers, help me! I have chosen! My race!"

"Hadassah! Hadassah!"

But the maiden heard not. She had swooned at Lady De Leon's feet.

The Jewess is alone in her chamber with the tempest of her grief. The hour pass. The fountain of tears is dry; but the anguish of parting is upon her. 'Tis night. To-morrow she flies from De Leon castle and from England to Spain,—Spain, thrice accursed to her race, yet the land of her birth. She dare not abide the return of the young De Leon. To part from him in person, she feels would be woe unutterable. 'Tis best thus. She has written him love's mortal farewell. There is agony of parting enough in her epistle. She can endure no more—no more.

'Tis near midnight. De Leon Castle is wrapt in silence. All are asleep within, excepting the Jewess. She is restless on her couch. She has not undressed. The maiden expects no respite that night to the anguish of her soul. Rest to her body is all she seeks to give her strength for the terrible ordeal of parting from Lady De Leon on the morrow. But the maiden cannot rest upon her couch. She rises and paces the room for relief.

"A race that is nothing to me, only in blood,—only in blood!"

The Jewess was dwelling upon the words of Lady De Leon. The lady knew not what a gulf she made when she invoked this Jewish blood. Only Jewish blood! Christian oceans have not been enough to drown it out of the world. One drop of Jewish blood shall speak in a thousand heartfulls and bubble up after generations have forgotten where the mixture began!

The maiden kept repeating the words—"A race nothing to me, only in blood!" until her chamber seemed full of that immortal race in whose veins had flowed "only Jewish blood."

Say what ye may, O, wise men of Athens, spirits do congregate in the midnight hours. The Grecian brain of a Gladstone may doubt it; but the Jewish brain of a Beaconsfield knows it.

Hadassah felt the spirits of her magic race around her, and she talked to them as beings present and tangible. They who think the dead are not tangible, know but little of spirit presence. They—the immortal dead—are as the essence of all things tangible to those who dwell with them. To the great globe which we inhabit, the souls of our races dead are what the Infinite Parent Soul is to the vast universe. Thus was Hadassah with

her race now; and she talked with them.

But the curse was uppermost with the maiden,—not that which fell upon her ancient people, making them a hiss and a by word in all lands, but this curse of separation from her love.

"The curse! The curse!" she wailed, "Oh, I did invoke it upon mine own head; but I meant not this parting from young Richard De Leon. I will go out with my people; but forbid not my love. Let me cherish that, if only in memory. Divorce not our souls. Divorce me not from *him*! Then will I be ready to do your dread bidding."

As she thus conversed with them in the anguish of her soul, a thick darkness seemed for a moment to gather around her. It was as though a veil had been let down about her. The lamp in the room grew dim. She looked towards it, thinking its light was dying in its socket, but it burnt steadily, yet like an infinitesimal flame. At length the lamp disappeared from her gaze; yet from the place where it had stood she discovered a thread of light ascending to the very arch of her chamber. Excepting this, the room seemed now in total darkness. With the outward change, a feeling came over her senses almost like that of suffocation. There was something of pain in this, but not of mortal agony, for she struggled not against it: the suffocation pervaded her as an influence; it came not upon her as a grip seizing her. Nor was the sensation beyond the ticking of a few seconds; she could have held her breath longer; and then the suffocation passed and she breathed freely. But now some wondrous change had come in her very self, and a change as wondrous had been wrought in her surroundings. She stood in a realm of ineffable light, while from a cloud, that opened as she gazed, came into her presence a congregation of spirits evidently gathered to her from the ancient days. One of these approached her. He seemed to emerge altogether from the mystic cloud and drew nigh until he stood within the very circle of her presence. She felt, as he approached, that he was drawing from her something of her material self, while her inner self went out and blended with his soul-essence, and by this she was made conscious that she was meeting one from whom she had drawn the fountain of her life. He was her ancestor who had strug-

gled up through the dark avenue of ages to meet his daughter of the modern times. Her gaze dwelt not upon his form or stature, nor could she have afterwards told whether he was of towering height or like a diminutive Alexander in his greatness. Her raptured eyes centred all their vision upon the glorious majesty of genius that sat upon his countenance. Upon his head, was a crown, but no crown that had been placed by hands,—not even by the hands of immortals. His crown was a part of himself—his soul's pinnacle—the creation of his own genius. In the front of his crown was a jewel which was to it as the eye of man to his forehead, and all the refulgence of his soul, rarer than the essence of his spirit form, shone in that jewel as though the Infinite soul was gazing out through him. His jewel, like his crown, was the creation of his genius. It was a flaming harp; for he was the King of Praise: he was David, the Psalmist king!

"Glorious Sire!" the maiden exclaimed, "Speak! What would you with me, your daughter?"

The spirit spoke not, but pointed to the band in the distance that had come with him. The cloud had now formed into a pavilion, the curtains of which were drawn. The congregation opened and arrayed themselves on either side and forth from their midst came one clothed as a High Priest of his people. In his hand he held a scroll which gently flowed down to the ground as he approached and stopped at the curtain of the pavilion.

"High Priest of Israel, read," said the spirit of the Psalmist, "Daughter of David, listen, for this have we come unto thee."

"Read, Priest of Israel; I will obey!" she replied.

With this, the High Priest read in Hebrew from the scroll which he held in his hand:

"Now the Lord, the God of our fathers, spake unto Abraham and said, 'Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee: And I will make of thee a great people, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing: And I will bless them that bless thee; and curse them that curseth thee; and in thee shall all the families of the earth be bless-

ed.' So Abraham, our father, obeyed, and departed as the Lord had spoken unto him."

Thus read the High Priest; and David again addressed his daughter:

"Understandest thou, child of David, the mystery of thy people's destiny?"

"I do—I do! This, then, is the text of their destiny! This, the mystery of their curse! 'Tis the God of our fathers who hath led us into every land!"

The congregation bowed their head in answer.

"Oh, this is wonderful!" the maiden exclaimed. "I comprehend it now. The angel of the Covenant hath ever led our people—never forsaken them even for a moment. Under the curse, as under the blessing, he hath ever led us!"

"Daughter of David," answered the spirit of her ancestor, "thou readest our mystery aright. He hath ever led us; under the curse as under the blessing. And we are also angels of the Covenant leading our people. We have come to thee. Get thee out of this land. We will guide thy feet to Spain, but thou shalt return leading a remnant of our people hither—for here shall our people flourish and here shall they come from under the curse. Go thou to the tomb of the covenant. There will we meet thee, O, daughter of David."

The Spirit of her race ended; and the maiden, bending her knees, lifted her eyes in ecstasy to Heaven and exclaimed:

"God of my fathers, David's daughter praiseth thee!"

She arose and looked around. She was alone. All was as before the vision opened. Her lamp burned brightly; her bed seemed to invite her to its embrace. She threw herself upon it and slept peacefully till the morning sun shone on the towers of De Leon castle.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOING OUT UNDER THE CURSE.

WHEN Hadassah left her chamber to seek her maid, Miriam, to hasten their departure that day, she found Castle De Leon alive with joyous bustle. The Baron and his son had returned from Court in royal spirits, the young De Leon having been gracefully received by Charles II. and treated with marked consideration by his chief Minister, Sir William

Temple, one of Baron De Leon's most esteemed friends. Scarcely had the maiden taken in a full comprehension of that morning's event ere she found herself in blissful bewilderment, clasped in the manly arms of her Christian lover, weeping on his bosom.

"Look up, Hadassah. Look up, my beloved. Why, thou art weeping. Thou must be all sunshine to-day, love. Give me joy—joy Hadassah! The king hath received me most graciously. Joy for us both, my beloved! Thou shalt soon be presented at Court, thyself, as my bride. I won my mother's consent to our union ere I went, and thrice enhanced was the royal reception by the blissful anticipation that, soon, thy Richard would return to Court to present his bride to the queen and noble dames of England. Why, what aileth thee, Hadassah! Is this news to provoke my lady love to tears? Thou weepest as 'twere the heart-break, and not a flood of joy. There—there; let me dry thine eyes with kisses and on thy sweet lips seal love's betrothal."

"Forbear! Forbear, Richard! It must not be. Shame on this weakness, when I should be adamant. Nay—nay, Richard De Leon, fold me not to thy heart again; for a curse is on my head!"

"A curse, Hadassah!"

"I am a Jewess!"

"Thou art my beloved, dearest Hadassah; and soon shalt thou be Richard De Leon's bride."

"Richard, we will at once seek thy mother; she will tell thee that of which Hadassah hath no heart to speak. Nay, Richard, touch me not again now. Link not thy hand in mine as of yore: I cannot bear it,—I cannot bear it! Let go my hand, Richard. Thine is a coal of fire to mine!"

Baron De Leon was with his lady; and she, with tears of a mother's heart-ache, not unmixed with a passion of reproach touching Hadassah's Jewish waywardness, was telling her husband of the present family trouble and of Hadassah's resolve to seek her people, forsaking her foster parents and choosing her outcast race, as weighed against her love. The noble Baron listened with a serious and saddened spirit, nor spoke till his lady had told her story. He comprehended, better than his wife, the peculiar case, and approved of the maiden's resolve rather

than condemned it. The fondest wish of his parental heart was to see the daughter of the princely David of Nassau the bride of his son; but he confessed to himself at once that were Hadassah his own daughter and he the Jew, thus would he have her be; thus would he have her do. He was placed now as judge for his Hebrew brother. He remembered his covenant with David and his comrades, and the covenant which had been made between the fathers could be with justice and fidelity confirmed in their children's loves; but the alienation of Hadassah from her race would be the betrayal of his covenant with David. Had not the maiden, herself, thus chosen to seek her people, the gift of David's daughter to his son, believing her father dead, had been a faithful deed to the living and the dead. But the maiden had grandly resolved to fill her father's place. De Leon perceived this, and with a prouder parental love for the maiden, confessed how much in soul she was like her royal-natured father. So De Leon resolved to decide for David's child as David would himself have decided; but his difficult task, now, was to reconcile his wife and son to the same view. A long silence that succeeded Lady De Leon's tidings, she sought not to break, thinking her husband was devising some wise plan to prevent Hadassah's flight from their Christian home.

The sudden and impulsive entrance of Hadassah, followed by his son, relieved the noble De Leon and presently decided him upon his course. The maiden as quickly decided, for she saw at a glance that Lady De Leon had told him all. For an instant, Hadassah stood, and with yearning and deep reverence, looked upon them, and then she threw herself upon her knees before them crying in an agony of passionate love:

"Father—mother, bless thy child ere she departs!"

Baron De Leon rose in his parental stateliness and, lifting the maiden, pressed her in silence, to his heart, then, seating her between himself and wife, beckoned his son to a seat beside them.

"Hadassah, my child," he began, "I am about to tell you the entire story of your family (which as yet you only partly know) and for the first time to reveal the covenant made between your father, Sir David of Nassau, and myself,—unknown even to my wife."

Thereupon, Baron De Leon related all that is known to the reader of the story of Hadassah's family and revealed the circumstance of their covenant in the tomb of old Israel of Cordova. Every word he uttered confirmed the maiden's resolve to seek her people; and when he told her father's last great purpose to lead his people to England, her soul rose to a pitch of sublime inspiration; for she remembered the vision of the night before and felt that Heaven had called her to fulfill her father, David's, part. In turn she told of the vision. De Leon believed it to be but a dream, yet discovered in it some mysterious promptings to her from the other world. Then, taking his jewel of the covenant from his neck and placing it around her own, he said:

"This jewel, Hadassah, has never till now left its keeper since thy father gave it to me. I endow thee with it. Bear it in thy sojourning. It will be thy guardian talisman. Tarry but a week with us and I will go with thee to the seaboard. My yacht is at Portsmouth. Thou shalt sail in her and my captain and crew shall guard thee while in Spain, and from the wealth which thy father left with me, draw thou freely, for it is thine. So do I approve thy holy purpose and bless thee, Hadassah, my daughter."

The week passed,—alas, too quickly for the hearts of those to be separated! Hadassah lost nothing of her exalted enthusiasm toward her people; but she felt all the agony of parting. She was inspired by Heaven's mission to her, but still she was going out with her people under the curse of ages. Nor did she know whither the spirits of her race might lead her, beyond their promise that she should return to England. Concerning the fulfilment of her love with Richard De Leon, she knew nothing; she dared no more than to hope. She felt she was doomed in life to obey their superior will. She had chosen her race first and the law of her race she must first obey.

The day of parting was a day of deep anguish to all. Young Richard had fain gone with her to the ends of the earth, and the noble Baron would willingly have accompanied her to Spain; but Hadassah would not permit it. She would go out alone, she said, with her maid Miriam—alone, under the curse which her fathers

had borne for two thousand years. Her lover made one last effort at parting to follow her; but she waved him back with love's passionate outburst:

"Nay, Richard De Leon; follow me not; hinder me not: the doomed are sacred as the blessed!"

CHAPTER IX.

RETURN OF THE JEWS TO ENGLAND.

THE JEWS were returning to England after their long banishment of four hundred years. Their tents were pitched on a vast piece of common land, in the suburbs of London, where has since risen one of the principal Jewish quarters of that great city which their commercial genius and potency have helped to make more than the rival of antique Babylon.

The scene was as picturesque as ever the eye fell upon. It possessed at once all the barbaric splendor and charm of an immense gipsy encampment, with the classic elaboration and tone of a people who had given civilizations to a world in which they were still as migrants seeking an unfulfilled destiny.

It was early night. The moon was rising. Stars innumerable were peeping out. A hundred fires of the vast encampment gave the effects of a peculiar romance to a scene most charming to the sense.

The people of the tribe were grouped in all sorts of positions. Some, who seemed to be Elders, were here and there in knots engaged in deep earnest conversation; while other and younger men took up their duty as guard in the encampment or silently stole to the outposts to watch. There was dramatic action everywhere, not loud, but intense and full of life, and the spirit of a general expectation palpitated in the very atmosphere.

These people were a company of influential Jews from Holland,—a country that had already felt and acknowledged the inspiring commercial genius of that wondrous people, so long outcasts among all nations. They had been organized and sent to England by a princely Jew, Ben Israel, who was venerated by his tribe for his rare and royal character.

Levi, a venerable Hebrew and trusted servant of Ben Israel, was in charge of the companies from Holland; but it was observed, on their embarkation at Am-

sterdam, that he was joined by one even more patriarchal in bearing than himself and who, from his garb and character, seemed to be directly from the East. If more was known of the latter among their principal men, it was not made a subject of conversation; yet it was evident to all that old Levi was much under his guidance: this, however, may have been because he was a Patriarch from the sacred land of their forefathers.

These Israelites from Holland had arrived several days ago, and, though they were camped on ground which had been purchased by the agents of Ben Israel, they were anxious to disperse. They were in no way wishful to attract too much attention, lest by so doing they should provoke the cupidity of the Gentiles, or stir up, by a display of their landing, that fanatical aversion of their race which still prevailed in nearly all Christian countries.

On this night, the people of the encampment were expecting the arrival of a large addition of Jews from Spain, whose leader, strange to say, was—a WOMAN! The Patriarch from the East had gone to meet them.

"Rebecca, I would the remnants of our tribe were come. I am not trustful of the Christian's love!"

Thus spoke old Levi, as he came with his wife to the foreground of the encampment. There was deep trouble in his strongly marked countenance; and it was evident that his mood was one of disquietude and suspicion. Rebecca partook of the influence; but, with a woman's instinct to drive the dark spirit of foreboding from her husband, she answered:

"Yet, Levi, hath the king of England promised fair."

"So did a Christian king give us good quit of this fair land. Bah!—a Christian's covenant; and to a Jew! When was it kept, Rebecca?"

It was of the remnant from Spain that old Levi expressed his anxiety, coupled with a distrust of the Christian's love and a bitter contempt for all Christian covenants made with the Jew. He had replied with a passionate intensity that seemed to describe, in an outburst, the long suffering of his people finding vent at last. It was, however, but as the impulse of expression, voiced for a moment. The habit of restraint was still upon the Jew in every land. It was the habit the

race had worn down through the ages. Old Levi was conscious he had thrown it off for an instant; but, pursuing the memories called up by the return of his people, he added reflectively:

"'Tis now four hundred years, since Edward banished us from England's shores."

"More than four hundred, is it not, Levi?" enquired Rebecca, rather with a motive to compose her husband's mind by conversation than to irritate him by the subject: "More than four hundred; is it not?"

"Ay, so I think; maybe a score; yet I am not certain that it be as much; but trouble me not, Rebecca, now, with thy questions;" he replied, with the manner of one not desiring to dissipate the burden of his thoughts.

Leaving his wife as though for the purpose of again inspecting the security of the encampment, he dispatched his son, Reuben, to the outpost to bring him quick tidings of any approach; and then he returned, but did not rejoin Rebecca.

There in the foreground, awhile, Levi stood, leaning on his staff, with head uplifted to the star-lit heavens in which the moon had now ascended high. The influence of the night seemed to compose him, for the promise of oracular nature was as fair as had been the promise of the king to give the Jews a welcome to England and the protection of his royal favor. Gradually, the old man bowed his head upon his breast, well nigh hiding his face in his iron-grey beard; and thought long and deeply on the matchless, but awe-inspiring, history of his antique race.

"Voices in the distance!" cried one of the guards.

"They come!" exclaimed Levi, arousing from his reverie. "The God of Jacob be praised!"

There was tumult without, but not of suspense relieved. An alarm was borne on the breeze. The camp was startled from its profound silence.

"Out with our young men!" shouted Levi, "The spoiler is upon us!"

For a few moments, there was a hush. Perchance it had been a false alarm. But Levi was anxious for his son's report.

"Ho, Reuben! my son! Reuben; where art thou?" he called.

"What, ho! old man?" responded a personage who entered quickly, having

evidently evaded or broken through the guard.

"A Christian!" exclaimed the Jew, in disgust mixed with concern.

"Ha! ha! At thy call, Levi!" laughed the mysterious personage who had thus surprised the camp.

The laugh was sardonic. The old man fancied it burdened with Christian malice. It was in an age, even then, when Christian malice portended something direful to the Jew.

In an instant, the low anxious humming of the voices of the people was changed, by the intrusion, to cries of alarm from the women, and now, by the sardonic seeming of the laugh, to anger from the men as the latter leapt to their feet. Quick as the action of soldiers, the intruder was surrounded by a troop of resolute young Jews, who brought the butts of their firelocks, with a warning thud, upon the ground.

The scene was striking in its entire aspect, but the picture which the personage himself made in it, was supremely so; and yet there was no dramatic affectation in him, excepting, perhaps, his *entre*; which now seemed quite in character,—for there was something in his manner that proclaimed his presence to be an event as marked as the surprise. He stood in the circle like a classical spirit of the night who had answered to the call. He was almost woman-like in his grace of form in which, however, there was much physical prowess at rest; while in his dark eye there was a magic fascination that revealed, at a glance, he was no common man. Be he whom he might, spirit or mortal, his was a soul of matchless intellectual daring. Such had been the fancy of an artist at the moment. His dress was courtly; yet there was something of the soldier in his bearing as he confronted the armed men. He had likely commanded a legion for there was no fear, but the lightning power of a leader, in his eye; and he wore a sword ready to his hand, yet to which he gave no emphasis, as though he could disarm the troop with a word.

"I called not thee!" observed old Levi, with severity, breaking the silence which had grown oppressive, for the young men, now somewhat awed by the bearing of the intruder and fearing action, lest, perhaps, the personage was from the King himself, awaited the

prompting from their Elders and explanation of the intrusion at that untimely hour.

"Thou hast no business in our camp."

The mysterious individual smiled a provoking answer; evidently a denial to the old man's assertion; he *had* business there.

"Get thee gone, lest our young men do thee harm!" commanded Levi. "Thou art a Christian, and hath no business with us, I say."

"Be not angered, good Levi. I am not *quite* a Christian. But there; I will not masquerade at home."

And the strange personage, throwing off his courtly cloak, lifted his beaver and shook back the dark brown locks from a forehead that Lucifer himself might have envied for its intellectual subtilty.

"Thy torch, Reuben!" exclaimed Levi, eagerly seizing a flambeau from the hand of his son, and throwing its gleam across the person of him who had thus challenged recognition.

"Who art thou?" he asked with a puzzled manner. "I cannot recognize thee. Mine eyes are no longer sightful. I know thee not."

But Reuben sent up a shout of joy, and the young men had fallen back as the light of the torch fell upon the uncovered countenance of the man who had caused so much alarm, while Rebecca, who had heard his voice, broke the circle and threw her arms about his neck:

"'Tis Sir Judah, our master's son!"

And the news, echoed by voices throughout the camp, went ringing on the night breeze.

"Yea, it is the boy," observed Levi, at length; but there was a strange mixture of fondness and dissatisfaction in his tone.

"Is it well with thee, good Levi?" enquired Judah, taking the old man's hand in a familiar grip, the simple affection of his boyhood welling up in his heart, overleaping for the moment, in the tide of early memories, the later tumults of his daring ambitious soul.

Sir Judah and old Levi had not met for several years, David of Nassau's son being in the service of young William, Prince of Orange, and now engaged in a diplomatic mission at the court of William's uncle, Charles II of England.

"Is it well with thee, good Levi?" he repeated, for the old man was silent, and Judah well knew that this signified unuttered reproof.

Levi loved his master's son as much as he loved his own son, Reuben, but he condemned nearly everything the young man did, not comprehending his methods. He understood his master, David, but not this modern Solomon which had been born of David's line.

"I had known thee, Judah, at once, and thou hadst not given our people this unseemly terror at thy coming, but for thy Christian garb," the old man said, his intense antipathy overlooking the solicitous enquiry.

"Why, man, look not with such disgust upon my courtly suit: it hath no moth nor mildew."

"I like not thy garb, Judah. Nay, by our ancient covenant, I like it not!"

"Yet, Levi, hath it served our people well,—aye, well in England, where I most would have it well."

"And yet boy, I like it not."

"Thou art too exacting, Levi, in thine ancient ways. As friend and advocate of young Prince William's cause, I have been welcomed at the Court of Charles of England, where, had I been offensive as the Jew, the Turk had made a better servant for the house of Nassau."

"What! didst deny thy race and faith? Didst turn a Christian in the deed as in the seeming? Shame, Judah, shame! Thy apostacy, boy, for the sake of princes' smiles and courtly favors, will break thy father's heart. Would our people had turned their face toward the East and not come hither!"

"Nay, good Levi, I denied no race, and confessed no faith."

"What sayest thou, then?"

"I came on William's business."

"Art thou not known at the Court of this Christian king? Thy father said 'twas Judah who had won us welcome here."

"Yes, I am known for what I am—ambassador of good to the house of Nassau. But no more of this, Levi. Confession is not my vice, nor repentance of my ways, my virtue. Be satisfied with my father, David's, word that *his* son hath prepared in England a welcome resting place, for the wandering race which not even thyself, old man, loves better than does Judah."

With this, the speaker left the patriarchal Hebrew abruptly and went directly to the multitude who were gathered from every tent to greet him; for all loved this

strange son of David of Nassau, though their pride over the accomplishment of what he undertook, was more pronounced than their agreement with his ways or comprehension of his purposes. They knew that it was Judah who had obtained from King Charles his royal countenance for the return of their people to England, and that he was secretly aided by the potent friendship of young William of Orange who was rising as the hero Prince of Christendom and the first statesman of the age.

Throwing himself upon the ground in front of their tents, Sir Judah familiarly conversed with the people of the tribe for several hours, until they deemed it prudent to retire for the night, satisfied that the Jewish emigrants from Spain could not arrive till the morning.

CHAPTER X.

LANDING OF THE SOLDIERS OF THE COVENANT.

THE grey dawn of morning had scarcely appeared, ere Sir Judah, like a soldier, left his tent to reconnoitre; for Levi himself was not more anxious to throw the mantle of obscurity over the migration of their people to England.

When he returned to the encampment, the people were coming forth from their tents, and their Elders were again in earnest consultation concerning those expected from Spain.

"Didst see the remnant of our people near?" inquired Levi.

"Aye, methought I saw but now, as the sun rose upon the distant city, a band coming over yonder hill."

"'Tis well!"

"Nay, 'tis ill, Levi!"

"Ill, didst say? Was it not our people? Thou meanest not that the spoiler comes?"

"I saw but the front of them as they reached the brow."

"Well, Judah?"

"Nay, ill, I say; for they bore a standard as though a host marched hither in its track."

"A standard and a host! I like it not, good Judah."

"Nor do I like it, Levi. Thou saidst he from Babylon was with them?"

"Ay, he should be with them. The God of Jacob grant no evil hath befallen him!"

"I should, myself, have been there when they landed. He from Babylon is young, to-day, Levi, or he had been wiser here in England."

"It is no act of his, Judah. This maiden, Hadassah, is their leader. She hath her father's martial soul. Yea, she doth much resemble David, my Prince, when he raised the standard of the covenant."

"So, so. I had o'erlooked that fact. 'Tis like a woman coming. Yea, Levi, I confess, like I myself had come, had I been a woman."

"Thou, too, art young!"

"Nay, old in purpose, Levi. This maiden hath inspiring genius, and I see she hath essayed the leader; but I must guard her genius with some state-craft or we shall rue the part she plays in our concerns."

"Hark, Judah, they come with singing as at jubilee!" exclaimed the old man, in consternation.

"I am not deaf, Levi, I had rather they had come with weeping than with singing. Well, at the worst, 'tis but a woman in her triumph."

The mood of Judah was somewhat chafed. He would have dared greater things, but in a statesman's way. He looked upon the landing of the Jews in England as an event to his race worthy a hundred banners; but he wanted none displayed. To him, the restoration of the Jews to the land of Alfred, was more prophetic of his people's greater destiny than had been their restoration to the land of David; but he wanted it not proclaimed by jubilee and song. He sensed by kindred instinct that this maiden coming had struck the same harp,—but he played its music in the temple of his daring brain; she, on the king's highway. He was in sympathy with her inspired genius, but was half angered with her, notwithstanding.

First came a chorus of maidens, singing, followed by a stalwart youth bearing a standard with the Lion of Judah. Next, two hundred ancients in gabardines. These were the heroes who had fought under Sir David of Nassau. These were the knights of the covenant. These, with old Levi, were all that remained of the sons of the covenant who, half a century back, were sent out by their sires from Babylonia with the mission to establish the Hebrews again in Europe and with

the oath of the covenant upon them. They had come to England, now, to complete their work for Israel and to lay down their bones in the land which they had chosen for their resting place.

The Daughter of David was the Leader and Captain of these Ancients. She was in her father's stead—the name of her father upon her. It was a strange sight with her thus—as a maiden, supporting old age—aye, as the hope of Israel, leading the embodiment of the ages past to a present destiny. But the curious gazer had seen only a maiden's fancy displayed, and not a potent prophecy.

The troop of ancients were followed by the body of Israelites from Spain. These, in better keeping with the character of emigrants. With the latter, was the Patriarch from Palestine who, though his appearance was striking in his Eastern dress, gave no sign of enthusiasm as they marched along.

Hadassah, herself, in the extraordinary character which a singular Providence had thrown upon her as leader and oracle of the ancients of the covenant, was worthy even of a poet's description. Beautiful as the star of her own race bursting to view in the splendor of a new dispensation of Israel—as a beautiful emblem of a re-utterance of the everlasting covenant made with the fathers, was she who led her people from Spain. As a Judith coming with a host and not a band of wanderers! Her bearing was that of a leader, indeed, but it was the matchless enthusiasm and reality of spirit that marked her presence and action most. She was as one possessed. Perhaps for the time she was not altogether sane. The mania of inspired genius was round about her; and so entirely had she entered into the character which she had assumed that even the astute young Jewish statesman was willing she should play it out for the occasion, seeing none were present but his own people. Indeed, Judah was most affected, though most composed.

"Here pitch we all our tents!" she cried, "and plant the standard of our royal race. This be our second Sion."

"A leader! A leader!" exclaimed he from Palestine.

"A woman!" observed Levi, "yet with her father's soul in her."

"A spirit of the past!" said Judah.

"Plant David's standard there!"

She had addressed the command to the troop of young men. They hesitated to obey. The command was startling: its execution perchance dangerous. They waited to hear it confirmed by the fathers. But the ancients were silent; yet some of them trembled with powerful emotion as though the mighty spirit of their youth had once more come over them.

"What! men of Judah, do ye *fear* to raise the standard of our race?—fear, and in the presence of these heroes!" she asked, in lofty surprise, stretching her arm towards the ancients.

"Perchance, it may offend this Christian king," cautioned the Patriarch from the East.

"Wherefore offend? 'Twas David's horn that did anoint his head; and Judah's emblem over this proud realm, already waves!"

"Maiden, we are not now in our own land;" the venerable Hebrew answered. "I did permit thee, when near the camp, to raise it. Let that suffice."

"Nay, O, Patriarch of Israel, let it this day wave above the people."

"Daughter of David, thou temptest me almost beyond the old man's prudence. Yet, child, were it thus in our own land, old as I am, I could not bid thee hold!"

"All lands are ours!" she cried, moved by a Divine impulse. "All lands are ours by the very curse which hath for ages followed *us*! and destiny hath led us to these shores! give me the sacred emblem of our tribe!"

"The spirit of her race hath fallen upon her!" said the Patriarch.

Seizing the standard as one inspired, she said:

"The spirits of the mighty dead *are* moving me! Oft in the silence of the mystic night, I hear their voices speaking wondrous things of Israel's past and still more wondrous words prophetic of his coming destiny. This was as my native land, O, men of Jacob. Orphaned at my very birth by the demon furies of Spain, the Christian knight did bear me hither and his noble lady reared the Jewish child as 'twere her own. Yet, yearning for my race, I found ye out: but still was England as my dear native land. Here had I seen great David's standard wave as though he, himself, had sat on England's throne—and fancied in the ages long since gone one of our royal blood

did plant it thus—as I do here again, O, England, now—thy sign and ours! Bow to it, men of Judah!”

Carried away, as to other days, by the maiden's impassioned manner, the ancients of the covenant bowed their heads while Hadassah, kneeling, cried in invocation: “God of our fathers, here re-destinate the emblem of our tribe!”

Hadassah was conducted to her tent by the Patriarch from the East, who seemed to have already assumed a guardianship over her; and the tribe in general hastened to partake of the breakfast which the women had prepared; for it was designed that ere the close of the morrow the people should disperse in various parts of the great city of London, hid from the jealous gaze of the populace. Thenceforth, London was to feel their wondrous activities without seeing the display of their presence.

But Sir Judah lingered by the planted standard, gazing upon it for awhile with a strange mixture of thought and emotion. But his book had the seal upon it. He was not pleased for any eye to read its pages. Thus he stood, till the attention of all was engaged elsewhere, and then he drew his sword and hacked the standard down. Cutting the ensign from its staff, he folded the emblem which Hadassah had consecrated, observing,

’Tis a pretty rag and, doubtless, cost the maiden's fingers much industry; but rather be it burnt than flaunting there to idle gaze. This shall she have when the demon is gone out of her. Yet, I like his subject well enough,—but not his methods. She is a dreamer, well, so am I; but I would give substantial purpose to my dreams. She is a mystic. My sister, still, in that, be it confessed, but I would rather hawk good pebbles about the streets of London than have my demon show himself to public gaze.”

Sir Judah quietly sheathed his courtly sword, hid the pretty rag, as he styled it, about his person, observing,

“And now to the king, to-day. Tomorrow, to William of Orange. There's business in the Netherlands in which the Jew must have a hand.

But stay me awhile. I must first pay the tribute of my duty to him from Palestine.”

With this Sir Judah sought the myster-

ious man from the sacred land of his fathers.

CHAPTER XI.

HADASSAH THROWS DOWN THE GAUNTLET.

SIR JUDAH of Nassau came forth from his conference with the Patriarch from Palestine. He had told the mysterious man his act in cutting down the standard and had received information in return of the last meeting of the knights of the Covenant and the finding of Sir David's daughter.

From the story told by the Patriarch from Palestine, Sir Judah gathered these facts: When Hadassah arrived at the ancient city of Cordova she sought her people. In this, she was aided by the banker to whom Baron De Leon sent her with letters of unlimited credit and one of personal confidence, asking the Spanish banker, upon the strength of some former claims of friendship, to aid the Princess Hadassah in her purpose. It happened, on her arrival, that a Jewish envoy from Holland was at the time in Cordova, doing important business for William of Orange with the King of Spain to checkmate Louis le Grand, who had aims upon the Spanish throne as well as upon the United States of the Netherlands; for already had young William conceived the design of the European coalition to counterplot the insatiable ambitions of Louis of France. The Spanish banker was united in his business with William's financial agent who, in fact, was none other than the mysterious Jew from Palestine—for as such he was known in Holland, and by no more defined naming, excepting, perhaps, to the chief men of the tribe.

To this mysterious man from the East, the Spanish banker introduced the Princess Hadassah as the daughter of the once renowned Sir David of Nassau. The Patriarch from Palestine was astounded by the introduction. At first, he could scarcely credit it, declaring that he was himself in Spain with Sir David immediately after the tragedy in which the mother and her infant daughter had both perished. In proof of her identity, the Princess Hadassah produced the “Jewel of the Covenant” with which she had been endowed by Baron De Leon, for she

perceived that the mysterious man from Palestine was one of her father's comrades and a partaker of the Covenant. The sight of the jewel, and the memory of the family face of Hadassah which grew upon him as he gazed, affected him powerfully. At length, overcome by some strange emotion, the old man caught the maiden in his arms and wept over her; but he explained this to Hadassah, when he recovered his wonted calmness, by telling her that he was not only her father's nearest kinsman, (excepting her brother Judah,) but that since Sir David's disappearance, in his grief over the tragedy at her birth, he had acted in her father's stead as chief of the brotherhood of the Covenant.

Hadassah now told her entire story to the Patriarch, with the revelation of her vision and her purpose in Spain to gather a remnant of her people and lead them to England. Sir David's lieutenant (as he represented himself) declared that he dared not disbelieve her strange story of the vision of her race, knowing that the gift of "second sight" had ever been the occasional endowment of the members of Sir David's family; and, moreover, that he knew her father's latest wish was to lead his people to England; but when she enquired concerning the death of her father, he evaded her questioning. The Patriarch bade her act in her father's stead and call a chapter of the knights of the Covenant to meet her in the Tomb of Israel of Cordova. These summonses he dispatched to the comrades, countersigned by himself. Sir David's comrades had duly met her; and thus had Hadassah returned to England as the leader in her father's stead. Such was the old man's story, told to her half-brother, Sir Judah of Nassau.

When Sir Judah came forth from the old man's tent he was in deep and ruffled thought. His methods of diplomacy were evidently perplexed by this maiden. He passed the encampment, thus musing:

"My sister hath indeed the martial soul of our father. She is fearless as a lioness and capable of the most sublime audacity. She hath genius marvelous of cast—aye, she hath inspired genius. That is dangerous, most dangerous in these times. The world understands it not to-day. Of old, she had been the Judith of our people. She reminds me of the traditions of him of Babylonia who es-

sayed the part of Messiah and perished on the scaffold. How blood of race will speak, though ages intervene! By the memory of him, I think were Hadassah our David, she would essay the part of Messiah to-day, did opportunity present. Nay, we must have no more such. I abhor a failure as Nature abhors a vacuum. She will cross me at every bent of my purpose. I yearn to embrace the maid, yet could reprove her at every kiss of love. Hadassah, Hadassah, thou canst not dream how much thou hast moved me to-day. Oh, if I dared reveal—nay, that must not be—I must away, or the maid will conquer me. By all my dreams, were she not my sister—out upon me; I am growing love sick. I must to Charles at once, to dissipate my thoughts in state policies, and then to William. O, Hadassah, my sister, be thy Judah's love henceforth thy shield."

When Hadassah came forth from her tent with the Patriarch from Palestine, she was startled from her blissful ecstasy and struck as by a sudden mighty blow.

The standard which she had planted in her triumph as a leader was gone! This was the sudden comprehension of her brain.

"God of our fathers! whose hand hath struck our people now?" she gasped.

The revulsion of nature was terrible. For a year, and amid the excitement of an almost supernatural experience, the intensities of her being had been strained to the beautiful triumph of the present moment, of seeing her tribe in England, led by herself to these shores. Hence the sudden snapping of the cord was as a stroke of death to her.

But the spirit had departed! The demon had been cast out of her! Judah had exorcised him by hacking down her banner.

When the maiden recovered, or, to so express it, when Self returned to her dominion, she approached the spot where she had planted the standard.

"Whose hand did this?" she inquired, now in subdued surprise. "I see no enemy of our people near. All is peace throughout the camp. Whose hand, sir, hacked it down?"

She thought not that one of her tribe had done it, but supposed some calamity anew threatened her people.

"Whose hand hath done it?"

"Judah's!" replied the Patriarch.

"My brother, Judah!" she exclaimed, in haughty astonishment. "Is Sir Judah of Nassau, apostate from his people?"

"God of Jacob, forbid!" the old man replied, much shocked at the thought. "Yet hath Judah done it."

The daughter of David paced the camp. Her manner was haughty and impassioned. She looked like a very queen in her wrath—more of the spirit of a leader indeed in her now, but less of mania.

Had the sorcery of Judah's subtle mind exorcised the demon? Henceforth, he was never more to return with such complete control. A superior angel was now in charge of her. The shield of Judah's love was over her; but she returned not Judah's love at that moment.

Thus awhile, and then Hadassah returned to the aged man who remained near the spot where the standard had for a few moments waved its symbolic prophecy.

"I see, venerable father," she observed, with a blending of anger and humility in her tone, "my brother dispises me. He thinks me a crazed dreamer. 'Tis well. This, my revenge. Send to my brother, his sister's challenge!"

"Who most for their people in the coming time—who most shall do—Judah or Hadassah? My challenge to him!"

And the maiden swept back into her tent like a royal spirit provoked to some astonishing deed which her mind had conceived. What man can surpass a woman in daring when the woman is in such a mood!

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHRISTIAN PRINCESS AND HER JEWISH HERO.

SIR JUDAH of Nassau was at the Capital with his Prince when he received through the Patriarch from Palestine the challenge of his sister, Hadassah,—“Who most for Israel?” He smiled with the mystery of concealed ambitions as he kissed the maiden's challenge to him. Evidently Sir Judah thought that in the execution of his role as a statesman, taking a part in the imperial drama of Europe under his Prince—young William of Orange—he would be able to do most for his father's race. He looked upon his sister, Hadassah as a grand dreamer such

as his father, Sir David, had been and he loved her in her pure Jewish character as his mother, Elizabeth de Nassau, had loved his father as her Jewish hero.

That the reader may understand Sir Judah and the part which he is to play, we must supplement to the story of Sir David's youth, an eventful history that was merely suggested in a former chapter.

Maurice of Nassau, Prince of Orange and Stadtholder of the United States of the Netherlands, was at his palace at the Hague in a gloomy mood, with a rage suppressed under the cool phlegmatic surface of his character that boded a terrible war storm to his enemies when it burst. The greatest captain of the age was chafing under two smarts,—the one of interrupted ambitions, the other a provoked sense of the ingratitude manifested at that moment by the Dutch Republic toward his house and especially toward himself.

Prince Maurice was a boy of but seventeen years of age when his heroic father, William the Silent, the Founder of the Dutch Republic, fell beneath the assassin's hand.

William had redeemed the Netherlands from Spanish rule, and abolished the Holy Inquisition which Philip's aunt, the Duchess of Parma, attempted to establish in the Netherlands as the infamous Torquemada had before done against the Jews in Spain; but the chief crime of the Protestant hero, set forth in the “ban” fulminated against him by Philip of Spain was his rescue from the convent of a Nun, Charlotte de Bourbon, and the crowning sacrilege of making her his wife and the mother of six daughters. For this extraordinary sacrilege, every pious Catholic dagger in Europe was invoked to reach him by the authority of the Most Christian King, Philip the Second, and the blessing of the Most Holy Father, Sextus V. of Rome.

The death of his father, left to Prince Maurice the office of Captain General of the United Provinces; and as he advanced in life Prince Maurice became the greatest captain of the age. Under him, the Netherlands rose above the guardianship of England and to independence from the dominion of Spain. With the aid of his cousin, (William Lewis of Nassau, the “Little Stadtholder” of Friesland, who was a giant in genius,) Maurice not only

perfected a new order of military science, which has since been the basis of modern warfare, but he won so many famous victories over the most renowned of the Spanish generals that Spain, in 1609, was forced to formally allow the independence of the Dutch Republic.

From that time, the "States General" deemed the wars of Maurice as ambitious aims for the aggrandizement of the sovereignty of the Houses of Orange and Nassau. John of Olden-Barneveld, who had so long guided the destinies of the Republic in the "States General," opposed the ambitions of Prince Maurice; but the Prince triumphed over the Republican statesman, who in 1619 was beheaded. Soon afterward, Barneveld's sons were also executed for conspiring for the overthrow and death of the Prince. Maurice now became almost as hateful to the Republican people of the United States of the Netherlands as he had once been popular: meantime, Spain, rejoicing over the disruption going on between Maurice and the States General, sent her armies again into the United Provinces under Maurice's great military rival, the Marquis of Spinola. Thus stood the case in 1622.

Prince Maurice was pacing the private apartment of his palace like an old lion, too royal to disturb himself beyond this majestic pacing of his den. With him, at her work table, was the Princess Elizabeth of Nassau, his reputed niece, though some believed she was his own daughter. Of all creatures, Maurice loved her the best; her power prevailed over his will when all else failed, and her influence won his smile in his darkest mood; but she, herself, like a true Nassau, partook, now, of her uncle's mood. Thus Prince Maurice and Elizabeth of Nassau, when the "Little Stadtholder" of Friesland, big with an idea worthy his genius, ushered into his cousin's presence, a marvelous youth of Jewish origin.

"By the good Lord, cousin Lewis, thy coming is both welcome and astounding. Who is he thou bringest with thee?"

"By the good Lord to thee, cousin Maurice; but let the stripling speak for himself."

"He hath in him the making of a hero," observed the prince, as he gazed intently on the youth.

"So said I, cousin Maurice, when he came to me and with royal abruptness,

as startling as our entrance upon thy privacy, announced that he sought a soldier's service under Maurice of Nassau against the Spaniards. I have brought him to thee; so let him speak for himself."

Maurice fixed upon the youth a long searching gaze, as if seeking to read his character and capacity thoroughly before troubling his already busy mind with any unknown stripling's affairs. He perceived that his cousin Lewis had taken this youth into his favor, and that he was introduced as his protegee; and he knew that, although the "Little Stadtholder" of Friesland was original in his ideas of men and methods, those ideas were always the more deeply sagacious when they varied from the ordinary rule: the young man, therefore, must possess rare character points to provoke the enthusiasm of his cousin's genius. Prince Maurice was presently satisfied that this was an extraordinary youth before him and he resolved to listen to his history at once.

"Boy, who art thou, and from whence? Thou art not of Europe. By thy appearance, thou art from the East. Yet why seekest thou service with Maurice of Nassau against the Spaniard. Boy, speak freely. Tell me thy history."

"Prince, my forefathers were expelled from Spain with all my race. Therefore, burn I for war against the Spaniard!"

"Art thou a Moor?"

"I am a Jew."

"A Jew! Thy name?"

"David."

"And from whence comest thou, David?"

"From Babylonia, to serve under Maurice of Nassau against the Spaniard."

"A Jew, and for war against the king of Spain? Boy, I like thee."

"So do I thee, Maurice of Nassau."

"By the soul of my father, thou art a marvelous youth. Tell me thy history, David. Be seated. I will listen to thee."

"Nay, Prince, I come into thy presence with a sling and stone. Let me deliver myself as a simple shepherd standing within the warrior's tent."

"Boy, thy modesty equals thy boldness. Begin thy story: I listen."

David began and told much of the story which he afterwards told to Baron De Leon in the tomb of his ancestors; but he told it now with all the fire and enthusiasm of youth. Maurice was might-

ily moved, yet more with the Hebrew youth's heroic fervor than with the Jewish story itself. When he ended, Maurice observed:

"Well, David, and what wouldst thou now?"

"Make war upon the host of Spain with my Hebrew troop under the standard of Maurice of Nassau."

"Boy, thou speakest as a captain already. What wouldst thou further?"

Raise the siege of Bergen-op-Zoon!"

"By Heaven, young sir, thou hast hit my very purpose! There is an inspiration in thy coming. Go summon thy troop, David. We will raise the siege of Bergen-op-Zoon."

Maurice of Nassau bounded from his seat under his martial enthusiasm. The heroic fervor of the Hebrew youth fired the great Captain with the energy of his mighty days. Again was he the Maurice of a hundred victorious battles with the Spaniard. That Hebrew stripling stood before him as a prophecy of a new triumph over the invading host of Spain and over his jealous compeers in the States General.

David was about to leave the presence of Prince Maurice and his cousin, Count Lewis, when he found himself face to face with Elizabeth De Nassau. He had not, thus far, presumed to direct his attention to the maiden, though he was conscious of her presence; but she had listened to his story in ecstasy, and now, carried away as by an impulse, she arose and interrupted his departure. Taking from her neck a ribbon, she said:

"Noble youth, tis but a simple token of my uncle's favor. Wear it for his sake. It bears the device which Maurice of

Nassau took when at thine own age, he went into the wars with Spain."

With this, the Princess Elizabeth threw the ribbon around the young Hebrew's neck and vanished.

David's eyes followed the maiden till she was gone and then he kissed the token of the Princess with fervor and hid it in his bosom. Count Lewis rubbed his hands with glee as one who had suddenly stumbled upon a romance; Prince Maurice for a moment frowned; but a smile succeeded. Then, taking the youth by the hand he said:

"David, wear my niece's favor. As she hath said, it bears my own device, "*Tandem fil surculus arbor*," ("The twig shall yet become a tree.") And now go; join me quickly with thy troop. We raise the siege of Bergen-op-Zoon!"

David departed and soon was in arms with his Hebrew comrades. The siege was raised, but in the action David saved the life of Maurice and was knighted by him on the battle field.

Then came the days of love between the Christian Princess and her Jewish hero. Maurice, for some secret reason perhaps, smiled upon their love. He gave the maiden to David as his bride and adopted him as a Prince of the house of Nassau: thus the Hebrew hero became David, Prince of Nassau.

For ten years, the Princess Elizabeth lived in unbroken joy. One son was born to their union and the proud mother named him Judah of Nassau. At the age of thirty she passed from mortal life, but to the end thereof she worshipped her Jewish hero.

(To be Continued.)

ANGELS.—[BY HANNAH TAPFIELD KING.]

Angels still are on the Earth!
I have seen them, felt their breath,
In the chill, simooning dearth,
In the atmosphere of death,

Angels? Yes; they hovered round
When affliction laid me low,—
Placing me on holy ground,
Leaving heaven where they go!

Angels! They have brought to me,
All that I had strength to bear—
Through the gloom they made me see
Visions, glorious, bright and fair.

Angels! Heaven is in the name!
On my track they've ever been,
If one left, another came,
Faithful through life's changing scene.

Angels! Some stand by me now,
Firm and faithful at my side,
Last, but first of all below,
Treasured with a holy pride.

Last! But still my most approved,
Brothers, sisters, helpmeets mine,
Trying scenes thy love has proved
And made my heart forever thine,

Last! But truer than the first
Bound by links that form a chain
Time nor change can never burst
Through eternity's domain!

When, oh! when will my rapt soul
Clasp your hands in realms divine,
Bound by laws the gods control—
When each will whisper mine and thine!



J. E. Connor

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GENERAL CONNOR, THE FOUNDER OF CAMP DOUGLAS.

GENERAL PATRICK EDWARD CONNOR was born in the south of Ireland, March 17, 1820. At an early age he emigrated with his parents to New York City, where he was educated. In 1839, he entered the regular army at the age of 18, during the Florida war. He left the service in November of 1844, and returned to New York, where he entered into mercantile business; but in the early part of 1846 emigrated to Texas. The war with Mexico broke out that year, and young Connor, as Captain of the Texas Volunteers, was the second volunteer officer mustered into service, in the regiment of Albert Sidney Johnston, whom they elected Colonel. Connor was with his company at the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Buena Vista. In the latter battle, he was severely wounded, being the first officer who bore the scars of war, for which honor he now draws a full Captain's pension.

Shortly after the close of the Mexican war, Captain Connor emigrated to California, where he engaged in business till the breaking out of our great civil war. Immediately the gallant officer tendered his services to the Governor of California, and was appointed by him Col. of the Third California Infantry.

The California Volunteers entered the service with the full expectation of being called directly to the theatre of war, for both officers and men were fired with a martial spirit, becoming California in the nation's crisis. It is doubtful, indeed, if this military fervor would have been kindled had the Volunteers known that they were about to be ordered to Utah by the Government, to watch the Mormons, lest their leaders should take advantage of our national calamity and proclaim a rebellion. Some of the officers and men, it is understood, gave way

to occasional fits of ill-humor, very pardonable in men who, panting for military glory, as well as inspired by patriotism, had offered their lives in defence of the Union, only to find themselves, in the sequel, transported to our then Rocky Mountain isolation.

Perhaps Colonel Connor felt the disappointment quite as keenly as any of his officers or men. Evidently his hopes led him to the prospect of national distinction, in a war that afforded as many opportunities to first class men, as did the campaigns of the great Napoleon himself. Connor is one of the most likely men to have distinguished himself and his regiment on the tented field, and to have risen at the very onset to the rank of a General officer. He comes from a nation of heroes, and his likeness shows the real military type of countenance. His picture, in fact, is very like our classic ideals of the Roman Centurian, when every Roman was a soldier born.

But Colonel Connor showed nothing of disappointment. He was too much of a soldier for that. If the service to which he was appointed was not as congenial as would have been a more brilliant career on the nation's great battle fields, he sustained his command with a gallant spirit. From the first to last, he manifested more than an ordinary enthusiasm in the creation of an important military district, for this soon became the object of his ambition, rather than to be the military keeper of the Mormon Prophet.

It was in May, 1862, that Colonel Connor was ordered with his regiment to Utah. His command consisted of the Third California Infantry and a part of the Second California Cavalry. He took up his line of march in July, 1862, and arrived near the present site of Camp Douglas, on the 20th of October of the

same year, and four days afterwards established what is now known as Fort Douglas. Here the Colonel erected temporary winter quarters, and the next Summer the substantial log buildings, which stood until the erection, in the summer of 1875, of the handsome stone quarters, which now present quite the appearance of a military city.

Soon after his arrival in Utah, Colonel Connor, on the 29th of January, 1863, fought the celebrated battle of Bear River, against the Snake and Bannock Indians under Bear Hunter and other chiefs. There were killed and captured of the Indians nearly 400. The cemetery of Camp Douglas was consecrated to receive the relics of the heroes who fell in that battle; but there was compensation for their loss, as that famous victory for ever put a quietus to Indian hostilities in Northern Utah and Southern Idaho.

On the 29th of the following March, Colonel Connor was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, for gallant services in the battle of Bear River, having the reputation of being the best Indian fighter in the West. The news of his promotion arrived at the fort late at night; and, it will be remembered, the martial enthusiasm of his troops alarmed the Saints with the extravagant fancy, that the soldiers were marching down from their heights to capture the City of Zion at midnight.

In 1865, on the petition to President Lincoln, by the Legislatures of Colorado and Nebraska signaling General Connor; he was appointed to the District of the Plains, the District being created for him, as the Indians at that period were very hostile. The District was comprised of the State of Nevada, the Territories of Utah, Colorado, Nebraska, and part of the Territories of Dacotah and New Mexico.

In the summer of the same year, the General organized an expedition of two thousand Cavalry, and marched into the Sioux country to chastise that tribe and the Arapahoes for depredations on the Overland Mail route. Here he fought a battle in August, known as the battle of Tongue River, with the Arapahoes, killing 63 Indian warriors, and capturing a number of women and children, besides 600 horses and destroying their village.

A few days after this battle, he received

orders to march back to Fort Laramie, and send the volunteer troops under his command, numbering sixteen thousand, to their several States to be mustered out of service. He himself was ordered back to his old command in Utah. Shortly after, he was promoted to the rank of Brevet-Major-General for gallant and meritorious services during the war. In June, 1866, he was mustered out of service with the last batch of General officers, by the final general mustering-out order. Previously to this, however, he was offered a colonelcy in the regular army, but, owing to his extensive mining interests in Utah, he declined the offer.

But General P. Edward Connor comes most prominently into our galaxy of historical personages, not so much for his eminent military career, as from the fact that, on the Gentile side, he is unquestionably first among the Founders of Utah. General Connor is the proper frontispiece of Gentiledom in the most acceptable sense. He is to Gentiledom just what Brigham Young was to Mormonism. Not only is he this in the past but he may be quite as strikingly this in the future. For instance, in forecasting the first Governors of the State, General Connor should be the man of "Manifest Destiny" on the Gentile side, above any rival name of a later date, he being not only the most historical Gentile in Utah; but, in a great political contest, it is easy to imagine many of the old settlers voting for him as the man of their choice.

No Gentile has done so much for Utah as General Connor. From the moment of the establishment of Camp Douglas in sight of Salt Lake City, the nation has maintained a permanent footing in the Territory, speaking from the Gentile point of view. With the California Volunteers also came the era of change and progress. The presence of the soldiers was undoubtedly, at first, very offensive to the Mormon authorities, and their mission to "regenerate" Utah was intolerable to the people, who saw no necessity for "regeneration."

One of the first results of Camp Douglas was to give birth to the Secular press. General Connor started the *Daily Union Vedette*, which was the first daily in the Territory, and he sustained it entirely out of his own private fortune. His

main object was, in the language of the *Vedette*, "to educate the Mormon people up to American views,"—"to break the absolute rule of Brigham Young over the people," and "to convince them by moral suasion, that they owed their loyalty to the United States." and that it was "disloyal to attempt to establish a theocracy in Utah." Such was the expounding of its accomplished editor, Captain Charles H. Hempstead, in behalf of Camp Douglas and its commander. In 1880, with the remarkable change that has taken place in society here, with ten thousand Gentiles also in the Territory, such ideas may not seem striking; but in 1863 it was something incomprehensible to the Mormons that they had "*no right to set up God's kingdom in America.*" In time, however, Camp Douglas brought this home to the understanding of many of our people, so that General Connor may be considered to have performed quite a missionary service for the nation in his relations with Utah. The *Vedette* also brought forth the *Daily Telegraph*, now transformed into the *Salt Lake Herald*. The *Telegraph* was started to fight Camp Douglas. It was at Camp Douglas, also, that the *Peep O Day*, the first magazine published west of the Missouri River—was born; and, though it soon died, the *Utah Magazine* and the *Salt Lake Tribune* were its offsprings, so that it may be almost considered that the Utah reform movement, which years afterwards

sprang up from the founders of the independent press and their commercial compeers, uttered its first prophecies at Camp Douglas. General Connor, in fact, may be said to have been a sort of godfather to nearly all the "regenerating agencies" of Utah, to use a phrase once very familiar in our local journalistic banter.

General Connor and his soldiers were also the first miners of the Territory. Believing that Utah was a great mining country and that the opening of the mines would also open a new destiny to the people, Mormon and Gentile, he encouraged mining explorations. He located the first silver mine in Utah, namely, the Jordan mine in Bingham Canyon. He wrote the first mining law, presided at the first miners' meeting, built the first silver-lead smelting works, and located the first Gentile town in Utah (Stockton.) He built and owned the first steamer to navigate the Great Salt Lake—the "Kate Connor"—and also the schooner, "Pioneer." While he was in the U. S. service, he spent eighty thousand dollars of his private fortune, in mines and other ventures, he being the pioneer of many new enterprises in Utah. At this point of his history we must exchange the view of General Connor as the first commander of the Department of the West and as the Founder of Camp Douglas to enlarge his historical interests to our Territory as its PIONEER MINER.

THE MINES OF UTAH. No. 1.

WHEN Utah was first settled, General Taylor said, "The Mormons have got on to the backbone of the continent." President Lincoln made a parallel statement: "Utah will yet become the treasure-house of the nation."

The early history of the Territory is familiar to our readers; it constitutes one of the most wonderful chapters in the religious annals of the world. Three important circumstances have combined to excite an interest in the public mind regarding Utah, not as the abode of an independent religious community, but as a region in which American enterprise and American ideas are destined to prevail. These are: 1. The discovery of silver mines everywhere in the Territory;

2. The opening of the Pacific Railroad;
3. The inauguration of social reform. These momentous facts promise for Utah a glorious future. The miners have caught a glimpse of this coming era. They see in the future Salt Lake City one of the principal centres of the continent. They see a vast Territory—once devoted exclusively to Mormonism—transformed, under these new auspices, into an important section of the nation occupied by millions of United States citizens.

The first mining record is that of the Jordan mine in favor of one Ogilvie and some others. Ogilvie, in logging in the canyon, found a piece of ore which he sent to Colonel Conner, who had it as-

sayed. Finding it to be good ore, Connor organized a party of officers and ladies of his camp and went over and located the mine—the Jordan. A day or two afterwards, Colonel Connor wrote mining laws and held a miners' meeting at Gardner's mill on the Jordan river, where the laws were adopted and Bishop Gardner elected Recorder. The district was called the West Mountain Mining District.

Mr. Stenhouse, in his "Rocky Mountain Saints," was the first to publish the early history of the mining activities of our Territory. It is but just to him, therefore, and very proper in a continued and exhaustive history of our mines, to give his compilation up to its date as a preliminary view.

"Colonel Connor, elated by this discovery, published to the world that there were minerals in Utah upon the domain of the United States; and all were free to prospect; and that his troops should afford all necessary protection to the prospector and miner. He had had no occupation for his troops—they were eating the bread of idleness, and were discontented at being detained in Utah, and not taking part in the war. The discovery in Bingham was opportune, to favor prospecting, and it would appease the men and give them the chance of possibly enriching themselves and the country. An order was promulgated that a certain number of men would be furloughed to prospect, and every facility afforded them to travel within certain boundaries. Wearing the blue, and the honourable sign "U. S.," they could enter what canyons they pleased. Thus to Colonel Connor, and the California Volunteers under his direction, is the honour due for the first discoveries in Utah.

Mr. Eli B. Kelsey, thoroughly breaking off from Mormonism, and believing that the hour had fully come to develop the mineral resources of the Territory, started out in the old missionary style to lecture upon Utah in the Atlantic and Pacific States, in the summer of 1870. He wrote to the papers, spoke to "boards of trade," published a pamphlet, and created quite an interest among capitalists, and was the means of sending into the mining district a hundred thousand dollars in the fall of 1870. The first of Eastern capitalists who was converted, was an enterprising merchant of New York,

William M. Fliess, Esq., who joined Mr. Kelsey, and advanced the "working capital" required to develop some valuable mines. From that time capital has flowed into Utah, and wealth has been dug out of the mountains in such abundance—in proportion to the capital and labor employed—as to justify the hope that Utah will yet be the first mining country in the world.

In the summer of 1864, the Jordan Mining Company was incorporated by Gen. Connor under the laws of California, and work by a tunnel was commenced on the mine, at a cost of sixty dollars per foot, which could now be done for ten dollars. Blasting-powder was at that time \$25 a keg; now it is less than one-sixth of that price, and labor is also more abundant.

The first smelting-furnace in the Territory was erected at Stockton, in 1864, by General Connor. He at this time became aware of the importance of having the mineral interest developed to the fullest possible extent, and induced a large number of his California friends to enter into the enterprise. The Rush Valley Smelting Company was organized at the same time, by the military officers at Camp Douglas; and a furnace was built by them at Stockton.

General Connor followed, with his second furnace on the reverberatory plan, with an inclined flue, one hundred and fifty feet long. During the summer and fall of 1864, furnaces were built by the following parties, in and around Stockton and Rush Valley (mining prospects innumerable having by that time been located in the neighborhood), viz: The St. James; Finherly; J. W. Gibson; Nichols & Brand; Hartnet; Davids & Company; and one cupola blast-furnace by Johnson, Monheim & Company. A cupelling furnace was also built by Stock & Weberling, in the same year.

But the treatment of ores by smelting was a task new to these Californians, and their experience in milling the gold ores of their State was of no service to them in this task. This disadvantage was increased by the fact that charcoal was not abundant, that rates of transportation were excessively high, and both the materials of which the furnaces were built, and those used in the daily operations, were very dear. These are circumstances

which would tax the ability of the most experienced; and the Californians, unused to the work, failed entirely. A good deal of money was spent, with no result, excepting the establishment of the fact that the ores were easy to treat. During this time of trial, the usual history of new mining-fields was repeated, and companies which were organized with high hopes spent large sums, and became bankrupt.

The Knickerbocker and Argenta Mining and Smelting Company was organized in New York, to operate in Rush Valley, and expended about one hundred thousand dollars in the purchase of mines and the material for working them. But, owing to the impossibility of making medium and low-grade ores pay, at such a distance from the market, the company lost their money, and abandoned the enterprise. Thus, after two years of steady, earnest, hopeful toil—from the time of the first discovery in 1863, to the same month in 1865—the business of mining had to be suspended to await the advent of the “iron horse,” which was to bring renewed vitality to the occupation of the miner.

With the failure to work the mines profitably, came the disbanding of the volunteer troops, in the latter part of 1865-6. Their places could now be filled by the regulars—the rebellion by this time having been suppressed—and, as the owners and locators (who were principally military men) could not subsist on non-paying mines, the question arose as to how their rights could be secured while they were seeking employment elsewhere. Their method of solving the difficulty has resulted in the greatest injury to the cause which had its rise in their energy and determination. They called miners' meetings, and amended the by-laws of the district in such a manner as to make claims perpetually valid, which had had a certain but very small amount of work done upon them. For the performance of this work, a certificate was given by the district recorder. This certificate prohibited all subsequent relocation of the ground. In consequence of this provision, the mines of Stockton long lay under a ban, and it is only since the wonderful discoveries made in neighboring canyons, that mining has been energetically resumed there. While the operations, detailed above, drew attention

chiefly to the Rush Valley mines, discoveries were gradually becoming numerous in other districts.

The first discovery of silver-bearing lead ore had been made in the Wasatch range, in Little Cottonwood Canyon, and in Mountain Lake, in the summer of 1864, by General Connor, but nothing was done towards development until the district was organized, in the fall of 1868; when, for the first time, operations of any extent were begun on the mines by Messrs. Woodhull, Woodman, Chisholm, Reich, and others. The first shipments of galena ore from the Territory were made in small quantities by Messrs. Woodman & Co., Walker Brothers, and Woodhull Brothers, of Little Cottonwood ore, in July, 1868, being the first products of the Emma mine. Several other shipments were made, in the fall of that year, by the same parties. The completion of the Utah Central Railroad to Salt Lake City, in January, 1870, presented the longed-for opportunity of embarking with certainty in the business of mining.

During the fall of 1868, and the spring of 1869, mining was taken hold of with a will, and it was soon proved, beyond a question, that the mines of Utah were possessed of real merit. What better proof can be looked for than the fact that from the first discovery they were not only self-sustaining, but highly remunerative? The first shipment of ore to market having proved a success, work was pushed on with the utmost vigor on the mines already discovered. This was especially the case in Little Cottonwood district, on such mines as the Flagstaff, Emma, North Star, Savage, Magnet, Monitor, and others. Thus an impetus was given to the business of prospecting for mines all over the Territory, and this led to innumerable discoveries subsequently made. The export of ores has increased from a few irregular weekly shipments, as in the fall of 1868 and throughout 1869, to that of a regular and constant stream, during the summer months, of from four hundred to six hundred tons weekly. In one month the Walker Brothers shipped 4,000 tons. In the two months—August and September, 1872—2,458 tons of ore, and 1,362 tons of silver-bearing lead and iron, were sent out of the Territory. The latter item shows

what progress has been made in smelting the ores within the limits of the Territory itself.

It was during the excitement produced by the very rich developments made on the Emma and other mines of Little Cottonwood, that "horn," or chloride silver ores, of a very rich character, were discovered in East Canyon—now known as Ophir District. The first location in this district was made on the 23d of August, 1870, and was named Silveropolis. This location was soon followed by many others of a similar kind of mineral, all proving, at the surface, to be very rich—such as the Tampico, Mountain Lion, Mountain Tiger, Petaluma, Zella, Silver Chief, Defiance, Virginia, Monarch, Blue Wing and many others, with promising prospects. All were found on what is known as Lion and Tiger Hills, immediately south of Ophir City; and the ores (unlike those of Cottonwood) are adapted to the mill treatment alone.

At the same time, prospecting was going on upon the north side of Ophir, where many very extensive ledges of lead ore, carrying silver, were found; which ores are adapted to the smelting-process only. A remarkable distinction is to be noticed in the character of the ores on either side of the canon, at the bottom of which appears to be the dividing-line. On the north side, at the distance of not more than one-third of a mile, is found a combination of sulphides of iron, lead, arsenic, antimony, and zinc—the iron predominating, and carrying silver in appreciable quantities, with fifteen per cent. to forty per cent. of lead. On the south side distant from the canon about one mile, in a direct line, the silver occurs as chloride, with little or no base metal. But, small as the quantity of the other minerals is, they contain lead, molybdenum, antimony, and zinc, and therefore few of the mines yield ore that can be *well* treated without roasting. Probably fifty or sixty per cent. may be taken as the average yield of those ores in the mill, when they are treated raw. But a proper roasting increases this to eighty-five and even ninety per cent., and upwards. Some mines yield a remarkably pure chloride-ore—a dolomitic limestone containing true chloride of silver in a very pure condition.

It was at the time of these discoveries

that the district now known as "Ophir" was formed in that part of the Oquirrh range known as East Canon, and originally included in the Rush Valley district. Some forty locations had been made as early as 1864 and 1865. The conditions under which the ore exists in these mines is somewhat peculiar. It is in concentrations, which are often small and exceedingly rich, or larger and less concentrated, though still very rich. Mines were opened, which, when the overlying earth was removed, disclosed a narrow vein, exhibiting along its length a number of "boulders" highly impregnated with chloride of silver. These frequently assayed from \$5,000 to \$20,000 a ton; though their value would vary very much in different parts of the same mass. As a rule, the ore of East Canon may be estimated at \$80 to \$150 per ton in value, though considerable quantities run much higher. But the marvelous stories of the \$10,000 and \$20,000 ore, found in boulders, attracted the attention of prospectors in other parts of the West; and these discoveries in Ophir, together with the wealth of the "Emma," have probably done more than any thing else to bring about that strong tide of immigrating prospectors which have so rapidly raised Utah to the position of a first-rate mining-field. At all events, they would probably have been sufficient for the work, had the other discoveries been of less importance than they really are.

The working of these mines not only opened new districts, but revived the activity of those which had suffered partial abandonment; and at present there is not one district where important works are not going on. Great encouragement was also received from Eastern and foreign capitalists. Important sales were made, and a great deal of money brought in as working capital. At the same time a number of smelting-works were built. The amount of ore which these were capable of treating is variously estimated at from 200 to 400 tons per day; but few of them are now running. In June, 1870, the Woodhull Brothers built a furnace eight miles south of Salt Lake City, at the junction of the State road with Big Cottonwood Creek. It did some service in testing practically the ores of the Territory, and from these works was shipped the first bullion produced from the mines of Utah. It was smelted from ores of

the Monitor and Magnet, and other Cottonwood mines.

These works were soon followed by the Badger State Smelting Works, about four miles south of the city of Salt Lake, on the State road, which were commenced in August, 1870. They produced their first bullion on the 18th day of March, 1870. The next works were those of Jennings & Pascoe, immediately north of the city, at the Warm Springs. They contained reverberatory furnaces, which are not well adapted to the average ores of Utah, but are useful for the preparation of galena ore for the blast-furnaces. A cupola or blast-furnace has since been added to these works, increasing their value greatly.

The next, and best designed works of any built in the Territory until a late period, were those of Colonel E. D. Buel, at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canon. The smelting-works of Buel & Bateman, in Bingham Canon, which followed, were built on the same plan as those in Little Cottonwood.

During the winter of 1870-1, Messrs. Jones & Raymond built furnaces in East Canon for the purpose of treating the lead-ores of that district. A renewal of operations also took place at Stockton, and the works there have suffered greater vicissitudes than any others in the Territory. Tintic, a new district, saw the next establishment built. But, during the year 1871, furnaces were erected in all quarters: in Little Cottonwood, by Jones & Pardee; in Big Cottonwood, by Weightman & Co.; in Bingham Canon, by Bristol & Daggett; in American Fork, by Holcombe, Sevenoaks & Co., and others. These were nearly all shaft-furnaces, rather rude in construction, though with some well built furnaces among them. The only works which deserve notice, for the introduction of good metallurgical models, are those of Robbins & Co., who built a large reverberatory furnace for reducing the ore by charcoal, after preliminary roasting; and the works of Colonel Buel, in Little Cottonwood, where the later constructions of German metallurgists were introduced with good judgment and effect. The furnaces which Colonel Buel placed in his Cottonwood and Bingham Canon works have been repeatedly copied in later-erected establishments, and have proved themselves as serviceable in this country as abroad.

Thus, sixteen furnaces were built in as many months, and the number has since been increased more than one-half; but it cannot be said that great success has attended them. Few have continued in active operation, and fewer still work with the regularity necessary to success. It is impossible to doubt that a history like this must be the result of inexperience. It is but a repetition of the course of affairs in Nevada, where men accustomed to the amalgamation of gold undertook to treat silver ores, which require a very different process. They at first ascribed their failures to some peculiarity of the ores, which were thought to be different from any others in the world; but, now, they confess that the cause of their difficulties was simply ignorance. Undoubtedly, that is the real secret of the trouble experienced by smelters in Utah; and doubtless, when they have become more experienced they will not hesitate to acknowledge that ignorance of the work was the cause of their first failures, instead of giving the numerous excuses that are now current.

In addition to the foregoing means of reduction there was built in Ophir District, East Canyon, a first-class crushing and amalgamating mill, in May and June, 1871, by the Walker Brothers, of Salt Lake City. It is known as the Pioneer Mill. It has fifteen stamps, and was built by the firm to work the ores of the Silveropolis, Tiger, Rockwell, Zella, Silver Chief, and other mines—the mill-process alone being adapted to the ores of that section of Ophir known as Lion Hill, where horn chloride silver ores are found. There are also four or five “Mexican arastas” in successful operation in East Canyon. The mill-men have met with better success in Utah than the smelters, for they are engaged in a task familiar to them; the process being the same as that in use in Nevada and some parts of California.

Notwithstanding all the discouragement which has been met with hitherto by the smelters, the progress of mining in Utah has been wonderful. Remembering that the first really practical work done towards the development of the mining interests was commenced only in the fall of 1868, and making due allowance for the inclement season then at hand, which the miners had to pass

through in such high altitudes as those where the mines are situated, it will be understood how it was that the summer of 1869 had progressed so far before work to any appreciable amount was done. Considering the shortness of the time, the record of what has been done is most extraordinary.

From the summer of 1869 to the 25th of September, 1871, there were shipped from the Territory 10,000 tons of silver and gold ores, of the gross value of \$2,500,000; of bullion, or pig-lead, containing gold and silver, 4,500 tons, of the gross value of \$1,237,000; copper ores, 231 tons, of the gross value of \$6,000. Salt has also been exported to the extent of 1,100 tons, of the value of \$4,000; and silver bars, obtained by milling chloride ores, have produced \$120,000. The annual product of gold from Bingham Canyon, by improved appliances for washing and sluicing, has been increased from \$150,000 to \$250,000. The number of districts by exploration and location has grown from two, as in 1868, to thirty-two in 1871. Since June, 1870, there have been erected eighteen smelting-furnaces, built at an aggregate cost of \$200,000, several of which are producing bullion."

The above is a comprehensive history of the growth and development of the mining interests of Utah from the day when General Connor and his men first discovered the old Jordan in 1863 until the time when mining was no longer an experiment, but had become one of Utah's chief industries. Since then, the searching pick of the prospector has been actively bringing to the light of day mineral deposits in all parts of the Territory; until an account of even the valuable mines of each district would require a more extended article than the most industrious reader would desire. There are excellent mineral indications on the Idaho line; and developments in the extreme south of the Territory have shown rich deposits of a peculiar character that have surprised and perplexed the most practiced mining experts. So, also, the Clifton and Rose Bud districts to the west give promise of future wealth, and from the almost unexplored south-east come frequent tales of rich placers and gold-bearing quartz veins.

While research has thus been made as to the extent of the mineral bearing por-

tions of Utah, there have been many splendid results from individual mines. Since the day, when, as it is said, mining was at its hey-day flush of prosperity, the owners of such mines as the Ontario, Mono, Horn Silver, Flagstaff, Old Telegraph, Great Basin and others innumerable, have all made great fortunes. True, to offset this, some mines then considered permanent and of great value, have become worthless. But who shall lay this to the fault of the mines themselves? Who shall say that, in many instances, the supposed durability of these played-out mines was not, in the main, the misrepresentations of scheming operators? In other cases, these seeming failures are not real. Mines currently reported of great prospective value in those days were rich only in the conscientious, but hopeful and visionary mind of their owners. Still others retain their value, but the operators are financially unable to carry on the developments necessary to reach a paying condition of the mines. By this fair method of elimination, it will be seen that the real and true failures of the mines of Utah are very few indeed; on the contrary, it is considered by miners of extended experience that Utah presents an unusually safe field for mining adventure.

The mines of Utah have held and will hold their own. The field is so large, the precious yield so rich and varied, the fortunes in the past so conspicuous, and the domain of the future so hopeful, that it will be a phenomenon in the economy of events if Utah does not become a great mining success.

Millions on millions of dollars have been dug from the dark breasts of Utah's mountains. Towns have been built, expensive works have been erected, the busy hum of toil has gone on for years; the mountains have echoed with the miners' blast and the valleys have been made dark with the smoke of furnaces. Piles of dingy ore have been dragged from the secret chambers of the hills, and streams of glittering metal have flowed from the smelters. Men and fortunes have come and gone; but the buried wealth of the Territory has only been trifled with. The restless activity of the American mind has allowed only a superficial examination of our treasures. The readiest road to a quick fortune has been the only one

traveled. Gold, silver and lead,—the cream on the surface of the dish,—are all that have as yet, been sought after. Our real treasure trove, the base and foundation of future eminence, our iron and coal, are almost untouched. Within the borders of this promising Territory lie beds of coal of an immense extent and value. Near by, are enormous quantities of purest iron which will, one day, enable Utah to rival and outvie any State in the Union. At other points have been discovered the useful minerals necessary to make these principal ones of complete utility, such as sulphur, paraffin, graphite, etc. Other metals are also to be procured including copper, antimony, quicksilver, bismuth and tin.

We now come to the special subject of General Connor and

THE GREAT BASIN MINE.

The following letter of General Connor to the Military Department, setting forth his views and policy concerning Utah, is, in itself, something like the initial chapter of our mining history. With General Connor's views of the Mormon leaders we have nothing to do beyond faithfully furnishing the record; for it is the duty of the historian to make up the records of the times with a similar exactitude that the scientist shows in his statement of discovered truths of Nature whether they conflict or not with his own conscientious opinions. General Connor's letter is a remarkable document presented to his Department touching the mineral resources of this Territory; and his policy, not only in urging the matter upon the attention of the Government, but in inviting capitalists from all parts of the world to assist the development of one of the most wonderful mineral districts of the American continent is admirable in its soundness and foresight.

HEAD-QUARTERS DISTRICT OF UTAH,
CAMP DOUGLAS, UTAH TERRITORY,
NEAR GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

July 21st., 1864.

COLONEL :

Having had occasion recently to communicate with you by telegraph on the subject of the difficulties which have considerably excited the Mormon community for the past ten days, it is perhaps proper that I should report more fully by letter relative to the real causes which have rendered collision possible.

As set forth in former communications, my policy in this Territory has been to invite hither a large Gentile and loyal population, sufficient by peaceful means and through the ballot-box to overwhelm the Mormons by mere force of numbers, and thus wrest from the church—disloyal and traitorous to the core—the absolute and tyrannical control of temporal and civil affairs, or at least a population numerous enough to put a check on the Mormon authorities, and give countenance to those who are striving to loosen the bonds with which they have been so long oppressed. With this view, I have bent every energy and means of which I was possessed, both personal and official, towards the discovery and development of the mining resources of the Territory, using without stint the soldiers of my command, whenever and wherever it could be done without detriment to the public service. These exertions have, in a remarkably short period, been productive of the happiest results and more than commensurate with my anticipations. Mines of undoubted richness have been discovered, their fame is spreading east and west; voyageurs for other mining countries have been induced by the discoveries already made to tarry here, and the number of miners of the Territory steadily and rapidly increasing. With them, and to supply their wants, merchants and traders are flocking into Great Salt Lake City, which by its activity, increased number of Gentile stores and workshops, and the appearance of its thronged and busy streets, presents a most remarkable contrast to the Salt Lake of one year ago. Despite the counsel, threats, and obstacles of the church, the movement is going on with giant strides.

This policy on my part, if not at first fully understood, is now fully appreciated in its startling effect, by Brigham Young and his coterie. His every efforts, covert and open, having proved unequal to the task of checking the transformation so rapidly going on in what he regards as his own exclusive domain, he and his Apostles have grown desperate. No stone is left unturned by them to rouse the people to resistance against the policy, even if it should provoke hostility against a government he hates and daily reviles. It is unquestionably his desire to provoke me into some act savoring of persecution, or by the dexterous use of which he can

induce his deluded followers into an outbreak, which would deter miners and others coming to the Territory. Hence he and his chief men make their tabernacles and places of worship resound each Sabbath with the most outrageous abuse of all that pertains to the Government and the Union—hence, do their prayers ascend loudly from the house-tops for a continuance of the war till the hated Union shall be sunk—hence the persistent attempt to depreciate the national currency and institute a “gold basis” in preference to “Lincoln Skins” as treasury notes are denominated in Sabbath day harangues.

Hence it was that the establishment of a Provost Guard in the City was made the pretext for rousing the Mormon people to excitement and armed assembling, by the most ridiculous stories of persecution and outrage on their rights, while the fanatical spirit of the people, and the inborn hatred of our institutions and government were effectually appealed to, to promote discord and provoke trouble. I am fully satisfied that nothing but the firmness and determination with which their demonstrations were met, at every point, prevented a collision, and the least appearance of vascillation on my part would surely have precipitated a conflict. I feel that it is not presumptuous in me to say that in view of what has already been accomplished in Utah, that the work marked out can and will be effectually and thoroughly consummated if the policy indicated be pursued and I am sustained in my measures at Department Head-Quarters. I am fully impressed with the opinion that peace is essential to the solving of the problem, but at the same time conscious that peace can only be maintained by the presence of force and a fixed determination to crush out at once any interference with the rights of the government by persons of high or low degree. While the exercise of prudence in inaugurating measures is essential to success, it should not be forgotten that the display of power and the exhibition of reliance on oneself have the most salutary restraining effect on men of weak minds, and criminal intent. Deeply as Brigham Young hates our government, malignant and traitorous as are his designs against it, inimical as he is against the policy here progressing of opening the mines to a Gentile

populace, and desperate as he is in his fast waning fortunes, he will pause ere he inaugurates a strife, so long as the military forces in the Territory are sufficiently numerous to hold him and his deluded followers in check. The situation of affairs in Utah is clear to my own mind and, without presumption, I have no fear for the result, if sustained by the Dept. Commander as indicted in this and former communications. Desirous as I am of conforming strictly to the wishes and judgment of the Major General Commanding the Department, and having thus fully set forth my views and the facts bearing on the case, I beg leave respectfully to ask from the Department Commander an expression of opinion as to the policy of the course pursued, and and such suggestions or instructions as he may deem proper, as a guide in the future.

Very Respectfully

Your Obedient Servant,

P. EDW. CONNOR,

Brig. Genl. U. S. Vols.

Comdg. Dist.

LIEUT. COL. R. C. DRUM,

Asst. Adjt. Genl. U. S. A. }

San Francisco, Cal. }

In view of what has since transpired in the history of Utah, General Connor's forecasting of events relative to our mining activities, is very like a prophecy which has been realized almost beyond precedent in its thoroughly practical issues. The initial record here given of our mining history coupled with the well sustained and extraordinary efforts of the Commander and his troops to open our mines give almost a national dignity to the mining history of Utah. That General Connor entered into his work with considerable of the miner's enthusiasm can be well imagined; but, it is evident that he also recommended it to the Government as a sound national policy. He engaged in the work at that time with more of a sense of duty to the country than of immediate money prospects to himself, spending tens of thousands in his efforts rather than reaping at that time a reward of his labors. Thus did he earn the right of being considered the Pioneer Miner of Utah in more than an ordinary sense; and all classes to-day, both Mormon and Gentile, realize how much

in this respect they owe to Gen. Connor.

As we all know, at first mining in Utah met with many discouragements. Mr. Stenhouse, in his *Rocky Mountain Saints*, seems to convey the charge that the Mormon leaders sought to prevent the opening of our mines; but in those days there was more active antagonism to mining met in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* than in the Tabernacle sermons. It is doubtless the fact that the leaders believed that a tremendous inrushing of a Gentile population might be destructive of the Mormon community and that they were not desirous for such a result. Seeing, however, in the sequel, that the reverse has been the case—that the increase of our mining population has been well balanced; that enterprising men have come up to develop the resources of the Territory and not to destroy the community, and that Utah has been vastly enriched as well as preserved,—the Mormon Church is more than reconciled to the prospect of Utah's becoming famous in the future as a great mining State. In any view of the case, the actual success and prosperity of Utah in her mining activities give the point the most important to the practical purposes of history.

In due time, the efforts of General Connor produced their full results. He had started a mining life and impulse to to this country, so that when Woodman and others made the Emma mine discovery, such men as the Walker Brothers had been educated up to a sufficient mining enthusiasm and faith to take hold with their wealth and make mining thenceforth the basis of their enterprises and fortunes. At the period of the Godbeite movement, it was the habit of dating the opening history of Utah with the article on "The True Development of the Territory," and treating it very much as the offspring of the "New Movement." This is not according to the record. The advocacy by Godbe and others of a mining policy at that opportune moment of the discovery of the Emma, certainly did win over many of the Mormon community to the mining interest; but the Gentiles were already fully alive to the subject. Our mining history, in fine, begins with General Connor and Camp Douglas. He was the mining educator of Utah as well as her mining pioneer.

It has been already noted in his biographical military sketch that General Connor founded the town of Stockton. The Great Basin Mine which has recently attracted much attention as one of the best mines in Utah, was located by some of General Connor's men in 1864. In the following year, he purchased this valuable mine and has owned it ever since till he incorporated it in 1879. His once ample fortune having become depleted by the numerous efforts made by him in opening up a new mining country so far removed from the great centres of business ere the railroad came with its facilities to import machinery, General Connor, for a time, passed somewhat out of the prominent record of our mining activities, yet leaving the monuments of his works almost in every part of our Territory. The miner could go no where but he found the lasting marks of General Connor's enterprises. At length, returning from California, he went back to Stockton, and with his return new life was infused into the mining business of that district. This was in the fall of 1878, since when he has developed two or three as good mines as there are in Utah. The following is an interesting and comprehensive statement of a gentleman who has recently inspected the Great Basin Mine:

STOCKTON.

THE GREAT BASIN AND THE MINES IN THE DISTRICT.

EDS. TRIBUNE:

Stockton and Ophir Mining Districts, for three or four years past, have been practically numbered among the things that were. Recent events among the Stocktonites, however, have caused a change to come over the spirit of their dreams. I purpose to disclose to your readers a few of the supervening causes inducing a very perceptible shaking among the dry bones of Stockton, premising that Ophir will also come to rattle in the impending boom.

Hearing rumors of the extent and value of the new developments in the Great Basin, I obtained Gen. Connor's permission to examine the under-ground workings, and, accompanied by Mr. Davis, the superintendent, took the downward train for station No. 1, exactly 260 feet below the surface. The descent to the bottom of the mine runs on an in-

cline of 45 to 65° directly through the vein. At this level the driftings, easterly and westerly, have been carried 220 feet along the vein.

At Station No. 2, below the surface 320 feet, is a drift of 150 feet to the west of the shaft, or incline, and to the eastward 180 feet along the vein.

At Station No. 3, depth 370 feet, are shown driftings to the eastward of shaft of 330 feet, and to the westward 70 feet.

At Station No. 4, being 445 feet toward the centre of gravity, the driftings are eastwardly 155 feet and westwardly 80 feet, the vein thus far showing a steady improvement in grade and an average of five feet in thickness between well-defined walls.

At Station No. 5, down 50 feet, the east level runs 130 feet from the shaft, the west level 50 feet on the vein. Here is presented to the beholder's gaze a massive vein of ore 12 feet in thickness, apparently inexhaustible in quantity, and averaging from 25 to 35 ounces silver and from 25 to 40 per cent. lead—some streaks being found therein of exceeding richness. The whole mass of this body of ore can be utilized, there being no absolute waste in the vein, and, as I am informed by Mr. Davis, the same may be truthfully said of all the mines of Stockton District, especially so of the the great easterly and westerly belt on which the Great Basin is located, which is plainly traceable on the surface for a distance of four or five miles, every foot of which is surveyed, staked out and claimed. All speculation as to the permanence of this lode is at an end, and it is pronounced by experts to be a true fissure vein and one of the most valuable deposits of silver-bearing galena in the world, now carrying, also, in the Basin's lower workings, from \$3 to \$6 in gold, with a fair show in the descent of largely increasing in that product.

The present yield of the Great Basin is 40 tons of marketable ore daily, which will be at least doubled as soon as the smelting and reduction works in process of completion at Stockton, are put in motion. It is expected that within the ensuing six months a depth of 1,000 feet will be reached.

On the westward, immediately contiguous and on the same belt with the Great Basin, is the Quandary, principally owned by Gen. Connor, who is making

active preparations for a vigorous onslaught into the ore bodies displayed there from the very surface of the mine. Two incline shafts on the vein have been sunk, one of which connects with the Great Basin works by a level at 120 feet depth, thus securing for both mines complete and thorough ventilation; one of the most important considerations in the development of mines, as well for the owners as for those who dig and delve, and who really have the fortune of the owners and stockholders of all mines, to a greater or less extent, in their hands. The exhilarating effect of the excellent ventilation throughout the shafts and drifts of the Great Basin was very perceptible. The other Quandary shaft is a double machine, now in progress, being heavily timbered and planked on all sides and adapted to the new 40-horse double engine, boiler and hoisting machines already on the ground and soon to be put into position. The owners have every reason to be sanguine of success, all the development without showing the same characteristics, grade and extent of vein, as the Great Basin.

* * * *

Wheeling about a half mile to the north of the Great Basin lies the Silver King, owned by General Connor, which has a shaft of 280 feet, with three levels and an 80 foot tunnel. Sufficient ore has already been taken out to pay for the development, and the General is now making preparations, with horse-whim and appliances appurtenant thereto, to sink another 100 feet on the shaft and to continue the development by drifting.

* * * *

In connection with the Great Basin Smelting and Concentrating Works, now rapidly approaching completion, Gen. Conner is laying about five miles of four-inch galvanized iron pipe, manufactured by Messrs. Geo. M. Scott & Co., of Salt Lake City, to convey water from springs in the mountains on the east side of Soldier Canyon, known as Connor's Springs. To make it secure against frost, the pipe is being buried some three feet in the ground, a gang of men are laying about 1000 feet per day, and the whole will be put down by the beginning of August. The total cost of this important work, to secure a supply of water for his concentrating, crushing and smelting works—and from which,

also, the water supply of the town of Stockton will be largely increased—will exceed \$20,000. Besides this, he has already in use one and a half miles of two and a half inch galvanized iron pipe conveying water to the works from Silver Springs, at the Basin Boarding-house.

The Reduction Works above referred to consist of a 60-horse engine and 80-horse boiler, one Alder Crusher, one Dodge Crusher and Rollers, eight Automatic Jigs, one McKim belt Concentrator, fire Revolving Screens, one stack Smelting Furnace, Assay Office, Sampling Room, Blacksmith shop, etc.

The Great Basin is one of the earliest mining locations in Utah Territory, having been made in 1864, of which Gen. Connor was one of the original locators and subsequently bought out the others. Since its incorporation and management by the General in person, six or eight months ago, it has been carefully opened—not scooped—and, though sufficient ore has been extracted to cover all expenses, yet the ore bodies remain comparatively untouched. *

STOCKTON, UTAH, July 24th, 1880.

We may next give a personal epitome of General Connor's present mining importance and of the many enterprises in which he is engaged as a managing director.

First in importance as the property which has recently attracted marked public attention in the mining prospects of this Territory, is the Great Basin Mine. The General is the Managing Director of the Great Basin Mining and Smelting Company. This ground is very productive. Already, there is being taken from it 100 tons per day, and the mine is improving every day with the increase of its depth. There is also the General Connor Tunnel and Mining Company, Stockton, of which he is chief owner and Managing Director. Next may be named the Rush Valley Mining and Smelting Company. Passing out of Utah into Nevada, we have the Eureka Tunnel and Mining Company and Silver Peak Tunnel and Mining Company.

Relative to his appliances in working these mines, it may be observed, by the way, that the General has got the most perfect concentrating works on the Pacific Coast. They are capable of concentrating 80 tons a day. He has just

completed his hoisting works on the Rush Valley mine which is on the same vein as the Great Basin mine. These hoisting works are for a double compartment shaft which is capable of sinking 2,000 feet.

The tunnels at Eureka are being worked night and day. The Eureka Tunnel is in 1600 feet and the Silver Peak in the same district is in 500 feet. In the Stockton district there are a number of mines to-day giving excellent returns; all of which, more or less, owe their present character and state of development to the renewed mining life which General Connor's directing energies and enterprise have infused into this rich district. The region has neither been under an exhaustive working nor spoiled in the mining market by conscienceless speculators—who care but little about the fundamental working of our vast mineral resources nor the lasting mining reputation of our Territory whose mineral wealth has been but barely tapped. Among the mines of Stockton, besides those already named are the First National, the Catherine, Josephine, and two or three other good mines, including the Silver King which is owned and worked by General Connor himself. This last named mine is one of the oldest and best in the Stockton District; and its indications are very promising for the future.

To give an insight to the substantial wealth of the Stockton district it may be stated that the highest assay of surface ores have never exceeded 25 ozs. in silver to the ton; but like all other reliable mining fields, the ore becomes richer by steady degrees as work is prosecuted "to the deep," and at the depth of 700 feet, Gen. Connor's mine will render 75 ozs. silver to the ton. This result goes to show that Stockton promises to be one of the most permanent and best paying districts in Utah. All that it requires is more capital for the working; and a few more such men as Connor, whose operations are thorough and conscientious for the permanent mining character of this district into which he has thrown his energies and well educated experience to give it an unrivaled reputation among capitalists investing in the Utah mines.

Still pursuing his character as a pioneer, General Connor was the first in Utah to introduce the electric light, which he is using in his concentrating and smelting

works. He has also lately added new machinery for concentrating works and a furnace for smelting, which are now in successful operation.

The General, furthermore, in his extensive enterprises, has not overlooked our rich coal fields. He owns a coal mine on the Weber River which he is working. Utah has extraordinary resources in her coal and iron which some day will enrich us scarcely less than our silver. Much perhaps may be expected from the Mining Pioneer in these branches of Utah's mineral wealth and industries.

Taking into consideration the important part which General Connor has played from the beginning in the mining history in Utah, he, above all others, is evidently most conscientiously interested in the permanent mining reputation of the Territory. His personal honor is in the matter, and his far-seeing policy concerned in an excellent outcome to our mining enterprises generally. It may be reasonably expected that he will go into the safest mining operations, and that there will always be a conscientious purpose involved; for mining, like commerce, in the end must come down to the strict basis of business honor and a thorough working; and this is the part that we may expect from General Connor, judging from his past history in the material development of our Territory. At the present time he is managing more mines and owns more mining property than any other man in Utah.

THE BATTLE OF BEAR RIVER.

In closing the subject of General P. Edward Connor and his enterprises, we give an account of the Battle of Bear River, which occurred near the northern limits of the territory, January 29th, 1863.

They are from the pen of the resident correspondent of the *Alta Californian*, and were transmitted to that journal by mail and pony express.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. }
February 7, 1863. }

In good faith, I promised to write to the *Alta* my own observations and study of institutions, men and manners in Utah: but finding that there was more to see and more to learn than I had anticipated, the anxiety to be reliable has week after week suggested delay. I would not now

break the silence between us—with the subject proposed for discussion—as I am not confident of being fully in possession of the data, facts and figures to enable me to handle matters impartially: but as the unexpected engagement between our volunteers and the Indians will unquestionably be of deep interest to our readers, I propose to open our relationship from Utah with

THE EXPEDITION.

The rumored circumstances which gave rise to the expedition against the Indians are numerous and diversified: the civil party figuring in it being evidently desirous of a large share of the glory, to which they have as little claim, in reality, as if their immaculate greatness had been unknown in the land. The conception of the expedition is due to Colonel P. Edward Connor, and the brilliant execution of his plans and their glorious results are exclusively the well-earned honors of his brave officers, and his no less brave men. Judge J. F. Kinney did certainly issue a writ for the apprehension of Indian Chiefs Sand Pitch, Sag-witch and Bear Hunter, on the charge of murdering miners passing to and from this city and the new gold mines in Washington and Dacotah Territories; and that writ was as certainly placed in the hands of Marshal Gibbs for legal service; but the volunteer expedition was not the Marshal's posse comitatus.

Col. Connor—from the first reports of the murder of immigrants on the Humboldt and various other localities along the Northern route to California last summer—determined in cutting off the savages, and commenced the carrying out of his design by the cavalry expedition from Ruby Valley, last fall, in which Major McGarry was so very successful in the accomplishment of his commander's instructions, save and except in his inability to find trees on which to hang the murderous savages. Since that time, the Indian attacks upon the whites, traveling to and from the Dacotah mines, have only added determination to determination to rid the country of this terrible scourge—this perpetual reign of terror; and, wherever there was the slightest hope of reaching the savages, the gallant Major was ordered in pursuit. Twice, since the arrival of the Volunteers at Salt Lake, expeditions have been sent into the northern settlements of this territory—

the first for the recovery of a white boy retained by the Indians, and the second for the recovery of immigrant property. From reliable information recently furnished Col. Connor of the locality of the Indians who had been engaged in the murderous work for the last fifteen years, the expedition was undertaken, the more recent attacks and murders only adding to the incentive to "make clean work of the savages." Preparations for the expedition were in progress, when Marshal Gibbs called upon the Colonel for a military escort to protect him in serving the writs for the Indian chiefs named. The Colonel acknowledged no authority for calling on a military escort till a civil posse had been called, tried and failed; but at the same time informed the Marshal that he was prepared to start for that place, and would inform him of his intended departure the night preceding the time fixed, that he might accompany the expedition; but he could promise him no prisoners—it was not his intention to have any. This much, as a prelude, is not without its interest, as it will have its bearing on record, and will award to the sword instead of the ermine the initiation of a struggle that will eventuate in "freeing the country of its foes."

On Thursday, February 22nd, Capt. Samuel N. Hoyt, with forty men of Company K. accompanied by a train of fifteen wagons, taking with them two howitzers, left Camp Douglas, with "secret instructions," secret so far as his duties, etc., were concerned, but public enough for the "Indian runners" to know that the Camp on Bear River was the destination of the troops. Through the snow, the Infantry plodded along, till beyond the confines of the city on the west, where the train received the volunteers. Taking into account the recent snows, the northerly climate, and the road that would have to be made over the summit of the mountains separating Cache and Box Elder Valleys, the Infantry were to pursue their march leisurely, with the view also that the Indians might learn the strength of the Volunteers, and basing calculations thereon, would gather in their stronghold and have a battle. The ruse was successful. Two Indian boys, one of them in the service of a mountaineer, reached the Indian camp with the intelligence of the march, numbers, etc. The Indian chiefs were un-

concerned, but gave orders for their warriors to prepare, while they visited, as usual, the settlements. On the morning of the sixth day's march, as Captain Hoyt and his men entered the town of Franklin, Bear Hunter left it. The same evening, after a four day's ride, one of sixty miles and the other of easier marches, over the mountains, in deep snow and with a piercing cold, bitter wind that nearly disabled a third of the command, Major McGarry, with two hundred cavalry, accompanied by Colonel Connor, and his aids, at midnight rode into the settlement and fraternized with the infantry. The Indians could know nothing of the approach of any cavalry, and thus far the plan for their destruction had been successfully concealed. The infantry had orders to march at the first hours of the morning, and the cavalry to rest for a few hours. The unbroken roads impeded the progress of the infantry, and the heavy howitzers were clearly to fall in the rear; yet concealment being success, the cavalry dashed on at its appointed hour and reached the banks of Bear River before the dawn of day had fully illuminated the field of contest.

The orders to "dismount," "load arms," "mount" and "forward," soon succeeded each other, and Major McGarry—accompanied by Major Gallagher led the way into the river with Company "K," Lieut. Darwin Chase and fifty men; Company "M," Captain Geo. F. Price and fifty men; Company "H," Capt. Daniel McLean and fifty men; and Company "A," Lieut. John Quinn and fifty men. The passage of the river was extremely difficult, from the hard ice at its bottom underlying the current that carried also broken sheets of ice with it, to the incessant annoyance and danger of upsetting the horses and their riders. The companies of Price and Chase first reaching the northern bank of the river, had orders to advance, and after a short gallop they halted at the foot of the mountains to form in line of battle. The companies of McLean and Quinn were soon up in the rear; but before the men had all dismounted, the Indians had saluted them with a shower of lead, wounding one of the Volunteers.

Colonel Connor had remained for a short time behind, on the south bank of the river, giving instructions for the passage of the infantry and howitzers, when

they should get up, and had instructed Major McGarry to surround the ravine in which the Indians had camped, and had no expectation of opening the fight till the infantry had arrived; but the Indians precipitated the engagement, and the Major, unable to flank them with the first two companies at his disposal ordered them to advance as skirmishers. The Colonel was over the river and up at the fight in a few minutes after, and the other companies advanced in the same order.

The winter quarters of this band was probably first selected for protection from the blasts of winter, as the ravine was over twenty feet deep, and open only to the south; and as, probably, soon after its occupancy, they saw the advantage of the defences it afforded in case of attack, and as found by the troops, the Indians had exhibited excellent engineering in its defence. At that place Bear River flows almost directly due west, though its general course is southwest. The ravine occupied by the Indians was almost due north and south, though embellished with curves enough east and west and west and east.

The banks of the ravine are almost perpendicular, and only accessible by a few artificial, intricate windings, except at the mouth of the ravine, near the river, where it widens and loses its depth. The troops, to approach the ravine, had to pass over two "benches," or slight declivities, which necessarily exposed them to the fire of the Indians, before they could have time to see the position of the latter. Anticipating the attack from the east—as in fact it was the only position for attack—the Indians had used freely the pick and shovel, and cut artificial benches on that side of the ravine, so that they could rise at will to see their enemy, fire away, and descend again out of danger. Their lodges were also well protected at the bottoms by rocks and earth, and being planted in positions conveniently surrounded by thick willows, they may be said to have had a miniature Sebastopol. The Volunteers now say that with the same number of troops as Indians in such a position, they could have held at bay 2,000 soldiers. The sides of the ravine perpendicular, protected by benches east and west; the north end of it lost in the mountain, and the south end bordering on the river, they undoubtedly fancied themselves in

perfect security. As confirmation of this, was the fact that they had all their ponies tied up together, and the squaws and papooses were about the lodges as usual.

As the dismounted cavalry advanced towards the ravine, the Indians, who had been on the benches bordering upon it, tantalizing our troops to advance, immediately retreated, and, as the volunteers approached, sent out their deadly fire, which sent down the men "like the leaves of autumn." The completely concealed and protected Indians had then before them the fight as they wanted it, but the Colonel immediately ordered the men to cover themselves as well as they could and save their ammunition, while he ordered Major McGarry and a detachment of men to climb the mountain to the north, outflank them, and take them in the rear from the west side. Skirmishing as they went northward, the detachment outflanked the Indians on the left, while the other cavalry engaged them in front. By this time the infantry, under Captain Hoyt, had arrived. Hearing the firing, while yet at a distance, the infantry hastened up to the river, and in their eagerness for a share of the fight attempted to ford the river on foot, but finding it impossible, with safety to themselves and to their arms, fell back. The cavalry horses were sent over to them, and dripping wet, on a severe cold morning, our brave volunteers mounted, crossed the river, and galloped up to the battle. They were immediately ordered to support Major McGarry in his flanking movement, and with this increased force the object was accomplished.

Captain Hoyt got to the west side of the ravine, and while a portion of his men kept up their fire directly in the rear of the Indians, the others were stretched out in a perfect cordon over the north end of the ravine, forming with the cavalry in front, about three-quarters of a circle. By this enfilading fire from three points, the Indians were gradually driven to the centre and southward. They exhibited the daring of men who fully comprehended the forlorn position they occupied, made no attempt to run, but fought doggedly, contesting with every man the moment they could behold him. As the battle continued and the Indian position became clearly untenable, the Colonel ordered a detach-

ment of mounted cavalry to get round the ravine, to the west side, on the borders of the river, with the view of cutting off their retreat, as the complete investment of the ravine rendered that their only hope of escape should they attempt even that. As expected, they ultimately broke and hurried to the mouth of the ravine, where portions of Companies K and M were prepared for them on the east. The Indians fought bravely; but now, away from their lodges and places of natural and artificial defence, it was their turn to feel the weakness of exposure. The Indians there fell in heaps. Some attempted to escape into the river, but the keen eye of the Volunteer, avenging the helpless immigrants, the women and children whose blood had been unatoned, and the fresh flowing blood of his comrade, lying at his feet, was in a moment upon the fleeing form of the savage, and the deadly rifle did its work, and few escaped. Other Indians sought refuge in the thick willows of the ravine, and on the border of the river; but the order to scour the bushes dislodged the sneaking foe. Some of them, counting, no doubt, on the fate that surely waited them, revealed the places of their concealment by the deadly fire they kept up from the willows, and one after one was dislodged, and the silence of grim death began to reign where before the hills had reverberated with the incessant crack of the rifle. The last of the enemy waited his chance, and while Major Gallagher was leading on a detachment into the bushes, let blaze at the Major, and sent his ball through his left arm into his side. Loading again, before they could see his place of concealment, the Indian fired again, and knocked a volunteer from his horse, who was close by the side of the Colonel. A volley from the detachment, in the direction of the blaze that revealed the Indian's concealment, ended the bloody struggle.

As soon as the battle was over the wounded were carried to the Surgeon's tent and had his first, best and unremitting attention. The dead were gathered up and placed in the baggage wagons, then the lodges of the Indians and their property were destroyed. There were sixty-eight lodges in all and provisions enough to serve the whole band for a number of months. The lodges were

burned, and what could not be used by the troops, or made saleable for the Government was destroyed, save enough to subsist upward of a hundred and twenty squaws and papooses who had survived the raging storm of battle. On the south side of the river bank the Volunteers encamped for the night, to enjoy refreshment, rest, and to fight their battles o'er again, as they grouped in peace together around the bivouac fires. Next morning the wounded had the attention of the Colonel and Dr. Reed, and every means of transportation was engaged to rush them on to quarters. The Doctor started with them in sleighs over the deep snow, till, within twenty-five miles of camp, he found other conveyance, and arrived with his wounded charge between the night of Monday and Tuesday following.

VERITE.

LETTER NO. 2.

THE RETURN OF THE WOUNDED VOLUNTEERS TO CAMP DOUGLAS.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. }
February 9, 1863. }

EDITORS ALTA: My abruptly-terminated letter of yesterday had, in the order of narrative, reached the transportation of the wounded from the battle-field to Camp Douglas. The weather, fortunately, had greatly moderated, and though still cold, the wounded were very comfortably provided for, and suffered nothing from exposure. Not a murmur was ever heard on their long journey, and every man seemed to be more solicitous for his comrade than himself, and every act of kindness and attention that the lesser wounded could show to those less fortunate was done with a readiness and cheerfulness that showed there was more of country than of men in the relationship between them. They were brothers-in-arms for a common cause.

Colonel Connor dispatched to Col. Evans to make every preparation for the reception of the wounded, and gave the necessary instructions for the disposal of the dead. Dr. Reed sent in advance of his train of wounded, messengers every day to make preparations in the settlements for their arrival, and Col. Evans had rations served, and tea, coffee, and soups, cooked, awaiting them, on being carried to the hospital, the theatre, and

the chapel tent, which had been fitted up with everything that would conduce to the convenience and comfort of the wounded. The stillness of the midnight hour, when they arrived, and the flag drooping at half-mast, lent a solemnity to the scene not soon to be eradicated from our memories. There was a sadness about the camp that was felt by every person, and only rendered supportable by the knowledge of the bravery of our men, the complete success of the expedition and the extermination of the murderous savages.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE COMMAND.

Detained by the snows in the mountains, the command only returned on the evening of the 4th, cold and weary. A drove of about a hundred head of Indian horses entering the camp was the first announcement of the returning of the men. Then rode up the Colonel in a "buggy," with the renowned Porter Rockwell, of great Mormon notoriety, who had been his guide, and soon after appeared Major McGarry at the head of the cavalry, and the infantry following, mounted on the Indian ponies they had captured. The command was soon in quarters, and the sick and crippled received the attentions which their condition demanded. In the assistance of Dr. Reed, the names of Dr. Williamson, of the command, and Dr. Walcott Steel, of Dayton, Nevada, deserve mention. Both gentlemen went out about fifty miles to meet the wounded, and have since been close in their attentions to them.

That the Indians in Washington Territory and to the north of us, have been effectually checked in their murdering career, is with some a matter exceedingly doubtful. Those who know them best, and on whose judgment I would place confidence, think that the Indians will never again attempt a fair stand-up fight. Possibly, after the winter has broken up, another expedition will set out after Po-ca-tello and other chiefs who have large bands with them. I incline to the belief that Col. Connor will clear the northern route to California of Indians this coming summer. If he is not ordered East, he will doubtless attempt to conciliate his men to their disappointment by engaging them in active service on the north and central routes. There need be no apprehension of these

routes henceforth being left to the mercy of the savages, for whether the present volunteers remain or not, a military force will be maintained.

Captain McLean was yesterday very low, but is something better, and it is hoped he will rally yet. Lieut. Berry is also much better. Major Gallagher is clearly progressing favorably. The wounded officers and men have every medical attention and good nursing. Dr. Reed has earned for himself imperishable honors for his labors, night and day, among the wounded. Colonel Connor and the officers of the command are unceasing in their attentions, and a kindly feeling is everywhere manifest.

VERITE.

LETTER NO. 3.

OFFICIAL LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF BEAR RIVER.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, }
February 9, 1863. }

It is much easier to conceive than to execute, and it is a much simpler business to ask than to grant. To have sent you an imperfect list of the wounded would have been only to add pain to anxiety. Not a friend, relative or family interested in the California Volunteers would have been satisfied with hearing only that "he was wounded." It is the natural inquiry "How much?" "Slightly," "dangerously," "mortally," and "where?" I conceived, therefore, that a full report alone would satisfy the citizens of California, and here it is, though I have necessarily had to wait for it. I telegraphed to, wrote to, and visited the camp to obtain it, but delay was unavoidable. Col. Connor freely favored my request, and Dr. Reed—to whom your correspondent is indebted for many courtesies—at once set about the work.

The list is painfully interesting. The character of the wounds show, more forcibly than could our feeble pen exhibit, the terrible contest that must have raged the first four hours of day on the memorable 29th of January. Nothing but the daring, heroic, indomitable will of the volunteers could have stood up against the well directed fire of the Indian. Protected in his lurking place, where no eye could behold his presence, he steadily aimed and sent the messenger of death with almost murderous precision

at every touch of the trigger. The more serviceable also appears his carefully prepared list, as the sad fact is too visible, that since the battle more than one-half the number that there fell have died from their wounds. How many more may be added to the list is beyond the ken of mortals; but if hope can be nourished, and groundless fears be dispelled, by certified facts, the list will not have been published in vain:

SECOND CAVALRY—COMPANY A.

Killed—J. A. Baldwin, private, through the chest.

G. German, private, above the heart.

Wounded—John Welch, private, arrow in each lung; dangerously.

Wm. Wall, private, shot in right arm; dangerously.

W. H. Lake, private, shot in the mouth; badly.

William Jay, private, index finger shot off; slightly.

James Montgomery, private, right lung; dangerously.

COMPANY H.

Killed—C. Hallowell, private, centre of chest.

J. K. Briggs, private, through the chest.

Wounded—B. C. Hutchinson, private, right arm; badly.

F. Farley, private, right side; badly.

H. Connor, private, left eye; dangerously.

J. Logue, private, right elbow; badly.

M. O'Brien, private, left lung; dangerously.

P. Frawley, corporal, right shoulder and spine; dangerously.

P. Schaub, private, left lung; dangerously.

J. Cloves, private, right shoulder; slightly.

J. Franlyn, private, right hip and neck; dangerously.

James Cantillon, sergeant, left lung; dangerously.

T. Ridge, private, right arm; slightly.

COMPANY K.

Killed—Christian Smith, bugler, centre of chest, right to left.

Shelbourne Reed, private, through the head.

Adolphus Rowe, private, through both lungs.

Lewis Anderson, private, through the heart.

Henry W. Trempf, private, through both lungs.

Wounded—M. Elleg, private, right shoulder; badly.

A. McCoy, private, navel; slightly.

Benjamin Landes, corporal, right shoulder; dangerously.

Robt. Hargrave, private, right elbow; badly.

S. C. Bush, private, left ankle; badly.

W. B. Welton, private, right thigh; badly.

W. M. Slocum, private, right lung; dangerously.

John Lee, private, right arm and hip; badly.

A. M. Parker, private, left arm; badly.

——Brady, private, nose and face; dangerously.

N. Kinsley, private, right side and arm; dangerously.

J. S. Longley, private, neck; badly.

John Daley, private, left breast and shoulder; dangerously.

——Kelly, private, abdomen; slightly.

COMPANY M.

Killed—G. C. Cox, private, through both lungs.

G. W. Hoten, private, through the heart.

A. F. Howard, wagoner, through the heart.

Wounded—A. Stevens, sergeant, chest and shoulder; dangerously.

P. Humbert, private, top of head; slightly.

——Heffner, private, right arm; slightly.

John Stevens, private, top of head; slightly.

J. Leggitt, private, left shoulder; dangerously.

T. Barcafer, private, right shoulder; dangerously.

R. Miller, private, right shoulder; dangerously.

E. C. Chase, private, right shoulder; badly.

M. Forbes, private, hand and arm; badly.

L. W. Hughes, corporal, nose and right side; badly.

L. D. Hughes, private, right leg; badly.

W. M. Davis, private, right lung; died at Ogden, Feb. 2. 1863.

W. H. Hood, private, left hand and groin; badly.

L. Robins sergeant, right side ; badly.

THIRD INFANTRY—COMPANY K.

Killed—John E. Baker, private, through heart and stomach.

S. J. W. Thomas, private, through the chest.

Wounded—A Austin, sergeant, right eye ; dangerously.

E. C. Hoyt, sergeant, left lung ; dangerously.

J. Hensley, private, right leg, badly.

T. B. Walker, private, left side ; badly.

OFFICERS WOUNDED.

Major P. A. Gallagher, Third Infantry, left arm ; badly.

Captain Daniel McLean, Company H. Second Cavalry, left thigh and right arm ; dangerously.

Lieutenant Darwin Chase, Company K. Second Cavalry, left lung ; dangerously.

Lieutenant D. J. Berry, Company A. Second Cavalry, right shoulder ; dangerously.

The following named officers and men are in hospital with frosted feet.

SECOND CAVALRY.

Company A.—Corporals Sprengle and Duvall ; Privates G. R. Swan, John D. Marker, S. Shomadan, R. M. McNulty, —McCue.

Company H.—Sergeant J. W. Kilgore ; Privates Geo. Fisher, Stultz, A. Langraf, John Allman, Bradley, T. R. Gaston, A. G. Lockhard, H. Smith, J. M. Norton, W. M. Stier, W. M. Mabey, W. W. Goodell, W. M. Walton, E. J. Casneau, H. A. McDonald.

Company K.—Sergeant W. M. Beach ; Corporals W. M. White and Hunt ; Privates J. Lincoln, Burns, Daly, S. Ansley, M. Atmore, F. W. Becker, W. Chapman, J. J. Hertle, S. L. Caldwell, C. Howe, J. Hill, G. Johnson, A. Mitchell, J. McKnow, A. S. Palmer, C. Wilson, Barton.

Company M.—Sergeant John Cullen ; Corporals A. P. Hewett, W. M. Steel ; Privates W. M. Collins, A. P. Case, J. Dyer, John McGonagal, D. Griffin.

THIRD INFANTRY.

Company K.—Sergeants C. J. Herron, C. F. Williams ; Corporals J. H. Zollman, J. Wingate, W. A. Bennett ; Privates W. St. John, A. Ramsdell, J. E. Epperson, A. F. H. Randall, W. H. Farnham, J. Boarland, G. W. Ticknor, A. Rensho, B. B. Bigelow, J. Anderson, S. Urquhart, F. L. Borass, F. W. Branch, Bailey, Wm. Carlton, D. Donahue, C.

H. Godbold, J. Haywood, C. W. Heath, J. Manning, W. G. Way, J. German.

RECAPITULATION.

Regiment.	Killed.	Wounded.	Frosted Feet.	Total.
2d Ca'lry., Co. A.	2	5	7	14
" " H.	2	11	16	29
" " K.	5	14	21	40
" " M.	3	15	8	26
3d Inf'ty, Co. K.	2	4	27	33
Total	14	49	79	142

DIED—SECOND CAVALRY.

Lieutenant Darwin Chase, Company K, February 4th, at Farmington.

Private Wm. Davis, Company M, February 2d. at Ogden.

Sergeant James Cantillon, Company H, February 5th, at Camp Douglas.

Private Wm. Slocum, Company K. February 5th, at Camp Douglas.

Sergeant A. Stevens, Company M. February 6th, at Camp Douglas.

Private M. O'Brien, Company H. February 6th, at Camp Douglas.

Corporal P. Frawley, Company H. February 8th, at Camp Douglas.

Private W. Wall, Company A. February 8th, at Camp Douglas.

ROBERT K. REID. Surgeon.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

However well we may draw upon philosophy, and challenge manhood within us, there is, in spite of everything, a cold sadness in the performance of the last homage of the living to the dead. I was at camp from early morn on Friday till late in the evening—in the interest of the UNION ; but, had it been otherwise, I certainly would have attended the interment of the volunteers. The day was cold and raw ; notwithstanding, there was a large number of persons from the city. There was probably a score of carriages, many equestrians, and quite a concourse of people on foot. Had it been generally known, there would, no doubt of it, have been many more. As it was, I expect it was pleasing to those who take interest in the entente cordiale to witness the very respectful demeanor of those present.

Up to one P. M., the sixteen coffins lay side by side in the Quartermaster's storeroom, where the dead were visited by their surviving comrades. At that hour the entire command formed in procession and escorted the bodies to the military graveyard, where parson Anderson officiated in the burial service. Three volleys were fired over the bodies as they were laid in their graves, and the last solemn rites were ended. The band, that be-

fore led the measured, solemn step of the procession to the funeral dirge and Dead March, now moved away gaily, reviving the thoughtful, and recalling to the duties and obligations of life those who had not yet finished their page of history.

On Friday the remains of Lieutenant Chase were consigned to their resting place by the brethren of the Masonic fraternity attached to the command, together with a few from the city. The deceased was a Royal Arch Mason, but the small number of that grade in attendance rendered the adoption of the Master Mason's burial service necessary. At the solicitation of the brethren, Sir Knight Frank Fuller, Secretary of the Territory, officiated as W. M., and Colonel Evans, of the Second Cavalry, as Marshal. Chief Justice Kinney and United States Marshal Gibbs walked in the procession, which consisted altogether of some twenty members. The services at the grave were of a highly impressive character, and were witnessed by nearly the whole of the command, together with numerous citizens. At the close of the solemnities, the fraternity changed their position while a dirge was performed by the band, and gave place to a detail of forty-eight soldiers, who fired three volleys over the grave. The procession then returned to camp in reversed order.

THE COMMANDER'S CONGRATULATION TO THE TROOPS.

Yesterday afternoon, while the volunteers were out on dress parade, the following order was read by Adjutant Ustick :

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF UTAH, }
Camp Douglas, U. T., Feb. 6, 1863, }

The Colonel commanding has the pleasure of congratulating the troops of this Post upon the brilliant victory achieved at the battle of Bear River, Washington Territory.

After a rapid march of four nights in intensely cold weather, through deep snow and drifts, which you endured without murmur or complaint, even when some of your number were frozen with cold, and faint with hunger and fatigue, you met an enemy who have heretofore, on two occasions, defied and defeated regular troops, and who have for the last fifteen years been the terror of the emigrants, men, women and children and citizens of those valleys, murdering and

robbing them without fear of punishment.

At daylight, on the 29th of January, 1863, you encountered the enemy, greatly your superior in numbers, and had a desperate battle. Continuing with unflinching courage for over four hours, you completely cut him to pieces, captured his property and arms, destroyed his stronghold and burnt his lodges.

The long list of killed and wounded is the most fitting eulogy on your courage and bravery. The Colonel commanding returns you his thanks. The gallant officers and men who were engaged in this battle, without invidious distinction, merit the highest praise. Your uncomplaining endurance and unexampled conduct on the field, as well as your thoughtful care and kindness for the wounded, is worthy of emulation. While we rejoice at the brilliant victory you have achieved over your savage foe, it is meet that we do honor to the memory of our brave comrades, the heroic men who fell fighting to maintain the supremacy of our arms. We deeply mourn their death and acknowledge their valor.

While the people of California will regret their loss they will do honor to every officer and soldier who has by his heroism added new laurels to the fair escutcheon of the State.

BY ORDER OF COLONEL CONNOR,

[Signed] WM. D. USTICK.

First Lieutenant and Adjutant, Third Infantry, C. V., Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

What names may have been particularly mentioned in the official returns of the expedition to General White, the commander of the Pacific Department, has not transpired ; but in an address to his troops, who so valiantly fought, and who carry with them from the field so many evidences of the bloody struggle, the commander could not well have made signal mention of particular persons. There is nothing but evidences of bravery everywhere, and one man was as much exposed as the other. Officers and men stood bravely to their task, and as a body deserve the best of the State they represent. In addition to the names I mentioned in my last letter, it will not be invidious to give the name of Major P. A. Gallagher, as an officer who particularly distinguished himself in the battle. He was there without a command—as a vol-

unteer aid to the commander—and yet, though unattached to any particular body of the volunteers, he led fearlessly on to their task several detachments who were temporarily assigned to his leadership, and when relieved from those duties was seen riding everywhere up and down at the command of both Major McGarry and Colonel Connor. I know that both of these veteran officers are much pleased with the services of the young Major on that occasion. When the fight was over and several of the officers were together, the Commander acknowledged and complimented him on his gallant services. He now lies in Major McGarry's quarter; but, with proper care and discretion on his part, will probably be able to report for duty in the course of a few weeks. In my last I gave instances of personal coolness and daring. I should here add one other in favor of Major Gallagher. An Indian had been doing considerable to the command, and evidently was enjoying his labors free from danger. The Colonel annoyed by the savage's success, called to the Major to shoot him. In a moment the Major was after him, and shot him down with his revolver, in the face of his red brethren, who apparently had singled out the gallant officer for their fire. As he wheeled his horse, the Major's cap blew off and he coolly dismounted, picked it up and remounted. Seeing that Indian crowd preparing for the Major, the Colonel shouted to him to take care, and before the Indian triggers were touched the Colonel ordered fire upon them and saved the Major.

In terminating my letters on the battle of Bear River, and its various and multifarious sequel, it is proper to say that whatever may be thought of it abroad, there is but one sentiment here—it was a desperate fight, and one that reflects the highest credit upon the entire expedition. The Colonel exhibited high qualities of command, and his perfect coolness and bravery are the universal theme of praise. Possibly some might have been better pleased with less exposure of their command; but I have the best authority for saying it was the call of duty and not indifference. It is a fact worthy of mention that no soldier there ever saw more deadly foes than those that greeted the volunteers as they approached the Indian ravine. Now that the battle is won, and the testimony of

the volunteers' undisputed bravery is engraved in history, it can injure nothing to admit that so deadly were the first volleys of the Indians, and so little could be done in return with a sneaking, lurking, concealed foe, that had the order been given to "retire," it could scarcely been done without a demoralizing effect—if not worse. Coolly, therefore, the Colonel sat almost motionless on his charger, within easy distance of the Indian rifles, watching the progress of the fight, and giving his orders. He came out untouched, though death was everywhere around him in close proximity: and probably a portion of his safety may be attributed to the Indians mistaking Lieut. Chase for him. The Lieutenant's horse had more attractive trappings, and may have drawn more attention. The coolness of Major McGarry was conspicuous. In brief, every officer behaved gallantly, and every man fought well. Peace to the ashes of the fallen, and honors for the living, is the sincere wish of

VERITE.

VOICES IN THE TREES.

In a mountain glen, the tall pines grew
And reared their heads aloft;
They spoke of the strength in their brawny arms
In whispers low and soft.

The aspen fluttered its trembling leaf
Down at the dark pines' feet,
To the gentlest breath that like pattering rain
Gave voices flowing and sweet.

The summer breeze sifted the dark pines through
In the deep and lonely glen;
And a wailing swelled as the breeze grew high,
Then fell to a murmur again.

Winding around the mountain side,
A misty shroud is thrown;
While the sob and shriek of the strength'ning wind
Louder and louder have grown.

Now bent by the blast, the tall trees bow,—
Their straggling limbs are wed,—
The groans of the dying are heard in the wind,
And a wailing for the dead.

And the trembling asp, at the feet of the pines,
Chatters and rustles in dread,
Then winds its white arms through the dark drooping
boughs
That swing to and fro near its head.

A stillness, intense as the chilling dark grave,
Suddenly reigns in the gloom;
And the death-like silence that falls on the glen,
Is deep as the hush of a tomb.

The clouds have darkened the mountain crest,
A sudden shower's begun;
And the glistening leaves, in the scattered rays,
Dance to the setting sun.

With the weight of their load, as they hung o'er the vale,
The canopied clouds have broke
To drench with rain the whispering leaves,
And nodding branches soak.

The storm is past, and the sinking sun
Breaks through the scattering mist;
While the diamonds that glitter on every leaf
Tell where his rays have kissed.

C.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE
BISHOPS.

NO. I.

PERHAPS the most unique ecclesiastical order of government belonging to the Christian era is that which has sprung up in the Mormon Church in the organizations and government of its Bishops. It is altogether out of the common 'ecclesiastical' order and church regime; and the duties and calling of those belonging to the Mormon Bishopric have originated a form of government peculiarly its own. Indeed, this branch of the Mormon development has not only shaped considerable of the history of this peculiar people, but given to the world something of a new social problem. We may not be able to determine how much the influence and life-work of these Bishops will in the future affect the growth of the Pacific States and Territories; but, so far as the past is concerned, we do know that the Bishops have been the veritable founders of the hundreds of cities and settlements of Utah and some of the adjacent Territories. Moreover, as their government to-day exists as potent as ever, and as, for the last thirty years, they have constantly magnified their social base-work, yearly acquiring an extended jurisdiction of territory, the government of the Bishops may probably survive; if so, then will it be sure to increase its jurisdiction and power. But before extending this view, let us expound the order and social philosophy of the Priesthood to which the Bishops belong.

Both in the Catholic and Protestant established churches, the Episcopal office and calling have, from their origin, been pre-eminently spiritual in character and ministry: so also are these examples continued in several branches of dissenters and in the American Episcopal Church. But the Mormon dispensation originated two orders of Priesthood; and, strange to say, the Bishopric belongs to the temporal and not the spiritual order.

The order of the Bishopric is styled the Aaronic, or the Levitical, of which it is the head and controlling power. At the present time, it is composed of several hundred Bishops, and under these, are minor branches styled quorums of Priests, Teachers and Deacons. Alto-

gether, they number several thousand members of the Aaronic priesthood. The high Priests, also, are somewhat related to this order, the Bishopric always being filled up with High Priests: every Bishop, in fact, holds the office of High Priest, and yet is the High Priesthood a branch of the Melchisedek order, which fact brings us to the necessity of another expounding of the philosophy of the Mormon Priesthood.

The theory is that the Aaronic Priesthood properly inheres in the family of the Levites. Thus considered, this order is Jewish, using the term Jewish in a sense generic to the whole Hebrew family; so we see at a glance that half of the Mormon priesthood is strictly of the ancient Hebrew origin and genius. In a sense, this branch may be considered apart from the Christian economy; antedating its origin in the Mosaic dispensation and commonwealth. Indeed, in suggesting an Israelitish Commonwealth, you half mark out the idea of the government of the Bishops. Hence the Bishopric being so strictly Hebraic, as well as socialistic in its jurisdiction, its office-work and methods are altogether unlike those of the Episcopacy of other Christian Churches. There is much of the idea of thrift, of property and of social increase nascent in the order of the Aaronic priesthood as developed among the Mormon people. In this respect, also, it is Jewish. The history of the Hebrew people illustrates their instinctive comprehension that Israel is to be perpetuated in the world and made great—placed, in fact, at the head, and not at the tail—by his gold, his increase of worldly substance, his commerce and his financial activities among the Gentiles. So, in the history of the Mormons, much the same is illustrated. It is the Bishops who have made Mormonism great in a worldly point of view; and this worldly success is the basis of all other successes, and without it the Mormon people would dwindle to a mere sect of religionists. The *success* of the Mormon Church and commonwealth is in the Bishops; while the spiritual life of the Church is in the apostles. Thus is the history of the Mormons in itself a capital illustration of the fitness of the co-existence and union of these two priesthoods—the Melchisedek and the Aaronic. They are as the two halves of

one whole; and the temporal government is the proper basis of the spiritual government. Had the Melchisedek been alone, it must, from the very peculiar history of the Mormons, have failed in the world. The Aaronic priesthood has made its superior successful,—that is to say, the Bishops have carried the Apostles to a triumphant issue; for in them was the material strength of the whole community, as in the Apostles was the spiritual life of the Church: in fine, the Bishops have been the business managers of the Church.

It will doubtless be a curiosity to the outside reader how the Mormons—they being of Gentile race—could have originated so peculiar and extraordinary an order of priesthood as the Levitical. A part of the explanation is in the fact that the Mormons entertain the singular, and, certainly to the Gentile sense, mystical idea that they are the literal seed of Israel which was aforetime mixed among the nations. Where and when the Israelitish mixture began they have no historical knowledge; but it is a part of their faith—perhaps somewhat instinctive in some persons—based upon modern revelation. Their dispensation is, furthermore, a renewal of the “Everlasting Covenant” to Israel; so that their peculiar faith makes them a veritable Israel. This conception having been once germinated in their religious history, it is readily comprehended how the Levitical priesthood grew up amongst them. But we have said that this priesthood inheres in the family of the Levites. It is the Mormon idea as well as that of ancient Israel. It is presumable that there may be some of the family of the Levites in the Mormon Church; but such persons have not as a class been pointed out by modern revelation, though individuals have in their patriarchal blessings been indicated as of the Levitical origin; moreover, the church has not undertaken to organize the families of the Levites. The order of the Levitical Priesthood was, however, revealed through Joseph Smith. To fill up the Bishopric it was ordered—also by revelation—that High Priests should be chosen for the office and ordained as Bishops of the Church. These High Priests being of the Melchisedek order,—and as the greater comprehends the lesser—the two priesthoods grew up together.

The chief and presiding Bishop stands in the stead of Levi; and his associates are as the family of the Levites. Their fitness as business managers of the Church and the social organizers of their community, has determined their selection; and the success of the Mormon movement in the world has proved, as a rule, that the right men have been chosen.

The first Presiding Bishop was Edward Partridge.

The history of the origin of the Bishopric will be best shown from a passage in “The Life of Joseph:”

“‘In the latter part of January,’ continues the Prophet, ‘in company with brothers Sidney Rigdon and Edward Partridge, I started with my wife for Kirtland, Ohio, where we arrived about the 1st of Feb., and were kindly received and welcomed into the house of brother N. K. Whitney. My wife and I lived in the family of brother Whitney several weeks, and received every kindness and attention which could be expected, and especially from sister Whitney. The branch of the Church in this part of the Lord’s vineyard, which had increased to nearly one hundred members, was striving to do the will of God, so far as they knew it, though some strange notions and false spirits had crept in among them. With a little caution and some wisdom, I soon assisted the brethren and sisters to overcome them.’

“‘It now became necessary to effect the temporal organization of the saints. The ‘gathering’ of a Latter-day Israel had commenced. The saints were fast becoming a people.

“‘The great organizing genius of Joseph was called into action, and the Bishopric which has since grown into such magnitude—controlling both the social and ecclesiastical organizations of the people—sprang, as in a moment, into vigorous life. Its organization commenced with a revelation, as seen from the following passages:

* * * * And again, I have called my servant, Edward Partridge, and give a commandment, that he should be appointed by the voice of the church, and ordained a bishop unto the church, to leave his merchandise and to spend all his time in the labors of the church; to see to all things as it shall be appointed unto him, in my laws in the day that I shall give them. And this because his



Willm. Hunter
Born June 22 1793.



Wm. H. Montgomery
New York City

heart is pure before me, for he is like unto Nathaniel of old, in whom there is no guile."

Just here Joseph also supplements a brief biographical sketch of the first bishop:

"Edward Partridge was born in Pittsfield, Berkshire Co., Mass., on the 27th of August, 1793; being of Scotch ancestry. At the age of twenty he had become disgusted with the religious world. He saw no beauty, comeliness, or loveliness, in the character of the God that was preached up by the sects. He however heard a universal restorationer preach upon the love of God. This sermon gave him exalted opinions of God, and he concluded that universal restoration was right according to the Bible. He continued in this belief until 1828, when himself and wife were baptized into the Campbellite Church, by Elder Sidney Rigdon. He continued a member of this church until P. P. Pratt, O. Cowdery, P. Whitmer and Z. Peterson came with the Book of Mormon, when he began to investigate the subject of religion anew; went with Sidney Rigdon to Fayette, N. Y., where on the 11th of December, I baptized him in the Seneca river."

It is unnecessary to follow the details of the history of the Bishopric, but from this time forward it must be understood as superintending the gathering of the saints, and their temporal organizations in the various States.—Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, and lastly in Utah.

The successor of Edward Partridge was Newell K. Whitney, and after him came Bishop Edward Hunter, who has now occupied the presiding place for thirty years.

Almost from the first organization of the Church, and long before the organization of the quorum of the Twelve Apostles, it was shown in the peculiar history of the people that the Bishops were as the organic basis of the Mormon society and the proper business managers of the Church. But it was not until the Mormons came to the Rocky Mountains that the society-work of the Bishops grew rapidly into the vast proportions of their present social and church government. In Utah, they soon became the veritable founders of our settlements and cities; and having founded them, they have also governed

them and directed the people in their social organization and material growth, while the Apostles and Presidents of Stakes have directed spiritual affairs. In the history of Utah the diligent student can clearly comprehend the mission and government of the Bishops. Touching the fitness of the men chosen for this work, it may be repeated that the *success* of Mormon Utah has been in the Bishops.

In dealing with the history and the growth of Utah and the founding and progress of our cities, enterprises, agriculture, manufactures and commerce, we shall have occasion to continue our articles on the Bishops and their government as society founders. There are no heads of society in America with so much unique subject matter for treatment, as there is in these Mormon Bishops. They absolutely represent a new social system. America is very familiar with political managers, but in these Bishops we have a new class of society managers and organizers not known in any other commonwealth in the world. This subject of itself is worthy a profound sociological treatment; for it affords another social problem that even John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer never conceived.

BISHOP HUNTER.

Edward Hunter, Presiding Bishop of the Mormon Church, was born in Newtown, Delaware County, Pennsylvania, June 22d, 1793. He was the son of Edward and Hannah Hunter, of the same county and state. His great grandfather, John Hunter, was from the north of England, and served under William of Orange, as a lieutenant in the cavalry, at the battle of the Boyne.

Edward Hunter, sen., the father of the Bishop, was a man of standing in the State of Pennsylvania, holding the office of Justice of the Peace in Delaware County for forty years.

On the mother's side was Robert Owen, of North Wales, who, on the restoration of Charles II., refused to take the oath of allegiance, for which he was imprisoned. He subsequently came to America and purchased property near Philadelphia. His son George was early in life called to the public service, being elected to the Legislature of his native State, and during his lifetime hold-

ing many posts of trust, among which was that of Sheriff of Chester and Delaware Counties. The Owens family were Quakers, and from them the Mormon Bishop has inherited many of his religious and character traits.

He was brought up as a regular farmer and given a thorough farmer's education. His father was in the habit of causing him to read, as a constant lesson in his education, the Declaration of Independence, which so impressed his imagination that in his ardent enthusiasm he would affirm to his father that it was surely written by the inspiration of God, and his father would reply, with something of prophetic solemnity, "Edward, it is too good for a wicked world." Among his father's constant instructions to him were the admonitions that he should sustain the principle of worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience, that men should rise in life by merit only, that he must never fail in business to the putting of himself within the power of wicked men; and, as a comprehensive rule in life, to "be invited up but never ordered down;" all of which he has aimed to regard most religiously.

Edward Hunter, sen., was, for many years, a justice of the peace, and in his native State was known as a man of marked character and integrity; and on his death his son, though only twenty-two years of age, was proffered his father's office, but would not accept it on account of his youth. He was also offered the certain election as representative in the Legislature of Pennsylvania on the popular side—the old Federal—but refused, he being a Democrat, which political preference he has faithfully maintained ever since.

When about thirty years of age he removed to Chester County, where he purchased over five hundred acres of farming land, about thirty miles from Philadelphia, which he brought under the highest cultivation, and became noted as one of the best graziers in that country. Here, in 1839, he was visited by three Mormon elders, but though they made their home in his house, he did not come into the Mormon Church until the succeeding year. Both himself and his father before him had maintained a conscientious independence of the sectarian churches. Going, however, one evening, a distance from the neighborhood to a

place called Locust Grove, to affirm in behalf of a certain Mormon elder the sacred right of liberty of conscience, he made a decided stand in defence of the new faith. The trustee of the school having first challenged the elder for his views on the gospel, and then essaying to crowd him from the stand by his local influence, the honest farmer indignantly arose and maintained the elder's right to preach the gospel uninterrupted. As it was known that Hunter employed a good lawyer, and had the best character and the most money of any man in the country around, he carried the day for the Mormon preacher. At night, however, sleep was interrupted by the question uppermost in his mind, "Are these men the servants of God?" Addressing the question to heaven, immediately a light appeared in his room, from the overpowering glory of which he hid his face. This was his first testimony to the Mormon work.

Soon after this, the Mormon prophet, —having visited Washington to invoke President Van Buren's protection of the Mormons who had just been driven out of Missouri,—returned by way of Pennsylvania, and stopped at Mr. Hunter's house. While there his host, who had been for many years interested in Swedenborgianism, asked the Prophet if he was acquainted with that doctrine, and what was his opinion of its founder, to which he replied: "I verily believe Emanuel Swedenborg had a view of the world to come, but for daily food he perished." This visit was in 1839, but Mr. Hunter was not baptised into the Mormon Church until October of the following year, when the ordinance was administered to him by Apostle Orson Hyde, who was then on his way to Jerusalem.

The summer after his baptism he "gathered" to Nauvoo, and purchased a farm of the Prophet. His wealth did much to endow the Church, for he donated thousands to the "Trustee-in-Trust," and for the assistance of the poor. He assisted the Church to the amount of fifteen thousand dollars during the first year.

Bishop Hunter was with his people in their exodus from Nauvoo, and entered the Valley with the first companies after the pioneers. Soon afterwards, on the death of Newel K. Whitney, he became presiding bishop of the Church.

The business of chief importance which Bishop Hunter transacted on the first settlement of these Valleys was in starting that tide of Mormon emigration which has peopled Utah. In Nauvoo before commencing the exodus the authorities entered into an emigration covenant, especially in behalf of those in the exodus, but also contemplating the general gathering of their people. No sooner were they located in the Rocky Mountains, than the Church prepared to fulfill this covenant, extending its application to the Saints in all the world. The subject was introduced at the October conference, in 1849, by President Heber C. Kimball, and a unanimous vote was there and then taken to raise a fund for the fulfillment of the promise. A committee was appointed to raise money, and Bishop Edward Hunter sent to the frontiers to purchase wagons and cattle, to bring the poor Saints from the Pottowatomie lands. About \$5,000 were raised that season. This fund was designated "The Perpetual Emigration Fund," and the method of its application is well set forth in the following from a letter to Apostle Orson Hyde, who was at the time presiding at winter quarters:

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY,

October, 16th, 1849.

PRESIDENT ORSON HYDE: Beloved brother, we write to you more particularly at this time, concerning the gathering, and the mission of our general agent for the perpetual emigration fund for the coming year. Bishop Hunter, who will soon be with you, bearing the funds already raised in this place.

In the first place, this fund has been raised by voluntary donations, and is to be continued by the same process, and by so managing as to preserve the same, and cause it to multiply.

* * * * As early in the Spring as it will possibly do, on account of feed for cattle, Brother Hunter will gather all his company, organize them in the usual order, and preside over the camp, traveling with the same to this place, having previously procured the best teamsters possible, such as are accustomed to driving, and will be kind and attentive to their teams.

When the Saints thus helped arrive here, they will give their obligations to the Church to refund to the amount of

what they have received, as soon as circumstances will permit; and labor will be furnished to such as wish, on the public works, and good pay; and as fast as they can procure the necessaries of life, and a surplus, that surplus will be applied to liquidating their debt, and thereby increase the perpetual fund.

By this it will readily be discovered that the funds are to be appropriated in the form of a loan rather than a gift; and this will make the honest in heart rejoice, for they have to labor and not live on the charity of their friends, while the lazy idlers, if any such there be, will find fault and want every luxury furnished them for the journey, and in the end pay nothing. * * *

Brother Hunter will return all the funds to this place next season, when the most judicious course will be pursued to convert all the cattle and means into cash, that the same may be sent abroad as speedily as possible on another mission, together with all that we can raise besides to add to it; and we anticipate that the Saints at Pottowatomie and in the States will increase the fund by all possible means the coming winter, so that our agent may return with a large company.

The few thousands we send out by our agent at this time is like a grain of mustard seed in the earth; we send it forth into the world, and among the Saints, a good soil, and we expect it will grow and flourish, and spread abroad in a few weeks; that it will cover England, cast its shadow on Europe, and in process of time compass the whole earth; that is to say, these funds are destined to increase until Israel is gathered from all nations, and the poor can sit under their own vine, and inhabit their own house, and worship God in Zion.

We remain your brethren in the gospel,

BRIGHAM YOUNG,
HEBER C. KIMBALL,
WILLARD RICHARDS.

A similar epistle was written to Orson Pratt, the President of the British Mission.

Great hearted and childlike, Bishop Hunter is beloved by all, and his odd, rich sayings are as household words among the people. Familiar with all the history of the Saints and a participant of many of their tribulations, he is possessed of a fund of

anecdote which he expresses with great humor among his friends. Shrewd in his conclusions and penetrative in business instincts, Bishop Hunter is not only popular but he is successful; and his works will live long after him in the affectionate remembrance of his brethren.

THE MANUFACTURING PERIOD.

THE growth and social grading of Utah have deviated markedly from the rules and examples of all the rest of the western family of States which have grown up during her period of existence. Her development, in fact, has been according to the old and not the new social methods. The other states and territories on the western line have sprung up out of almost superhuman energies induced by the vast mineral wealth of the west which first appeared in the discovery of gold in California; but Utah has passed through the regular stages of social growth which reminds one of the old fashioned style of the founding of New England, notwithstanding that Utah is second to none in her mineral resources.

Here, in this Mormon territory we have had the agricultural period as well defined as it was in the Eastern hemisphere four thousand year ago—when the race kept sheep and tilled the land, while Empire was being rocked in her cradle. True, the settlers of these valleys emigrated from the manufacturing nations. The majority of those who peopled Utah during the first decade were, in fact, from Great Britain; and there were far more gathered from the manufacturing centres of England and Scotland and the mining district of Wales than from the agricultural counties.

In grading the settlers of Utah, we should, therefore, consider them chiefly as a manufacturing people; but who, after they came to these valleys, were greatly thrown out of the familiar spheres of their lives. Speaking of the emigrants from Great Britain, they were, as a class, skilful artisans, apprenticed mechanics and colonies of manufacturers which the Mormon Church every season poured into the territory. Arriving here, they soon lost their original character in consequence of the necessities of the country and the strict methods through which the Mormons have built up their cities and settlements. Devoting their lives

and industries toward general results as a community, the emigrants were directed by the Bishops over the whole extent of country mapped out by the authorities to be subdued by Mormon industry and enterprise. Thus, a people originally artisan and manufacturers, became agricultural in their pursuits of life; and it was not until the last decade, under the new era and development of the railroad and mines, that they resumed their original activities.

We are of an opinion that Utah is destined to yet make her mark as a manufacturing state as well as a mining state; and there are many signs already given that she has fairly entered into her manufacturing period of growth. All who are familiar with the resources of this territory know that if Utah is rich in her silver she is more abundantly wealthy in her coal and iron; and this should mean a promise in due time of at least manufacturing importance, and perhaps, also, of manufacturing greatness.

In the early periods of the territory it was almost impossible for any man of enterprise and organizing capacity to engage in manufactures either to his own profit or largely to the increase of the wealth of the community; nor was it possible for the skilful artisan to do much for the glory of his craft or to the commanding of wages worthy of his skill. There have been times in Utah when this class have earned a few ounces of flour at as much cost of skill and labor, as, in their native country, it had taken to earn the same weight in gold. True, this historically indicates our time of scarcity; but the statement is suggestive of the entire period up to the advent of railroads and the opening of the Utah mines. Take, for instance, that distressing time to the artisans, builders and manufacturing classes when flour went up to \$24 in gold per hundred—when tea was \$3. a pound and the rest of the produce of the country was at the same proportionate value.

The fact is, Utah was necessarily founded upon an agricultural basis. The very life-necessities of the Mormons as a community, and their isolated condition—so far removed from the centres of our national industries and commerce—for a time unduly balanced them on the agricultural side.

During the early period, it was in vain to urge the people into home manufac-

tures—though it was certainly judicious in their leaders to so counsel them, for the ultimate prosperity of the community was in that direction. They had not the facilities for home manufactures, nor even the raw material; while the idea of competition with States goods was simply preposterous—and yet there were in Utah all the skilled laborers who could have produced those goods. The case simply was that Utah had not properly reached her manufacturing period; and it was beyond even the power of wise and vigorous leaders to place the country prematurely on a manufacturing basis, or more strictly stated, beyond their power to build up trade and commerce excepting according to their own laws. A fresh opening of a season's stock of States goods by our merchants, for instance, was quite sufficient to kill a whole year's preaching on home manufactures.

Another view to be taken of the subject is that *home* manufactures have scarcely been up to our modern ideas of progress and taste. We were not willing to do with any style of goods less excellent than "English" or "American" manufactures. It is among the possibilities, however, that Utah will some day become famous for her fabrics or wares, and then "Utah manufactures" would give her people both profit and pride; but not until those on the outside of our borders are satisfied to wear or at least approve our goods and fabrics, shall we be satisfied to rest the prosperity of the territory upon her own productions. That desirable condition of our industries will undoubtedly yet come; and from that point Utah commerce will depend greatly on her manufacturing activities as well as upon her mineral resources and labor, and our citizens will then speak of "home" manufactures not with a depreciation but of "Utah Manufactures" and Utah's resources with local pride.

It is our pleasant province to chronicle, as occasion offers, the establishment and progress of industries in Utah, and with this view present the following article on one of our chief enterprises by one of the "craft."

We put it first in the manufacturing series, because the shoe trade is the most primitive and substantial branch of manufacturing industries—employing more laborers than any other until we reach the period of cloth and cotton factories.

THE BOOT AND SHOE TRADE, AND WM. H. ROWE.

THE progress of manufactures in Utah has hitherto been rather slow, and at this date there are very few branches that can be considered as permanently established. Many reasons may be adduced for this slow growth, the chief of which has been our isolation, and the consequent difficulty of finding a market for the articles which the many natural resources of the territory furnish facilities for manufacturing; manufacturing, therefore, has until recently been confined to rather primitive attempts at producing the most necessary articles of existence. For nearly a quarter of a century, supplies had to be hauled a thousand miles or further, in wagons; and it was, therefore, almost impossible to transmit the machinery requisite for the construction of the factories requiring heavy metal appurtenances. We had to content ourselves with the simplest forms of machinery, and consequently the home-made goods hardly bore comparison with the imported. Boots, shoes, clothing and other goods made here were homely indeed. In those days a full suit of gents' clothing frequently comprised only a pair of coarse home-spun pants with shirt to match, and a pair of stoga boot or shoes the soles and uppers of which, from the urgency of the demand, were made of leather only half tanned. A suit of buckskin, with moccasins for foot wear, was regarded as quite a "nobby" outfit.

The advent of the continental railroad made it possible to procure machinery, engines etc., with which to furnish workshops; but meanwhile the community had become mainly agricultural; and when the railroad laid at our doors all manner of clothing and other luxuries of civilization at low prices, there were none who seemed to care about trying to manufacture anything. All eagerly availed themselves of the opportunities then afforded for purchasing necessities or luxuries alike, at rates temptingly low when compared with ruling prices before the completion of the railroad.

These, combined with a lack of capital, are a few reasons why manufacturing has languished in Utah; but a new era seems now to have dawned upon us. Political and domestic economy requires the people of the territory to seriously contemplate the

fact that it is financially suicidal to continue importing nearly everything required for use or consumption. No argument is needed to sustain this statement, every person of ordinary intelligence being able readily to comprehend it. We are pleased to note, however, indications that ere long there will be many branches of manufacture established throughout the territory, providing employment to the hundreds of skilled artisans who are gathered here, and to the thousands of young people who are rapidly growing up and anxiously seeking for opportunities to acquire a knowledge of useful trades. Already there are a few branches assuming substantial proportions, one of the most noticable being the Shoe Factory of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution. This factory is the outgrowth of many efforts which had been made to establish a permanent business in manufacturing boots and shoes, extending back fifteen years or more. It was apparent to shoemakers and practical men generally, that a business of that character ought to be successful; people cannot conveniently go barefoot, and as the roads in the west are exceedingly rough, and the avocations of its citizens laborious, the number of pairs of boots and shoes required by them exceeds the average of other countries; therefore, they reasoned, if any branch of manufacture could be made to pay in Utah the boot and shoe trade was the most likely to succeed.

But the results of their trials generally terminated unsatisfactorily. Leather was seldom allowed to remain long enough in the vats to get thoroughly tanned, and then it was hurried so quickly through the processes of currying, finishing and making into shoes, that when worn it frequently proved to be lacking in many essential qualities. The term "valley-tan" soon became, and is now, rather a derogatory expression, applied indiscriminately to any rough home-made article, including whisky. In addition to the frequently poor quality of leather they had to contend with, master shoemakers had to pay high prices for the manufacture of boots and shoes, the goods having to be made in the old fashioned manner, on the lap, compelling them to charge much higher prices than those for which imported articles could be purchased. Latterly, after some mach-

inery was introduced for the effort of competing with prices of imported goods, there were the difficulties to encounter of not having experienced men to manipulate the machinery, or to organize and operate factories on modern methods. It was not until Mr. W. H. Rowe, the present efficient manager of the Z. C. M. I. Shoe Factory, took hold of the business that any thoroughly satisfactory head-way was made in the wholesale manufacture of boots and shoes to compete with the imported; although great credit is due to the employees of the Workingmen's Co-operative Association for having, in 1876, voluntarily initiated a revolution in rates of wages, which demonstrated a possibility of manufacturing for wholesale trade. The Association alluded to was organized, in March 1874, by about twenty-five shoemakers, assisted by a few friends, who made a heroic attempt to create employment for themselves and others; but, unfortunately their capital was too small for the purpose, and, although they were sustained by the public, it became evident, after two years' struggle, that they were fighting against fate. At this juncture of their affairs, Mr. D. M. McAllister was appointed superintendent, and he succeeded in keeping the business alive for another year, barely saving it from bankruptcy.

In March, 1877, Mr. Wm. H. Rowe purchased the business of the Workingmen's Co-op., and at once proceeded to lay the foundation of what is to-day the largest manufacturing enterprise in Utah. In addition to the fact that Mr. Rowe must hereafter be recognized as a pioneer amongst the successful manufacturers in this territory, his natural ability, and the substantial character of the work he has done for the benefit of the laboring classes and for the community, demands that he should receive more than a passing notice, and we therefore insert a short biographical sketch of his life.

Mr. Wm. H. Rowe was born at Portsmouth, England, Feb. 14th, 1841. At the early age of eleven years he commenced to learn the shoe trade, working under the instruction of his father, at bottoming child's shoes, ladies' welts, and pumps, continuing on those classes of work until he was fifteen years of age. He afterwards spent two years at cutting uppers, at an army custom-work firm at

Portsea. From the latter place he went to London and obtained a position as foreman in the cutting department of an exporting shoe factory, that of Messrs A. & W. Flauto, Leadenhall St.; remaining there three years. He next became associated with M. & S. Solomon & Co. of Tuillerie St., Hackney Road, London, and continued with them eleven years, until he emigrated to Utah. When he commenced business with the Messrs Solomon they had but three cutters at work. The senior members of the firm being unacquainted with the routine of Factory work, the management of the hands, therefore, rested entirely upon Mr. Rowe, whose assiduity and energy was the principal means of increasing the business, until, just previous to his retirement, they had thirty-eight cutters employed, and manufactured a daily average of fifteen hundred pairs of fine shoes and slippers. In this labor he was principally assisted by his wife, who had charge of a large number of young women, employed at fitting and machining the uppers, Mrs. Rowe being herself an experienced and exceedingly expert machinist.

The thoroughly practical experience obtained by Mr. Rowe, as shown in the foregoing outline, gives the key to reasons why it was possible for him to succeed where others had not, and also indicates plainly to all intending manufacturers that the first step taken by them should be to secure foremen who have been similarly trained in their respective trades.

Mr. Rowe arrived in Salt Lake City with his family, in the summer of 1873, and soon thereafter accepted a situation in the Shoe and Leather department of Z. C. M. I. His unmistakable practical business qualities were quickly observed, and he was in a short time advanced to the leading position in that department. Possessing an unusually agreeable and genial disposition, he excelled as a salesman, and the branch of business in his charge speedily grew into the largest of that line in this city or territory. He occupied this position for nearly four years, but he was not entirely in his element; his education and desires were in the direction of manufacturing, and when the opportunity offered, as before stated, he purchased the business of the Workingmen's Co-op., re-

tained all the hands employed therein, and, with characteristic energy, applied himself to the establishment of a model Shoe Factory, and exclusive boot and shoe trade. Mr. Rowe at once brought into action his thorough knowledge of manufacturing, and adopted the English method of bottoming, using solid iron lasts and brass clinching screws, a mode of fastening admirably adapted to the requirements of the people in this territory. The result was success. Business grew rapidly, and the number of hands had to be continually increased.

In the Fall of 1878, the Deseret Tanning and Manufacturing Association contemplated starting a shoe factory, for the purpose of making up the leather produced in their tannery; but the Officers of the Association being loth to conflict in any manner with the good then being accomplished by Mr. Rowe, considering that a unity of effort with him would be to the best interests of the community, therefore made propositions which finally resulted in the amalgamation of his business with theirs. Mr. Rowe was appointed Superintendent of the organization, resigning his individual enterprise with the hope that the prominent and wealthy men with whom he thus became associated would greatly add to the facilities for manufacturing.

Unity is not merely a pleasing subject for inspiring discourse among the "Mormons," it is a living principle which they seek to practice in their moral, social, and business relationships. Being governed by that feeling, and realizing that it would not only prevent a business conflict but also aid in increasing manufacturing and so benefit society by providing more employment, the Directors of Z. C. M. I., who were mostly Officers also of the Deseret Tanning & Mfg. Assoc'n, decided that it would be to the best interests of all concerned to merge the business of the latter into Z. C. M. I., which was accordingly done, in March 1879. This movement was a further step in the right direction, because Z. C. M. I., doing the largest boot, shoe, and leather trade in the territory, and with abundant capital at command, is better able than any individual or firm to invest in a manufacturing enterprise of this character, and to find a market for the goods produced. We are assured it is the determination of the of-

ficers of the institution to foster and increase this successful branch of their vast business, with the object in view of ultimately making all the boots and shoes they can sell. There are now one hundred and fifty hands employed in the shoe factory, including eighty men, forty boys, and thirty young women and girls. During the last six months they have manufactured forty-two thousand pairs of boots and shoes, valued at \$60,000. The Tannery, also under the management of Mr. Rowe, employs ten hands and is turning out \$1,500. worth of excellent leather monthly, a quantity much too small, however, for the wants of the Factory and trade.

Although the production of boots and shoes just quoted may appear large to our readers, it is but a small proportion of the amount required for the wants of the Territory. It takes not less than one million dollars yearly to provide boots and shoes for the people of Utah; it is apparent, therefore, that the prospects for perpetuating, and extending this useful branch of manufacturing are excellent, and, we believe Z. C. M. I. is wide awake to its importance.

This review of the boot and shoe trade is hardly complete without according a few words of notice to Mr. D. M. McAllister, whom Mr. Rowe frequently alludes to as his "right hand man." "Mac" was appointed foreman and general assistant in the business established by Mr. Rowe, and has continued with him in a similar capacity ever since, diligently seconding Mr. Rowe's efforts, and materially aiding in systematizing and carrying out all details connected with the management of the Factory.

THE MEN WHO STRUCK THE FIRST BLOWS.

IN the settling and growth of a new country, "the men who struck the first blows" of hard work and enterprise are truly historical personages. Indeed, in the founding of our American States and Territories, they are primitively the veritable men of history of the country. We are a nation of pioneers and colonists. This view gives the basic character of the American people, and suggests, at the same time, the extraordinary resources and capacity of our country. Very consistently, therefore, in following

the most proper line of the American growth, we must consider the first hard workers of the country as its prime historical personages. To forget them would be to forget those who have laid the foundation of our nation, not only of her State commonwealths but also her far branching industries and commerce. Furthermore, to underrate their importance in the growth of our country would be to depreciate the most substantial part of American history, especially the history of the States and Territories of the West.

Classifying our western State-builders, then, under the character heading given them above, as *the men who struck the first blows*, we shall keep track of those who are worthy to live in the wondrous history of the West. It was they who gave impulses to the country. It was they who created society where, before they came, no society existed. It was they who laid the foundations of our western cities with their own hands, and made the country habitable for the millions. It was they, in fact, who established the West and gave to it life and its mighty energies, which in the short period of thirty-three years, has made it the rival of the East. These are the true Representative Men of the West and they are the most worthy of historical record.

This strict historical method in dealing with western society and western growth, will very likely disarrange the classification of "representative men" as it stands in the conceit of the snobocracy and a certain smart presuming class who came after and flourished in prosperity as our western States and Territories matured, and whose natural resources now develop fast from former activities and the presence of a large self-sustaining productive society. The two classes, which quickly become the most showy and loud-mouthed of all communities, reap the harvests which their betters have sown; from the bone and sinew of society is constituted the better part. This is true in every State, but more especially is it so in our western States, which have grown up from the base and out of their pioneer population. Yet, perhaps, the parasites could be borne with by a social hardihood quite in keeping with the character of the men who do the laborious work of settling a new country and starting its enterprises. Everywhere,



Rich^d. E. B. Margetts

society has to endure these last mentioned classes and to allow them to eat freely of its hard-earned substance, for eat freely of it they certainly will. They produce nothing and are of no real service to a country or a commonwealth; but society is accustomed to their presence and cannot rid itself of them. Moreover, it is better that honest men endure their rogues than to eat them; and it may be confessed that a due amount of sharp dealing gives life and audacity to our cities. The rogues have their place in the world. We would not undervalue their usefulness. They sharpen the wits of the hard workers and arouse the ambition of sluggish honesty. But they are not the representative men of the West; though nowhere do they flourish so quickly as in the West. Honest Greeley's advice has been taken by more than he intended to inspire with his sagacious words—"Go West, young man!" Be it so, however. The west can endure their presence and survive. But the presuming "cheek" of a certain class of lawyers and the society-snobs who come after the founders, arrogating that *they* are the proper representatives of the country, is not to be borne by honest western patience. We protest that *they* are not our proper Representative Men.

This negative view returns us to our subject. The true Representative Men of the West, then, are those who struck the first blows in building up our Western States and creating the base-work of their industries and wonderful enterprises, and the same class of men who have come at a later date to carry on the work begun, are worthy of record with them.

This Magazine has begun its career with the special duty of furnishing the historical record of the men who founded Utah, gave birth to her enterprises, and who are evolving a new and in some respects a peculiar civilization. In this the aim is cosmopolitan, embracing Jew, Gentile and Mormon in the society-work and the enterprises of the country, though we suppose the exposition of the "peculiar civilization" will be regarded as chiefly Mormon; but it is properly historical, and must be dealt with in the growth and progress of our Territory. With perfect consistency, therefore, the historian of Utah may honor the pioneers who led the van of civilization westward, and in the historical record these must

be classified as Utah's Representative Men and their biographies given from time to time: The men who founded our cities; the men who built the first houses; the men who used the first ploughs and the men who made them; the men who made the first leather and shoes, built the cloth factories and wove the cloth; the men who gave birth to Utah commerce; opened her mines and built her railroads. These and their class generally (without further mention) are Utah's real Representative Men with whom the historian will mostly deal in the local record of our Territory and its resources.

We have already presented General Connor biographically as the pioneer of our mines; and with this view of the "Men Who struck the First Blows" may fitly be given a biographical sketch of

RICHARD B. MARGETTS.

The portrait of the gentleman is very suggestive of the subject. There is a record of hard work and enterprise stamped on his countenance. For over a quarter of a century he has been identified with this country and some of its first industries were wrought by his hands. The following is a brief biographical sketch of the man:

Richard Bishop Margetts was born at Woodstock, Oxfordshire, England, on the 1st of February, 1823. He left Woodstock when he was six years of age and lived in and around London for seven years. He left school when he was thirteen years old to learn the trade of a blacksmith, so that he had not a very liberal scholastic education; but was fitted by his early training for the hard work of a new country. He learned his trade under his father on several of the railroads in England, the last place where he worked being Watford, on the London and North Western Railway.

Mr. Margetts, with his brothers, joined the Mormon Church, and they have all made considerable mark in life. Mr. Thomas Margetts, over a quarter of a century ago, was quite famous as one of the ablest of the British Elders; and at that time he presided over the great London Conference which was then in its most flourishing condition. He was a man of talent, a good speaker and an excellent presiding officer. The London Conference never had a more efficient

President than Thomas Margetts. He was afterwards killed by the Indians in leaving Utah; and his tragic end at the time made considerable stir in the public mind and provoked a record in the principal journals of America and England.

Mr. Philip Margetts is also quite an historical character in Utah. He is associated in the whole of our theatrical history as one of its principal characters, and is an old public favorite of the stage. We shall meet him in due time in our theatrical history, sketched in the leading features of his life. We return now to his brother, Richard.

Richard B. Margetts left England to emigrate to Utah in January, 1850, and after a voyage of nine weeks arrived in St. Louis. During the summer of '50 he suffered severely from sickness; which caused him to bind himself, under oath, that he would not spend another summer in St. Louis, but would go through to Salt Lake Valley or die in the attempt.

On the 10th of March, 1851, Mr. Richard Margetts left St. Louis, taking his wagon, which he had made for the trip across the Plains. He arrived at Keokuk by steamer and purchased two yoke of oxen. Being short of means, he had to start with an indifferent team which was a source of much trouble and constant annoyance to him on the journey. He traveled with one other wagon across Iowa to Council Bluffs, being twelve weeks on the road, three weeks of which he was delayed in consequence of an accident which happened to his mother who was shot with two bullets in the ankle. Continuing the narrative in his own words he says:

"It would be useless to try and describe the trip across Iowa at that season of the year, as no one could understand it but those who have made the journey. It was mud, thunderstorms and swollen streams the whole distance. For nine weeks, I was drenched to the skin at least once in every twenty-four hours, and my clothes dried on me. At the Bluffs I traded a few tools for some provisions for the journey across the Plains. To the best of my recollection I had on hand 50 lbs. corn meal, 10 lbs. sugar, 10 lbs. coffee, 10 lbs. bacon and about 20 lbs. dried mutton for four of us, and when my ferrying across the Missouri was paid, I had just 5 cents in money left. Although the orders were that no one should leave

the Missouri river to cross the Plains with less than one sack of flour per head and ten dollars in money to the team, I could not think of backing down now I had started for Salt Lake. I had learned to do the best I could for myself and trust in Providence for the rest. I had my gun and some ammunition along, and when my shot gave out I selected fine gravel from the bed of the creek and killed enough game to supply our wants,—so that I was no burden to any one. On the 28th of Sept, 1851, I arrived in Salt Lake City, being six months and two weeks on the journey from St. Louis to this place!"

Such narratives as these, in graphic language of the American pioneers and the equally courageous British emigrants who settled the Valleys of the Rocky Mountains, are both interesting and illustrative. Even to-day, their stories belong to the romantic and picturesque history of the rise and growth of Pacific States and Territories; and fifty years hence, when teeming millions shall inhabit the West, and even in Utah great cities shall be found which shall compare favorably with great cities in the Eastern States, the stories of our pioneers will be enhanced in their interest and romance a hundred fold. This is one of the reasons why we are anxious, in this Utah Magazine, to preserve the graphic personal narratives of the founders of this Rocky Mountain State, for a State it will be ere long. The narrative of Mr. Margetts continues and it is strikingly illustrative of the "men who struck the first blows." He says,

"I rested a few days, and October 10th I commenced business at blacksmithing in a rented shop, and must say the change from a locomotive and machine shop to that of a jobbing blacksmith was both strange and funny, particularly so as the first job that came in was a horse to be shod and I had to go to work alone and make the nails out of an old chain and the shoes from the iron off an ox yoke, and then take beef for pay. I did the job, and that satisfactorily, although it took me a long time and I got rather nervous when the man asked me who taught me to shoe a horse. After telling him hastily that it was none of his business, I learned, to my chagrin, that he was going to give me credit for doing the work so well. I

soon got acquainted with the requirements of the country, however, and turned my attention to the manufacture of mill irons; and although there was nothing but the iron off old wagons to use, I made some very heavy mill irons, and enough to start thirteen grist and saw mills in a short time. I turned my attention to anything and everything that came along. During the emigration to California, I was very busy working for the emigrants; and when the overland stages were running through the city, I, in connection with my brothers, Henry and Phillip, did the work for that company for several years.

About the year '55, I saw that something was required for the purpose of expressing the juice of the cane for molasses, as the farmers were raising considerable cane and there were none but wood rollers in use. I planned and made up the first cane mill. It took the prize at the fair, the whole machine being made of wagon tires. This led to the manufacture of a great many of those machines, which could be set to horse or water power and did good work for several years until foundries were started that could make cast iron rollers much cheaper. The making of those wrought iron machines was followed by the raising of large quantities of cane or sorghum, and proved to be a great benefit to the Territory. About the year '63, a little circumstance occurred which proved to be a turning point in my business. I wanted to get the patronage of a gentleman who was then running a tannery, and at the same time I wanted a pair of boots for one of my men. I asked the gentleman of the tannery, as a favor, to let me have a pair of boots and I would give pay in blacksmithing; but he blankly refused. This rather nettled me, and that same day I made up my mind to start a tannery, myself; and in less than two months I had vats in place and commenced to work in hides; and in a very short time had the building in good shape and the business in a very satisfactory condition. I now found it necessary that I should withdraw from blacksmithing and turn my whole means and attention to the tanning business, and found it also necessary to add to the same the manufacture of leather belting—a great want of that article being experienced throughout the Territory. The whole business was very successful

till near the approach of the railroad, when I found out that leather could be imported cheaper than it could be made here on account of the scarcity of the tanning material. In '71, I concluded to gradually work out of the tanning business, and to establish a brewery on the premises. About this time, for three years, my time, means and attention were divided between brewing and mining; and after expending several thousands of dollars in trying to develop silver mines, I gave that up; but being satisfied in my own mind that coal and iron would yet be the foundation of lasting wealth for Utah, I devoted a great deal of my time and means in the development of coal mines, and building coke ovens, in San Pete; and I am to-day a shareholder in an incorporated company owning one of the largest mines and the best coal yet discovered in the territory, the benefits of which the public has already begun to realize."

Some of Mr. Margetts' views on the pertinent subjects of coal and iron have been publicly expressed, and while evincing forethought and wisdom have done much to stimulate general interest in these important factors of a territory's development. We here present a few extracts:

"It is a very remarkable thing that there is scarcely one industry in this territory that is worked upon the natural productions of the country. True, we have our foundries and machine shops, our blacksmiths and wagon makers, and various other industries in our midst, but the material they work on is mostly imported.

To come to the point: The first question to be asked in our case is, what stands in the way and where is the hindrance to the development of our home industries? The answer flashes back like lightning—the lack of cheap fuel! We have abundance of the raw material. We have at hand very large deposits, I might say mountains, of rich iron ore carrying from 40 to 65 per cent, of metallic iron; we have very large deposits of good coal, suitable for all purposes, right in this territory, and much better than that imported; we have a railroad running directly to the coal beds; this coal can be put on the cars at say 75c. to \$1 per ton; the cars will run at least fifty miles of the distance without a puff of steam, and yet

we lack cheap fuel. The question arises, why is this? The answer is very plain, and will be understood by all--the railroad companies own coal land; other parties own coal land also, containing as good coal as that owned by the railroad companies, and in some cases easier of access, but the railroad companies are not common carriers and will not transport coal over their roads for other parties, hence all competition is shut off. The only alternative is to pay the price demanded, or go without and "grin and bear it." I do not hesitate to say if we could get a good quality of coal put down in this city, or the nearest point to iron ore, at a reasonable price, iron smelting would be commenced, and when started on a proper basis who can form any idea how far it would extend? and then would start up many other industries equally dependant for success on cheap fuel.

If the present Utah and Pleasant Valley Railroad was extended to this city, and the company were common carriers, and would give special rates on coal, iron, and so forth, not discriminating between parties, but giving all a chance, and, so far as coal and coke are concerned, take their chance with others in a lively competition, I am satisfied the increased traffic over their roads would justify them in selling their coal land and devoting their attention to the proper management of their road. I think I am safe in saying that before capitalists would invest their money in erecting iron furnaces, foundries, rolling mills, chemical works, and so forth, they would require some guarantee that their supplies of fuel and raw material should be steady and continuous; that their business would not be interfered with and thwarted by the caprice of some individual who might wish to change "political economy" into a scheme, overlooking principle to gratify some selfish desire. Are we, as a community, bound down by some particular obligations for benefits received from the parties who are controlling the coal business of Utah? If we are, it should be known and understood, so that we may submit with a better grace; if we are free to act for ourselves, I would suggest that we unite in an effort to supply ourselves with fuel of a suitable kind for all purposes and at a price that will enable us to start several industries now undeveloped for want of cheap fuel. Nature has put

within our reach abundance of coal of excellent quality, and circumstances demand that we should use the energies we are endowed with, reach out our hands and help ourselves. The only way to accomplish this is to build a railroad of our own from this city to the coal fields of Pleasant Valley. Experience has taught us that no private enterprise of this kind can be long held in the interests of the people, and it appears to me the only way to obtain relief from the burdens we are now oppressed with, is for Salt Lake City to obtain a special grant from the Legislature to build a railroad and issue bonds for the construction of the same; then run the road for all parties, not so much for large profits, but for the benefit of the people; it would require very little, if any, extra taxation to pay the interest on the bonds. If any were necessary it would only be during the construction of the road, and who would not gladly respond to a demand of that kind, when the benefits to be derived therefrom are understood? As regards the legality of such an undertaking, I will say on good authority, that question has been adjudicated on and decided legal in the case of Cincinnati, which city built a road under similiar circumstances and not only saved the business interests of said city against powerful railroad monopolies but increased its own business beyond all expectation.

At first sight this project may startle a few, but on mature reflection it will be seen there is nothing unreasonable in the proposed undertaking, and if the people who have to bear the burden of the enterprise are willing, surely the few who transact business for the people should not flinch. Regarding the disposal of the bonds I have information from a reliable source that there would be no difficulty in issuing them at par at very low interest.

Now, regarding the objections that may be raised by some to this scheme: The greatest will be the magnitude of the undertaking which, after all, is not so great as may appear at first sight. Suppose we were to build a two-foot-gauge road, which could be made to suit the peculiarities of the country through which it traverses, and avoid a vast outlay in cuttings and embankments by following the natural grade as much as possible through the canyon. A two-foot-

gauge, with a Fairleigh engine, would do all the work required. To avoid as much as possible the purchase of right of way over private property, let the Legislature grant the right to run where practicable on county or other roads, and get all the assistance possible from settlements passed through, and get the grading done by parties who would take interest bearing bonds calling for freight on the completion of the road, and defer the issuing of bonds for iron and rolling stock as long as possible, so that but little interest would accrue before the road is in running order. There may be another objection raised on account of the Utah Eastern Railroad running to the Weber coal beds. It has been said if the people build a road for themselves the Union Pacific will run coal in this market at such a low figure that it would be impossible to compete with them. That is good enough; by all means let us have a railroad if we can get coal for \$3 or \$4 per ton, whereas we now pay \$7 or \$8. We can afford to shut up our little "Fairleigh" and pay interest on bonds, with 5 to 10 per cent, of the money saved in fuel.

We need a railroad that will build up the business of this city, and not one that takes it from the city. I wonder whether any of us are fully convinced of the immense tribute we pay to eastern manufacturers for articles we have every means of producing for ourselves, have any idea of the vast sum taken out of the territory by the company who now make us pay two prices for the coal we burn. I think there must be about \$400,000 taken out of this city annually for coal, never to return. Every resident in this city is interested in this matter, every settlement, with all our country cousins, is interested, for what will build up industry will benefit the whole community."

These earnest words from one of Utah's most enterprising and hardworking men have an interest to the public above that which might possess a merely good article from a professional pen on the industries depending on cheap coal for the manufacturing of iron so abundantly deposited in our wonderful mineral Territory. Such men as Mr. Richard Margetts are the best prompters to a fast growing state concerning the direction which the industries of the people should take; and also concerning the solidest investments and working of capital to

the vaster and more lasting development of the mineral wealth of the country. For the last decade, Utah has been passing through the silver period which very likely will continue for a century, ranking her as one of the greatest silver bearing countries ever peopled; but she has not yet reached her iron period. That period must come and quickly; but, as Mr. Margetts very wisely says, it depends first on the development of her coal mines, the breaking down of the coal monopolies, and consequently cheap fuel both for family and manufacturing purposes. As soon as this is accomplished, the period of iron will have arrived; and that is *the blessed period of the people*. The age of silver and gold brings in the millennium to capitalists and speculators, and also, be it qualified, to the solid men of great enterprises; but, generally speaking, foreign promoters of enterprise are most concerned and benefitted at the onset by the discovery and working of silver and gold. On the other hand, the age of coal and iron brings in a millennium to the people which, while it enriches the great promoters of enterprise who have money to invest, also gives employment to "the millions" and makes the country big with blessings of her own wealth. We have no design here to attempt an elaborate article on this blessed iron period of the people which we hope is near, but merely add a tribute to the earnest words and efforts of our fellow citizen in his endeavors to hasten the advent of the millennium of the masses. In this work, Richard B. Margetts is still faithfully performing the life mission of "the men who struck the first blows" in the industries and growth of our Rocky Mountain State.

ART AND ARTISTS IN UTAH.

IF the art history of Utah were compared with that of any other state or territory of its own age, with its many disadvantages and the early poverty of the country taken into consideration, we have no doubt it would show remarkable contrasts in its favor. It involves many incidents of the struggles of genius under difficulties; and the outcome shows a work of development well under way and giving promise of a real establishment of art in the future.

While those devoted to this issue are

few in number, they are striving, thoughtfully and industriously, to reach a degree of execution worthy of the title of artist. Some have already, by these praiseworthy methods, produced works of which any country might well be proud, and which have earned encouraging judgment from competent critics abroad as well as at home.

Many influences have aided to develop an early taste and love for pictures in the community, far in advance of that in surrounding territories and greater than the newness of the country would seem to promise. A large proportion of our citizens are from the old world, fresh from the memories of countless art galleries which, abroad, are cast open to the inspection of all classes, however poor. By these means they have unconsciously acquired much judgment and taste, and a regard for the beautiful by association with the artistic developments of Europe. It must also be remembered that they are the reverse of a floating population. Immediately on their arrival, they have made themselves homes, and possessing, from the beginning, a definite intention of remaining here, have, in some degree, been disposed to patronize the artists in the embellishment of their parlors.

In viewing the development of art in Utah, it must be taken into consideration that the student who attempts to follow the tendencies of art abroad in order that he may be abreast of the age in popular art thoughts, may secure some ideas to his purpose by a careful review of the current publications devoted to the subject; but these, at best, are but a faint reflex of the information he could gain by an examination of the pictures annually produced in the great art centres. And however familiar he may be with the works of a decade or two ago, it is impossible for him to receive the impressions of color and spirit that animate the pictures of to-day. The modern ideas of "impressionism" and "dualism" may be understood in theory; but the methods of their development cannot be fully caught.

Yet art in Utah has at least kept pace with the other branches of civilization and in some respects outstripped them—as it has done in the East—for American art, ten years ago, was in as dormant a condition as it was here. There is no

cause for wonder that, among us, the treatment of landscapes should exhibit such progress, for this territory possesses sufficient elements of grandeur and beauty to give impulse and inspiration to any artist; while in some portions—notably in the Southern counties—Utah scenery has lines of individuality that are unique, and have contributed to the fame of Thomas Moran and other artists of celebrity. Utah also possesses, at many points, the ponderous outlines belonging to Rocky mountain scenery; and with its crystal atmosphere presents new effects of distance—clear and sometimes hard, yet with their own ærial beauties—whose just expression is reserved for the brush of some native artist untrammelled by mannerisms acquired in European studios.

We will now attempt a review of the development of art in our midst, endeavoring to evince the charity that belongs to fair criticism, and realizing that while it is a simple matter to find faults in almost in any work, it sometimes requires skill and judgment to appreciate its merits.

The first artist who followed his profession in Utah was William Majors. His works were principally small profile portraits in water colors, specimens of which may occasionally be found in the possession of the families who came in with the pioneers. Mr. Majors, going to England in 1853, died shortly afterward in London.

About this time, William Ward—who had considerable ability as a sculptor—arrived in the territory; but after a few years' residence, returned to the Eastern States. The lion which lies couchant on the portico of the "Lion House" is quite a public specimen of his work.

In 1861, George M. Ottinger arrived in Salt Lake City and permanently established himself in his profession. At this time, the people of the territory had somewhat emerged from the straightened circumstances of earlier days; and buildings were being erected with some pretensions towards ornamentation. The theatre was shortly completed and Ottinger, the painter, and William V. Morris, the decorator, found employment in painting the scenery and decorations. Nearly all of their work in this direction remains to-day in excellent preservation and giving evidence of originality, care and conscientiousness.



SLEEPING BOY,—PAINTED BY DANIEL A. WEGGELAND.

The following year Daniel A. Weggeland and, in 1863, John Tullidge, came to Utah,—both being men of artistic taste and accomplishments,—and quite a little society of artists and art-lovers was thus formed. Before the close of the year 1863, these instituted an organization under the title of the Deseret Academy of Arts. Its object was the extension of the various branches of the Fine Arts, and an advantageous manner of teaching drawing and painting to aspirants. A building was rented (Romney's Hall, Main Street) and a night school for drawing classes commenced; but the effort seemed premature for, after a few months' trial, the project was abandoned and the society shortly after dissolved.

Since then, the only public patronage that the artists have received has been by means of the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society who, at their fairs, have stimulated our painters by the offer of gold and silver medals.

Later on, towards 1870, Alfred Lambourne came into notice. He came to Utah in 1866 when a boy of 16, and began his career as an artist in this city, being the first of any note which the territory had produced. As a future article will contain engravings from this talented artist's works and an account of his productions, no further reference will now be made to Mr. Lambourne than to number him among the profession in Utah.

In 1866, Mr. Arthur Mitchell, an Englishman, made his residence here, adding to the number of artists. Although his works are few in number, they give evidence of skill in the delicate manipulation of textures, and his familiar knowledge of painting and painters abroad has made him an acquisition to our art circle. The principal works that we have seen from his brush have been fruit pieces and a few small landscapes.

Mr. Reuben Kirkham, now residing in Logan, is another artist whose career began in Utah. His works, during the few years he has devoted to the profession, have been numerous and varied, embracing landscape, portrait and figure painting. His landscapes possess the decided merit of originality. An ardent lover of the sublime and picturesque in nature, he has endeavored to paint the most stupendous subjects that the magnificent scenery of Utah can suggest. In

these he has not always been successful; but the mere effort evinces courage and gives the practice which other artists gain in early life by copying the works of their teachers or of acknowledged masters. From this, we argue that when Mr. Kirkham shall have attained the artistic poise which continued study and patient labor only can acquire, he will produce works which will rank high in every critic's estimation. He now possesses real merit in composition and in the execution of delicate atmospheric effects of distance. Add good judgment to these abilities, and his studies would be well on the way to excellence.

During the last two or three years, there have appeared not a few works by Mr. John Hafen, a young artist who gives evidence of a careful hand and good judgment of form. Nearly everything of his that we have seen, however, is a copy—an enlargement or a facsimile, either from photographs or paintings—therefore, we are not able to judge of his ability in original design. The nearest to a legitimate subject that we have noticed is a recent adaptation from a photograph called "Mill in Ogden Canyon" which, while possessing merit in color, betrays the brush of one who has long worked in lines that have not reached his eye directly from nature. It is also a proof, if any were needed, that the student in drawing, especially in landscapes, must make the practice of copying subordinate to that of original sketching if he wishes to attain excellence in his pursuit. Mr. Hafen's works in crayon portraiture, however, have been quite successful, and his pictures adorn the homes of many of our leading citizens.

The artists now mentioned have been referred to in their chronological order as they appear in an historical account of the birth and progress of fine art in Utah. We now dwell at greater length on the works of the more prominent painters.

WEGGELAND.

Dan Anthony Weggeland was born March 31st, 1829, in Christiansand, Norway, where, his early taste for drawing and painting being manifested, his studies were directed by the local artists of that city. Going to Copenhagen, he was there admitted, at the age of eighteen,

as a pupil in the Royal Academy of Fine Arts. Here he continued his studies for three years, at the expiration of which he left Denmark and returned to his native country. Six years later, he visited the north of England, pursuing his profession of portrait painter, and remained in that country until the spring of 1861, when he emigrated to America. Remaining for a season in New York, he then started westward and arrived in Salt Lake City in the fall of 1862. He at once found employment in the decorative work of the new theatre and has since found patronage among our citizens in many different departments of art.

At the various art exhibitions, the merits of Mr. Weggeland's works have always been conspicuous, making him the recipient of several gold and silver medals and diplomas. Until a few years ago, his works were chiefly confined to portraits in oil; but latterly a variety of subjects have shown a wide range of ability and a high degree of excellence in each. Weggeland is a painter full of devotion to his art, and one whose skilful touch and grace of outline give life and vigor to all he undertakes. The range of this facile artist is well illustrated in a mention of what we consider three among his best pictures, viz. "On the Cross," "Gipsy Camp" and "Sleeping Boy." The former,—although one among countless different expositions of the same subject by painters of every degree,—contains a simplicity and force not often allied, the solitary figure of the crucified Redeemer appearing in strong relief against a forceful background. The death-hue of the body on the cross is also finely caught, giving a depth of tone and expression altogether worthy of praise. "On the Cross" finds its antipode in the "Gipsy Camp," one of Weggeland's happiest attempts and which was on exhibition at the Centennial. In this picture there is life and motion, together with good marks of character in the many faces, while over the entire scene is spread a sunny cheerfulness greatly in harmony with the subject. The "Gipsy Camp" was also exhibited at the Fair of 1879 and there received flattering criticisms. The third picture referred to—"Sleeping Boy"—is reproduced in this article and being as different as possible in subject matter and treatment, constitutes with the others sufficient veri-

fication of Mr. Weggeland's claim to versatility. Many other pictures by the artist under consideration have met with public favor, and evince artistic powers of a high order. It is probable that an adherence to one branch of art—either that of historical painting or *genre*—would have more fully developed his abilities; but the demands of a new country for pictures have not been sufficiently active to admit of such concentration. In technique, however, and in skill of application, Mr. Weggeland has no superior in the city. He knows well what combinations of colors will produce certain effects, and he applies them with a rapidity of touch that marks the man of experience.

With such characteristics, Weggeland is deserving of greater patronage from the well-to-do classes; and with easier circumstances, his great capabilities will be more fully brought out and appreciated.

TULLIDGE.

John Tullidge was born April 17th, 1836, at Weymouth, a noted seaport on the south-west coast of England. Evincing at an early age a decided passion for art, his love of pictures was so great that he would frequently make the round of the picture shops of his native town, eager to contemplate the beautiful in whatever new production chanced to be on exhibition. Reared on the sea shore, his mind learned to appreciate nature in its sublimest phases, and the invigorating impulses thereby acquired have given him a degree of energy that has stood him in good stead in his later life. Mr. Tullidge is not only a good painter, but he is a man of æsthetic faculties and pure taste. To one in whom such qualities are in-born, the effects of early impressions found among the varying scenery of a fine sea shore are of lasting benefit. A crude and lowly mind may rarely, even in the experience of a life-time, feel the exhilarating impulses of the grand old ocean and may look with apathy on its finest moods; but to the discriminating eye of a person of natural taste and refinement, the sea, in its every condition of calm or storm, has elements of beauty peculiarly its own. How then, must the mind of young Tullidge have been filled with delight at the changing splendors of Weymouth Bay—for it is said to be the sec-



LAKE MARY IN THE COTTONWOODS.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN TULLIDGE.



SUNSHINE.—A COMPOSITION.—PAINTED BY JOHN TULLIDGE.

ond in the world for beauty, that of Naples being scarcely its superior—when its waters were stirred by the approaching storms of the rough coast or lay sleeping in placid beauty under the misty light of a summer moon! His home was near the beach and in stormy seasons the surf rolled nightly with a roar that broke his slumbers; but in times of calm, the quiet grays of the shores and the misty atmospheric effects upon the ocean gave to him an equal interest.

As the result of these early impressions, Mr. Tullidge shows his greatest individuality in the treatment of subjects involving effects of waves or sky; and he excels in grays and in delicate atmospheres and distances.

It is to be regretted that youthful circumstances did not favor the natural development of his artistic tastes. At the age of fourteen, it was found necessary for him to learn the trade of house and decorative painting which luckily, however, was something kindred to the art he admired and which gave him technical skill of which he must now feel the value. But the practicalities of life prevented his receiving a legitimate art education, the lack of which he always keenly felt.

Mr. Tullidge pursued his trade until he left his native country for Salt Lake City arriving here, as before stated, in 1863. The means for the cultivation of art being then very few, there was little to call forth the artistic element. But with the growth of the country, the latent powers of its artists were gradually expanded; and the new incentive being given, Mr. Tullidge was among the few who evinced the energy and talent for its development.

Although some of his figure drawings have exhibited real skill, Mr. Tullidge is essentially a landscape painter. "Sunshine, a Composition," represents one of his works, a commission from D. F. Walker, Esq, and which, with a number of others by the same artist, forms a part of his collection. The subject here engraved has been excellently treated, and is an example of fine atmospheric effect and judicious blending of warm and cool grays in the middle ground and extreme distance. A classic architectural ruin has been introduced with such good effect as to convey at once the sentiment of quiet and repose necessary to complete the very fine feeling which is the distinguishing characteristic of the picture.

One of Mr. Tullidge's most successful landscapes has been a picture of "Lake Mary" in the Cottonwoods. That with a companion piece of the "Old Mill" in American Fork Canyon, was painted at the request of M. H. Walker, Esq., and the pair was considered among the best specimens of his work. "Lake Mary," in particular, was a masterful rendition of a very difficult subject, the surroundings of that beautiful lake being masses of coldest granite which—however gratifying to the eye of the summer tourist—present obstacles in the way of the artist that are quite hidden from the uninitiated. In this case, however, Mr. Tullidge's capacity in the manipulation of cool grays, stood him in good stead and gave a truthful tone to the picture which met with almost involuntary public appreciation.

It may be here said in passing that the Walker Brothers have been quite liberal in their art patronage of Mr. Tullidge, his works occupying a prominent place in their collection—thus affording him the natural pleasure that results from substantial encouragement by men of taste and standing, and never fails to stimulate an artist to his best efforts. Indeed, Mr. Tullidge is usually fortunate in placing the works of his brush and has recently shipped four excellent pictures to an admiring patron in Denver, Colorado.

OTTINGER.

George Martin Ottinger was born in Springfield, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, February 8th, 1833. His early ancestors were German, and settled in America about 1740. Being industrious and enterprising, they soon acquired considerable property; but during the war for Independence, having espoused earnestly the cause of the colonies, they lost nearly all of it. Mr. Ottinger's father, however, came into the possession of a good farm, in the management of which he was very successful. In 1840, he was persuaded by an uncle to embark in merchandise, and to that end sold his farm, and removed to Bedford, Pennsylvania. For a few years the venture promised well, when suddenly certain speculations in which he had invested his property failed, and left him almost penniless. Young Ottinger was then thirteen years old, and cherished strongly the desire to become a painter. As far back in his

boyhood as can be remembered, he kept a box of paints, and spent a great part of his leisure in drawing and painting. His relatives did not encourage him in the way of his inclinations, but permitted him to drift about without instruction or advice on the subject of art. His early education in other respects does not appear to have been neglected; for besides the training received at the district school of Bedford, he attended for nearly two years the Mechanic's Society School in New York city, and subsequently schools in Philadelphia.

At seventeen years of age he resolved to "strike out" in the world for himself. Let us use his own language: "To put my resolve into practice," he says, "I determined to go to *sea*. If I could not be a painter, I would be a sailor. I left home in August, 1850, with a clean shirt on my back and but seventy-five cents in my pocket. I applied for a seaman's berth at a shipping office in Philadelphia; was accepted, sent to New York, and from thence to Nantucket, where I joined the ship 'Maria,' Captain David Baker, bound for the South Pacific sperm whaling." But the life of a sailor did not prove what his "fancy had pictured" it, and after some fourteen months of severe experience, during which he saw much of the geography of South America and the Pacific islands, he suddenly left the whaler and shipped on board the brig "Margaret," for Panama. There, leaving the brig, he crossed and re-crossed the Isthmus on foot, and after a three months' sojourn on shore, sailed in the "Rowena," for California, touching at Acapulco, Mexico. This passage occupied one hundred and two days, during the latter part of which a short supply of provisions compelled the passengers and crew to live for forty-two days on a pint of rice and one pint of water a day.

Not finding employment in San Francisco after a three months' stay, he sailed in the clipper "Kate Hayes," for Shanghai, China, touching at Honolulu, on the route. In China he remained six weeks, and left there in the clipper "Sea Nymph," bound for New York *via* Batavia, Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena. Thus having circumnavigated the globe, he returned to New York City on the 8th of February, 1853, after an absence of two years and a half. He had so won the confidence and good-will of

the Captain of the "Sea Nymph," that the latter pressed him to accept the situation of second mate on a new vessel he intended to take charge of; but Ottinger had had his fill of seafaring, and positively declined the offer.

In New York he found employment in a sugar warehouse; and three months afterward one of the proprietors went to Baltimore, to take the management of a large sugar refinery. Ottinger accompanied him, and was appointed to a good clerkship. "While here," he says, "I endeavored to make a sugar refiner of myself, but it was no go. Instead of learning the different grades of sugar, I drew pictures of the molds, pans, mills, etc., consequently making little advancement as a sugar maker." Giving up the sugar business after eighteen months' trial, he started West, and stopped at Louisville, Kentucky, where he remained as clerk in a fruit store for fifteen months, and then returned to Philadelphia. The year 1857 dates his return home and the commencement of his artistic career, as a regular pursuit. A brother-in-law kindly afforded the assistance and facilities necessary in his studies.

In 1859 he entered a photographic gallery in Richmond, Virginia, and gave excellent satisfaction as a colorer and painter of photographs. There he did not intermit his study of art under instruction, but secured the best talent he could find. The opening of the war determined him to leave Richmond, and in September, 1861, we find him arrived at Salt Lake City.

Meeting here with Mr. C. R. Savage, our popular photographer, whose tastes have always led him among the artists of the territory, a business connection was formed which for years existed under the name of Savage & Ottinger. During this period, Mr. Ottinger made some excellent paintings, notably "Who Will Care for Mother now?"—an incident of the battle-field; "Independence Rock;" "City Creek Falls," now in the possession of Schuyler Colfax; "Overland Pony Express," engraved and published in *Harper's Weekly*; and "The Last of the Aztecs," a suggestive picture of departed Mexican greatness which won the gold prize medal at the Fair of 1879.

In 1872, he retired from the photographic business and devoted his time entirely to painting.



J. M. Ottinger.

At the time Mr. Ottinger was persuading his studies in the Eastern States, considerable controversy existed among the painters not only in America but Europe.

The old canons of art were just falling into disuse, the academic rules imported by Trumbull, Allston and other artists of note in the present century were fast given way to the precepts of the "realists" and "pre-Raphaelites." Ruskin's *Modern Painters* became the text-book for many, and was by them rechristened "The Painter's Bible." And with the revolution, painter as well as patron saw the necessity and justness of a change and an advance towards a school of painting distinctly American.

Determined not to be carried to extremes by either party's methods, Mr. Ottinger chose a middle course, knowing that there were good rules taught by all schools well worth studying—that by going to nature for inspiration, any rule or method that best aided the interpretation, come from what theory it might, was for the time correct. Using his own words: "I believe that if ever the American painters originate a distinct school of American Art, it will originate with those painters who are not influenced by any particular foreign academic teaching and who are thoroughly eclectic in technique and composition. And individually I have gone further than this. When I first commenced painting, I grew tired of the repeated "Evangelines," "Mary Stuarts" and "Joan of Arcs" annually on exhibition. I wondered if there was any new field for the American painter to glean subject-matter, especially in his own country, that had not been painted to death: In landscape? Yes; a superabundance. Of history? But little that was unpainted as far back as the discovery; but what was there beyond the advent of Columbus? Ah, here is a vast, almost unexplored vista, mysterious, new and picturesque! Old America with all her pre-historic treasures, a store-house of material, that needed only study, time and patience to make interesting and of value; and in this direction my studies have been chiefly directed for years. But it is an 'uphill' work; the history of ancient America is not familiar to the public, and the people are slow to recognize or appreciate that of which they know nothing. Still I have letters of praise from artists and

antiquarians of distinction, that lead me to hope that some day I may produce a picture worthy of being meritorious."

In addition to numerous landscapes and portraits, the following list comprises the principal pictures relating to Ancient America, painted by Mr. Ottinger during the ten years past. "Cacique's Daughter," (in possession of Mr. Mathew Walker, S. L. City,) "The Last of the Aztecs" (City Hall,) "Spain and Mexico," "The Toltec Historian," and "Sacrificial Stone," (J. H. Johnston, Esq., New York) "Hualpa" (Gen. Lew Wallace, Indiana) "Montezuma Receiving News of the Landing of Cortez" (Hon. Wm. Jennings, S. L. City), "Lost or Saved," (S. P. Teasdel, Esq., S. L. City,) "Quien Sabe?" "Coatel," and "Lincoya" (Mr. J. Ramsden, Liverpool, Eng.) "The Gladiatorial Stone" is now on exhibition at the Phoenix Art Gallery, Liverpool, and "Mexico, 1520," lately finished, is in the artist's possession.

Setting aside a consideration of Mr. Ottinger's works in landscape and portraiture,—in which he excels, however,—we will devote a little space to the more exalted efforts of his brush—those relating to Ancient America—wherein he exhibits his greatest individuality, and in which as will be gathered from his modest words above quoted, he has been most ambitious to succeed.

All innovators who have marked out for themselves so unique and undeveloped a department of art as he has done, have felt the difficulty in inspiring the general public with the enthusiasm which they themselves have felt in the grandeur of their themes. We well remember, as an instance, the comments which followed the exhibition of several of the splendid pictures above mentioned,—how little the excellencies of the treatment were appreciated and how much the labors and research of the artist were underrated. All, it is true, were compelled to admiration by the brilliancy of the well-massed colors, the groupings and general effect; but the criticisms were of a superficial character that must have suggested to the artist that the nobler half of his labor was lost. In the one picture entitled "Montezuma Receiving News of the Landing of Cortez," there seems to be the labor of years and the research of a life-time. It contains no fewer than forty figures, each with an in-

dividuality of expression and costume, many with striking pose and dignity of bearing, yet all significant of their national character. Every inch of the picture is a study, from the banners and emblems so conspicuously arranged in the foreground to the faint outlines of the dim and distant walls of the temple; while the excellent manipulation of color and textures, as seen in the profusion of feathers, skins and flowers that abound in the picture, gives evidence of painstaking care and great artistic skill, and yet this is only one of several such great works in which the history and archæology of Ancient America is so ably pictured.

MUSIC IN UTAH.

MUSICAL development is very much the index of civilization, and its variations of quality the signs of national character. Nations highly advanced and refined have fine musical taste, such as the Germans, the Italians and the English. Their educated classes cannot endure crude compositions. Nothing less than exquisite strains of melody, and the grandest harmonies will satisfy the soul attuned to the beautiful and the sublime. On the other hand the Chinese, the American Indians, and the races generally who are crude in their natures, and unprogressive in their national characters have very poor perceptions of sweet melodic strains or harmonic grandeur. Kettle drums, and noisy discordant instruments would afford them more delight than the matchless oratorios of Handel and Haydn, or the solemn majesty of the Masses of Mozart.

In the growth of the arts, music springs up among their first outshoots, taking the precedence, in the unfolding of civilization, of every genius but that of poetry—as the second born of the Muses, she starts out with her divine mission. In her first stage she takes the form of simple song. Like as poetry, when far advanced, brings to its aid writing and printing, with their magician-like powers and agencies, so music, in her advancement, arranges her alphabet, notation, and her art becomes elaborated into science. Like also as poetry from the crude body of verse receives a massive and infinitely capacitated transformation into universal literature, so music rises from her

primitive form of simple song and clothes herself in grand gigantic harmonies. No longer a hymn or a ballad from untutored voices and inartistic votaries, but a volume of Creation from the creator Haydn, from the harmonic Handel, a Messiah bearing the almighty majesty of his Hallelujah chorus to the Lord God Omnipotent, and from Mozart a consecrated mass to Deity. The genius of music develops capacities and forms for all the expositions of the harmonies of nature and the human soul, and for her interpretation she is no longer dependant on unlearned composers, nor upon uncouth utterance from untutored voices.

The history and schools of music agree with the stages of civilization. In cathedral times we have cathedral music. Their solemn, massive forms and ecclesiastical sublimity resembles the religious service of the age to which they belong. Masses, Anthems, and Luther's hymns show their quality. The Oratorio resembles the epic poem translated into another tongue of art, with the same principles, the same style, the same majestic elaboration. It is, however, Hebraic and not Grecian in its spirit, prophetic and not heroic in its themes. As yet the Oratorio is the best form and style that has been given in modern times of music suitable for Temple service. It is more Hebraic in its quality than the Masses of the Catholic; there is in its composition the declamatory moods, and bursts of bold inspiration that so wonderfully characterized the Jewish prophets, while the choruses describe the lofty exultation of the congregations of Israel when they were the people of Jehovah's special care. The mass music of the Catholics is, it is true, very imposing and seductive, but it is burdened with the superstitions of a church rather than with the bold inspirations of Prophets and Psalmists. Even its *Gloria in Excelsis* is more like choruses performed by priests and virgins of Heathen temples than the wondrous exultation in music of the vast congregation of the Zion of God. However near they may approximate to it in classical forms and treatment, there are no Mass compositions burdened with such pure Hebrew subject, nor breathing so much divine theme as the Oratorio of the Messiah, and no *Gloria in Excelsis* equals the triumphant majesty of Handel's Hallelujah for the Lord God Omnipotent

reigneth, in which one can imagine when Zion from above comes down to unite in worship with the Zion of all the earth, unnumbered millions of mortals and immortals will take their parts to swell the mighty theme.

This general view of music is pertinent in the history of the people who founded Utah. They were certain, in the early stage of their peculiar civilization, to manifest the genius of music. Being so eminently religious in their tone of character, music would naturally form one part of the basework of their worship; and being also Hebraic in their type and history the genius of praise was born in them. It is quite natural, therefore, that they should be a congregation of singers. They would love the exercises of singing more than the duty of prayer. Hence we find the Mormons, at home and abroad, always and everywhere, singing the "songs of Zion." We meet some very touching musical episodes in the history of their exodus to the Rocky Mountains. Colonel Thomas L. Kane, in his famous historical discourse upon the Mormons, tells the story of Captain Ballo's band. Captain William Pitts' band is also historical.

One of the earliest pleasures of music afforded to the settlers of these Valleys was in the frequent visits at midnight of our serenade bands. In future numbers, we shall doubtless have pleasant stories to tell of the primitive days of music, and biographical sketches to give of those who first charmed the solitude of the Rocky Mountains with the revelry of music, but in this number we have most to do with the regular musical movement inaugurated by David O. Calder, the pioneer of class-teaching and the importer into these Valleys of the bulk of the musical instruments now so plentiful among our people.

David O. Calder is a Scotchman, and one of the first who embraced the Mormon faith in Scotland. Here we will introduce a biographical sketch of this gentleman, for he properly deserves a prominent record in the musical history of this Territory.

DAVID O. CALDER.

He was born in Thurso, Caithness, Scotland, June 18, 1823. He moved with his parents to Edinburgh in 1824. His father died in 1839. David was then taken from school and entered in the service

of the Union Canal Company as a message boy. On the 31st of August, 1840, he joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints under the administration of Orson Pratt.

When the Hullah classes were organized in Edinburgh in 1842 for instruction in the Wilhem method of singing, Mr. Calder joined one of them; and having prosecuted the studies through the entire course, graduated as a teacher of the system. It was, he says, when conducting one of his classes that he sought to simplify the system, realizing from his own experience the great difficulty in learning to sol-fa at sight in absolute pitch, and discovered while reading a piece in the key of G, that by moving the doh from its fixed position a fifth above, and calling the tonic of the key, doh; the third, me; the fifth, sol; instead of sol, se, re, it was much easier to read. This became more apparent when reading in the keys of E natural and A flat. He then adopted the "movable" doh as an improvement in the sol-fa system.

In Scotland, Mr. Calder began his mission as a pioneer class teacher to the saints, thus early aiming for musical education in the Church; and he organized and taught the first choir in the Edinburgh Conference.

Having risen rapidly, step by step, in the outdoor and office departments of the canal company's service he was appointed by the directors of the company to the office of manager of the intermediate stations of the service, between Edinburgh and Glasgow, with headquarters at Falkirk. Shortly after taking up his abode there, in 1846, he called a meeting of the members of the choirs of the several religious denominations and the instrumental performers of the town, at the "Town Hall," and after a few such meetings succeeded in organizing the "Falkirk Musical Association" and obtained the consent of the Earl of Zetland to act as honorary president of the society, and several of the nobility of the country to act as honorary vice-presidents. He was elected manager and secretary of the society. The association went into immediate practice of the oratorio of the Messiah, and subsequently, with the assistance of professional soloists, gave a performance which was highly approved by the critics and largely patronized by the nobility and general public.

The "Creation" was afterwards given with like results.

In January, 1851, he left for Utah, accompanied by his mother and her family, in the *George W. Bourne*, which sailed from Liverpool to New Orleans; and after two years detention in Cincinnati, in consequence of the sickness and death of his eldest sister, he arrived here in Sept. 1853, and settled over Jordan, where he taught a singing school during the fall and winter of 1853-4. In 1855, he entered the service of the church as a clerk in the President's office, and from 1857 to 1867 was the chief clerk.

In the year 1861, under the patronage of President Brigham Young, Mr. Calder organized two classes of two hundred members each, and commenced giving vocal instruction in his school room, using the Curwen tonic sol-fa method; which was the first introduction of the system in America. He compiled, arranged, and printed the class books used. In December, 1862, he organized and taught two other classes of two hundred each, and the progress made by the pupils in the study of vocal music was a genuine surprise to the public and to local musicians. He organized the "Deseret Musical Association" with over two hundred picked singers from the several classes—thus creating the material for the first musical association. The society practiced the higher classes of anthems, choruses and glees, and gave several concerts in the Tabernacle and in the theatre with success. With the intention of performing the opera of "La Sonnambula" Mr. Calder translated, transposed and printed the choruses of that opera into the Curwen notation. After a number of rehearsals, diphtheria entered his house and carried off five of his children. This sad calamity, with the continuous waiting upon them during their sickness, so impaired his health that he was compelled to discontinue his labors as conductor of the association, and teacher of the several classes under way, which resulted in the disorganization of both the association and the classes.

As reminiscences of those early days of musical education in our Territory we may introduce the following reviews from the pen of the late Professor John Tullidge. The Professor opened his musical reviews on Mr. Calder's first concert, as follows:

SIR:—In the year 1861 (if I mistake not,) I saw an advertisement in the *Deseret News* of the intention of Mr. David Calder, aided by the patronage of President Young, to establish singing classes in large bodies, at G. S. L. City and Territory.

I was convinced by experience that the movement would be successful, if the pupils studied with attention the method adopted by their teacher (*viz*): the Tonic-Sol-Fa system, which is the only method published that can ensure success.

On entering the city on Saturday, October 31, I was much pleased in seeing, per advertisement, that a concert was to be given by the Deseret Musical Association, on the Wednesday following; and notwithstanding the debility occasioned by the long journey across the plains on "Shank's pony," I would not miss the opportunity of hearing for myself of the progress made in vocal music by that Association, and at the request of several friends, I will endeavor to give my honest opinion on the performance of that concert.

The concert opened with one of Professor Thomas' pieces, which did him credit as a composer. The *introduzione* by the Cornet was a chaste piece of rendering, and the band did well in giving the gentleman an opportunity of doing justice to that beautiful strain—in fact the gem of the piece—instead of destroying the effect by loud playing.

The horns, however, were out of tune at the *finale*, but it may be here parenthetically observed that I have since heard the same gentlemen play with fine expression. The horns are favorites with me and an orchestra would not be complete without those beautiful instruments.

The Association commenced with one of my old favorite Glees, "Awake Æolian Lyre, awake." The opening strain is not one of easy rendering, and without great attention to the *Largo* movement with its first grand close on the *dominant* that cautious awakening so necessary to the slumbering lyre, is entirely lost. In order to preserve the full effect of this movement, a *tremolo vibrato* should be employed to awake its drowsy strings from its forgetfulness with nature's simple ease.

It appears by the author's working of the second period on the *dominant* "and

give to rapture " that he had reserved for the *finale* of his first subject the thorough awakening of the instrument, so descriptive of its joyous arousing. "From Helicon's harmonious springs," is a lively imitation of parts, which produces a fine *tonic* termination. "The laughing flowers around them blow, Drink life and fragrance as they flow" is too far fetched, and the author has not succeeded in a good interpretation of the poetry. The first line is truthful enough, but the second one "Drink life and fragrance as they flow" is too gloomy with its termination on the *submediant*.

"Now the rich stream of music winds along, deep, majestic, smooth and strong" is a passage slow, grand and expressive, and its alliance with the poetry is of close relationship. "Through verdant vales and Ceres golden reign," is a passage bordering on the *pastorale* at the opening; but as the subject proceeds it gains strength, and before the movement is terminated its expression is truly *tremendo* and the effect produced by the *finale* is such, that it has secured a long life among some of the Glee's of our best composers.

The Association not only gave a truthful interpretation to what I have explained, but some portions of the Glee were excellent in its performance. Of course one would not measure a mixed choral body of pupils, giving their second concert under the direction of their master, with a chorus of professional performers, conducted by a Costa; yet it may be truthfully said that they did credit to their training and proved the rank of their master as a first rate class teacher.

The duett "Hark 'tis music stealing," by Mrs. Trosper and Mrs. Horsley, would have been, for they both have good voices, a favorable performance, but for the non-conception of the piece, and the stiff execution of one of the passages. In the first place it was a "leetle" too slow, and in the second the triplets were unskillfully treated. The first fault can easily be remedied, and the second also. To avoid the second, the mouth should be kept moderately opened and the tongue still and horizontal. The passage would then be of easy execution, while the moving of the tongue causes a stiff and uncouth delivery of the notes.

"In Jewry God is known" is a great favorite in all cathedral cities in the old

country, and it is a favorite through its excellence and not from any capricious popularity; for it has stood the test of much trial. The class in this anthem, as in the glee, sang with marked expression and good enunciation and precision. If fault there was, it was that the latter strain lacked energy; but upon the whole it was rendered with great credit. Indeed I expected from the manner in which it was sung that an *encore* would have followed; but such was not the case, and only a solitary echo of applause was heard throughout that gorgeous building.

This, at first, would seem discouraging; but a matured reflection would not expect, only from a highly cultivated musical audience, full appreciation of classical composition.

I well remember, in the old country, when an oratorio could only be heard at long intervals in few places, and not without great expense to the lovers of the grand and majestic; but now tens of thousands can appreciate the beauties and glories of Handel, Mozart, Haydn and a host of other great masters.

Class teaching at the time to which I refer, was not known or at most only in its infancy. Sight reading was then a work of much study and lengthened practice. Theory of sounds belongs to the Germans and Italians only; and the varied mixtures of harmony was a perfect secret, except to the above people. When the professors of music in England knew but little of harmony, it could not be expected that an English audience could understand classical works. But times are changed and in England the choruses of Handel, and other great masters, are becoming familiar to the mass, and the grand Hallelujah chorus of the immortal Handel is almost as popular as "I wish I was in Dixie." Take heart, therefore, good teacher, and never tire until the like glorious consummation is reached in the land of saints.

The *stabat mater* of Rossini was his last, best and most classical work. Every piece in that Cantata is of the highest school of vocalization. The *bravura*-passages require great animation and volubility of execution, and it cannot be rendered effective without the study and experience of a great artist.

At present I must say Maddle. Ursenbach is not qualified to render such pieces with the effect that is required to

excel. In the first place her execution was not regular, and again her ascending divisions of tones were anything but faultless. Let Maddie. Urseibach study—as all great singers are required to study for excellence—and doubtless in time she will find her own reward by being pronounced an accomplished vocalist. Moreover, Italian music is not the element of an English or an American audience; and I should advise her to study well the English language—if she be not already acquainted with it—and select for her performances some of the excellent cavatines of Bishop; such as “Tell me my heart,” “Lo! hear the gentle lark,” “Trifler forbear,” and a host of compositions of this class.

“Who will care for Mother now,” is a composition of great expression; and I must say that the singing of the solo part by Mr. Dunbar was a creditable performance; but that irresistible comic face and attitude of his is much against him in this style of composition. The celebrated “Leston” was a tragedian by nature, but his face was of that peculiar comic form that his best hits in that line were laughed at by the audience and he was wise enough to change his tragic performances to comic and he succeeded in being considered the most accomplished comedian in England.

The “Bridal Wreath quadrille” by Professor Thomas was a composition of great merit, and I must in honesty confess that I like the composer’s style. The interpretation of this piece was all that could be desired. “Man the life boat” was a failure. Mr. Isaacson should not make choice of such compositions requiring great pathos and wild expression. It is more in the *recitativo* style, and requires great strength of rendering, which can only be given effectively by an accomplished singer. The gentleman’s voice, if not of the highest order, is one that can be made useful and effective also.

The comic singing of Mr. Dunbar was of first class order, and the unanimous approval of the audience proves his high standing in public estimation.

I would fain notice the whole of the pieces, did space permit, but I must be content with adding that the performances of the Association—with the exception of a few stumbles in the precision of time—were excellent.

It is only a little over two years that the Association began their elementary study, and now they appear in concert and are able to sustain their reputation as creditable amateurs not inferior to many long established societies in the old country.

All praise is due to the patient and persevering teachings of their master, Mr. Calder, and the time is not far distant when he will be hailed as the pioneer to a great and glorious movement by the Territory at large.

It must also be a gratifying consideration to those influential patrons of the Association, who have rendered their assistance in fostering this society, for art would droop and die without such aid. Long may they continue their support to so worthy a cause, and depend upon it the domestic circle will soon feel the hallowed influence of music by its introduction, and the magic delights of this most beautiful art will adorn many a household fireside.

I should be remiss in my duty did I omit to make honorable mention of the excellent conducting of Professor Thomas in connection with his band; and also the creditable manner in which the gentleman accompanied the vocal orchestra of the Association.

By the way, I had nearly forgotten one of the greatest features of the concert, viz. the appearance of the Association at the rising of the curtain. In some orchestras the members walk in separately or in two’s and three’s, and it takes a considerable time before the whole of them are seated, and notwithstanding their appropriate costume, the effect on the audience by this scattered entrance in the concert room is entirely lost. In other orchestras the conductor marshals on his *Soprani*, *Alti*, *Tenori* and *Bassi* in succession, himself bringing up the rear; and, if he is not well up to the mark, a certain amount of confusion is the result, and three or four pieces are performed before the audience are in sufficient humor to listen to the singing.—Mr. Calder, in his form, adopted the dramatic and invisible arranging of his orchestra, and never in my life did I feel the effect so great. The unique and innocent appearance of the members, in their beautiful but simple costume, on the rising of the curtain, and the simultaneous movement to a standing position on the lifting

of the magic baton by the conductor, could not fail to strike admiration to the beholder.

I will say but little on the appearance of the Theatre lest, through my ignorance of architectural design, I should be caught tripping; but I may be allowed to say that in that great Babylon of the world—London—there are but three that will surpass it, viz, the Queen's Theatre, Hay Market; the Italian Opera, Covent Garden; and the National Theatre, Drury Lane; and perhaps with these exceptions, there are no others in England that will equal it."

A few months later the Association gave another concert; and again Professor Tullidge reviewed the musical progress of our city and criticised the performance of this choral society which was then in the zenith of its fame.

"SIR:—Although not as yet actively engaged as an elementary teacher of vocal music, I cannot, for the life of me, keep aloof from such an important movement as the musical education of our people.

Every step which our pioneer of class teaching, with his harmonic Association and juvenile corps make in the direction of a general musical development, is to me prophetic signs of the growth of a grand national institution for the "lovers of harmony and sweet sounds." This has led me to intrude again on the musical public, my opinion of the Concert on Wednesday evening, Dec. 16, 1863.

Having attended the two final rehearsals at the Theatre, and found a vast improvement in the rendering of the programme, by the Deseret Musical Association, and a most interesting appendage of the juvenile corps, I very naturally expected an abundant patronage from the music loving disciples of Apollo; but I am annoyed at being forced to confess that the first and second circles of the Theatre presented a very meagre appearance. By the by, it is but courteous to confess also, that the "strangers within our gate," principally supported the Concert in the above mentioned places. Where were those who should have flocked to such a grand gathering? Was it the announcement of a Juvenile Concert that caused their non-attendance? If so, they showed a poor appreciation of the vast significance of such an event; for truly it is an event in the growth of our civilization. Nor is this

rating the affair higher than it would stand in the growth of any other nation; for the musical growth of a people is ever ranked in the vanguard of civilization and national progress. And where should that education begin if not with the young men and maidens of Israel? And what could be more significant than a juvenile concert of the great musical future of our people, when Modern Israel will in their musical service compare with Ancient Israel, who in this has surpassed every nation, ancient or modern? It was doubtless such views that drew from a friend at my side the admiring exclamation, as he beheld when the curtain rose and unveiled the picture of three hundred choristers, "There's a scene pregnant with the promises of the future."

In my critique of the last concert, I called attention to the very excellent arrangement of the Choristers, and the wonderful effect produced upon the audience on the rising of the curtain. On this occasion it was still more magical.

The angelic juvenile host was marshalled in, robed in white, to herald a heavenly scene, (aye; for there is nothing on earth so angelic and heavenly as the appearance of little children,) but when the curtain arose and presented to the view such a vast assemblage of choristers, the fair ones also dressed in white, and the gentlemen in appropriate costume, one could almost fancy himself in the presence of a host of heaven's celestial choir. The effect produced on the audience called forth a spontaneous shout of delightful surprise.

The concert opened with a part song called the "Echo," which was rendered by the whole body choral in excellent style.

The duett, "Hark, 'Tis music stealing," by Miss Clara F. Stenhouse and Miss Rachael Clayton was pleasingly performed. The time was well kept, and the triplets were easily and smoothly rendered.

The children's chorus "Let all the children sing," was a gem of no common order, and the precision in which the dear little ones mastered the time, and the attention they paid to the Conductor in giving by his hand and *baton* the *piano* and *forte* passages, produced a thrilling effect, and deserves the highest praise.

Glee "Fa'ry land" is one of Dr. Colcott's most popular compositions. Its form and general workings abound with ancient characteristics, and from this fact the glee requires a very peculiar rendering to bring out that great composer's ideas (in this style) with good effect. The harmonic *triad* on the *dominant* with the added seventh is frequently used at the close of the musical section and period, and which chord produced a grand effect by that large choral body.

The *pianissimo* imitation—which, by the way, was changed by the Conductor from the *piano* to the *pianissimo* (and wisely too) was beautifully rendered, and the *ad libitum crescendo*. "Along the desert land," was also delivered with excellent effect. "Merrily, now merrily" was positively a heart stirring movement. The children were as gleeful and innocent as though in their very element of delight, and it is no disparagement to the association when I say they carried away by playful force the palm of this movement.

Song "Who will care for Mother now," by Miss Clara F. Stephouse, was rendered by the young lady with much pathos, and in one or two passages I noticed the introduction of the *tempo rubato* style of the Italians, which adds another beauty in the delivery of ballad compositions. Miss Stenhouse's voice is a legitimate *soprano*, of no mean quality, and with good training by patterns from an experienced vocal teacher, on the general command of the voice, she will make a singer worthy of notice. She was, however, a little nervous, which caused a false *tremolo* in—what is termed by great teachers—the vocal chords of the throat. This in a great measure marred the effect of her natural delivery.

Part song "We roam through the forest shades," by choir and children, was pitched too high, which caused the little ones to scream at the top notes, and the *tenori* were laboring under the same disadvantages as the *soprani*. The mistake occurred (as I have been informed) by ladies who were not punctual in their attendance to the strict training of the conductor, and who (by carelessness) possibly mistook the *me* for the *do*, which caused the pitch to be a third higher. Of course, the little ones being near, were compelled to follow in the same wrong path. The conductor however (and wisely too) allowed the mistake to re-

main until a fitting opportunity, before stopping his vocal corps to commence afresh; this being done the song passed off in capital style. I have seen conductors of large bodies of professionals call their bands and voices back in a similar manner for a slight mistake; in fact it proves great judgment; notwithstanding it requires great coolness of nerve in correcting such errors.

Song, "Just before the battle Mother," by Miss Julia Young, was well done. Her style of singing and excellent enunciation elicited from the audience a unanimous encore. The lady answered the call with graceful simplicity. An unusual characteristic with many of "Eve's fair daughters."

Song, "Dear mother I've come home to die," by Miss Rachael Clayton, was effectively rendered.

Song, "Watching for Pa," by Miss Rhoda Young, is worthy of special remark. The composition is not one of great musical pretensions (so much the better) being composed to bring out the characteristics of little children—"Suffer them to come unto me, for such is the Kingdom of God." The greatest of all beauties in a vocalist is, to enter heart and soul into the subject of the poet, and musician. To make them both speak at one time. All these admirable qualities were beautifully portrayed by the little singer. First by her perfect intonation, secondly in imitating the anxious watchings for her much loved sire, and lastly the joyful gambols of innocent children were so effectively delineated when Pa appeared in view that it drew from the delighted audience a simultaneous burst of applause. The little singer acceded to the encore in the same joyful manner as exhibited by her in the latter part of the song.

Anthem, "Sing unto God," composed by R. A. Smith, and sung by the choir and children was the *finale* of the concert.

"Blessed be God, 'Hallelujah,'" was the crowning gem of the anthem. The rolling passages with the basses in the third species of counterpoint, while the *Soprani*, *Tenori* and *Alti* were moving in the first species, note against note, was a telling bit of choral vocalization, and the association and children deserve the highest praise for the precision and soul-stirring energy displayed throughout

the whole movement. In all probability the latter part of this anthem shows the extent of Smith's travels in the vast regions of counterpoint, and with one exception (where he has the chord of the ninth by percussion instead of suspension) it is a capital display of that most beautiful and classical form of the ancients. I was glad to hear on this occasion that the audience felt something of the merits of good choral singing.

In justice to the Association and little ones I must say that the whole of the songs sung by the principals was greatly enhanced by their choral additions.

I should not be performing my duty honestly did I forget to make honorable mention of the accompanist, Miss Fanny Young. It is one thing to display one's self and another to bring out the majestic and beautiful ideas of great authors and to be the assistant of the solo vocalist. There are two classes of *P Forte* players, (viz :) legerdemain and legitimate. The delight of the first is, to surprise their hearers by twanging in unbounded *Chromatic* "humbug" or cat's pawing the key board with a single finger running from the bottom to the top of the instrument with a rapidity resembling a sky rocket. If the ascension does not sufficiently surprise, down they come again with such frightful velocity that it reminds one of lots of thunderbolts descending and smashing in a fellow's windows. Thunders of applause from the audience etc., etc.

All these modern accomplishments are called by the fanciful, beautiful, surprising, very difficult. So far as the difficulty is concerned, "twould be a blessing," (to use Dr. Johnson's words) "if it were impossible."

Change the scene and listen to the legitimate, beautiful and soul stirring execution of such players as Dr. Bennet, Benedict, Miss Goddard. and could we be permitted to hear the by-gone great ones, Mozart, Hadyn and Beethoven on this instrument, instead of the imperfect *Clavicemblo* (an instrument then in vogue) and it would be easily distinguished by the musician who were the best performers.

Miss Fanny Young appears to be a votary of the last named school. She proves her excellence as an accompanist by leaving out all display when assisting the vocalists, and for this reason she will

make an invaluable acquisition to the concert room.

The *Pianoforte* executions of the Misses Anna and Emma Robins were in excellent style and demonstrated good training. Their instructress, Mrs. S. A. Cooke, has proved, in their education, herself to be an experienced teacher of the legitimate school of *Pianoforte* playing. Such teachers are worthy of notice and deserving of liberal patronage from the ladies of this city. I should have been pleased to have entered into details on the pieces executed by those young ladies, but I am sorry to say space will not admit.

Mr. Calder, the conductor, has not retrograded since his last concert with his association, and his juvenile host, by their performances, have crowned his perseverance with additional honors and brought him through in great triumph.

God bless the little ones.

JOHN TULLIDGE, Senr.

The foregoing reviews are given to illustrate the musical history of Salt Lake City in the by-gone days and their reminiscences will probably be interesting to the members of the Association whose pioneer movement stimulated musical culture among the people. The Deseret Musical Association, as already observed, no longer exists as an organized choral body, but in its day it performed a very useful mission. Relative to Mr. David O. Calder himself, it may be said that though unable to continue his career as the pioneer class teacher of the Mormon people he, in connection with Professor Careless, established a regular musical business, and their firm has imported a vast number of pianos, organs and brass instruments for bands, with a due supply of the best music published by popular English and American authors. We believe it may be safely affirmed that in no part of America can the piano and organ be met in so many homes of the *people* in proportion to population as in Utah. In England, the piano and organ is scarcely ever found except in aristocratic homes; in America, they are more plentiful, being among the luxuries of the "well-to-do" classes; but in Utah the piano and organ are the luxuries in the homes of the "common people." This is strongly suggestive of the fact observed in opening this review, that the Mormons are a musical people. In this initial number

of the musical history of our Territory, we have simply dealt with the pioneer movement of Mr. Calder who, notwithstanding his usefulness to the profession and the public, has never laid claim to the title of Professor of music. Mr. Calder, however, is well read in musical theory, and he proved himself an excellent class teacher of the young folks.

Though not strictly a professor, his career and present association with the musical business fairly entitles him to the first place in our musical history as the musical pioneer of Utah. In future numbers we shall deal with the Professors themselves, and discuss more generally the branches of musical art.

FRANCE AND ITS FOUNDERS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE FRANKS.

CHARLEMAGNE was, in the world's history, what Julius Cæsar or Constantine was before him. An epic is in the very name of each, and they are also as historical links in the grand series. But, before taking up the biography of the family of Charlemagne, let us briefly sketch the founding of the French Nation.

Among the barbarians, who poured into Europe early in the Christian era, breaking up the Roman empire and changing the face of the world, were a people known by the name of Franks. They were of the great Teutonic family, and originally settled on the Lower Rhine and Weser. In their resistance to the Roman power they acquired their name (free-men). They were a confederation rather than a people. Under the name of Franks, Germans of every race composed the best troops of the Roman armies. They invaded Gaul as early as the years 254, during the reign of the Roman emperor Gallienus. They arose to importance in the empire and resisted the irruptions of other of the barbarians into Gaul, and, in 406, they opposed, though unsuccessfully, the great invasion of the Burgundians, Suevi, and Vandals. Of this invasion Gibbon says, "This memorable passage of the Suevi, the Vandals, the Alani and the Burgundians, who never afterwards retreated, may be considered as the fall of the Roman empire in the countries beyond the Alps; and the barriers, which had so long separated the savage and the civilized nations of the earth, were from that fatal moment levelled with the ground."

But, in our view of the Providence revealed in history, we have not dated this

great remodeling of the world as from a "*fatal moment*."

About the year 486, a tribe of the Franks, under Clovis, invaded Gaul and defeated the Roman governor. This Clovis became the founder of the first French dynasty. At this time, however, he was only chief of a petty tribe of the Franks of Tournai, but numerous bands of Suevi, under the designation of Allmen (Alemanni), threatening to pass the Rhine, the various tribes of the Franks flew to arms to oppose their passage, and, as usual they united under their bravest chieftain, who happened at the time to be Clovis. During the battle which followed, this famous founder of the French nation vowed to worship the god of his wife, Clotilda, if he gained the victory. This Clotilda was a Christian and the niece of the king of the Burgundians. Clovis, her pagan husband, did gain the day, embraced Christianity according to his vow, and three thousand of his warriors followed his example.

This important conversion of the warlike pagans caused great joy among the clergy of Gaul, and from that time the Christian hierarchy began to look upon the Franks as the germ of a new empire to give to Christ the dominion. St. Avitus, bishop of Vienne, wrote to Clovis—"When thou fightest it is to us that victory is due." And St. Remigius in commenting upon his baptism said, "Sicamber, bow meekly thy head; adore what thou hast burnt, burn what thou hast adored."

In the case of the founder of the French nation we have a striking parallel with that of Constantine, the first Christian emperor. The cross gave to each empire, and they were raised up to give the Church dominion. The Roman empire had once fitted the providence of the

world, but Constantine and his successors had, by removing the seat of government to Constantinople, turned the grand problem back upon the East, when destiny had designed its march upon the West. The sequel showed the dominion was ordained to pass from the emperors of the East, and the representation of the future Christendom from the hands of the successors of Constantine. But the French nation was to arise at this juncture to take the place of the Roman empire; and Charlemagne was brought up in his order in the divine drama, to consolidate a Christendom which has stood till the present day. But when he came, Constantinople and Rome were divorced, and out of this division between the Popes and the eastern emperors, which we shall notice hereafter, grew the Greek and Latin churches. And thus we see, at every step, even when in the very chaos of the world, the harmonies of God's movements and the opportune comings of the great characters and revolutions of history.

In the rising of the French nation as a Christian power, the unity of the church was brought down and society moulded into more modern states of civilization. The bishops of the Church, filled with the idea of that unity, sanctioned the acts of Clovis when he cut off the line of the other petty kings of the Franks to establish the general supremacy of his own dynasty over his rising nation. Says Gregory of Tours: "He succeeded in everything, because he walked with his heart upright before God." We mark these treacheries of kings—we note these pious sophistries of priests, but we also reverently say that out of evil the Great God brings forth good to mankind—out of barbaric chaos He moulds better civilizations.

The dynasty of Clovis continued for several centuries, building up the French nation, and the barbarians who overran Europe were leavened by the rude mission of Christianity, for rude it was in those fierce days. The Saxons were among the most stubborn of the Pagans, whom the French, ("the first sons of the Church") for generations, sought to subdue; but Charlemagne ultimately completed their conversion with his mighty sword. Of the great drama performed in Christendom in the sixth and seventh centuries an historian thus writes:

"The priest, in fact, was now king. The Church had silently made her way in the midst of the tumult of barbaric invasions, which had threatened universal destruction; and strong, patient and industrious, she had so grasped the new body politic as thoroughly to interfuse herself with it. Early abandoning speculation for action, she had rejected the bold theories of Pelagianism, and adjourned the great question of human liberty. The savage conquerors of the empire required to have not liberty but submission preached to them, to induce them to bow their necks to the yoke of civilization and the Church. The Church, coming in the place of the municipal government, left the city at the approach of the barbarians, and issued forth as arbiter betwixt them and the conquered. Once beyond the walls, she took up her abode in the country. Daughter of the city, she yet perceived that the city was not all in all. She created rural bishops, extended her saving protection to all, and shielded even those she did not command with the protecting sign of the tonsure. She became an immense asylum; an asylum for the conquered, for the Romans, for the serfs of the Romans. The latter rushed by crowds into the Church, which, more than once, was obliged to close her doors upon them—there would have been none left to till the land. No less was she an asylum for the conquerors; who sought in her bosom a retreat from the disorders of barbarian life, and from their own passions and violence, from which they suffered equally with the conquered. Thus serfs rose to the priesthood, the sons of kings and dukes sank to be bishops, and great and little met in Jesus Christ. At the same time the land was diverted from profane uses by the vast endowments which were showered on the men of peace, on the poor, on the slave. What they had taken, that the barbarians gave. They found that they had conquered for the Church. So was a right destiny fulfilled."

This passage from a French historian (M. Michelet) is a graphic picture of the great remodeling of Europe, during the periods from Constantine to Charlemagne. And just here, in our historical encyclopædia, let us indulge in a thought on the "great apostacy of the Christian church" from that standard of excellence represented in Jesus and his spiritual mission.

In opening the Latter Day dispensation, we elders of Zion have made this "great apostacy" one of our most important subjects of discourse. Upon no subject, perhaps, have we exhausted so much eloquence. We have been right; the Church *did* apostatize from its spirituality, and the kingdom of Heaven became very much the kingdoms of this world, even as the kingdoms of this world are, in turn, destined to become the kingdoms of our God and His Christ. In those ages there was a night of civilization. They were indeed the dark ages. Arabia, not Christendom, represented civilization then; Mohammed, not Christ, was the light of the world. Even writers, who attempt to deny this, yet confess it. Say the famous Chamber Brothers, in their "Information for the People:"—

"Perhaps the obligations of modern Europe to Arabia at this time have been overstated; but it is not to be denied that learning, almost totally excluded and extinct in Europe during the eight and ninth centuries, found an asylum here. It has been a matter of dispute how the tastes of those fierce Arabians became thus first directed. They probably owed it to the Greeks; but it is certain that what they got they returned with interest. We are said to derive our present arithmetical figures from this strange people; and geometry, astronomy, and alchemy were their favorite pursuits. The graces of light literature were not neglected, as is shown by the 'One Thousand and One Nights' Entertainments,' a production of this period, which still continues to solace the hours of childhood and old age among ourselves, and attest the extent of fancy and the variety of genius of those that gave it birth. Haroun al Raschid, who flourished in the beginning of the ninth century, is celebrated as a second Augustus. He was contemporary with Charlemagne, and communications of a friendly nature are said to have passed between them."

Thus we see not only an apostacy in Christianity, but also a departure from the comparatively high state of civilization, represented in the polished Greek and the imperial Roman. From Europe civilization fled to take refuge in Arabia, and not until the rise of the new Western empire from Charlemagne, did Europe begin again to take lead in the world's destiny. After him came the Saxon

Alfred, and then England, as well as France, Italy and Germany, bounded into the new phases of civilization. But, while we note these ages of apostasy and night, let us philosophically consider the pit of races from which Christendom has been taken, and we shall find that those who to-day represent the Christian nations, have not gone back, but have advanced—not apostatised but have rather put on the garments of civilized man. Historical examples are better than theological views. Let our readers call to mind the play of Ingomar and his tribe of barbarians, which they have seen represented on the Salt Lake City stage. They were the Alemani, a type of the people who overran Europe, breaking up the Roman empire. Now, let it be remembered, that from such races and out of such barbaric states, as the play of Ingomar presents, civilized Europe and America of to-day have sprung. Is it not wonderful that, from such a wilderness of humanity, Christianity has built up nationalities rivaling those of Greece and Rome—erecting a glorious fabric of civilization that culminates all which have gone before? A new world has been literally created out of the barbaric chaos of Europe that succeeded the fall of the Roman empire. Has not Christ then performed well his work of empire-founding, from our barbarian forefathers, who almost, to the very day of Charlemagne, emperor of the Franks, much resembled our American Indians?

CHAPTER II.

CHARLES MARTEL AND THE WORLD'S CRISIS.

It is interesting to note the harmonious coming of these great characters, and how exactly they fit the requirements of the age. Moreover, that fitness is endorsed by our experience centuries afterwards, when humanity has advanced to the very culmination of civilizations of which they were the first capital marks. Is it that the times bring forth the men by grand accidents which overtopping all other surroundings, harmonizes history per force, or is there a divine programme underlying all? The reverent historian will incline to the latter view.

The very world in the times just preceding the reign of Charlemagne, was one universal chaos. Fierce, warlike

nations needed a fusion into a united Christendom, primitive races who were entering into the first phases of social forms, required a vast consolidation. Without this, the Christian civilization could not have been evolved, humanity would have found a very different shaping, and modern times an entirely different tone.

The world saw the rise of Mohammed in the interval between the conversion of Constantine the Great and the coming of Charlemagne. We may acknowledge the hand of God in the advent of the Arabian Prophet; but it has been sufficiently manifest that his mission was suited to the revival of the East, and not to the creation of the new empires and new civilization in the West. That greater part of the world's mission was given to Jesus Christ.

We now have, in our historical course, reached a period when a name and a power were needed to arise, mighty enough to check the triumphant career of the successors of Mohammed, confine his empire to the East and prevent it from interrupting the Providence of the world in the West among the young vigorous nations who were destined to give to humanity the culmination of ages. Charles Martel gave this check, and his still more illustrious grandson Charlemagne created a Christendom.

Within a hundred years after the death of Mohammed, which took place A. D. 632, his successors had subdued not only Persia, Syria, Asia Minor, and Arabia, but also Egypt, North Africa and Spain. While the Christian empire represented by the successors of Constantine, was losing its dominion over the West, the followers of Mohammed went on from conquest to conquest, until in the eighth century, it seemed that both Asia and Europe would yield to their victorious arms, and the whole world became one vast Mohammedan fabric. But, in the year 732, Charles Martel broke the fierce tide of conquest. In the great battle which then took place between the two powers, no less than 375,000 Saracens were left dead on the battle-field. Thus perished an immense army by the might of Charles Martel, the grandfather of Charlemagne, and with the loss of that famous battle, departed forever the hopes of the Saracens of subduing Europe. And thus we see Providence again at work in

the issue of the world; for we cannot but believe that to Christ, and not to Mohammed, was ordained from the first the dominion of all the earth.

There was also, at this period, another crisis in the world's affairs. It was in the division growing up between the successors of St. Peter at Rome, and the successors of Constantine, emperors of the East, who until this time, had represented the imperial rule of the Church, destined now to soon pass into the hands of the family of Charlemagne. The emperors Leo the Third and Constantine, called Copronynus, emperors of the East, sought to suppress image worship in the Church, and between them and the popes, there sprang up a fierce theological warfare; but Gregory the Third haughtily replied to the emperors. In one of his letters he said:

"You, however, think to frighten us by your threats, by saying—'I will send my guards to Rome to break the images of the cathedral; I will carry away Pope Gregory laden with chains, and I will chastise him as my predecessor, Constantine, chastised the pontiff, Martin.'

"Prince, learn that we do not fear your violence, we are in safety in Italy; abase, then the pride of your wrath before our authority, and learn that the successors of St. Peter are the mediators, the sovereign arbitrators between the East and the West."

The emperor Leo then addressed to the Pope, letters of wisdom, aiming for a reconciliation between the Church and the empire, but the haughty Gregory replied:

"You affirm that you possess the spiritual and temporal power, because your ancestors united in their persons the double authority of the empire and the priesthood. They might thus speak who have founded and enriched churches, and who have protected them: nevertheless, under their reigns, they have always submitted to the authority of the bishops. But you, who have despised them, who have broken their ornaments, how dare you to claim the right of governing them? The devil, who has seized upon your intelligence, obscures all your thoughts and speaks by your mouth."

This is a fine example of the arrogance of Priesthoods that have departed from the Spirit of Jesus; yet claiming an absolute authority in his name over mankind. *He* is absolute, but it is in po-

tency of love which sways its scepter over the affections of the heart, and bows the intellect to reverence, by a beneficent wisdom. The highest intelligence and spirituality can receive the reign of theocracy as represented in *Him*, but what soul, born into the kingdom of light, can maintain forever a theocracy as embodied in priestcraft! How different is the absolutism of Christ preserved in the spirit of love, and the absolutism of popes which enslaves mankind in the forms and arrogance of a Christless authority? Yet, to this the Church was now reduced, and in that authority, popes began to set themselves up against the emperors (the successors of Constantine,) who had first given to these successors of St. Peter the opportunity of temporal power. But this was destined to continue for many centuries till every emperor and prince in Christendom was subdued to the supremacy of the Church. The monk Hilderbrand, who was the Charlemagne of Popedom, and crowned as Gregory VII, put on the capstone of the mighty fabric of priestcraft. After that, the Reformers began to rise as the world's great characters; and popes found them mightier than emperors and kings. We shall reach them by and by; but we will now return to the beginning of the struggle between the popes and emperors at the world's crisis, when Charles Martel arrested the march of the Mohammedan power upon Europe, and the East and West commenced their separation.

After dispatching his arrogant letters to the Emperor Leo, Pope Gregory called a council and anathematized all the "image-smashers" of the Greek Church, which so enraged the emperor that he armed a numerous flotilla, destined for war upon Italy, but violent storms treated it as they did centuries afterwards the Spanish Armada, and the vessels were obliged to return to Constantine. This was deemed a miracle by the Roman Church, and solemnly celebrated in Italy. The emperor, however, began to re-organize an army and equip a new fleet for the war against the pope, but the revolt of the successors of St. Peter shook Leo upon his throne. By degrees he lost the most beautiful provinces of his empire, because execrated by his people and stigmatized by the name of anti-Christ. Such has been the examples of the wars between the princes

and the priests. Religion is the omnipotent. Nothing but a counter-religion can break it down. Not until the Reformers came were the successors of St. Peter shaken.

But Pope Gregory soon found that the Church could not triumph in the earth, separated from the protecting might of an empire, and this soon brought up Charlemagne with his new empire of the west.

The king of the Lombards finding the popedom no longer protected by the emperor of the East and his Grecian troops, resolved to reduce all Italy to his sway. Gregory, in his strait, now sought the aid of Charles Martel, king of the Franks, but that politic prince was rather lukewarm in the cause of the Church; but his ambitious descendants at length succored Rome, and thereby established the dominion of France.

Gregory, nothing daunted by the crisis of the times, maintained the supremacy of the Church, and dared to say in full council, "that his see was above all the thrones of the earth, and that the pontiffs might conduct all nations to the prince of darkness, without any man having the right to accuse them of sin, because they are not submitted to the judgment of mortals!"

An extract of the letter of the Pope Zachary, soon after this to the primate of the Gauls, will illustrate to our readers the style of the Church towards its intellectual heretics. His Holiness wrote:

"Above all, proscribe the philosopher Virgil, that Scotch priest, who dared maintain that there exists another world, and other men upon that world; other suns and other moons in the heavens; who affirms that to be a Christian, it is enough to follow the morality of the Bible, and to practice its precepts, without even being baptized. Let him be driven from the Church, deprived of his priesthood, and plunged in the darkest dungeons; let him undergo all the tortures invented by man, for we will never find a punishment sufficiently terrible to chastise an infamous wretch, whose sacreligious doctrine has destroyed the holiness of our religion. We have already requested the Duke of Bavaria to deliver up to us this apostate, to be solemnly judged and punished in accordance with the rigor of the canons. The prince having refused our request, we have written to

the priest a threatening letter, prohibiting him from raising his abominable voice in the presence of the faithful assembled in the house of God."

How does this style of the successor of St. Peter accord with the revelations and scientific knowledge of the nineteenth century? Has not the world advanced some little since Pope Zachary wrote that letter?

CHAPTER III.

PEPIN OF FRANCE AND ST. PETER.

We come now to the history of the family of Charlemagne. The first dynasty of France, founded by Clovis, dwindled to the possession of mere nominal sovereignty, while the chief power of the realm was wielded by the Mayor of the Palace. This officer stood at the head of the nobility—and he was also the prime minister of the land. Among the most renowned of these Mayors of the Merovignian dynasty, as the first kings of France are denominated, was Pepin d'Hersital, Duke of Austrasia. He ruled France for thirty years with great ability. After him came his son Charles Martel, whose glorious victory over the Saracens in 732, checked the career of the Mohammedan empire in Europe. After him came his son Pepin le Bref, who was the father of Charlemagne. Pepin le Bref held dominion in France just at that period, when the Popes of Rome defied the power of the emperors of the East, and in turn were menaced by the Lombards, whose armies threatened to subjugate all Italy. This crisis afforded one of those great opportunities which give birth to new dynasties. It made Pepin king of France, and his son, Charlemagne, Emperor of the West. Pepin le Bref was a necessity to the church, and as he possessed the power of the king, the Pope conferred upon him the title which put an end to the reign of the descendants of Clovis as kings of France.

In the critical juncture of the world's affairs, the rising of the family of Charlemagne was deemed by the successors of St. Peter, a special providence. The "star of empire" of this family, not only brought them up to be kings of France, but also to succeed the descendants of Constantine the Great, striking entirely out of the West, the old domin-

ion of the Cæsars. From their advent the injunction, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's" became obsolete. The form became convertible to, 'Render unto Charlemagne, etc.'

A very curious illustration of the views of St. Peter upon this subject, was given by his *medium*, the Pope of Rome, after the ascension of Pepin le Bref, which deserves consideration, as something more important than a mere deception of the Priesthood. Pope Stephen the Third, acting very much in the character of a *medium*, addressed to King Pepin and his sons, letters which he said were written by the Virgin, Angels, Saints, Martyrs and Apostles. The chief of the Apostles wrote thus:

"I, Peter, called to the Apostleship by Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God, beseech you, Pepin, Charles, Charlemagne, and you lords, clerical and lay, of the kingdom of France, not to permit my city of Rome, and my people to be longer rent by the Lombards, if you wish to shun the tearing of your bodies and souls in eternal fire, by the forks of Satan.

"I command you to prevent the residue of the flock which the Lord has confided to me, from being dispersed, if you do not wish he should reject and disperse you, as he did the children of Israel.

"Do not abandon yourselves to a criminal indifference, but obey me promptly. Thus you will surmount all your enemies in this world; you shall live many years, eating the good things of the earth, and after your death you shall obtain eternal life. Otherwise, know that by the authority of the Holy Trinity—in the name of my Apostleship, you shall be deprived forever of the kingdom of God."

Considered as a mere literal fragment of history, this curious document sent down from heaven by the Apostle Peter, to Charlemagne and his father, is about of the same value as the sacred scroll brought to Mohammed by the Angel Gabriel. But these marvelous documents, Korans and Testaments have so wonderfully influenced the affairs of the world, that it is not philosophical to treat them with a cramped infidelity, for even the superstitions of people, and the tricks of Priesthoods, must be treated with historical wisdom. Moreover it is very difficult to say how much we ought

to consider, in these matters, as mere tricks, and how much to be genuine superstition of the times, and the mediumistic inspirations of Priesthoods, who, believing themselves the mouth-pieces of heaven, speak as from the invisible, hiding from the vulgar the *modus operandi* of their operations, which perhaps, originated in their own minds. Nor can we say how much had merely that origin, or how much these mouth-pieces gave the expressions of a providential will. The curious letter of St. Peter is as a literal document worth nothing, but its prophecies were fulfilled; Pepin and Charlemagne were rewarded with empire for coming to the aid of St. Peter, and a long reign followed, especially that of Charlemagne, while it aroused all France to fly to the rescue of the Pope. The relics of the Saints were only dry bones, which the Priest Lanfranc caused to be borne before the army of William the Conqueror, when he invaded England, but there was more than a trick—there was practical wisdom, and much genuine faith which conceived that solemn pageantry. It helped the priest to the primateship, and William to the conquest of England; so now the epistle of St. Peter helped Pepin and his son Charlemagne to empire. Moreover the pageantries of the bones of Saints, and miraculous writings, while they will somewhat expose to our readers the craft, as they may deem of Priests, will also show how vastly they have influenced human affairs, and to illustrate history is our design.

The sympathy of the family of Charlemagne for the Church, and consequently their fitness for its purposes, is to be explained by their identity with the Priesthood.

The head of this family was Arnulf, Bishop of Metz, and his son Chlodulf succeeded him to that See. Arnulf's brother was abbot of Bobbio, his grandson, St. Wandril, and his whole family closely allied with St. Ledger. Charlo-man, Pepin le Bref's brother, became a monk; his other brothers are, one Archbishop of Rouen, the other abbot of St. Dennis; Charlemagne's cousin was St. Gulielmus, the great Saint of the South, and other members of the family were also in the Priesthood. In the rising, therefore, of the dynasty of Pepin and Charlemagne, the Church had a vast

power thrown directly over to its side, which more than made up for the loss of the successors of Constantine.

There were other advantages in the rise of the house of Arnulf, Bishop of Metz, for while on one hand, it was so identified with the Church, the members of the family were settled in the most Germanized country of Gaul. The armies of Charles Martel, Pepin and Charlemagne were chiefly of German element, and they made their armies Christians, who were before Pagans. Indeed the great emperor not only established a French dynasty, but also created a Germany, which till his day had no political existence.

Charlo-man, the brother of Pepin le Bref, was Duke of the Franks, and during his reign he not only sought to establish in Gaul the authority of the Church, but to reform the clergy. Though a great prince he possessed more of the bias of the priest, and resolved on his retirement into holy orders. Having made a pilgrimage to Rome and enriched the See of St. Peter, he received of the Pope the frock of St. Benedict, and shut himself up in a monastery, which he built in a vast forest. It was the famous abbey of Fulda. To humble his earthly pride, and "save his soul from the flames of hell" he served in the kitchen, took care of the stables and labored in the garden.

After the retirement of the Duke Charlo-man, his brother Pepin became absolute master of France, and Pope Zachary encouraging his ambition, authorized him to assume the title of king, and dispossess the family of Clovis. Soon after this the King of the Lombards invaded the territory of Rome and forced the inhabitants to recognize him as sovereign. Stephen the Third, who had succeeded Pope Zachary, in his strait, called upon Pepin, King of the Franks. The Pope also, to better accomplish the deliverance of Rome, took a journey into France, the safety of which was secured through the territory of the Lombards by the presence of the ambassadors of Pepin. On the road he was taken sick, and carried to the Church of St. Dennis, where he is said to have been healed by a miracle wrought in person by St. Dennis himself. After this, Pope Stephen, in a solemn festival consecrated Pepin, his two sons Charlemagne and

Charloman, and his wife Bertrade. Having laid hands upon them, the Pope declared in the name of God, that the Franks and their descendants were prohibited under pain of eternal damnation from choosing kings of another race.

The war of Italy was now resolved upon by the French parliament, and the king crossed the Alps at the head of numerous troops, and forced Astolphus, king of the Lombards, to render the Holy See entire satisfaction. But no sooner had the French army returned to their own country, than Astolphus broke his faith and besieged Rome. It was at this critical period that the miraculous letters of the Saints, and the Apostle Peter, from which we have extracted, were addressed to King Pepin. The French armies flew to obey the chief of the Apostles, and beneath their conquering arms the Lombard power fell. Ravenna Rimini, and twenty other cities gave their keys to the abbot of Fulrad, counselor of the king of Franks, who deposited them with a deed of gift from Pepin, upon the confessional of St. Peter. This was the origin of the temporal power of the Church of Rome. King Pepin had thus fulfilled his part; St. Peter kept his promise, and Charlemagne the son of Pepin became the founder of a new empire of the West.

The biography of this mighty prince—the most illustrious man of the middle ages, will follow in our next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

CHARLEMAGNE.

We now come to the greatest man of the middle ages. He was eminently of the imperial type, yet, like as some priests blend in themselves the character of the warrior and the empire-founder, so Charlemagne blended in himself the king and the priest. He came, as we have seen, of a priestly family; and hence he had much of the priestly bias. He loved learning, was the magnificent patron of learned men, and as much a creator of popes and bishops, as of the temporal lords of his empire. He was, moreover, not only the founder of the new western empire to succeed that of the Constantines then in decay, but also the prophet of a new civilization. We have in our biographical encyclopedia given views of the barbaric chaos in

Europe, which succeeded the decline of the Roman empire, and found that, during that night of the Christian world, the Mohammedans almost alone represented civilization. But a new family of nations had now grown up, the states of Europe had now become consolidated, and France ranked as the eldest daughter of the Church. The time had therefore come not only for a new western empire, but also for a new civilization to spring up in Europe at once possessing the vigor of young races; and also the imperial classicality of the old Roman. This civilization was to be leavened by the Christian faith, and as much of the spirit of Jesus as fierce warlike nations in primitive times could be expected to embody. Some great representative man was therefore necessary to arise at this period, representative both of Christendom as an imperial power, and Christendom as a new civilization. The man was forthcoming. Providence had him prepared: the Heavens brought up for their work of human progress, the magnificent Charlemagne, greater than whom of his type there perhaps was never born. He was not exactly a Cæsar nor a converted Constantine nor a Napoleon; he was, as we have typed him, more of an imperial prophet, yet very different to the Mohammed class. This strange blending, as observed, undoubtedly grew out of the priestly character and bias of his family.

And just here, we are brought to another of the providential methods manifested in human progress in the coming up of Alfred the Great from the Saxon race, so soon after the days of Charlemagne. He, too, was a prophet of the new civilization, and when England, as well as France, Germany and Italy, had become imbued with the spirit of that civilization, then the world may be said to have fairly started on its grander course, the culmination of which we are finding now in the latter-days. But there was one more fusion necessary: it was that remarkable blending of the two most powerful, yet somewhat opposite races in the conquest of England by the mighty William. After that period, the civilization of the world was led by the most western nations known now as Great Britain. These are the movements of Providence now before us, commencing with Charlemagne, founder of the empires of Germany and France.

After the death of Pepin le Bref, his sons, Charles the Great and Charloman were crowned and, for a time, divided the sway; but Charloman dying, his brother, Charles the Great, known as Charlemagne, united the empire in himself. He found his opportunity as dictator of the world in the contest between Didier, king of the Lombards, and Adrian the First, who was the ninety-ninth pope.

The ambitious Charlemagne who, from his accession, seems to have contemplated the foundation of a vast empire of the West, listened to the invitation of the Romans and engaged himself to the Pope to pass the Alps with his soldiers and redeem from the Lombards the cities which his father Pepin had conferred on St. Peter as his patrimony.

Didier, king of the Lombards, resolved to seize by force the person of the pope, which Adrian learning by intelligence from his spies, he assembled troops to defend Rome; after which he wrote to the king of the Lombards, conjuring him by the divine mysteries not to advance upon the territory of the Church, at the same time menacing him with the thunders of St. Peter. Finding Rome in a state of defence, Didier dared not a regular siege; but ravaged the neighboring country. Charlemagne's preparations of war now alarmed the Lombard king, and he hastened to inform the mighty protector of St. Peter that he was willing to give entire satisfaction to the Holy See; but the ambassadors of France at the court of Rome rejected these propositions, and without waiting the reply of their master, solemnly declared war against Didier. The army of Charlemagne thereupon passed into Italy and blockaded Pavia, while the Lombards of Rieti, Spoletti, Ossino, Ancona and Folegiri, frightened at the formidable invasion of the Franks, humbled themselves to the court of Rome.

During the siege of Pavia, Charlemagne made a journey to Rome to assist at the celebration of Easter, whereupon the magistrate of the city, the militia, the clergy and the children of the schools bearing branches of rose and olive trees, met the French monarch, and marched before him singing hymns. As soon as Charlemagne perceived the crosses and banners of the procession, he, with his lords, dismounted and advanced on foot to the Church of St. Peter, where the

pope, surrounded by his priests and deacons, awaited him on the sill of the temple. The conqueror bent and kissed the steps of the sacred church, and embraced the pontiff; and then, hand in hand, Charlemagne and Pope Adrian entered the church and prostrated themselves at the tomb of the chief of the Apostles.

Charlemagne, during his stay at Rome, caused a deed to be executed and deposited on the altar of St. Peter, by which the Church became possessed, as gifts from Pepin of France, and his sons, of the Isle of Carso, the cities of Barti, Reggio and Mantua, the exarchate of Ravenna, the provinces of Venice and Istria, and the duchies of Spoleto and Beneventum. Thus we see how the temporal possessions of the Romish Church originated and increased through the gifts of the magnificent family of Charlemagne who were something more than mere secular kings, who were, in fact, the very embodiment of the new empire of Christendom, growing out of the family of Arnulf, Bishop of Metz, which was at once famous for its Saints, its sovereign princes, and its imperial Charlemagne.

The king of the Franks, after his visit to Rome, set out for his camp at Pavia, and completed his victory over Didier, king of the Lombards, whom he sent a prisoner into France; after which he made his second visit to Rome. "Then," says Mazery, "the pope, followed by one hundred and fifty bishops, whom he had called around him to render the ceremony more imposing, advanced to the front of the palace of the Lateran, and, in the presence of an immense crowd, bestowed upon the prince the title of patrician, the first dignity of the empire. He conferred upon him the right of investing bishops within his States, and even of nominating popes, in order to put an end to the cavils and disorders of the elections." Italian historians affirm that Charlemagne renounced this prerogative, reserving the right of confirming the nominations, as the Greek Church had done. The new western empire, occupying the same relations to the Church as that of the Cæsars before, was now fairly in existence.

On his second visit to Rome, Charlemagne visited all the holy places, and the priests made the sacred vaults resound with Hosannahs in honor of the conqueror of the Lombards.

Charlemagne now returned to France to commence his wars in Spain against the Saracens, and in Germany against the Saxons, to convert them to Christianity. The terrible character of his religious wars with the Saxons may be gathered from the one famous item that he caused four thousand of the Saxons to be put to death in one day for their determined refusal to submit to the ordinance of baptism.

During the year 781, Charlemagne having finished his wars with the Saracens and Saxons, paid his third visit to Rome to return thanks and have his youngest son, Charlotman, crowned king of Italy, and the young prince was baptized with the name of Pepin.

The great controversy of the image-smashing again, at about this time, occupied the chief attention of the Christian world; upon which the Greek and Latin churches were divided. Constantine, the Greek emperor, and his mother, the empress Irene, yielded to the Pope Adrian, and resumed image worship, while, very singular to note, Charlemagne, the founder of the new empire of the west, threw his weight against the Christian idolatry. This grand apostle of empire and civilization, trembled not at the thunders of the pope but sought to establish among the bishops of the West an enlightened unity of the faith throughout his kingdom, and put an end to the quarrels of his bishops. He, therefore, convoked a council of prelates, presiding over his provinces, to the number of three hundred, who assembled at his residence at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, to whom were added three hundred monks besides the principal lords of the imperial court. Charlemagne presided, and astonished the Council with his eloquence and theological discussions. He next addressed a synodical epistle to the ecclesiastics of Spain, which will, in itself, illustrate Charlemagne in his character as an imperial apostle:

“We are profoundly touched, lords bishops, by the oppressions which the infidel causes you to endure; but we suffer a still greater affliction from the error which reigns among you, and which has forced us to assemble a council of all the prelates of our kingdom, to declare the orthodox faith on the adoption of the flesh of Jesus Christ.

“We have examined your writings with profound attention, and your ob-

jections have been discussed, article by article, in the synod. Each bishop, in our presence, has had full liberty to express his opinion, and, by the aid of God, this important question is finally decided.

“I conjure you, however, to embrace our confession of faith in the spirit of peace, and not to elevate your doctrines above the decision of the universal church.

“Previous to the scandal to which you have given rise by the error of the adoption, we loved you as our brethren; the uprightness of your belief consoled us in your temporal servitude, and we had resolved to free you from the oppression of the Saracens.

“Do not, then, deprive yourselves of the participation of our prayers and our aid: for if, after the admonition of the pope and the warnings of the council, you do not renounce your error, we shall regard you as heretics, and shall not dare to have further communication with you.

“As to the proposition submitted to our judgment, on the new synod held at Constantinople, in which it was ordained, under penalty of anathema, to render to the images of saints, the worship and adoration rendered to the divine Trinity, the fathers of our assembly have rejected this sacrilegious doctrine as impious, and reject the judgment of the court of Rome.”

CHAPTER V.

CHARLEMAGNE AS THE DAVID OF FRANCE.

Charlemagne has more interest as the David of France than as the Cæsar. As we have seen, he was a priestly king; and, though a mighty conqueror and empire-founder, he was rather like the son of Jesse raised up to establish a theocratic kingdom in the name of the Lord, than of Cæsar to subdue the world in the might of man. Indeed Charlemagne not only imitated David and Solomon, but he had the singular fancy of taking upon himself the name of the psalmist king. He and his principal counsellors formed themselves into an academy, in which he took his place as King David, while his counsellors adopted other names such as Homer, Horace, etc. Most fitting, therefore, was Charlemagne to be the prophet of a new civilization, for he blended the character of the priest with the fanciful nature of the poet, and

the might of his sword and the strength of his host made him the great champion of Jehovah, as King David had been before him. There was a beautiful poetic fanaticism in this conception of Charlemagne, in relation to the part which Providence had ordained him to play in the world. To find "Saul among the Prophets" was an anomaly; but David and Charlemagne with them were in their proper sphere. In a synod with his bishops, or surrounded by the intellectual lights of his age, he was as much in his own place as in the camp among his soldiers, carrying out the purposes of the Lord in converting the world to Christianity and carving out a new civilization. True, we in modern times can have but little sympathy with his missionary mode of forcing the Saxons into the waters of baptism by the terror of his sword; and we are somewhat horrified by the fact of his having caused four thousand Saxon prisoners to be beheaded in one day, for refusing to be baptized. But yet that mode of missioning the world was the only one which his age could understand; and while in the abstract, we should not sanction evil means for the accomplishing of good ends, we can readily understand the potency of a young civilization through the potency of a Charlemagne. It is absolute folly for peace men, in our humanitarian times, when nations are converted to the wiser policies of Christianity, to attempt to bring Charlemagne and the necessities of his age, to our standards. It would have been as impossible for the David of France to have missioned the world in the cause of Christ, through our modes, as it would be for us to reveal Christianity through his modes. He advanced his age by his sword, not kept it back, and the might of his arm wrought out the world's good. It would have been as impossible to have converted warlike pagan nations by the Gospel of peace in that age, as for Mohammed to have indoctrinated Arabia with the grand conception of the unity of God, had he been in his mission purely a Jesus. To a very large degree, Christ has always been before his times, and he still is to this day. Charlemagne, therefore, was fitted for his work of Christianizing and civilizing the world in the eighth century as he would have been unfitted for his work, had he been more like his uncle

Charloman, who shut himself up in a monastery in a forest, to better illustrate the character of a Saint. Indeed the logic of all is that this David of France manifested Christianity in his age, in the only way that Christianity could be manifested then.

Charlemagne was not only up to his times, but he was before his times. He was not only the creator of bishops and popes, but he was superior to them in his conceptions and inspirations. More than any other man of his day, he was the magnificent soul. He sent forth his manifesto for the worship of Jesus without the appendages of idolatry, but popes saw the necessity of image-worship, and though Adrian had to deal very cautiously with his David, he kept him from revealing too much light, and thus Christian idolatry was perpetuated in the new civilization.

Pope Adrian died and Leo the Third was elevated to the pontifical throne. On the elevation of Leo, Charlemagne sent to the pope vast riches taken from the Huns; but ever mindful of his semi-priestly mission, he gave instructions to his ambassadors to urge upon the pontiff to reform the morals of the Roman clergy; put an end to the traffic in sacred offices, and not to allow the wealth which he sent to be lavished on priestly debauchees. As an example of the advanced state of Charlemagne, in his Christian growth above even the priesthood of his day, it may be instanced that, at about the period when he was aiming to bring about reform in the Church, and to elevate it to the worship of Deity without the mediumship of images, Pope Adrian, in calling upon the armies of France to inflict vengeance upon the Duke of Bavaria and his subjects, declared that they were absolved in advance from all crimes which they might commit in the enemies' country, and that God commanded them through his vicar, to violate girls, murder women, children and old men, to burn cities and put all the inhabitants to the sword.

Is it wonderful that in an age when popes dared in the name of God to *command* such atrocities, which the spirit of the monster Nero, acting as that God, might have given, Charlemagne in a grand, though cruel fanaticism, should put to death in one day four thousand Saxons, who would not receive Christ as

their sovereign Lord? He did this in the same magnificent spirit, that a David or a Samuel, in their Hebrew fanaticism, massacred the enemies of Israel and the heathen defiers of Jehovah. In the present age of enlightenment and Christian humanity, we have no more sympathy with Samuel, when he rejected Saul for showing mercy, and hewed Agag to pieces, than we have with Charlemagne, when he did the same with the Saxons. We can but regret that the God of the Hebrews found it necessary to give inhuman commands for massacre even as we regret that Christianity sometimes had to be preached with the sword. But we acknowledge these divine necessities without infidel cavil, though we love Deity most when represented in the spirit of Jesus himself, as is only possible in days of advanced humanitarianism like those in which our lot is cast. But priesthoods have often taken cruel advantage of these divine necessities, and imitating the Davids and Samuels, have issued in the awful name of God, such commands as that of Pope Adrian to ravish girls, destroy cities and put all the inhabitants to the sword. Hence the world has passed through its days of inquisitions and seen its horrid tragedies committed in the name of religion, till that name became an abomination in the eyes of enlightened men. Dreadful indeed are those tragedies at best, but unspeakably horrible in their worst phases.

It may be said of Charlemagne however, that he did much represent a king David, in his apostolic championship for God, as he did also a Solomon in his aims to create for the world a better civilization than that which he found when he came to the throne. At length, in the year 800 of our era, he made his grand entry into Rome to rescue Pope Leo from conspiring priests. He convoked the clergy, the senate, and the people, and before this mighty king of France the successor of St. Peter was adjudged and acquitted.

On the day following, Charlemagne went in great pomp to the cathedral at Rome, where the Pope and his clergy awaited him, and in the presence of the dignitaries of Church and State, Leo placed on the head of the king a crown of iron, and in a loud voice proclaimed, "To Charles Augustus, crowned by the hand of God, Emperor of the Romans,

life and victory." Whereupon acclamations were sent up: "Life and victory to Charles Augustus, crowned by the hand of God, Emperor of the Romans." Leo then prostrated himself before the emperor according to the custom of the popes to the ancient Cæsars. "Thus," says the historian, "was re-established, after an interval of three hundred years, the dignity of Roman Emperor, extinct since A. D. 476."

Our readers will remember that Napoleon Bonaparte in his vast ambitions to restore the ancient grandeur to France, caused to be repeated in his own life, this great historical drama, taking from the hand of the Pope, in the cathedral of the renowned city of Milan, this iron crown of Charlemagne. The modern "Man of Destiny" encircled his imperial head, exclaiming—"God hath given it to me; let him who dare, wrest it from me!" More than any other man, Napoleon represented Charlemagne in his imperial ambitions, though not the loftiness of his priestly character.

"To know Charlemagne," says Michélet in his famous history of France, "we must see him in his palace at Aix. This restorer of the empire of the West had despoiled Ravenna of her most precious marbles to adorn his barbarian Rome. Actively busied even when taking his leisure, he prosecuted his studies there under Peter of Pisa, and the Saxon Alcuin, applying himself to grammar, rhetoric and astronomy. He, also, acquired the art of writing, a rare accomplishment in those days. He piqued himself on his choral singing, and was unsparing in his animadversions on those priests who were deficient in this part of the service."

Charlemagne surrounded himself with strangers of every nation who brought to him the recommendation of their own mental culture; and literary men of even mean extraction were highly honored by him. It happened that together with some Breton merchants two Irish-Scots—men of incomparable learning, skilled in literature both profane and sacred, landed on the coast of Gaul. They displayed no merchandise for sale but daily exhorted the crowd of purchasers in this wise—"Whoever desires wisdom let him come to us and receive it, we have it to sell." Charlemagne hearing of the strange men, sent for them

and inquired if it was true, to which they replied : " We have it, and we give it in the name of the Lord, to those who seek it worthily." The king demanded their price, and they answered, " A convenient place, rational creatures, and what cannot be done without in this earthly pilgrimage—food and raiment." Charlemagne was delighted and kept them with him ; but, being called away on his military expeditions, he ordered one of them—Clement the Scot—to remain in Gaul, while he sent the other—John Melrose, a disciple of the learned Bede—into Italy, giving him St. Augustine's monastery, near Pavia, that he might open a school. On hearing this, Albinus, surnamed Alcuin, another of Bede's disciples, and a native of Saxon-England, went over to Charlemagne who gave to him St. Martin's Abbey, near Tours, that he might educate the people of France, both of high and low degree " and such fruits," says the historian, " did his learned labors produce that the modern Gauls, or Franks, were thought to equal the ancient Romans or Athenians."

After a long absence, the victorious Charlemagne returned to Gaul, and following the bent of his genius for wisdom he examined the people of his kingdom, both small and great, to learn their intellectual progress ; but found that, while the middle classes had advanced, those of noble descent had been barren in their mental culture. " Then," says the old Chronicler, " the wise monarch, imitating the eternal judge, placed those who had done well on his right hand and addressed them as follows :

" A thousand thanks, my sons, for your diligence in laboring according to my orders, and for your own good. Proceed, endeavor to perfect yourselves, and I will reward you with magnificent bishoprics ; and you shall be even honorable in my sight." Then he bent an angry countenance on those on his left hand, and troubling their conscience with a lightning look, with bitter irony, and thundering rather than speaking, he burst forth with this terrible apostrophe : " But for you, nobles, you sons of the great, delicate and petty minions, as you are, proud of your birth and your riches, you have neglected my orders, and your own glory, and the study of letters ; and have given yourselves up to ease, sports and idleness, or to worthless exercises."

After this preamble, raising on high his august head and his invincible arm, he fulminated his usual oath—

" By the King of Heaven. I care little for your nobility and beauty, however others may admire you ; and hold it for certain, that if you do not make amends for your negligence by vigilant zeal, you will never obtain anything from Charles."

But with all his love of the companionship of literary men and preference for strangers of mental culture, his ceaseless wars rendered it necessary for him to court the Germans—his own race—and hence he spoke their language, and always wore the German dress, for his armies were Germanic. " He was of large and stout frame, and of a just, and not disproportionate height, round-headed, with very large and quick eyes, his nose a little exceeding the moderate size, his neck thick and short, his belly rather protuberant, his voice clear but not consonant to his stature." He was married five times, and had many mistresses. The day before his death he finished correcting, with the assistance of some Greeks and Syrians, the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John ; and he was buried with the Gospel written in letters of gold in his own hand. Thus lived and died the mightiest man of the middle ages.

RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

" Every fox praises his own tail." " Go after two wolves and you will not catch even one." " A good beginning is half the work." " With God, even across the sea ; without Him, not even to the threshold." " Without cheating, no trading." " Money is not God, but it shows great mercy." " The deeper you hide a thing the sooner you find it." " If God don't forsake us, the pigs will not take us." " A debt is adorned by payment." " Roguery is the last of trade." " Never take the crooked path while you can see the straight one." " Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor." " Ask a pig to dinner, and he will put his feet on the table." " Disease comes in by hundred-weight, and goes out by ounces." " Every little frog is great in his own bog." " Be praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues." " When fish are rare, even a crab is a fish."

THE PAINTER AND THE ARTIST!

BY HENRY W. NAISBITT.

"I have used similitudes." Hosea 12. 10.
"To vindicate the ways of God to man."—MILTON.

Within a lofty, spacious, airy room
A noble painter stood. His studio this—
The lattice opened wide with trailing
Woodbine decked, whose pendant blossoms as they
Swayed, shed perfume far around.

Beneath his feet, the beauteous landscape spread,
Which bounded was by distant towering hills,
Whose summits bathed themselves in amber light :
'Twas such a scene as poet's passion crowns,
With ardent love !

The quivering air e'en seemed instinct with
Gorgeous jewelled life, and summer's
Incense rose from earth's broad altar to its
Maker, God ! Glad green verdure wrapped our
Mother in its soft embrace, while flowers
In rare luxuriance gemmed the verdant scene;
Dancing rills, and babbling streams made
Varied music, as each breeze but swelled or died !

And still the Painter stood,—
His outward gaze transfixed; his inward
Soul adored the hand which fashioned,
Painted, bid that glowing scene to be !

Silent, earnest reverence swelled within
His heaving breast, bursting the bounds of earth's
Grand temple, forced for itself a passage
Straight, where beauty hath its primal home
Within the palace of Creation's King !

The Painter turned to where his easel stood;
The paraphernalia of his art around
Was strewed, models of countless form which
Best had served to cultivate his taste
And swell incipient fame ; pallets and
Pencils, tools of every size and shape,
Colours of every hue and tint as found
In Nature's broad domain. Confusion seemed
To be, but purposed order reigned !

I marked his eye suffused; his form
Was bent, his knitted brow, and step of baffled
Power, the while with restless tread he seemed
To spurn those schoolboy aids as trifling toys,
For all his labours past had failed to write
On Fame's grand muster-roll his humble name.

The Painter turned again, but how transformed !
For inspiration drawn from Nature's living stream
Her perennial fount, has laved his wrinkled brow,

The fires of genius lit his steadfast eye,
His step elastic might have "walked the wind !"

An artist now, with compressed lip
Denoting purpose destined to be fulfilled,
Upon the canvas immortality to win !

He grasped the pencil, and his grand ideal
Soon in prophetic outline dimly gleamed ;
The wondrous work commenced, while idle
Gazers laughed to scorn his simple means,
And deemed the man was mad !

The hours and days, nay years
Swift rolled along, till gradual patient
Toil evoked from crude material
Startling forms of beauty, grace majestic,
Such as undeveloped mortal hath not dreamt,—
For *soul* was there, each as if breathed, and from
The fabric seemed as if they fain would start
To walk 'mongst men,—as Gods !

What varied tints and shades this sacred art
Hath given to life and use ; here, dark and glossy
As a raven's wing, there, as with pencil
Dipped in living light ; here, imperial
Purple, there cerulean blue ; here, like
The ruby's flash, and there, the emerald's green,
With countless intermediate grades
And lustre, needed for the labor of an
Artist's love !

The picture thus transferred from active mind
To outward show, now claims intense regard
And special care, the artist's highest skill
And power ; a slight touch here ; there, a darker
Shade, with general blending where the colours
Join 'till none so keen can say where this begins
Or that doth end ;—this softening, toning down
Bespeaks the master hand : o'er all he throws
The surface glaze, which hardening seems to bid
Defiance to old Time's corroding touch !

Upon the canvas now complete, behold
The work ! its subtle power and beauty
Men, in unborn time shall sway ; instinct
With life's ideal, and born of influx
From the fount of inspirations vast
Creative skill,—millions shall gaze and worship

As they weep, 'till centuries pile their ever
Ponderous weight, crumbling art's proudest triumphs
In the dust, sweeping the idol and the hosts
Who worshipped, where glad eternities unveil,
The real of man's ideal, the substance
Of the shade, where light for ever dwells !

Just such the secret of man's common life ;

That Power which poised the planets in their orbs,
Those central suns of systems grand, sublime :
Who formed the myriad satellites
Which circle there, prescribed the erratic
Course of comets through the fields of space,
And the majestic universe designed,
Hath deigned to look on Man!

He, on the fabric of the human soul
His outline forms, guards from the cradle with
A jealous care each individual one,
In every providence of fourscore years
His hand distinct we trace ; the lights and shadows
Of the weary years are His ; in suffering
Forming darkest lines, and in prosperity
The lines of light ; in every phase and change—
Through all combined,—the ideal grows apace!

The Master-Artist on life's pallet blends
Each circumstance and color ; here repressing,
There, an exaltation gives, and varied shades
Of character creates ; develops good,
And real evil curbs, by every wise device
Of friends, associates, teachers, rulers,
Social joys and precious gifts !

O'er all He throws the rich deep glow of pure
Religious mellow light: this blends life's
Colouring, rounds the angles o'er and grace
Imparts, 'till by its searching power it rules,
Preserves, and in the lapse of ages will
Secure the consummation of the grand
Design,—to form a man to be a son,
And heir, and thus develop—Gods !

For this, creation is; for this, each
Rounded orb, first formed, then tried, thus proved
And purified, when ruled by highest law !

For this, the eagle soars, the sparrow
Titters on the eaves ; for this, bright flowerets bloom,
The precious grains and luscious fruits abound !

For this, the sparkling fountain showers
Its crystal drops, the rills and rivers run
Their ordered course ; for this, the seas exist
And break their glistening waves on every strand !

For this—all elements combine, and myriad
Forms and grades of life are found, each in their
Sphere to minister to man, below the angels
Formed, yet destined to be crowned
With glory, honor, immortality
And power of endless lives !

The frivolous dreams of men are dross
To this, their aims are sordid all, their lives

Misspent; ours may it be by passive mood
 Or active aid, to win this higher stand
 The platform raised by Gods—for man,
 For man and Gods. Thus righteous progress
 Pioneers the path to happiness and life!

UTAH METHODISM.

THE history of Methodism in Utah, as also that of other denominations, properly belong to the varied subjects of a magazine devoted to Utah, her now mixed population and her civilization. Equally proper it may be deemed to give precedence to the Wesleyan branch, inasmuch as its ministry especially came to Utah on mission to the Mormons. There is, moreover, a very close original relationship between the Methodist Church and the bulk of the Mormon people, for thousands of them, as observed in another article, are of Wesleyan parentage and were themselves educated in Methodist Sunday Schools. This parent church has not effected great inroads upon the Mormon organization, but its missionary activities have been quite marked and extensive. Without undertaking an advocacy of the cause, it is our duty to give faithfully the record of Methodism in the Rocky Mountains, as it will be also a duty to do as much hereafter for other Christian denominations, whose evangelical and educational activities already afford considerable subject in the history of our Territory.

The pioneer evangel of Methodism in Utah was the Rev. G. M. Peirce. For authenticity and close detail, we cannot do better than to give what is pertinent to the subject from his official report of Utah Methodism, from the opening of the mission in Salt Lake City, May 8, 1870, to the organization of the Rocky Mountain Conference at its session in Salt Lake City, August 8-11, 1872.

To the Bishop and members of the Rocky Mountain Conference:

By resolution of the Conference, being requested to write upon our Mission history for publication in our Minutes, I have done the best I could, culling from my diary for the years 1870-71-72, giving the history from the formal opening of the mission, by the arrival of myself and family, May 8, 1870. I would have been glad to have had time to communicate with Rev. L. Hartsough (whose

residence, however, is unknown to me at the present time), to get a sketch of his "prospecting" tour in Utah, from his residence in Laramie, Wyoming Territory, I think, during the Fall and Winter of 1869-70, preaching, I believe, once or more in Wasatch, Ogden, Corinne, and Salt Lake City, and who accompanied myself and family on our arrival in Salt Lake City. I would have been glad to have conferred with Rev. C. C. Nichols, a local preacher, who, as railroad agent at Uintah, moved into the territory, I think, in September, 1869, and who, amid his railroad duties, intermingled miscellaneous missionary work. Other than these, I have no knowledge of preaching, by Methodist ministers, in the territory, before the opening of the mission, save by Bishop Kingsley and Rev. Brother Fisher, of Nevada, in their flying visit through the city some years since.

RESIDENT MISSIONARIES.

G. M. Peirce (Central New York Conference) entered his field of labor as missionary to Salt Lake City, May 8, 1870; received appointment from Bishop Ames, as Superintendent of Missions for Utah, June 13, 1870; directed by Bishop Ames to visit, occupy, and supervise all sections on and near Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads, outside of Utah, not occupied by preachers from the Colorado or Nevada Conference, November 21, 1871; appointed presiding elder of the Salt Lake District of the Rocky Mountain Conference, at its organization, August 8-11, 1872.

A. M. Danley (local preacher) employed to take charge for one week, of the Salt Lake Seminary, opened by Rev. G. M. Peirce, September, 12, 1870, the expected Principal not having arrived; employed to take charge of the mission at Ogden, September 21, 1870, previously opened with preaching by G. M. Peirce, in the passenger depot of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads, June 28, 1870; returned East, November 28, 1870.



G. M. Peirce.

Erastus Smith (local preacher) arrived at Salt Lake City, September 18, 1870, to take charge of Salt Lake Seminary; Principal of Salt Lake Seminary first three terms, or for the school Year 1870-71; employed to take charge of the mission at Tooele, which was opened with discourse by G. M. Peirce, July 13, 1871, as probationer in the Rocky Mountain Conference, appointed to Tooele and Ophir Circuits, August 11, 1872.

W. C. Damon (California Conference) entered on his work as preacher in charge Corinne Mission, September 24, 1870. For over a year, also Principal Corinne Seminary; remained in charge at Corinne, until the first session of the Rocky Mountain Conference, August 8-11, 1872, when he was transferred to the California Conference.

O. D. Teall (local preacher) employed to take charge of the mission at Ogden, and entered on his work November 28, 1870; remained in charge until August 11, 1872; also Principal Ogden Graded School of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Jas. B. Seymour (Illinois Conference) employed to take charge of the Evanston Circuit, which had been previously opened with preaching by G. M. Peirce, at Wasatch, June 2, 1870 and at Evanston, October, 19, 1870, and entered on his work May 24, 1871. Returned to Illinois, August 29, 1871.

F. S. Stein (local preacher) arrived in Salt Lake City, to take charge of the Salt Lake Seminary, August 3, 1871; also employed as assistant pastor Salt Lake City, April 1, 1872; remained in such positions until August 11, 1872, when, as probationer in the Rocky Mountain Conference, he was appointed Principal of the Rocky Mountain Conference Seminary (late Salt Lake Seminary) and preacher in charge Salt Lake Circuit.

J. M. Jameson (Ohio Conference) entered on his work as pastor Salt Lake City November, 1871; which position he occupied until August 11, 1872, when he was appointed presiding elder Corinne District, and preacher in charge Corinne Circuit.

C. C. Nichols (local preacher) employed to open and take charge of Ophir and Lewiston Missions; entered on his work February 1, 1872; remained until August 11, 1872.

T. S. Wren (local preacher) employ-

ed to open and take charge of Palisade Circuit Missions, Nevada; entered on his work April, 1872; remained in this position, in connection with the Utah Missions, until August 11, 1872, when himself and work were placed in connection with the Nevada Conference.

W. Carver (Minnesota Conference) employed to supply Corinne Circuit of the month of May, 1872.

CHURCHES, WITH PREVIOUS PLACES OF MEETING.

Salt Lake City.—First sermon, by resident missionary, G. M. Peirce, in Independence Hall, May 15, 1870, Drs. Hatfield and Fowler, of Chicago, being present, and also making remarks. Faust's Hall, an unfinished hay-loft over a livery-stable, in a rock building, 30 by 100 feet, was engaged, May 10, 1870, for one year, at \$600 a year. First meeting in Faust's Hall, May 22d: forty present. Occupied Faust's Hall until August 6th, 1871, inclusive. August 13th, commenced using the Liberal Institute, with preaching in the morning, and Sabbath-school at 2 P. M., the hall being used for other purposes in the evening. Commenced evening preaching again in the Salt Lake Seminary rooms, Main Street, September 3, 1871. Occupied the Liberal Institute and the Seminary in this way, for meetings, until December 31, 1871: on which last day, meetings were commenced in the basement rooms of the new Church. October 9th, received orders from Dr. Kynett to commence at once the basement of our church, according to plans furnished by Chas. Chapman, Chicago; meeting of trustees in response, October 10th: advertised for proposals, October 11th: contract let for basement of building, October 16th: broke ground for building, October 18th: exercises of the laying of the cornerstone, November 20th, 1871, address by Rev. G. M. Peirce. Opening services of basement rooms of new building, December 31, 1871. Addresses by Rev. J. M. Jameson, Rev. G. M. Peirce, Rev. F. S. Stein, and Rev. W. Carver. Money expended to opening services, over \$16,000: of which Church Extension Society donated us \$5,000 and loaned us other \$5,000.

Corinne.—First preaching by resident Methodist missionary, G. M. Peirce, June 15th, 1870. Preaching occasionally,

subsequently, in various places, until church built. During visit by Bishop Ames, Chaplain M'Cabe, and G. M. Peirce, after a sermon on the morning of July 17th, in the Opera house, by Bishop Ames, and in the evening, at the same place, by Chaplain M'Cabe, a subscription was started by Chaplain M'Cabe for a Methodist church in Corinne: \$1,100 was subscribed that evening. The next day, July 18th, \$400 additional subscription was secured by M'Cabe and Peirce. The same day a lot was selected, and advertisement prepared for proposals; July 19th, advertised for proposals; July 26th, contract let for the building of the church. Church dedicated by Chaplain M'Cabe, assisted by G. M. Peirce, September 20th 1870; this being the first regular church dedication in Utah. The church cost over \$4,000, of which the Church Extension Society paid \$1,000.

Ogden.—First meeting by resident missionary, G. M. Peirce, in passenger depot, Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads, June 28, 1870. Ogden Theatre building hired for four weeks, for meetings, at \$5 a Sabbath, September 22, 1870. When time expired, on October 11, Cordon's Hall engaged at \$12 a month. The last of December, Leavitt's Hall was engaged at \$18 a month. Hired present building owned by our society, May 1871; began meetings in this hall, June 4, 1871. Bought this property, with the concurrent advice of Bishop Ames, September 29, 1871. Price \$1,700; the Church Extension Society paid \$1,200 of this sum. A note was given for the balance by G. M. Peirce and O. D. Teall, for eight months. At the end of this time, Eliphalet and Philo Remington, Ilion, New York, with a slight assistance, lifted the principal of the note, and freed the church from debt.

Evanston.—Preaching here first by Rev G. M. Peirce, October 19, 1870. Church built here the summer of 1871. Cost about \$2,000, of which the Church Extension Society paid \$1,000, and the people of the place the balance. Settees furnished for the church by F. H. Root, and others, of Buffalo, New York, June, 1872.

SECULAR SCHOOLS.

Salt Lake Seminary, now Rocky Mountain Conference Seminary.—Started September 12, 1870, with one teacher and

twenty-eight students. At the close of the Spring Term, 1872, six teachers and two hundred students. Occupied Independence Hall first three terms; rooms on Main Street one term; subsequently the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Ogden Graded School.—Started January 3, 1871, with one teacher and six scholars. At the close of the Spring Term, 1872, three teachers and ninety-five students.

Tooele Academy.—Started September, 1871. At the close of the Spring Term, 1872, two teachers and forty-five students.

Before closing this history of our "primitive Methodism" I desire to make my special acknowledgment to Bishop Ames—who has been my presiding or supervising Bishop during the mission condition of our work in Utah, and by whom myself and family were engaged for our work—for the never-failing words of sympathy and encouragement and confidence and approbation with which his letters have been filled, supporting and inspiring us in all, and amid all; and to Chaplain M'Cabe, who has been, with the Bishop, our never-failing support, under God, in time of trouble, who, in Utah, as elsewhere, is manifesting a commendable fidelity in the execution of his evidently Divine Commission to secure to the waste places in our country, shrines for the worship of the living God; and to the Remington Bros. for their open hands and large hearts, that have always been true to us in our necessities; and to brothers William Hoyt, of New York, and F. H. Root and Wesley Love, of Buffalo, who have put us, as a mission, under lasting obligations to themselves by their liberal contributions; and to Gen. C. C. Clements and brother J. M. Moore, of Salt Lake City, who, like Robert Morris, in Revolutionary times, in the great struggle of our country for independence, have always come to our rescue financially, with the use of their credit, in times in our history that "tried men's souls," and kept the mission on its feet; and above all, to God, the ever-present Father, who has been our all in all.

G. M. PEIRCE,
Late Superintendent Methodist Episcopal Missions in Utah.
SALT LAKE CITY, August 30, 1872.

ORGANIZATION OF THE CONFERENCE.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN CONFERENCE

of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was organized in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, August 8, 1872, its session continuing for four days.

The following were the members composing the Conference, namely :

G. M. Peirce,	J. M. Jameson,
J. A. Van Anda,	C. P. Lyford,
W. C. Damon,	D. G. Strong,
T. C. Iliff,	

D. G. Strong was transferred from the Central Ohio Conference.

James M. Jameson was chosen Secretary, and Daniel G. Strong was chosen Assistant Secretary.

The following Committees were appointed, namely :

On Public Worship—G. M. Peirce.

On Church Extension—J. A. Van Anda.

On Education—C. P. Lyford.

On Missions—G. M. Peirce, J. A. Van Anda, and J. M. Jameson.

On Sunday School, Tract and Bible Cause—D. G. Strong.

On Freedmen—J. M. Jameson.

On Temperance—G. M. Peirce.

Committee of Examiners—J. M. Jameson, and D. G. Strong.

Committee. on the organization of a Conference Missionary Society, and of a Conference Church Extension Society, C. P. Lyford, and J. A. Van Anda.

G. M. Peirce, Superintendent of Utah Missions, gave a full and interesting account of the commencement, progress, and present state of the work in Utah, after which, on motion, his character was passed by the Conference.

J. A. Van Anda, Superintendent of Montana Missions, gave a statement of the work in Montana Territory, after which, on motion, his character was passed by the Conference.

The characters of W. C. Damon, T. C. Iliff, J. M. Jameson, C. P. Lyford, and D. G. Strong were severally examined and passed.

G. M. Peirce and J. A. Van Anda were appointed a Committee on Statistics.

Rev. Charles C. Stratton, having arrived from Oregon Conference, was introduced to the Conference, and appointed on the Committee on Education.

The reports of Committees on Education, on Freedmen, on Temperance, and on the Organization of a Conference Missionary Society were read and adopted.

The First Question of the General Minutes was taken up, namely, "Who are admitted on trial?" and the following brethren came duly recommended as suitable persons to be admitted on trial into the traveling connection, namely : Hugh Duncan, Frederick S. Stein, and Erastus Smith ; and they were admitted on trial.

As brother Hugh Duncan was not before the Examination Committee of the Conference, the following resolution was adopted :

Resolved, That in view of the peculiarities of the case, the usual examination for admission on trial in the Conference be dispensed with in his case.

On motion, brothers G. M. Peirce and J. A. Van Anda were requested to prepare a written history of the missionary work in their respective districts, to be entered on the Conference Journal, and printed in the Minutes.

The report of the Committee on the Organization of a Conference Church Extension Society was read and adopted.

The recommendation of Frederick S. Stein for deacon's orders was presented, and, on motion, he was elected to the office of deacon.

On motion, the Secretaries of the Conference were appointed a Committee on the Publication of Minutes.

The Conference was then addressed by Revs. A. M. Fisher, of Nevada Conference, Conrad Van Dusen, of the Wesleyan Conference of Canada, and C. C. Nichols, of Utah.

The reports of Committee on Missions, the Committee on Sunday-school, Tract, and Bible Cause, and the Committee on Statistics were read and adopted.

The Seventeenth Question of the General Minutes was taken up, namely, "Where and when shall our next Conference be held?" and Salt Lake City was chosen as the place. Time not given.

The following Committees were appointed by the Bishop :

To Examine Candidates for Admission on Trial—C. P. Lyford.

First Year—D. G. Strong.

Second Year—J. A. Van Anda.

Third Year—G. M. Peirce.

Fourth Year—C. C. Stratton.

Local Preachers for Orders—J. M. Jameson.

To Preach the Annual Missionary Ser-

mon—J. M. Jameson. *Alternate*—J. A. Van Anda.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Conference be returned to the families of this city who have entertained us, and the friends who have aided in making our stay pleasant among them, and that we cordially invoke upon them and theirs the choicest blessings of the God of all grace and consolation.

C. C. SRATTON,
D. G. STRONG.

Resolved, That we highly appreciate the services of our beloved Bishop, R. S. Foster, D. D., in his first episcopal visitation among us, and that, in the providence of God, we hope he may be permitted to preside over this Conference in the near future, under much more favorable auspices. J. A. VAN ANDA.

After the public religious services, by C. P. Lyford, the Bishop addressed the Conference in an impressive and profitable manner, and read the Appointments for the preachers. The Doxology was sung, and Conference adjourned, with the benediction by the Bishop; and these ministers of God went forth to the work of their Master.

REPORT ON EDUCATION.

Christianity and education are the two great elements of civilization; both necessary to the happiness and well-being of any people, and the stability of good government. The "new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness," is not complete "till it is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him."

It has ever been, and now is, the aim of Protestant Christianity to educate the masses, not merely in the doctrines and dogmas of the Church, but in science and literature, and in every department of Christian learning; thus uniting with salvation from sin and restoration to sonship in the Divine family the greatest expansion and elevation of the human character.

It is with great pleasure, therefore, that we contemplate the character, extent, and blessed results of our educational work within the limits of our Conference.

The Salt Lake Seminary has been greatly prospered under the supervision of Professor F. S. Stein as Principal, and Mrs. Stein as Preceptress.

The school consists of four departments, namely: the Academic, the Grammar, the Intermediate, and the Primary. It has employed a corps of six teachers, and its list of students has contained about two hundred names, with an average attendance of about one hundred and seventy-five. Its friends expect that the number will rather be increased than diminished. This school has been, in a very important sense, a powerful auxiliary to all our missionary work in this region. And, from the nature of our surroundings, it must continue to be one of our most efficient agencies for success.

The school at Ogden, under the control of Rev. O. D. Teall and wife, has had an enrollment of about — pupils, and is deserving of the sympathy, prayers, and co-operation of all our friends.

We have also a fine school of about forty scholars at Tooele, carefully managed and ably taught by Rev. Erastus Smith and wife. We expect that this school will also be greatly blessed as a means of good to the families of Tooele.

Other schools are contemplated, and we believe that the children of to-day will in future years bless God for the missionary work of the Methodist Episcopal Church within the bounds of the Rocky Mountain Conference.

In conclusion, your Committee would submit to the Conference the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That all our ministers be requested to attend to the educational work of their several fields, to the fullest extent possible, not neglecting, however, the establishment of Churches and Sunday-schools, and the preaching of the Gospel.

2. *Resolved*, That the Salt Lake Seminary be recognized as a child of the Conference, and hereafter be known as the Rocky Mountain Conference Seminary.

3. *Resolved*, That the following brethren be appointed visitors to this Seminary, namely: Rev. D. G. Strong, Rev. C. P. Lyford, and Hon. J. B. McKean.

4. *Resolved*, That in view of the vast importance of this institution to our whole work, we commend it to the sympathy and support of the ministers, members, and friends of the Rocky Mountain Conference.

5. *Resolved*, That a Board of Stewards, consisting of five persons, be appointed by the Chair, of which the Principal of

the school shall be a member. The Board shall have the management of the affairs of the school, employ teachers, determine the amount to be paid for instruction and for other purposes, and make a detailed annual report to the Conference of the condition of the school and its financial affairs.

The following persons were appointed as the Board of Stewards: C. P. Lyford, D. G. Strong, J. B. M'Kean, J. M. Moore, and the Principal of the school.

C. P. LYFORD, }
C. C. STRATTON, } *Committee.*

REPORT ON FREEDMEN.

Your Committee on the Freedmen has had the subject under consideration, and would recommend to the Conference the adoption of the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That we feel a lively interest in the cause of the millions of freedmen in our land, and have rejoiced greatly in the efforts made by our people through the Freedmen's Aid Society, and other ways, for the religious and educational elevation of this large portion of our fellow citizens; and that, as a Conference, and as individuals, we will do all we can in this great work.

2. *Resolved*, That we have taken great pleasure in the remarkable success of the people of color in the states and territories, both religiously, educationally, and materially; and that we recommend their cause to the sympathy, benevolence, and liberality of our people.

J. M. JAMESON, *Committee.*

REPORT ON TEMPERANCE.

Whereas, the evils of intemperance exist in this country to a most alarming extent, and seem to be on the increase:

1. *Resolved*, That, as ministers of Christ, we feel called upon to speak and act against this great evil and growing crime; and that we will not cease our hostility to intemperance until a permanent reformation is effected.

2. *Resolved*, That we recommend to the members of this Conference that every preacher preach as often as in his judgment it is necessary on Temperance, and labor thus, and though the circulation of temperance literature, and in every other proper way, for the removal of this evil.

G. M. PEIRCE, *Committee.*

REPORT ON THE ORGANIZATION OF A CONFERENCE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Your Committee would most respectfully offer the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That we now organize ourselves into a Conference Missionary Society, to be known as the Rocky Mountain Conference Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

2. *Resolved*, That the following persons constitute our Board of Officers:

J. M. Jameson, D. D., *President.*

G. M. Peirce, *Vice-President.*

D. G. Strong, *Secretary.*

C. P. Lyford, *Treasurer.*

Managers—J. M. Jameson, D. D., Rev. C. C. Stratton, Rev. J. A. Van Anda, Rev. C. P. Lyford, Rev. G. M. Peirce.

3. *Resolved*, That J. M. Jameson, D. D., be appointed to preach the Missionary Sermon, and Rev. J. A. Van Anda be alternate.

4. *Resolved*, That the Secretary of the above Society be directed to correspond with the Parent Society, and procure the usual forms of Constitution etc., and present the same at the next annual session of this Conference for adoption.

J. A. VAN ANDA, }
C. P. LYFORD, } *Committee.*

CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY.

Whereas, the Church Extension Society has, by its agency, greatly assisted feeble Churches now within the bounds of this Conference, and has proved itself preeminently adapted to the work it proposes to do in this country, elsewhere; therefore,

1. *Resolved*, That we pledge it our hearty co-operation, and that we will take up a collection in all our charges for Church Extension purposes.

2. *Resolved*, That we are very favorably impressed with the plans of the Society and the work it has accomplished, as set forth in the report of the Society.

3. *Resolved*, That the following persons be appointed the Board of Church Extension for the Conference:

Hon. J. B. M'Kean, *President.*

Rev. J. A. Van Anda, *Vice-President.*

Rev. C. C. Stratton, *Secretary.*

Rev. W. Carver, *Treasurer.*

Managers—Rev. C. P. Lyford, Hon. J. B. M'Kean, Rev. G. M. Peirce, Rev. D. G. Strong, J. M. Moore.

J. A. VAN ANDA, }
C. P. LYFORD, } *Committee.*

REPORT ON THE BIBLE, TRACT, AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL CAUSE.

Your Committee, to whom was referred the subject of the Bible, Tract, and Sabbath-school Cause, beg leave to submit the following :

The imperfect state of things within the bounds of this Conference makes it impossible to prepare a very satisfactory report. The statistical returns of brothers Peirce and Van Anda, Superintendents of the Utah and Montana Missions, show a very healthy growth in our Sabbath-schools. There are now twelve schools organized within the bounds of the Conference with 733 scholars;

Whereas, These agencies are among the most promising in our hands; therefore, be it

Resolved, That as a body of ministers, we pledge our earnest endeavors to increase their efficiency within the bounds of our Conference; and unite in most devout prayer to the great Head of the Church, that He would continue to pour upon us and our labors the Holy Ghost.

DANIEL G. STRONG, *Committee*.

UTAH STATISTICAL REPORT.

Members	106
Probationers	14
Churches	4
Probable value	\$30,000
Parsonages	1
Probable value	\$1,500
Sabbath-schools	7
Officers and Teachers	30
Scholars	458
Sunday-school Advocates taken .	260
Good News taken	305
Money raised for Sabbath-school purposes	\$238

The history of Methodism from the close of the first conference will be given in our next. We end our present article on the subject with a brief biographical sketch of the life of the pioneer missionary of Methodism in Utah.

G. M. PEIRCE.

Gustavas Marshall Peirce was born at Rome, New York, March 14, 1835. He was prepared for college at the Rome Academy; and graduating at Union College, Schenectady, New York, July, 1855, was admitted to the bar as attorney and counsellor, April, 1856. In July of that year, he entered the Methodist Episcopal Ministry, and in the sum-

mer of 1862 was elected vice-president of the Union Academy, Belleville, New York. This was a boarding seminary of two hundred students, and Mr. Peirce retained his office in that academy for three years. He was elected Principal of the Jordan Academy, near Syracuse, New York. Re-entering the ministry soon after, he was stationed for two years in Wayne County, N. Y., where Mormonism first arose, at the expiration of which time he returned to Syracuse and remained there three years. At the close of the pastorate there, Mr. Peirce was sent to Salt Lake City to inaugurate the missionary work of the Methodist Episcopal Church among the Mormons; and served as superintendent of Missions and as Presiding Elder successively for nearly six and a half years. In 1876, he started the *Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate* as editor and publisher; and is still engaged in that work while conducting a growing book and stationery business, in Salt Lake City. He is also a member of the California Conference of the M. E. Church, and has charge of the Book and Tract Repository here.

EMELINE B. WELLS.

INTELLECTUALLY considered, it would be an unpardonable sin to construct a magazine devoted to the recording of the memorable life-works of the representative personages of a country, and yet ignore the woman-half of society. The lives of the Representative Women of Utah shall surely be treated from time to time until the pen wielded in their service shall have produced, it is to be hoped, a biographical encyclopædia not unworthy of them. Nor is the design to treat merely the Mormon Representative Women; for gallant service from the author is equally due to the leading Gentile ladies of our country. Precedence, however, may in an historical magazine very properly be given to the women who first settled these once desert valleys of the Rocky Mountains and who bore the heat and burden of the day ere the railroad came and the Utah mines were opened, giving to our Territory its present mixed and more highly conditioned society. Important events also—sometimes the novelties of events—suggest the characters for the pen, and in this view Emeline B.

Wells, editor of the *Woman's Exponent*, comes up as the principal personage against whom a Mandamus from the Supreme Court of Utah Territory was issued with the intent of the affiant, George R. Maxwell, to render inoperative the Utah Female Suffrage Bill, and of the judges, perhaps, to bring into the Supreme Court of the Territory a test case. The subject was one of rare importance; but in this article we would centre the interest in the lady herself rather than be led into a lengthy discussion of the merits of the knotty question. The present effort is not an argument on sociology or political economy but a biography of a Representative Utah Woman.

Mrs. Wells, the editor, like many prominent Mormon women to be mentioned, is of Puritan descent, being a native of New England, and of pure English extraction. Her family name was Woodward, and she was born in Petersham, Mass. February 29, 1828. At an early age she began to manifest a penchant for literature, and while in her teens produced many literary fragments that, as if by manifest destiny, pointed in the direction of her present profession. In 1842 she was baptized into the Mormon Church. It is needless to say that this was a cause of mortification to her many associates and friends, and especially so to a select few, whose appreciative kindness had pictured a glowing future for the young literateur. Her mother, who was also a convert to the Mormon faith, fearing that the persuasions of friends might lead her into error, sent her to Nauvoo, in the spring of 1844, that she might be away from their influence. The people to whom her mother confided her, apostatized shortly after her arrival, but Emeline remained steadfast. Some time thereafter she became a plural wife. In the exodus, her mother, who had joined her the year before, succumbed under the accumulation of hardships that the saints had then to undergo, and, dying, joined the immortal company of martyrs who fell in those days of trial.

At winter quarters she was engaged in teaching, until her journey to the valley in 1848. Here, since the organization of relief societies, and more especially since the women of Utah obtained the right of suffrage, she has employed a

large portion of her time in public labors, for the benefit and elevation of woman.

But it is as the Editor and Conductor of the *Woman's Exponent* that Mrs. Emeline B. Wells has made her representative mark, and for which position and society importance she was chosen as the head and front of the Utah Woman's suffrage organization in the political assault against it several months ago.

The *Woman's Exponent* itself was established June 1st, 1872. Its first editor was Mrs. Levi Richards, Jun., and the date of its starting may have had a designed reference of honor to the birthday of Brigham Young, the lady in question being the late President's niece. Moreover Eliza R. Snow was its substantial founder, and the delicate act of tribute to Brigham is very like "Eliza's" polished methods. The *Exponent* is published by the women of the Mormon Church having a company organization, of which Eliza R. Snow is president. Mrs. Emeline B. Wells for years has been its practical editor, Mrs. Levi Richards having at an early period resigned the professional career for the more sacred duties of wife and mother.

But the birds will sing, for Nature's song is in them, and Nature sings not alone for home, so the birds must leave their nests and soar and sing. We met a lady "medium" once who, when she was in "trance" and her canary in the cage sang divinely, scolded the bird pleasantly by the name of "Professor" much as though she intended to say the soul of some great professor was caged in that tiny feathered creature, yet would sing with all his might to compel the world within the compass of his voice to hear his notes. So must the poet write and the painter paint, and Nature's musicians play and sing—the bird and Haydn alike. And they are all alike cursed with everlasting fidelity to their profession. They never give it up. In old age, as in youth, their fate clings to them. With more of the mother and the father, the wife and the husband in them than those healthily impressed with domestic duties, they feel nothing so sacred as the divine curse of their genius which God wills them to manifest for the great world's good. Your true musicians will sing and play when worlds are crashing and imitate the harmonies in

their awful sympathy ; our great painters will paint the veritable "Judgment Day" when it comes, and Milton will write his epic upon the "Consummation of All Things," though Infinite Night should set in upon him at the close. Nay, the children of genius never give up their profession until self and soul go out in the darkness and chaos.

Emeline B. Wells was the *Woman's Exponent* from the beginning. Eliza R. Snow was doubtless the mother, but Emeline was the daughter. The circumstances of her life did not bring her out into a professional career until she had passed middle age ; nevertheless, she came to her work with the fresh rich nature of an unexhausted woman. To speak plainly, no woman must be old when she begins the professional life of a poet and an editor, much less if she is also to be a "woman's exponent." The profession requires all the fine sentiment, richness of fancy, quick sympathy, rare enthusiasm and deathless devotion possible to human beings, besides a lifetime of wear and endurance in the person undertaking it ; and yet Emeline B. Wells has, during the last eight years, shown herself not only fitted by Nature for the profession but equal to sustain its frightfully exhaustive work.

At the onset, the *Woman's Exponent* was looked upon by the public generally as a very unimportant affair and treated by some of the kindest disposed brethren as a woman's whim,—harmless to be sure, and therefore to be tolerated for "their" dear sakes. But *this* "Woman's Exponent," as it exists to-day, representing fifty thousand organized women, has become quite "an American Institution." The fact is, it wields more real power in our politics than all the newspapers in Utah put together—Gentile and Mormon—for it not only represents the political influence of fifty thousand women at home, but sent abroad on its mission as the *authorized* exponent of the enfranchised women of Utah it can call a million women of America to the help of its cause. This is precisely the view which gave such importance to the recent movement of the Utah Liberals to disfranchise the women of Utah. Mrs. Wells may, perhaps, hereafter look upon that precious mandamus as her *special* call to a mission to champion the woman's cause, she having in her seven

years' probation proven herself worthy of the part as well as equal to its future performance. The quick impulse and lively action of "Aunt Emeline," as we familiarly style her, proved that she was the woman for the occasion. She immediately telegraphed to the Gentile sisterhood in the States, and answers came flying back from some of America's famous women and acknowledged leaders of their national suffrage movement. The following is a clipping from the *Boston Woman's Journal* :

"AN ALLEGED CONSPIRACY."

"Mrs. Emeline B. Wells telegraphs us from Salt Lake City, under date of September 28, that 'A Mandamus has been issued from the Supreme Court upon the Registrar, with the object of effecting a disfranchisement of the women of Utah.' We can hardly believe that so gross an outrage will be attempted. If it should be, we hope it will be resisted by every possible moral and legal means. Any political party that conspires to deprive American citizens of their legal rights of Suffrage should be annihilated by the just indignation of every honest man and woman."

The personal answers were still more suggestive, for they indicated the vast power which we have affirmed the women of Utah hold in political affairs, not only in this Territory but in the nation, so far as the suffrage movement extends. Had the women of Utah been disfranchised, a million American women would have been in arms upon the question !

But, as we have said, we are not writing a political article on the women of Utah ; but simply a biographical and professional sketch. Mrs. Wells wears the colors to-day ; and she has fairly won them. That is the point which may be gallantly made in the lady's favor. It is true we must always remember that she is acting under the direction of Eliza R. Snow, and in concert with such strong representative women as Mrs. M. I. Horne, Sarah Kimball, Hannah T. King, Mrs. Howard and other leading Mormon ladies, too numerous to mention now, though hereafter we shall meet many of them familiarly in our biographical sketches. It may be said, also, in passing to a close of this sketch, that the *Woman's Exponent* has quite a galaxy of writers. On some fit-

ting occasion we design an exhaustive review of their writings, both prose and poetry, and believe that our readers will be astonished and delighted with the quantity of real gems to be gathered for a literary setting from the volumes of the *Woman's Exponent*.

Of Mrs. Emeline B. Wells' talents as a writer we have a high opinion. She wields a versatile and clever pen. True, her subjects are not as lofty and sweeping as those of Eliza R. Snow, nor her poetic tones as sonorous and Hebraic, but her literature has more of the popular style and she is, perhaps, better than any other woman in Utah suited for the editorial profession. In fine, as a poet and an editor, Emeline B. Wells has already made a representative mark.

HANNAH TAPFIELD KING.

IN this lady we have combined a woman of talent and character. She is from England, where she was converted to the Mormon faith, but for the last quarter of a century she has been a leading light among the Utah sisterhood. The early days of Mrs. King were passed in the learned city of Cambridge, England, and she still retains in her manner much of the classicality of that rare city which gave the original toning of her womanly character. Of her life and connections with Mormonism she says :

"In 1849, while living in my home in Dernford Dale, Cambridgeshire, England, my attention was first brought to the serious consideration of Mormonism by my seamstress. She was a simple-minded girl; but her tact and respectful ingenuity in presenting the subject won my attention, and I listened, not thinking or even dreaming that her words were about to revolutionize my life.

"I need not follow up the thread of my thought thereafter; how I struggled against the conviction that had seized my mind; how my parents and friends marveled at the prospect of my leaving the respectable church associations of a lifetime and uniting with 'such a low set'; how I tried to be content with my former belief, and cast the new out of mind, but all to no purpose. Suffice it to say I embraced the gospel, forsook the aristocratic associations of the 'High Church' congregation with which I had long been united, and became an associate with the poor and meek of the earth.

"I was baptized Nov. 4th, 1850, as was also my beloved daughter. My good husband, although not persuaded to join the church, consented to emigrate with us to Utah, which we did in the year 1853, bringing quite a little company with us at Mr. King's expense."

Mrs. Hannah T. King is the true type of the English lady. No one can meet her without being struck with the presence and dignity which ever characterizes the English lady—should we find her in any part of the globe, either in poverty or wealth. There is something decidedly aristocratic in the personal air and bearing of Mrs. King. Her style is not affected, but was cultivated in her youth, and it sits on her now like the relic of her former social caste. We remember her over thirty years ago, in Cambridge. At that time her connection with the Mormon Church gave in itself a respectability to the Cambridge Branch. Even at that day she was a literary woman and one of the personal correspondents of the celebrated English poetess, Eliza Cook. Probably the charm of the history of Columbus led across the mighty waters "by the angel of God," gave to her Mormon life a romance, for she was about to follow him to the New World of promise. The suggestion of this view of the lady is repeatedly met in her writings and speeches, as the following poems will illustrate. The first is a picture of Queen

ISABELLA.

Oh, Woman! Genius, power, kingdoms,
Thrones—with all their charm and prestige—

Sceptres, subjects, ministering spirits,
Hover round thy footsteps, to watch thine eye,

To catch thy lightest word, and that obey;
To stand in highest altitude, erect and firm,

And ne'er turn dizzy with the regal height;

Who still is WOMAN—still her nature holds
Pure, unsullied, as a queen should be;

Who has an ear for truth, for genius,
In whatsoever form it come, though stript

Of worldly grandeur—all the world calls
great;

And standing, like the imperishable obelisk

Of far famed Egypt, alone, unread,
With nought to herald it but that intense,

That persevering genius God bestows
On those He singles out to do His work—
His work on earth, where man His agent is,
And woman too, his partner and comate
In all the grand, essential moves upon
The mighty chess-board of the game of
life.

Such was Isabella, sovereign of Castile
And queen of Ferdinand and Spain.
To Ferdinand—himself a king—she
brought

Her throne, her kingdom, subjects, and
herself

And laid them at the feet of him to whom
More, more than all, she gave her loving
heart,

A gem of which a monarch might be
proud ;

And he—most rarely found—proved
worthy

Of all the wealth she showered on his head.
They lived, and loved, and reigned con-
jointly,

Hand and heart united in their regal work,
When lo ! a man in humble guise presents
Himself and with them craves an audience.

He is admitted. In person, regal
As the pair to whom he is presented ;

She has an eye at once to read the man ;
A heart to feel he bears upon his form

The duplicate of HIM who gave the mis-
sion,

And sustained throughout, in every need,
the man.

Ferdinand gave attention—Isabella,
Enthusiasm. She felt the very man of God
A messenger direct, and hence prepared
To learn his mission and obey his voice.
Columbus spoke ! and then at once a
queen

Stood forth as the apostle of his cause ;
A queen, a woman, a proselyte of truth—
A truth that did enrich his day and age,
Was first received by woman's gentle
heart.

Isabella was that woman ; and she
Never wavered, but until death was true.
Before her Court's indifference, before
His enemies, or his reverses, she
Believed him true, and was, upon the
throne,

His proselyte, and to the grave, his friend.

Ferdinand, in this, was worldly-minded ;
Isabella saw, with spirit eyes, he
Was a man of destiny ! a man of God !
And told the men appointed to inves-
tigate

The claims Columbus advocated,

That they were haggling with God the
price of

Empire, and of souls, whom to idolatry
Their infidelity would leave. The King
Had not the faith that he could meet ex-
pense

So mighty as a naval outfit for
The man who, in returning, promised
An empire that should astound the world
And ages yet unborn.

Isabella listened to the colloquy ; then
with a

Burst of heavenly enthusiasm, cried ; •

“ I will undertake the enterprise alone

For my crown of Castile : I will pawn
My diamonds and my jewels—in my eyes
Most worthless, compared with what is
offered

By this great, good man, whom God hath
sent to us. ”

This noble burst of woman's feelings
triumphed.

The king, chagrined, consented to in-
spect

His treasury and see what could be done.

“ Disinterestedness is the true wisdom

Of great politicians. ” Columbus
Was re-called. He bowed at the feet of
her

Who'd nobly won for him the victory.

His soul was full of sweet emotions,

And she wept tears upon his noble head.

Ferdinand was moved, and ratified the
deed,

And into unknown seas the explorer
passed.

—
This is accompanied by the poet's
companion picture of

COLUMBUS.

A moment let me view, as on the disk
Of mental vision, and by the aid of
Memory's mystic gift, the portrayal
History draws of this most patient man.

The majesty of man in him behold !

His statue tall, erect and powerful.

Ever towering above his fellows ;

He wore a bland, yet thoughtful counten-
ance,

The impress bearing divinity ;

Pale by study, browned by sun and sea ;

No levity or carelessness were trac'd

Upon his form or visage—every gesture

Gravity and deliberation showed.

Among the potentates he stood a king.

Though poverty enwrap'd him round
with pride !

The majesty, that as a mantle covered him.

The prime of life he scarcely had attained,

Yet mental care had prematurely bleached His auburn locks, and streaks of gray appeared.

His voice, deep, sonorous and impressive, Like one accustomed to profound reflection.

He wore a modest self respect, the aspect Of a worshipper in audience of Diety.

Columbus! yes, 'tis he whose name has rung

Throughout the circumnavigated globe! Strange that the hemisphere exhumed by him,

And placed as "beacon on a hill" before The wond'ring world, bears not his noble name!

His great, his noble, mystic, thrilling name!

—Like imbecile ingratitude this seems;

But no matter; he has yet a FUTURE!

And among the harmonies of heaven Myriads yet will tune their golden harps In praise to him, endowed of God, and sent

To bring before the world a hidden land. And foreordained to cradle gospel fruit, And be the nursery of the First-born's church.

Columbus! blessed genius! blessed name! God's instrument for a work stupendous! Isabella, with all her strong convictions, Her warm and rational enthusiasm, And all the whisperings within her heart, E'en SHE dreamed not the glory of her work!

She saw earthly empires and present good, And in a measure that was right and true; But little did she dream GOD'S KINGDOM Was to rise from out the empire Columbus

Was impelled to seek and resurrect.

"God's kingdom cometh not with observation."

The work progressed, the day has dawned, And light breaks in upon the mystic world

That Isabella and Columbus organized: Their names shall be entwined forever, And Ferdinand the TRIO shall complete. Pioneers of untold glory were they; God worked with them to impel them on— Hence nought could daunt them.—On, and on they went,

And he, the instrument, was made to bear

Calumny, and scorn, and pinching poverty,

And the imputation, "thou art mad!"

Maniac, dreamer, visionary man!

And thus he lived, assuring them of truth,

Till youth was gone and much of manhood's prime,

Until a woman God inspired to hear

The message he for years had yearned to tell

A regnant queen his helpmeet was to be; And she his mission nobly did endorse, And unto death remained his firm ally.—

How strange an atheist is man! Show him A new truth and he will spurn you from his door,

He rarely says, Reason, be thou my guide. I will investigate, and then decide;

But no; it comes in contact with my views,

My theory, and my understanding;

The "canon's full," and I am also full,

Being fed on such a nutriment. I

On such a canon, hence, will live and die— Such was my father's creed, and therefore, mine.

Such is the logic of the worldly wise, And such the "Daniels" in the judgment seat!

So truth is veiled till God sees fit to tear The mummy wrapping, and His truth declare.

Then those who've crushed conviction rise to truth

And worship her with all the warmth of youth,

And then she'll reign immortal and foraye, And all her mandates they with joy obey.

These poems suggest that Hannah T. King loves exalted subjects and noble characters. She evidently is enchanted with the truly royal part of Isabella as well as in profound sympathy with the genius and mission of Columbus. She clearly shows the wish that she could be an Isabella and find a Columbus for whom to pawn her crown jewels and send him on his glorious mission. Hannah T. King is created with the soul of a patroness; and this view of her suggests another exemplification of the English lady; for every real English lady loves to play the part of patroness to struggling genius or men of merit. 'Tis a blessed thing for English civilization that it has been so.

WOMAN A CITIZEN.

DURING the interval preceding the decision in the Supreme Court of Utah on the woman question, intense excitement prevailed in our city, and the women most concerned in the motion to disfranchise them, as noticed elsewhere, telegraphed to the leaders of the female suffrage movement in the East. Meantime, also, the leaders of the movement in Utah spoke to the question. The following is a communication to the *Woman's Exponent* from a lady of considerable character and force :

"I wish to express my indignation at the movement now being made to disfranchise the women of Utah, basing their arguments on the very weak plea that women do not pay taxes. Now, I claim that women do pay taxes with their husbands, as they are partners in the property which they hold ; for if the man dies, the woman is called on to pay taxes on the property, the same as before. Now you see it is not the individual that is taxed, but the property, whether owned by man or woman.

"Another plea is, that women are not citizens. If they are not citizens, what, in the name of common sense, are they? Will some wise man, who knows more about women, than women know about themselves, explain? One will say they do not pay poll tax. Well, if they do not go out to work on the road, they prepare the food to sustain those who do, and by that labor pay their share of that tax. Have not women labored hard and endured hardships to build up this Territory and make homes for their families? Their labors as citizens have been acknowledged by our legislators, and they gave them the right of franchise, which privilege they have enjoyed and honored for ten years. Now an opposition is made by one whose title should imply manhood—but witness the cowardice of the act to attack women, whom men profess to defend. This affidavit asserts that women are not legal voters, demanding that the names of all women be struck off the registration list of voters. I cannot tell you with what contempt I look upon men who seek to oppress the weak because they have the might. Shame on such an American citizen !

M. ISABELLA HORNE,"

A number of ladies, besides Mrs.

Horne, wrote indignant communications which to quote would make our article too documentary ; but the following comprehensive remark of Mrs. Hannah T. King is worthy of special note ; she says :

"We have always esteemed the Franchise as a great boon to woman ; and realize it has been a great blessing to us. It has conferred a responsibility that has excited reflection and given dignity to character ; it has broadened the brain and expanded the heart of the recipients."

Contrary to the expectation of many, but creditable to their common sense as well as their judicial character, two of the judges who sat upon the case ruled in favor of the women.

The subject of the disfranchisement of the enfranchised woman is worthy of an elaborate sociological treatment ; and therefore we will defer the discussion, but cannot let pass without emphasis, the capital remark of Mrs. M. I. Horne :

"Another plea is that women are not citizens. If they are not citizens, what, in the name of common sense, are they?"

The great question to be decided is not : Are the wives and daughters of the American citizen endowed with the right of franchise by this Utah female suffrage act—not whether the monogamic wife or the polygamic wife shall cast the legal vote—but is Woman an American Citizen?

Mrs. Horne's question touches the core ! We have talked too much in Utah about women being endowed by their husbands and fathers with the right of suffrage, and hence it has been made an anti-polygamic point. Mrs. Horne has hit it better. Woman is a citizen in her own right, and, therefore, she is entitled to the suffrage. Marriage cannot, in any sound interpretation of law, make her a citizen. Let us confess it and base her rights on more fundamental grounds. That part of our female suffrage act which makes her dependent upon the man for her political endowment is certainly defective. We shall doubtless rectify this in our State economy. Mrs. Horne's argument on the tax qualification is very sound and so also is her affirmation of the equality of woman with man in property and the whole affairs of society. Therefore is woman by right equally with man a citizen of the commonwealth. And thus, sooner or later, she will be acknowledged in every civilized nation.

THE MORMON STOCK.

THE people who have formed the Mormon Church had been educated by the Hebrew Bible, and their minds cast by its influence, long before they saw the book of Mormon or heard the Mormon prophet. The examples of the ancient apostles were familiar to them, and they had yearned for the pentecosts of the early days. But most had they been enchanted by the themes of the old Jewish prophets, whose writings had inspired them with faith in the literal renewal of the covenant with Israel, and the "restitution of all things" of Abrahamic promise. This was the case with nearly all of the early disciples of Mormonism,—men and women. They were not as *sinner*s converted to Christianity, but as *disciples* who had been waiting for the "fullness of the everlasting gospel." Thus had they been prepared for the new revelation,—an Israel born unto the promises,—an Israel afterwards claiming that in a pre-existent state they were the elect of God. They had also inherited their earnest religious character from their fathers and mothers. The pre-natal influences of generations culminated in the bringing forth of this Mormon Israel.

And here we come to the remarkable fact that the women who, with its apostles and elders, founded Mormondom, were the Puritan daughters of New England, even as were their compeer brothers its sons.

Sons and daughters of the sires and mothers who founded this great nation; sons and daughters of the sires and mothers who fought and inspired the war of the revolution, and gave to this continent a magna charta of religious and political liberty! Their stalwart fathers also wielded the "sword of the Lord" in old England, with Cromwell and his Ironsides, and the self-sacrificing spirit of their pilgrim mothers sustained New England in the heat and burden of the day, while its primeval forests were being cleared, even as these pilgrim Mormons pioneered our nation the farthest West, and converted the great American desert into fruitful fields.

That those who established the Mormon Church are of this illustrious origin we shall abundantly see, in the record of these lives, confirmed by direct genea-

logical links. Some of their sires were even governors of the British colonies at their very rise: instance the ancestor of Daniel H. Wells, one of the presidents of the Mormon Church, who was none other than the illustrious Thomas Wells, fourth governor of Connecticut: instance the pilgrim forefather of the apostles, Orson and Parley Pratt, who came from England to America in 1633, and with the Rev. Thomas Hooker and his congregation pioneered through dense wildernesses, inhabited only by savages and wild beasts, and became the founders of the colony of Hartford, Conn., in June, 1636; instance the Youngs, the Kimballs, the Smiths, the Woodruffs, the Lymans, the Snows, the Carringtons, the Riches, the Hunters, the Huntingtons, the Patridges, the Whitneys, and a host of other early disciples of the Mormon Church. Their ancestors were among the very earliest settlers of the English colonies. There is good reason, indeed, to believe that on board the Mayflower was some of the blood that has been infused into the Mormon Church.

This genealogical record, upon which the Mormon people pride themselves, has a vast meaning, not only in accounting for their empire-founding genius and religious career, but also for their Hebraic types of character and themes of faith. Their genius is in their very blood. They are, as observed, a latter-day Israel,—born inheritors of the promise,—predestined apostles, both men and women, of the greater mission of this nation,—the elect of the new covenant of God, which America is destined to unfold to "every nation, kindred, tongue and people." This is not merely an author's fancy; it is an affirmation and a prophecy well established in Mormon faith and themes.

If we but truthfully trace the pre-natal expositions of this peculiar people—and the sociologist will at once recognize in this method a very book of revelation on the subject—we shall soon come to look upon these strange Israelitish types and wonders as simply a hereditary culmination of the nineteenth century.

Mormonism, indeed, is not altogether a new faith, nor a fresh inspiration in the world. The facts disclose that its genius has come down to the children, through generations, in the very blood which the Invisibles inspired in old Eng-

land, in the seventeenth century, and which wrought such wonders of God among the nations then. That blood has been speaking in our day with prophet tongue; those wonderful works, wrought in the name of the Lord of Hosts, by the saints of the commonwealth, to establish faith in Israel's God and reverence for His name above all earthly powers, are, in their consummation in America, wrought by these latter-day saints in the same august name and for the same purpose. He shall be honored among the nations; His will done among men; His name praised to the ends of the earth! Such was the affirmation of the saints of the commonwealth of England two hundred and thirty years ago; such the affirmation of the saints raised up to establish the "Kingdom of God" in the nineteenth century. Understand this fully, and the major theme of Mormonism is comprehended. It will have a matchless exemplification in the story of the lives of these single-hearted, simple-minded, but grand women, opening to the reader's view the methods of their ancient genius.

That America should bring forth a peculiar people, like the Mormons, is as natural as that a mother should bear children in the semblance of the father who begat them. Monstrous indeed, would it be if, as offspring of the patriarchs and mothers of this nation, America brought forth naught but godless politicians.

From America we pass over to great Britain and Scandinavia, there to trace the ethnological and religious quality of the stock that has peopled these Valleys of Utah. To say that the Mormons have been gathered from England, Scotland and Wales, and on the European continent from Scandinavia, is in itself to say much for their race-quality. But this is not all; they were a religious people—a Church, in fact, before their emigration to America. Neither does this tell the whole concerning them. They were, furthermore, converts from other Churches, principally from the Methodist branch, although they were not disaffected members of those Churches. Rather was it that Mormonism came to them as a grand return to the ancient Gospel of the early Christians. Nearly all the Mormon Elders, who converted over a hundred thousand souls in Great

Britain, were educated in Methodist Sunday Schools (the rest being Baptists) and many of them were Methodist local preachers. Their fathers and mothers were among the very founders of the Methodist Church. Some of them were even friends of John Wesley himself. The hands of Methodist ministers were patriarchally laid on the heads of these Mormon Elders in blessing in their youth; and the prayers of several generations of Methodist parents have been offered up for them. As already observed, these Mormons are not converted sinners, but are originally from a religious stock.

The Methodists of to-day should, therefore, be very careful and very just in passing judgment upon the Mormon people; for in so doing they will be judging both themselves and their forefathers. By the commonest laws of race and religious character, these Mormon sons and daughters must very nearly resemble their Methodist fathers and mothers. And this is proved to be true by the facts of their history. Indeed, the Mormons have more closely resembled the early Wesleyans, (excepting their polygamy—which is Israelitish) than do the modern Methodists themselves. Their belief in the endowment of the disciple with a *potent* Holy Ghost, rather than with the unction of a *fashionable one* is much like the original Wesleyan faith; and John Wesley's yearning for the return of the examples of the earnest, simple minded Saints of old with the primitive Gospel and its mighty Gifts of the Spirit, have all been realized in the faith and history of the Mormon people. The Church of our grandfathers, moreover, was not the fashionable Methodist Church of modern times, but almost exactly like the despised Mormon Church which their children have founded in the last half century. Doubtless it will be also remarked by the investigator of social and religious problems that the Mormon Elders, in their missionary zeal, force of character, and results, wonderfully resemble the original Wesleyan ministry. The two churches which they have formed are the two greatest missionary churches of the Protestant era; nor is it strange that they should agree in this respect, seeing that the one church was founded by the fathers and the other by the children. Like the early Wesleyans, the Mormons have rep-

resented pre-eminently *the* church of spiritual force and might of character rather than a church of intellectual smartness. We are the true Wesleyan offspring: that is what this family likeness means! A somewhat curious but very striking illustration of this family connection is to be found in a vision of one of the Saints recorded in apostle Wilford Woodruff's journals. The vision is the opening of the "prison house"—or the world of spirits—in this dispensation that "the Gospel might be preached to the dead." The first martyr of the dispensation (apostle David Patten) is the angel with the key; he unlocks the door and John Wesley, the first spirit who comes forth, leads out a great multitude; so the fathers and the children are now engaged in the self-same dispensation and work. The vision is pretty enough in its ideal suggestiveness to be allowed to pass without the sceptic's churlish challenge.

What shall we further say, then, of this Mormon stock which is destined to people these Valleys with a million and a half of souls ere another century has closed? Shall it be that which has been many times affirmed by Catholic priests;—That Mormonism is the legitimate offspring of Protestantism! The Rev. Father Maloney not long since, in replying to the Rev. McNiece's lecture delivered in this city against the Mormons, in which the Catholic priesthood was slurred, made the above affirmation to be the salient point of his polished but stinging reply to this modern Protestant minister. There is, indeed, a very pungent truth in the Catholic affirmation; and Protestant ministers must take it whether they like it or not. Mormonism *is* the legitimate offspring of Protestantism, just as its disciples are the true offspring of the Protestant Churches. And mark the evolution! The same religious stock which in the Seventeenth Century formed the Cromwellian Puritans, in the Eighteenth Century became Wesleyan Methodists, and, in the Nineteenth Century, Mormons! Ministers of modern fashionable Churches might not be pleased to confess this strict line of our religious evolution, but thus it is. The Mormon Church is *the continuation* and, thus far on the way, the culmination of the Protestant evolution of the last two and a half centuries, beginning with the Puritans of England!

If the stock and its religious manifestation were ever good and proper in the world's civilization and progress, they are good and proper in our own day. That stock has still a destiny in the world,—be assured of that; and the Mormon people are the real representatives of that old Puritan stock and its destiny. So, therefore, the Pacific Coast must abide the grand old Puritan evolution which has come round upon it.

YOUNG MORMONDOM.

THERE is fast growing up a conviction in the public mind that the hope of U'ah is in "Young Mormondom." Already, indeed, it is necessary to quote the phrase. It seems bristling with new ideas, yet which are old as familiar thoughts. It is certainly not primitively a Gentile conception, nevertheless it is becoming a popular saying and acceptable to the Gentiles. The thought was first expressed by the Mormon fathers concerning their children. The original form of the thought was: that the young men and maidens born in these valleys were "Zion's hope," or, in kindred words, the hope of a Latter-day Israel. But the thought has at length received a new form. No longer does it exclusively signify Young Zion or Young Israel, but Young Mormondom Americanized. All the significance that it originally possessed it still retains, yet with something added which may be called its new idea. But the fathers will see nothing new in it. They have been familiar with the thought from the beginning, but they have given to it their own peculiar type, and though their children should become nearly transformed from the original, it will be to them their own legitimate outgrowth and culmination. To the popular mind, however, a new idea is introduced with the conception of "Young Mormondom." The Gentiles do not understand it to mean the likeness and image of the fathers.

We may not be able to trace with exactness the origin of the ideal of "Young Mormondom," though it is evidently something born of the present time and present circumstances. Twenty years ago, it would scarcely have possessed anything of its present meaning. Nor may the proper ideal of this new factor have been perfectly evolved. It is quite cer-

tain, however, that "Young Mormondom" is to be the chief factor in Utah's future history. So much is already known. But what does that knowledge amount to? What does that ideal signify? It is doubtful if "Young Mormondom" itself could answer. It has not sufficient maturity to expound its own social and intellectual signification. What will be its action in the future history of the country? is a very suggestive and important question. That the action will be remarkable may be clearly forecast. It could scarcely be otherwise. But this means wonderful transformation, which yet may not be inconsistent with the past; for development sometimes travels so far away from the original as apparently to bear but little relation therewith, and still may be on its own strict line of progress. The Mormon development is just of this kind and character. Several times in its history have such transformations come. Mormondom under Brigham Young was very different to what it was under Joseph Smith; and so, also, under John Taylor and the Twelve it has reconstructed itself and remoulded its very thoughts with astonishing rapidity, and yet it is Mormondom still. If such, then, has been the case during the lifetime of the fathers, what wonderful transformations may come under the children, when the fathers are no more! Mormondom will thus change without itself being conscious of it. Such a conclusion its past examples and history justify; and these very facts suggest that "Young Mormondom" will not in the sequel mean the explosion of Old Mormondom.

But Young Mormondom is only in its state of formation. Its own ideas have not fructified. Its present ideas are impregnations rather than the native offspring of its own character and genius. As an entirety, it is scarcely even born. Its intellect is but in the process of creation. Yet is Young Mormondom boldly projected into our future as the disposing factor of our social and political problems, and so projected agreeably to Gentile thought and determination. Indeed, the factor thus brought in is a necessity to our social and political solution. The ideal of this new factor signifies the future man and woman of Utah. Whatever they may turn out to be, they will constitute the Utah of the next half century.

Just at this point of view, the Gentile brings in his claim for the right of guardianship of "Young Mormondom." The Gentile fain would be a sort of stepfather to the youth; but at present he is not acceptable to the Young Mormon mind. Still the Gentile has impregnated Utah with his American ideas, partly recreated it by his sovereign independence, and given to it the fresh vitality of his enterprise and ambitions. These new forces are begetting a new creature, and this new creature is the veritable Young Mormon of the present times. Young Mormondom, however, never will confess itself to be the offspring of the Gentile; but in the coming time happier relations may exist between the two than those which have existed between the Gentile and the Mormon fathers.

HADASSAH, THE JEWESS.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DUTCH HERO AND THE JEW ADVISER.

THE son of Elizabeth De Nassau was a marvelous compound of two races united in an extraordinary family cast. On his father's side, he was descended from a Jewish line which claimed an origin with the Princes of the Captivity; while from his mother he was connected with a line of imperial heroes, who will rank with Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon. Mark them: William the Silent, Founder of the Dutch Republic; Maurice, the greatest military Captain of the Sixteenth and

Seventeenth Centuries; William III, of Orange, King of England; Frederick the Great of Prussia who undoubtedly took his military genius and philosophic cast of mind from his maternal grandfathers of the House of Nassau. Such was the stock that gave the basis of character to Sir Judah of Nassau.

Sir Judah partook from his mother her worship of his father, David. Nothing created was so sacred to him as his father; hence the Jew, as a race, was also sacred to him. But the basis of his own character was the Nassau. He was not a man to be "under the curse." It was not a fate to him as it was to his half-

sister Hadassah. He rose above it. He was linked to the Jew—but he felt the strength of his mother's dominant family; and the great purpose of his life was to lift his father's outcast people up to equality with the Christian.

It would not be just nor discriminating to look upon Sir Judah of Nassau as an apostate from the Hebrew people in his marking out his career among the princes of his mother's family, and in his aspirations to move in the destinies of the European empires as the adviser of his cousin, young William of Orange. Perhaps he had already conceived the possibility of William's one day becoming King of England; certain it is that his great Jewish policy was to make England the land of the Jews—as Moorish Spain had been for seven centuries.

When Sir Judah of Nassau reached manhood, he found the House of Orange deposed by a foreign treaty, and supplanted by the Republican chiefs of the United Provinces. By a secret article of the treaty made with Cromwell's government, the States of Holland engaged never to elect the Prince of Orange for their stadtholder, nor give him the command of the army and navy. It is one of the strange facts of history that the very Prince thus excluded should afterwards rise by the force of his genius not only to be stadtholder of the Dutch Republic, but also King of England—the second William the Conqueror, though it is true he invaded England by the invitation of her people.

Meantime, the Dutch Republic carried on her wars under the Grand Pensionary, De Witt, and her fleet, after the restoration of Charles II, actually bombarded the mouth of the Thames. But soon a greater power rose to subjugate the Netherlands. Louis le Grand claimed family possessions, and poured his hosts into the United Provinces under the great military captains, Turenne, Conde and Luxemburg. Then the Dutch Republic felt the need of the House of Orange and, at this moment, young William rose to his work and destiny in Europe.

Sir Judah of Nassau was with his cousin William. Well mated were William and Judah. Sir Judah, who was ten years older than his Prince, was as safe as he was audacious in all his counsels. The cast of his policies was ever characterized by intuitive sagacity and the rare

subtlety inherited from Jewish intellect.

“Drown Louis of France with his host, my prince, as Pharoah and his host in the Red Sea!”

Thus had Sir Judah with matchless audacity, counseled the young Dutch hero at that most critical juncture of the independence of the Netherlands, when Louis, at the head of one hundred thousand men was sweeping over the frontiers of Holland.

“Judah, thy daring thought is like heaven's lightning. My guardian, De Witt, would deem me mad to entertain it; and yet—”

“Hesitate not, my prince. Resolve at once and the triumphant march of Louis will be checked. His army,—meeting the sea instead of frightened multitudes who thus far have but thrown open the gates of their cities,—will fly in terror as the host of Egypt. Advise not with thy guardian, the grand Pensionary. Renowned he is as a statesman; yet his methods would be mere approved state-craft which will nothing serve the crisis. Nor kneel thou at the feet of the States General to pray for the sword of your illustrious grandfather who founded the republic. But seize thou the sword of the hero! Place thyself at the head of the United Provinces by the hero's daring, and claim the command of their forces by sea and land! Then, grapple with Louis and his marshals! Fate is in the balance with thee, my prince!”

“I have resolved, Judah. I will follow thy impulse! 'Tis a plan of wondrous daring.”

Then came such a reaction in the Netherlands scarcely paralleled in all history. From despair to martial exultation,—from a terror-stricken people to a nation of heroes fired with a grand patriotism,—the United Provinces rose at the inspiring voice of young William of Orange. The sluices were opened, Holland was submerged, and the army of Louis fled before the conquering sea as the host of Pharoah when he pursued the Israelites; while the Prince of Orange, though only in his twenty second year, was by the acclamation of the people made General and Admiral of the commonwealth. When urged by the Duke of Buckingham to abandon the cause of the United Provinces, the Prince had replied, “There is one certain means by which I can be sure never to see my

country's ruin; *I will die in the last dike.*" From that moment, William of Orange was the hero of Europe; and the sublime conduct of his youth made him, in the sequel, William III, King of England.

The check once given to the conquering march of Louis and his Marshals, (Turenne, Conde and Luxemburg,) it was the aim of the Jewish Statesman to push his Prince, by his bold advice, into the leadership of a grand European coalition, instead of figuring as a mere local hero successfully maintaining the independence of his native Provinces. John De Witt, as Grand Pensionary, had ruled the United Provinces in the stead of the House of Orange, acting as guardian of the young Prince, yet strictly fulfilling the terms of the Perpetual Edict. But on the opening of this war against the States, Charles, joining with Louis, on his part, demanded of the Dutch the restoration of the hereditary rank of Stadtholder to his nephew the Prince of Orange. This afforded Sir Judah another opportunity of showing his daring and genius in the great crisis:

"My Prince," he observed to William, "must not be dandled in royal arms as the protegee of the King of England."

"Nay, Judah, that will I not;—by the memory of my grandfather, I will not be the swaddled babe of my uncles of England! My grandsire was the inspiring soul of an age, and the Protestant front of Christendom. The great Elizabeth in England was as his sister-half. Together they balanced the world. It was Elizabeth and William who gave to Christendom a new era!"

"My Prince"—

"Say on, Judah."

"Discern you not, William, that you are their heir—the heir of their imperial mission?"

"What! Of Elizabeth as of William?"

"Art thou not, to day, my Prince, the only front of the world? Is there in all Europe, outside thyself, an imperial champion of the Protestant power? Is it thine uncle, Charles of England, who even now is ready at Louis's bidding to eat the Sacrament of Rome? Or is thine uncle James, who aims to make England the land of the Jesuits, and the footstool of Papacy? Shall the lioness of England thus be played with in her own den? My Prince, shall the star of the world's future go down ere it has fairly risen?"

"Judah, thy thoughts trouble me!"

"See you not, my Prince, the star looms above thy head?"

"Leave me, Judah; I say thy thoughts trouble me."

"William—my beloved Prince—Fate is with thee in the balance!"

And Judah left his Prince pregnant with the thoughts he had inspired. This was the second time that he had proclaimed to William that fate was in the balance with him. Did he mean that the Jew was becoming *the fate of the world*? Perhaps so; for Judah, though a statesman, was also a mystic.

Judah had much of the metal of the soldier in him; yet war was but the method of his purpose. He was with the young Dutch hero at Seneffe, in Flanders, when he matched Prince Conde—the great military captain of France.

It was after the close of this year's successful campaign in Flanders that William sent Judah on a diplomatic mission to Charles II of England. He was introduced to the King by Sir William Temple—the monitor of the times in Dutch affairs—and Sir William spoke of him as one who bid fair to become the first statesman in Europe.

It was while on this diplomatic mission to the Court of Charles that Judah had prevailed on the king to allow the treaty with the Jews to take effect, which the Commonwealth had made at the instance of his kinsman, Rabbi Manassah Ben Israel. Thus had the Jews been quietly permitted to return to British shores.

CHAPTER XIV.

WE WILL REVEAL OURSELVES!

"Sir, didst send my message to my brother, Judah?" enquired Hadassah of the Patriarch.

"Child, let not Judah's act provoke thee to daily grief. Doubtless he hath repented it ere this. Thou must forgive thy brother."

"I have forgiven him, for I have profited by his lesson. Yet, sir, do I hold to my purpose."

"What wouldst thou do, Hadassah?"

"*We will come from under the curse!* Too long already have we lingered beneath its wing."

"Oh, child, would the day had come!"

"Venerable chief in Israel, *the day has come!*"

"Child, art thou indeed an oracle raised up to our people from the House of David?"

"Father, let the covering be removed from the ark. The covenant is everlasting. *We will reveal ourselves!*"

It is a remarkable fact that the Hebrew people were unknown to the English as a nation until the reign of Charles II.—almost, it may be said, until our own times; for the banishment of four centuries back was a period in effect as remote as the days of Pharaoh. Scarcely any of the populace could read. All they knew of the Jew of the Christian era was what Shakespeare had presented them in Shylock. Christian priests had, from the beginning, given their rendering of the Jew with a savagery of Christian animus that will yet make history blush before the face of modern justice; while Shakespeare had dramatically immortalized the Jew as a being of the human race who had but one instinct—thirst for Christian blood; one passion—usury; one eternal speech—the "pound of flesh!" The glorious Hebrews of the Mosaic Testament were all unknown—almost forgotten—even in the record as affecting the Jew of this era; so treacherous was the memory of Christendom.

The intuitive wisdom of the Daughter of David was fraught with profound human philosophy, whether she had or had not oracled a divine intention. "We will reveal ourselves!" She perceived not at the moment how much she had affirmed. A light was dawning upon her. A thought was born of her. In it was a Solomon's wisdom. She might have been in reality an oracle of a new era for her race. Such, at least, we will consider her.

But the maiden had not meant by her words that Israel should formulate a new revelation. She had said, "We have our Lawgiver for all times: He whom our fathers accepted: we will have no other."

She had meant: Israel shall reveal himself as he was of old; he shall reveal himself to Christendom as he is to-day. No longer shall Christian priests oracle for us.

Sir David had counselled, "Under your gabardines!" The daughter of David, "*From* under your gabar-

dines!" "To remain under your gabardines in to remain under the curse. The world shall know us better. We have been hid too long. The time has come to reveal ourselves, that justice at last might be done to the Jew."

Sir David of Nassau and his heroes had given a new revelation of the Jew to Europe: it was that his race are as heroic to-day as in the days of David, their king; that the opportunity only is needed to show him as sublime in action as in the olden times.

Jewish bankers were also revealing the Jew in the potency of their gold; but, alas! the unholy magic of their wealth had kept their race under the curse. Their genius, not their gold, will redeem them.

On his part, Sir Judah was an innovator. He was for making the Jew an oracle in the counsels of the foremost nations of Europe. His methods were of diplomacy.

But the Daughter of David was an ancient genius with new methods. She was primitive. Primitively, her race was inspired. She was also inspired. It was her birth-mood and her daily mania. She was also innovating. She was an instinct of a present destiny—an affirmation of a present fate to her people.

She had proclaimed now to him of Palestine, "We are coming from under the curse!" Thrown into its blazings herself, the inspired maiden was quickened with the new fate by the very agonies of her past experiences. Of that new fate of her people she, henceforth, in her life and action was to be the oracle.

The opportunity soon offered for Hadassah to illustrate herself.

Lord De Leon hastened from his castle to London to welcome his adopted daughter again to England, and he carried her back to his castle to spend the season. The noble Baron would not be refused. There was, indeed, no desire on the part of Hadassah or her present guardian to resist the claims of De Leon's love. He from Palestine accompanied them. The old men—the Jew and the Christian Knight—recognized each other as brothers of the covenant of the tomb. But De Leon could not call the Patriarch up clearly to memory, though it was admitted by him of Palestine that he was present in the tomb of Israel of Cordova when the jewel of the covenant was placed

by Sir David about De Leon's neck. Since then, the Patriarch had been much in the East. The two had not met for twenty-one years; and age had effaced all traces of the Hebrew's identity from the Baron's memory.

Such a *fete* had not been known in the county of Somersetshire, since the day when Queen Elizabeth visited Castle DeLeon, as that given in honor of Hadassah, Princess of Nassau. The nobility and principal gentry of the country were present. It was the first time the maiden had been presented as the daughter of Sir David, Prince of Nassau. The title of Princess was, it is true, but an honorary one; but, as her father had been adopted by the house of Nassau, it was accorded her, and the circumstance was in harmony with the maiden's purpose.

Young Lord DeLeon was by her side. There was an infinite love between him and the daughter of David. But his love was silent. Above her head he read the inscription—"Sacred!"

The brother of Lady DeLeon—the Bishop—was also present. To a knot of noble friends he was graciously telling how, in her infancy, he had baptised the beautiful Hebrew—how he had regenerated her from the Jewess to the Christian. Hadassah overheard him.

"Nay, most reverend sir; I am a Hebrew still. Not all the waters in Christendom can dilute my sacred blood or make of the Jewess a Christian."

Hadassah designed to reign in England. Not as the adopted daughter of Lord and Lady De Leon,—not as the Hebrew child, whom a Right Reverend Bishop of the English Church had redeemed from the curse by Christian baptism;—she designed to reign as THE JEWESS in the very face and eyes of the most fashionable of English society.

In London, a palace was built for the Daughter of David. Swarms of busy workmen had reared the 'splendid structure. It was the architectural wonder of the metropolis. Her father's comrades humored all her wishes. Some of them, also, comprehended her purposes: especially did he of Palestine.

"David's Daughter *shall* reign!" he said.

The Palace of the Jewess was open. The most fashionable of the realm visit-

ed her saloons. Brilliant men of England were at her feet. A galaxy of learning and intellect was daily revolving around her. She was the most beneficent patroness of men of art and learning in the realm. She designed to discuss the Jew with the best intellect of Europe and blaze the revelation of her race in London.

The daughter of David, Prince of Nassau, was not to be despised even among England's aristocracy; and, as heiress of her father's marvelous wealth, she was a romance.

The Jewess Princess was the rage of the season!

CHAPTER XV.

THE JEWESS AND THE KING.

Two years had passed since the return of the Jews to British shores.

It was the birthday of the Princess Hadassah. She was twenty-three years of age that day.

Beautiful as the star of her own house when she landed at the head of her father's comrades; queenly, even then, in the opening splendor of her character; riper now in the regal development of her cast.

Not in all Europe was there a woman to match her rare type of beauty; nor in all Europe one to match her rare type of genius.

Charles, King of England, was in love with the Jewess. It was a fresh romance for the gay monarch. Even the Duchess of Portsmouth lost her influence over him during the season of his new passion. He frequented the palace of Hadassah. He pursued her with his love. It was scarcely possible for the most brilliant and gifted men in the realm to be at the feet of so much peculiar romance—so unique a maid—and Charles II not of her suitors.

Hadassah had chosen to reign as a queen in society. True, she had in this a deep and sacred purpose; but she had to pay the penalty of reigning, notwithstanding. Her penalty now was to be pursued by the love of a prince generous and persistent in his passions.

For her people's sake, Hadassah permitted the suit of Charles, while it kept within bounds. He had allowed their return to England, and at this most criti-

cal juncture their safety depended on his pleasure.

There were times when the Patriarch regretted giving his consent to the part the maiden was playing. He feared lest she should thereby invite danger to herself. Truly, she was as the moth around the flame. She was not insensible to this danger, but she was imperial and feared not. She had replied to her guardian's warning:

"No longer, sir, shall my race be treated as *outcasts* among the nations. I will shock society into generosity. I will force even malice into some justice. I am but a woman, yet will I cast the rock into the sea. The very ocean shall agitate. England is generous and our people are in England. Nay, O, father of Israel, no longer will we be outcasts in the world!"

There was a sublime egotism in the maiden. But it was as a mighty impulse of the new era for the Hebrew people—an impulse that came upon her resistlessly. There was the voice of manifest destiny in her utterances. Even Judah had confessed by this time that there was method in his sister. Her intuitions, indeed, were as subtle as his policies.

Judah was hourly expected in England to help Sir William Temple bring about the marriage of William of Orange and Mary, daughter of James, Duke of York. The Dutch Prince had sent birthday congratulations to Hadassah as a tribute to herself, and in honor of her heroic father, who had so well served his uncle, Maurice.

That night there was to be a grand *fete* in the gardens of the palace of the Jewess. It was now far into the afternoon. Already were the gardens honored with the presence of noble ladies and gallant gentlemen, when Hadassah came forth to welcome her guests and graciously acknowledge their condescension.

Presently, the gay monarch was at the side of the heroine of the day. Together, they swept the walks of the magnificent grounds, viewing the classic enchantments of her gardens. Hadassah was paying her penalty, yet doing her best to temper the ardor of the king by exquisite delicacy and a maiden's cunning.

"Nay, by our royal word, the sun shone not to-day till thy bright face broke through the clouds."

Thus Charles the king to the Jewess, as they met on her birthday celebration. Admiration and desire beamed in the impassioned monarch's eyes. At that moment, the Duchess of Portsmouth was altogether forgotten.

"Fie! fie! your majesty," replied the maiden, coyly; "I have no taste for dulcet nothings even from a king."

"Maid, by my kingly honor," he returned, with sincerity of princely passion, "I would deck thy brow with a duchess' coronet to hear thee say thou hadst no taste to list to them from other lips than mine."

"O, sire," she said, distressed, "I am a simple maid,—an orphan child of a dispirited tribe, and not a lady of your brilliant court."

"Smile but upon my suit, and there shall reign none at my court to match my Hebrew love," he said, with gentle significance.

"Forbear, your majesty, or I at once retire."

The king was on his guard. He hastened to change the theme. The distress of the maiden subsided. While he kept within bounds, the honors of the day were clearly between him and Hadassah. This much her acceptance of his attention granted. Moreover, she was desirous of the friendship of the king, but not of his love.

There were two persons present who watched the royal suitor and the maiden with deep concern. These were Lord De Leon and her present guardian—the Patriarch.

"I do repent me, De Leon," said the Patriarch, "that I did permit thy lady to present the maiden to the queen at the court of Charles. This homage to her genius and her beauty, which at first gave me so much pride, now startles me. The wanton eye of Charles is kindled to a blaze when she appears."

"And yet, my brother, Hadassah hath won thy people most potent friendships."

"Yea, she hath,—most potent friendships, and at a time when our people most stand in need of such. 'Tis the king's suit I fear."

"I will speak to the king and remonstrate with him in the name of my dead friend—her father."

"Nay, De Leon, not 'till I have spoken to him to better purpose. If he will but

give us covenant for gold and release his suit then—well; if not—Pshaw! I do alarm myself without sufficient cause. Her father's comrades will protect the child!"

The sun went down; the soft gloom of evening came over the scene; then the darkness grew bewildering in the intricate promenades. The beauty of society and the loveliness of nature were, for a bewitching moment, veiled. Suddenly a myriad variegated lights, like stars, shot out. The garden blazed with illumination. From every nook and grotto, the eyes of night peeped out, the walks seemed more beautiful by the luminous revelation of art; at every turn, some delightful surprise was met,—made by the design and display of the cunning lamps that appeared like jeweled tiaras in the surrounding foliage: while the illuminated inscriptions, mottoes and sentiments, bespoke, at once, exquisite *finesse* and penetrative wisdom.

There was clearly a woman's mind and tact in the whole design. It was innovative; it was universal; it was a new era, in fact, in revealed emblems. The scene, the inscriptions, the tone, the spirit of the whole, drew the imagination above the separation of races; softening the memories of their former hates, and yet, withal, there was a decided emphasis that Hadassah was Hebrew and not Christian. Not more emphatically had she proclaimed in the classical conversation of her saloons that the Hebrew should no longer be an outcast among the nations, than she was doing in this birthday testament of her gardens.

As sudden and spirited as the illumination, was the revival of human life throughout the gardens. Cries of admiration; voices in conversation; merry laughter, everywhere. Refreshments were served in the bowers, the grottoes, the conservatories, by a swarm of busy human bees, mostly young men and maidens—Hebrews all—who seemed more like entertainers than servants; and the rarest wines flowed abundantly wherever the gentlemen gathered.

"Gad's death! 'Tis time we pledged the houri of this paradise!" exclaimed the bewitched monarch, as he entered one of the bowers with a knot of his courtiers.

"So, to the Star of Judah!"

"The Star of Judah!" they responded, all drinking in honor of the maiden—except my lord of Hawkley.

"Sire," observed Lord Halifax, with caustic banter, "'Tis the old story: Hadassah is loved by him who reigns from India even unto Ethiopia."

"Aye, by the rood, Halifax, thou hast nearly hit the mark. There's not a maid in Christendom to match the Jewess. For her sake, we give her people welcome."

"His majesty then more happily likens to King Cassimer who, for love of his Hebrew mistress, fostered her people." This from my lord of Rochester.

"The Devil take the Jews!" exclaimed my lord of Hawkley, rudely.

The night was advancing; many had departed from the gardens, charmed with the Jewess, and prepared to believe that after all, the Hebrews of modern times retained much of the grandeur of their ancient character.

Hadassah, herself, wearied with the task of entertaining her noble guests and with the exultation of the occasion dying out of her, had escaped for awhile to one of the conservatories which the company had vacated; but the king, espying her, followed, bent upon declaring his passion. The maiden would have eluded the king, but he prevented her, and leapt at once to the issue of his love.

"In vain, Hadassah," he said, "I cannot hold my peace. This passion will consume me if it find not vent."

"Oh, sire, persecute me not!" she implored, "This suit dishonors you—outrages me."

"Listen a moment, Hadassah, to my love. I have that to say to thee, moreover, which concerns thy people as thyself."

"Ah! if it concerns them, sire, I will listen," she answered; for she perceived that the king was deeply in earnest and that he really had a purpose to disclose besides his love.

"When thou wast but a girl, Hadassah, I met thee at Baron De Leon's. I had but recently ascended the throne made vacant by the murder of my royal father. You remember, Hadassah, that first meeting; do you not?"

"I do, sire!" replied the maiden, softened by the mention of the royal martyr. Whatever was coming or to be

the issue of this to her most painful interview, she instinctively knew that at least the king was sincere.

"I am glad, Hadassah, that you do remember; for you will now be able to quickly comprehend what has transpired to your people through my love for you."

"Oh, name not that, sire, but speak of my people's weal!"

"Thou wilt remember, too, that De Leon told me thy history?"

"Tis so."

"And that I was moved to tears; for by a tragedy as dire to me as that in Spain to thee, I was bereft of a parent, too."

"At least, thou art sincere."

"I had been myself a fugitive, aye, like thy father and thyself, Hadassah, a prince without a people. By my soul's honor, I never forgot the story De Leon told me of Sir David of Nassau and his orphaned daughter."

"I do believe thee, sire."

"I saw thee not again, Hadassah, till thy return from Spain. But there came to my court an envoy from the Prince of Orange: he came also in thy father's name."

"My dead father's name?" interrupted the maiden with startled surprise.

"In the name of David of Nassau."

"I understand! 'Twas my brother, Judah."

"Even so, Hadassah. and, in petition for the return of the Jews to England, thy brother referred to the service rendered to Maurice of Nassau by Sir David and his heroic troop. It was then that I remembered thee, and for thy dear sake, did invite the Jews to these shores,—aye, Hadassah, against the wish of zealots of each rival church,—and I granted them protection of the crown."

"It was most gracious."

"I loved thee, then, yet dreamt not of such a wondrous change when next we met. The glory of thy womanhood burst upon me and captivated every sense and thought. Oh, Hadassah, canst thou not now understand this overwhelming passion of the king for thee?"

"Sire, forbear. What can the Jewess be to England's king?"

"Queen of his heart!" replied the impassioned monarch, seizing her hand and showering hot kisses on it. "Smile, Hadassah, on the king's love, and I swear to you here to-night that the Jews

shall have in England their enfranchisement and thyself a duchess' coronet."

The honor of the maiden was thus brought to the altar of sacrifice. She clearly comprehended the king's suit; all the sentiment and touching reminiscence of his wooing only rendered that suit the more hideous to her imagination. The naming of her father but provoked her to a sense of the outrage to David's daughter. The statement of what had been done by the king for her people, and what should be done for them at the granting of her smiles, only quickened her comprehension of the price. Her honor was outraged in spite of the sincerity of the princely suit. The Hebrew woman gathered herself to read the Christian king the lesson he had provoked. But Charles was beside himself with ecstasy. He thought she reserved herself but for a moment—to be his captive at last.

"See, Hadassah, the king kneels to thee. O, wondrous majesty of woman, thou wast born to be the consort of a king!"

"King of England," she now answered, with majesty enough indeed; "orphaned at her birth,—alone, without one of her parents' kin to own or guard her when first we met, yet even then the Jewess was above thy crowned head. She commands thee, rise; nor longer thus with wanton homage humble her."

The reaction in the king was almost convulsive. It was more terrible because his suit was in good faith—if good faith dare be applied to such a suit. No words could express his wrath. He was rebuked, humbled, conscious that he deserved her anger, yet provoked to greater wrath by that sense; and conscious also that in some respects he was worthy of better than that which he had drawn down upon his own head. His wicked suit out of the question, and he was worthy of the gratitude of the Hebrew people. As soon as he could command himself, he said with deep cutting reprisal:

"Thy words hath stung me to my feet, and made the king remember who he is and who the Princess Hadassah is! Ah! she is but the outcast Jewess still,—is in our realm, a subject of the king, in the king's power."

"Then, king, will I invoke the aid of those who will protect me from thy law-

less hands," she answered, with imperial scorn at his threat.

"Thy people? Now mark me, Hadasah: if needs must be, I will remove thy people from my path by banishment again and find the cause for it. Thou art no longer a girl with a romance to touch me, but a lofty woman who hath stung me. Reverse thy mood, Hadasah, or I banish the Jews from our realm."

The maiden was appalled by the terrible resolve.

"God of my fathers!" she cried, in anguish, "Who shall shield our people, now?"

One was near to answer the appeal. He came upon the scene in his humble gabardine; yet entered directly into action with the king, proclaiming with impassioned dignity:

"He to whom thou hast appealed, my child. The God of thy Fathers will shield and succor us!" He seemed a fitting representative of the patriarchs of her race, there to succor their daughter.

"Save me! Oh save me from the king!" she cried, flying to the old man for protection, while he, throwing his arm around her, by the solemn majesty of his presence and the rebuke of his eye, awed back the monarch.

The cry was the natural impulse of a lone maiden in her supreme danger; but the next moment, the picture which Hadassah and the Patriarch presented was so imposing that even the king of England felt the presence of a superior royalty. The most courtly of monarchs lost his ease. There they stood, suspending the action, literally holding the king in suspense. They were two personages of an ancient line that had given divinity to kings, possessing a charm of majesty above that of Charles. There was a supreme repose in the manner of Hadassah, as she stood supported by the Patriarch, after a momentary shelter in his arms. She was endowed by the contact. She looked upon the king, from whom a moment before she fled with a maiden's fear, but now with the conscious power of safety, and said with sublime assurance:

"Yea, O king, the God of our fathers *will* shield and succor us!"

The voice of Hadassah broke the spell. Charles found expression for his anger.

"What is this maid to thee, old man, that about thy neck she clings? And

who art thou, that in thy rags thus dar'st to wave me back, as if thou wert thyself a king and she thy ward?"

"What is this maid to me? An orphan of my race; therefore, the old man's daughter, though he be the least of all his tribe. And who am I whose rags can awe a king? A poor old man; but virtue clothed in rags hath native majesty that vice hath not, though decked in purple robes, its head encircled with a kingly crown!"

"Begone, old man, from our presence!" commanded Charles, fiercely.

"Nay, not till I have answered!" replied the Patriarch with a quiet fearless dignity.

"Thou saidst this maid is but the outcast Jewess still. So hath her people been outcast these sixteen centuries: and yet hath He to whom this child, in her defenceless loneliness, appealed, protected and preserved them to this hour—greater to-day than when their princes reigned as kings in Palestine. Thou told'st this maid that for the hope of smiles upon thy wicked suit, thou had'st permitted us, after long banishment, to settle in this land. If this be so, the humblest of his tribe will answer thee: Then, king of England, take thy favors back,—withhold from us enfranchisement until the day of doom. Rather than that our sons should cease to trust in Israel's God,—our daughter's chastity be given up to Gentile lust, as purchase of the freeman's rights, the Jews shall quit these shores again, their substance to the spoiler's greed devote, and pitch their tents in some far distant land, where still fidelity may be our sons' fair heritage, and purity our daughters' dower."

Charles was bound to listen and in silence. He had just threatened the banishment of the Jews, and now he comprehended that this old man was verily returning him the answer of the Hebrew people.

With all his faults, Charles II. possessed a chivalrous soul; and, perchance, he had retired with his matchless princely grace and generosity to renew his suit thereafter, or resign it with a royal magnanimity in better keeping with state policy; but the impassioned voice of the old man ringing in the conservatory, had gathered a group of gentlemen, among whom was Lord De Leon. The Jew-

hater, lord Hawkley was also there. Bursting upon the scene and taking in the situation at a glance, he perceived that the opportunity was rare to raise a cry against the Jews.

"Quick!" he exclaimed "The king is in danger! The king is set upon by Jews, I saw a band of them but now prowling about. They fled as I came up. Are you hurt, sire?"

"Fear nothing for your king," replied the Patriarch, "He has but been rebuked by this lone maid and been confronted by a weak old man."

"Let us begone, your Majesty," the plotter urged. "We have no interest in this vagabond. Let the Jewess entertain her tribe, but we consort not with the Jewish herd."

The Patriarch advanced towards him with towering wrath.

"Christian scoffer!" he said, "Our race were princes when thy ancestors were robbers and barbarians."

"Out of my way, dog of a Jew!" retorted Hawkley fiercely, whirling the old man to the ground, "So do I trample on thy Jewish gabardine, thou vagabond of an accursed tribe!"

In a moment, a body of ancients in gabardines had started into the scene, surrounding him whom they seemed to regard as their chief, several of them with soldierly instinct smiting their thigh as if to grasp a sword. Hadassah at once saw the danger which threatened her father's comrades. Quickly planting herself before them, she said:

"Nay! let a Hebrew woman, sirs, chastise this lordly ruffian!"

"Ruffian!" shouted Hawkley, with fierce astonishment.

"Ay, ruffian!" she answered imperially, "The conduct of thy king I fain had hid. But *thou* hast outraged all my Jewish blood, my people called a herd, this old man trampled beneath thy haughty feet. Proud lord, the history of my antique race stands out the grandest theme of all the ages past and shall be the theme of all the ages yet to come."

"A race accursed!" interrupted the papist, savagely.

"Accursed?" cried the Jewess fired to divine wrath by the taunt; "Yet to the Christian gave they oracles! How hath he paid his debt of gratitude? Why, meanly taken advantage of their fall,

scourged them from land to land, despoiled them of their gold and trampled on them as thou didst on this good old man. But Judah shall come *from under the curse* as gold from the refiner's fire. He shall *redeem himself*, asking not Christian grace. We've kissed the rod, but henceforth, if *ye* smite, ye shall pay back interest for every blow, and crawl at Judah's feet to beg his helping hand. These grounds are mine; this instant leave, or I will have thee driven hence as thou hadst fain this son of Israel. Go, unworthy king. Ruffian courtier, go! Bear with ye both a Hebrew woman's scorn!"

The Jewish maid had read to Christendom itself a lesson; and those who witnessed the scene were conscious of the fact.

CHAPTER XVI.

"WILT TAKE MY BOND?"

"Sdeath!" swore the Majesty of England, in his own palace, surrounded by his courtiers and several of his ministers,—"Sdeath! Her exalted virtue provokes me to the conquest. There is a sublime earnestness about the Jewish character that forces one's admiration. These Jews are not understood. By my soul, were Hadassah my queen, I think I should become a virtuous dog myself?"

By this courtly tact and magnanimous admission, Charles was turning his love-pass into a pretty romance. In this view of the case, the king was rather a hero among his courtiers than a discomfitted suitor; and that fact, coupled with his real admiration of Hadassah, dissipated the gay monarch's anger. The malice had been all on the side of my lord of Hawkley who was chafing about, almost beside himself with the public chastisement he had received. He was the ram caught in the thicket; and the king was quite willing that the courtier should be offered as the sacrifice in his stead.

Sir William Temple—the king's premier, a noble statesman and a ripe scholar—with a prudent purpose of state in view, observed:

"I saw Sir David of Nassau once in Holland. Sire, he was the royalest looking man in Europe. He resembled not the personages of our times. There was a solemn heroism in the Hebrew knight. His was the majesty of the antiquities.

No one could be in Sir David's presence without confessing to the remembrance that the Hebrews were once a nation of heroes."

"Did Sir David die in the East?" enquired the king. "We have not heard of him this twenty years."

"Thus thinks Baron De Leon—who, as you know, sire, was his friend—that Prince David died in the East."

"I would the royal Hebrew were living to-day and a pillar of our throne," observed Charles, sincerely, in a manner which very much exalted the tone of his passion for David's daughter.

"He would be but an aged pillar to-day, sire, were he living," remarked the premier.

"Sir William Temple, are we to have a Jewish administration under your sage advisement?" maliciously put in Lord Hawkley, the papist plotter, as a thrust at the Protestant premier.

"My lord of Hawkley, it is *our* pleasure to discuss the Jews this morning," said Charles, with a frown.

But Hawkley was protected by Louis of France and James of York and so, writhing under his recent chastisement, he retorted, as on a former occasion:

"The Devil take the Jews!"

"Amen, my lord: the Devil will take care of them!" answered a voice with the most polished and subtle antagonism in its tone.

It was Sir Judah of Nassau who had entered and overheard my lord of Hawkley's speech. Charles was pleased with the arrival and observed graciously:

"Ah! Sir Envoy, just from Holland? 'Tis not before we needed thee."

The king knew that the ambassador was half Jew, though he bore the name of the house of Nassau; but his Jewish origin was not blazoned in diplomatic circles. The time had not yet come for the Jew to figure openly in the management of the political affairs of Europe.

"From Holland, sire!" replied the ambassador. "Envoy from the States-General; and servant of your Majesty's nephew, William, Prince of Orange."

Sir Judah announced himself with something of a swell to place himself at issue with Hawkley, whom he knew as the plotting papist in the pay of William's great enemy, Louis of France. Moreover, Judah had been informed of the outrage upon the Patriarch.

"How is the young Dutch hero?" enquired Charles, "There's that about the rogue we like,—though he did urge the States to prosecute the war with England."

"That is because your Majesty, urged by your brother James, takes up the cause of France against your Protestant allies, the Dutch," returned William's envoy, boldly.

"Gad's death! sir, what with the Dutch and the malcontents of our own Parliament, our head is none too safe. We need the help of France; but most the gold of Louis. What say you, my lord of Hawkley? Do we not need our cousin, Louis', gold?"

"Then borrow of the Jews, sire, and do not England's honor sell to France, nor England pawn unto the Papal power," quickly put in Sir Judah.

William's envoy resolved to be bold in his counsel for he had been sent by his Prince on purpose to checkmate Louis of France.

"Keep guard upon your tongue!" said Hawkley, fiercely, "'Twas thou who didst persuade his Majesty to hive the Jews in England after we were quit of them four hundred years."

"The bees make honey for the land. I own I did advise his Majesty to hive them here."

"Now, may the Devil take the Jews, I say!"

"You said it but awhile ago, my lord. Perhaps your lordship hath forgot the proverb that the Fiend cares for his own?"

"A truce to this banter?" interrupted the king with some anger, notwithstanding he comprehended the spur of animus between Hawkley and the envoy.

"Sir envoy, we would a word with thee upon thy business from my nephew. Sir William Temple, the king hath need of thee to-day."

As soon as the king was closeted with his minister and the Dutch envoy, the Premier remarked:

"Suppose, sire, we at once take up your affairs with Louis. You need money, sire."

"Ah! Temple, there thou hit'st me on my sorest place. I must have money to be independent of my Parliament; and so, to choose the least of the bondages, I have taken Louis for my banker."

"It was not well done, sire!" replied

his upright minister; "for if you mind not, the choice may cost a kingdom. But I have brought you one who shall relieve you from bondage on better terms."

And the premier went to the door of the ante-chamber and admitted that waiting one.

"How now!" exclaimed Charles, "The Peddler of the court? Old man begone! or I will have thee scourged through London streets midst hootings of the mob!"

The king's anger was pricked by the sight of the Patriarch; but in a moment he restrained himself, perceiving that Sir William Temple was responsible for the old man's presence. Advancing with respectful dignity towards the king, the Patriarch addressed him:

"Your Majesty, men often from their door with senseless foot their providences spurn: 'Thy dearest fate shall come patch'd and well worn. If thou but know'st thy fate, 'tis well: she shall bide with thee. Bid her but begone, and she—the angel of thy fortune—shall return no more. Shall she hence, sire, or stay? Thy fortune comes to-day beneath my well worn gabardine."

"How canst thou help, old man, a kingdom's need?" enquired the king, in astonishment. Wert thou this Jewish Croesus, whose matchless wealth is as the treasures of the Ind, thou might'st; thou art but a wandering knave."

This evident contempt of the king seemed not to offend the old Jew, for he replied, meekly:

"Yet hath my master, David, sent me to thee, O, king, to offer loans great as thy kingdom's needs. Spurn, sire, the dog and thou dost spurn the one who sent him. Wilt take my master's bond?"

Charles hesitated. His manner became more respectful; for he perceived that this mysterious personage from the East possessed authority to speak for his tribe. At length, he observed:

"In London, none hath seen this Jewish prince. Why keeps he up this mystery?"

"It fits his mood. Wilt take his bond, sire?"

"Art sure thy master will honor it?"

"That will I answer for, your Majesty," said Sir Judah of Nassau, quickly.

"So, so; I see Sir envoy, my nephew of Orange hath some hand in this," Charles replied with a frown. "Doth he

think we shall exchange Louis of France for himself as our banker? Gad's death! however, we need moneys. What are thy terms, old man?"

"Protection to the Hebrew maid against the king," replied the Patriarch.

"By Heaven, she is worthy to be queen!"

"Ay, queen; but not, sire, worthy to be what thy love would make of her."

"Well, well, old man, what further terms?"

"That our long suffering people be allowed to home in England and in England trade, protected by the crown, and granted but the welcome countenance you'd give unto the meanest Christian stranger. If yet, in time to come, when England shall have proof of Judah's loyalty, our people be to her what the life-vessels are to man, then let the future give unto the Jew enfranchisement. Till then, we ask but for the alien's common rights."

"What! the Jew become to England as her life's blood?" exclaimed Charles, in astonishment.

The old man drew himself proudly up and answered:

"This shall the Jew become! Say, sire, how stands it now with thee? Thy realm is pawned to Louis—thyself a vassal king;—thy fleets are crippled on the sea; the Dutch again hold empire there. Yea, worse, thy people murmur; and with their reproach are deep mouthed threats heard rumbling through the land, as distant thunder on the coming storm."

"Sdeath, old man!" interjected Charles with momentary anger. But the king's rage was presently succeeded by a touch of humor, and he said:

"Go on, old man; we need moneys; and must e'en consent to hear thy truths."

But the Patriarch paused. Recalled to his habits of caution, he seemed to fear lest he should offend the king. But Charles the Second dared to be frank and large in his moods at times.

"Odds fish! old man," he said, "speak freely. The king can bear the truth for once. Speak freely; we bid thee."

Again, the Patriarch allowed the fervor of his subject to possess him, and continued:

"Yet, sire, still thou goest to the master-king, who holds the purse, and takes for England's shame these subsidies,—

and in return gives aid to France 'gainst England's nearest kin. What Louis loans for England's shame shall be by David loan'd for her good honor. Take my master's bond, and henceforth she shall lend and shall not borrow. Here the Jew shall find his destiny; and through him, England, hers; and greatness reach beyond all precedent. The time is coming when my antique race shall throw the wanderer's rags away and Judah rise, as Phoenix, from its dust. Here—here, in England, will he find his fate. Your pardon, sire, I did but dream. Wilt take my master's bond?"

The king was awed. For a moment he was silent. At length, he observed:

"Old man, I could have sworn I saw beneath that gabardine an oracle of that grand race whose sacred lips, moved to the utterance by Heaven's most awful majesty, of old dared to rebuke the monarch's errors. Venerable Israelite, Charles of England takes thy speech home to himself with profit."

But the Patriarch designed not to arrogate in the king's presence; so he replied with the humbler manner of a present business:

"Say, O king, wilt take my master's bond?"

"I will!"

"Then meet my master to-night at the house of Hadassah, and thou shalt have the moneys for the interest of the turning it."

"Why, 'tis a generous bond!" exclaimed Charles, in delight. "There is no pound of flesh exacted in it."

"Sire, deal justly with us, and thou wilt have cause to bless the Jew and bless his bond."

Saying this, the Patriarch left the king's presence.

Did the money-providence of Judah indeed come to England with the return of the Jews? One of the blessings pronounced on that sacred race was that, under Heaven's favor, Israel should lend and not borrow; and now this mystic son of Israel had pronounced the blessing of his race upon England. Certain is it that from the time the Jews returned to British shores, after a four hundred years banishment, England has lent to all nations and not borrowed; and in the money-providence which has been over her since that day, her apostleship of civilization has culminated!

CHAPTER XVII.

A PLOT AGAINST THE JEWS.

As Charles, with the Dutch envoy, came forth from his closet, still in deep consultation upon the subject of the Jews and the covenant of money offered to England, the eye of Lord Hawkley, who had just come from an interview with the Duke of York, followed them with a volume of vindictive intents. He stopped and gazed awhile after them in the corridor where they met, giving incautious expression to his malice and plotting thoughts as they passed out of sight:

"Curse thee, thou subtle agent of the House of Nassau—aye, curse the Jews, whom Rome hath more to fear than from the heretics about the throne. And curse thee, too, thou royal fool! Would that thy brother, James, now reigned in England."

A woman's hand was placed on his shoulder.

"My lord of Hawkley, utter not thy thoughts!" she whispered.

The plotter started in alarm,—his hand grasping his sword,—but a glance at the lady assured him.

"Marie De Guise! and in England?"

"Even so, my lord."

"Sent by Louis?"

"Right. But caution, Lord Hawkley. I am here with thy aid to checkmate William and his envoy," said the lady, drawing him into an ante-chamber which appeared to be vacant.

"What says our royal master, Countess?"

"Much what thou saidst thyself but now, my lord. Louis fears this Jew adviser of William as much as he does William himself. He is a very Machiavel in state craft, yet, withal, the Dutch heretic trusts himself much to his honor and guiding. He has been a very Satan to Louis as well in diplomacy as in war; and has now been sent by William to effect his marriage with the Princess Mary: but especially to break the golden chain with which my too generous sovereign holds the king of England and his brother James. In this, William relies on the potent aid of Jewish gold to influence both Charles and his nobles by gracious loans and to cripple his enemies by the snares of Jewish bonds. There, my lord of Hawkley, you have my budget of advice, gathered by Louis from the best diplomatic sources."

"Art sure, Marie, that this envoy is a Jew himself?"

"No. Of this, Louis is not certain; for he has been in the service of the Princes of Orange from early youth, being private Secretary to the late Prince of Orange before he had yet reached manhood. In Holland, he is often spoken of as William's mentor, for, as they grew together, he bent the mind of the Prince and shaped his character and temper more than did his guardian, De Witt. Yet there is much inner mystery concerning his influence with the house of Orange. If he be Jew, still has he been reared in the house of Orange and not among his people; yet our master, Louis, has traced him ever working for the Jew and ever interrupting his own plans in war and policy against the Dutch."

"By the Holy See, we had a touch of that from him to-day. I wish, Marie, thou hadst been present. Thy keen woman's wit had traced him farther."

"Ah, that reminds me, my dear Hawkley, that this same envoy is especially obnoxious to the Holy See. The holy order of Jesus hates him as though he were Lucifer himself."

"The Jesuits fear him, Countess? Mean you as much?"

"Yes; we may confess it between ourselves. They plot to restore England to Mother Church; while he and William aim to prevail against it."

"Marie De Guise, we must raise a storm in England against the Jews."

"Just so, my dear lord, and if possible, break off the match of William with the Princess Mary. I need scarcely remind you of what you so well know, that Marie De Guise is kinswoman of the king of England, or that this was one of Louis' reasons for sending her on this business."

"Marie, if we succeed, what may my love claim of thee?"

"That, my dear lord, which you may most desire."

"Then am I with you, Marie, in love as I am in deadly hate against the Jews for sake of Mother Church."

"By the way, my dear lord, what of the king's love for this Jewess? I have discovered it to be the sensation with every lady of the court."

"The king is bewitched by the Jewess!"

"Ah, there, my dear love, you are sug-

gestive. We must send the rumor round that the king *is bewitched* to love the Jewess."

"May thy rumor, Countess, poison every tongue."

"And that she hath dark dealings with the Evil One."

"Thou art as deep as this Jew in plotting, my lady love."

"Thou shalt find me so. As thou saidst, a storm must be raised in England against the Jews."

"Yet, Countess, I am not armor proof. The Jews have my castle and estates under bonds well nigh to their full value."

"Most fatal. Yet will Marie De Guise abide her bargain with thee. We will work the ruin of the Jews in England yet. The holy fathers of the Jesuits will be with us."

As the plotters retired, an old man in a gabardine came forth from his hiding place behind the tapestry of the chamber. It was the Patriarch. He had, after his interview with the king, been conducted there by Sir William Temple that he might rest while the minister attended to some important preparation of their mutual purposes. Seeing Hawkley enter with the lady, he had quickly concealed himself behind the tapestry of the chamber, fearing the violence of Hawkley in a scene at court. Thus had he overheard the plot against his people.

"Then is there danger brewing for our race;" he mused—"E'en in this goodly land, where I had thought our people, worn with ages of their wanderings would find rest for their feet. Cromwell the Great had given us both welcome and enfranchisement, but he did live before his time. The needs of Charles for moneys serve us better now than did a great man's tolerance and aims for justice to our persecuted people. King Charles' passion for this Hebrew maid hath served us too. But from his princely lust old David's hand must save the child. And yet there's danger brewing 'gainst our tribe! If once the Jesuits obtain the sway in England, then I fear me much the Jew will have to leave these shores again and quit the pastures of this thrifty land. The king comes forth. I'll watch and keep mine ears as open doors."

Sir Judah being again in England, this time to bring about the marriage between the Princess Mary, was endeavoring, if

possible, to break the collar of vassalage which Louis, by his gold, had welded on the neck of Charles, and to aid the Protestant ministers of the realm with Jewish gold. In the weal of England was the safety of his people. But Louis, as we have seen, was also at work in England with his agents and they were instigating in the land a plot against the Jews. And before the close of the day on which the Patriarch was closeted with the king, my lord of Hawkley came to an issue with the envoy. Waylaying him in the gardens of the Palace, as the envoy was leaving, the plotter haughtily accosted him:

"Who art thou? There's mystery in thee!"

"Envoy from the States-General, my lord of Hawkley."

"That I know; but what your business with us?"

"Naught with thee, unless thou provoke it; much with thy king."

"What with the king?"

"'Twill please thee much; and please thy master Louis much. I know thee, my lord of Hawkley."

"By Heaven, I think thou art thyself a Jew."

"By Satan, then, be on thy guard henceforth, lest thou shouldst touch the apple of mine eye."

"Keep guard upon thy tongue, devil, or Jew, lest I should give thee taste of this."

"I wear a charmed sword, Sir Christian."

"Have at thee, then, Sir Jew! A little blood may rouse some Christian temper 'gainst thy tribe."

Their swords flew out; but in a moment Hawkley was disarmed.

"Thou fightest at some risk to thee, my Lord of Hawkley, but none to me. Pick up thy sword. There is no malice in my sting."

"Devil!" exclaimed the plotter, as he stooped for his weapon.

"Aha! Thou seest my parentage!" retorted the envoy, with a light, sardonic laugh. "'Tis well, or ill, just as it pleaseth thee, Lord Hawkley, I am not altogether Jew nor quite a Christian. Satan is my sire. Shouldst need the fiend, I will be at thy elbow in thy direst strait. *But touch thou not the apple of mine eye!*"

Again was the plotter worsted in con-

tending with the Jew. Fate was in the Jew.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE COVENANT OF ENGLAND WITH THE JEWS.

In the year 1656, the Jews sent to England a distinguished Rabbi, Manassah Ben Israel, to negotiate with the Protector on the subject of the return of the Jews; and in the same year a treaty was made with the latter by the Protector's government permitting their return. Cromwell and the lawyers were earnest and thorough; but in consequence of the bigotry of the committee appointed to consider Manassah's proposition, only little resulted from the permission until the reign of Charles II. It was clearly now a matter of royal grace, seeing that the king, on pretence of cause, could readily set aside the act of the revolutionary government that had put his father to death. Hence, the Patriarch had deemed it of vital importance to obtain from Charles some written warrant, under the royal seal, in effect endorsing the treaty made with his kinsman, Rabbi Manassah.

That night the king and certain of his ministers honored the palace of Hadasah with their presence. His Majesty had designed to make a peace-offering to the maiden worthy a prince.

On this auspicious night, the Christian King designed to present to the daughter of David the new covenant of England with the Jews repealing the act of banishment of the reign of Edward the First. Such, in effect, was the royal warrant which Sir William Temple prepared and which, that day, received the royal signature. Hadassah, through the minister, had been advised of his Majesty's gracious pleasure, so that she was thrown into the conspicuous place and Ben Israel kept in the back-ground with his money offering.

The Daughter of David of Nassau received Charles with such royal spirit that evening that for awhile the king's love was in a dangerous palpitation. Nothing can exceed the tact of a woman in the affairs of the tender passion, nor a noble woman's magnanimity to the man who has sued at her feet in vain. Hadasah was sensible that the king's passion was sincere. Indeed, never had Charles II. loved woman more royally than he

did the Jewess; nor had Hadassah ever before received him with such a cordial unreserved spirit. This, Charles appreciated at once, and kissed the maiden's hand with reverent respect. His peace thus made, the king returned to his ministers.

There were present the Earl of Danby, Sir William Temple, Lord Halifax, Baron De Leon and the Bishop—brother of Lady De Leon; and among many more of the noble guests invited, was my Lord of Hawkley. The Plotter had been surprised at the invitation, but as a spy of Louis he availed himself of the unexpected chance of serving the Papal cause and watching the secret business of the occasion.

"What means this gathering, your majesty?" he enquired.

"'Tis but the whim of an ancient patriarch," replied the king, "who schemes to have these noble gentlemen partakers in the covenant of good-will between us and the Jews."

"But where is the Jewish prince, sire?"

At this moment, entered the band of ancients in their gabardines, and at their head was the patriarch from Palestine.

Evidently, the king himself was astonished at their presence. He had expected to meet the mysterious patriarch and Sir Judah of Nassau, but of this troop of ancients he knew nothing. Their entrance produced a marked sensation.

"There is a mystery here, Sir William Temple," observed the king, not knowing whether to be offended or not.

"A mystery which I will prick!" put in my lord of Hawkley maliciously, for he thought the opportunity was now presented for him, by audacity, to interrupt the covenant of good-will.

"Surely most noble sirs," he said, "we are not here to be received by such as these, buyers of old silver—vagabonds who peddle through our streets. That rusty, greasy, stinking gabardine most plainly tells the swine with which we mix to-night. (This indicating the patriarch, with insolent disgust.) Where is Ben Israel? He claims to be descendant of the royal blood of Judah. If this Prince be here, your Majesty, let him at once appear or we retire."

"Comrades of David!" cried the patriarch with a voice of proud command, startling all present but those addressed. "Comrades of David! From under your

gabardines. We are in the presence of our king—the gracious Majesty of England."

In an instant the gabardines fell off from the ancients. The comrades of David were revealed at last. Dressed as when soldiers they followed their warrior Prince—the heroes of other days, by whose aid Maurice of Nassau had vanquished the Spaniard. But who was he—the patriarch? He was robed in princely costume; about his neck the jewels of honor; on his breast a prince's star; on his heel the spurs of Knighthood.

"Sir David, Prince of Nassau!" exclaimed De Leon, overpowered by his emotion and surprise.

"Sir David of Nassau!" echoed the king. "Then, indeed, thou royal hero, are we among our equals."

But that which gave to the others an admiration as supreme as their astonishment, produced a different effect upon my lord of Hawkley. He was beside himself with rage, and altogether forgetful of the presence of the king.

"Ah!" he hissed, "this is your revenge on me, old man. But I will be even with you yet, dog of a Jew!"

With this he was about to leave, but David, waving him back, and crossing his path with his ancient majesty, thus addressed the plotter:

"Stay, my lord of Hawkley! I hold some bonds of thine which, if pressed home for settlement, would send thee through the world a beggar lord. They fell due yesterday. Leave my poor dwelling thus, and to-morrow I will press the settlement. The other day, thou didst spurn the Jew and, trampling him beneath thy feet, did call him dog. 'Twas then this maiden for her people stood, even as Judith, who smote the chief of proud Assyria's host! My lord of Hawkley, the Jew now thanks thee that thine outrage did show him such a picture of his race; and, in his gratitude, renews the bonds. But if, hereafter, thou but touchest even the hem of any of my people's robes—ay, though it be the least of all my tribe, I will exact the recompense to the last farthing's due."

"He hath deserved thy rebuke, Sir David, but let him retire. His presence offends his king. My lord of Hawkley, henceforth we shall not need you in our counsels."

Thus dismissed by the king, the plotter, choked with rage, retired.

Already, that day, had David revealed himself to his daughter. Already, had Sir Judah of Nassau clasped his sister, Hadassah, to his bosom.

Sir David was now an old man, yet he looked the princely warrior of other days. Charles surveyed him with admiration.

"Sire," observed Sir William Temple, "Did I not say Sir David of Nassau was the royalest personage in Europe? Thou seest him so to-day, and these his heroes are worthy of him."

"Yea, most gracious Majesty of England. David's soldiers are not unworthy thy presence."

"Right, Sir David, the king is honored in their presence. I would that thou and they were young again and in the service of England."

"Ay, sire, would to the God of Jacob that David and his thousands were thus and in arms, and England in the field. As freely as their gold, so would they give their blood for love of England."

"Why hast thou hid thyself, Sir David, from the world till now?"

"Sire, our work as soldiers was long since ended. Our swords were no longer needed; nor had David heart within him after the tragedy that bereft him of his beloved and her babe—whom till recently, when we met in Spain, I knew not was living. Resuming my family name, with my comrades we sought to establish our people again in Europe. In this we have succeeded; and now have wended our feet to thy realm to rest from our wanderings."

"Right welcome, Sir David, art thou; and welcome, they, to England."

"My king, they are not peddlers as that scornful noble named them. These are the moneyed princes of Europe—bankers now, as soldiers once. This is no masquerade, sire. David deemed it fitting that England's king should give covenant to us without disguise. For twenty years, we have not thus revealed ourselves."

"We do applaud thee, Sir David, and thy royal motive," replied the king, much gratified.

"Sire, will it please thee and my noble guests to banquet with the Jew? All is ready, David's table will not be unworthy thy gracious honoring."

That night, the king of England and his ministers sat down to the richest banquet that it had ever fallen to their lot

to partake of. The king and his ministers feasted with heroes and moneyed princes,—not with peddlers—men whose wealth could purchase a kingdom. That night, too, the king presented Hadassah with his royal warrant—his covenant to the Jews; while David and his comrades presented the king with a gift such as Louis of France had never bestowed upon him. Nor were the rest sent away without some princely present to remind them of David and his men. It was a night of jubilee to Israel, and a promise of Israel's help to England in all coming times.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE KNIGHTS REBUILD THE TOMB.

Seven years had passed since the landing of the Hebrews in England under Sir David and his daughter. Within that period a number of the band of the Ancients had gathered up their feet and slept with their fathers. Solemn, now, was each summons of death to the remainder of the knightly brotherhood of Israel which, under David, more than fifty years before, left Babylonia to effect the return of their people to Europe. Five hundred youths then,—now scarcely exceeding a fifth of that number of old—old men. But to Sir David of Nassau more solemn even than to his comrades, was the periodical summons to entomb the sacred remains of a departed brother. Sir David, himself, had lived beyond his eightieth year, but thus far on the way, death had passed him by, as though the work of the Hebrew chieftain was not yet completed.

Up to the period here marked, the departed knights of the Covenant of the tomb had received burial in a cemetery of the Palace of Sir David, known at first as the Palace of Hadassah. But the Hebrew Brotherhood, from the date of their landing—indeed, when they sealed up the tomb of Israel of Cordova—had purposed a tomb of the Covenant in England, where the sacred ashes of the remnant of the band of their brotherhood might sleep in love and peace together as they had lived in the mortal action of this estate.

Loath at first to begin the solemn work of the tomb in England, the band of Ancients had too long procrastinated; but sternly admonished of late by fre-

quent deaths of their brothers, the mournful remnant hastened to execute their cherished purpose. From that moment, the Ancients were literally hurrying their footsteps to the grave.

Near the palace of Sir David was a beautiful ravine, which seemed ordained by Nature herself for the cemetery of a special people. This spot the Ancients had chosen for their "Palace of the Dead." Indeed, close by, they had built the Palace of the Living; because its site was contingent to that of the ravine purchased for their cemetery.

The Tomb of David—as the Ancients named it—the "Palace of the Dead"—where the ashes of immortals were to sleep—was now finished. The mausoleum was built after the fashion of that of Israel of Cordova, but the crypt of the tomb was much more simple than that of the tomb in Spain, there being merely a flight of marble stairs to the chambers beneath. But one of these chambers was a grand marble hall where the knights of the Covenant designed to hold their chapters. Above, were the statues of two knights with clasped hands, and these were the figures of Sir David and Sir Richard De Leon—the Hebrew and the Christian in brotherly covenant. The descent and ascent of the crypt were through them.

During the last few days, about fifty of the departed had been removed to the chambers of the tomb. The last of the Ancients who had fallen beneath the stroke of death were Nathan and Simeon. Levi Ben Levi, and Caleb, David's lieutenants, were still among the living.

This night, the Ancients were holding their initial chapter in the new tomb of the covenant. There was solemn ceremony for the dead of Israel in the subterranean temple.

A hundred of the Ancients were present, but there was also quite a band of the sons and daughters of the dead; and about the necks of all was the "jewel of the Covenant," which had belonged to their dead fathers.

Sir David of Nassau having once more taken his knightly name, presided over the chapter.

The Prince of the Captivity arose and read:

"The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst

of the valley which was full of bones.

"And caused me to pass by them round about: and behold very many in the open valley; and lo, very dry.

"Then said he unto me; These bones are the whole house of Israel: behold, they say, Our bones are dried and our hope is lost: we are cut off from our parts."

The Ancients lifted up their voices and wept. To these grand old men it was as though they now were carried away by the spirit and set down in the valley of dry bones of the "*whole house of Israel*." And the sons of the dead and the daughters of the dead also lifted up their voices and wept.

But the Voice from the Dead swelled above the grief of the living. The sobbing of the Ancients was hushed. The mantle of the sepulchre was lifted and the bright wings of the Angel of the Covenant swept the gloom of death from the spirits of the sons and daughters of Israel as the Voice continued the theme:

"Therefore, prophecy and say unto them, 'Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, O, my people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel.

'And ye shall know that I am the Lord, when I have opened your graves, O my people, and brought you up out of your graves.

'And shall put my Spirit in you, and ye shall live, and I shall place you in your own land.

'And they shall dwell in the land that I have given unto Jacob my servant, wherein your fathers have dwelt; and they shall dwell therein, they and their children, and their children's children for ever: and my servant, David, their Prince for ever.'"

As by one accord, moved by the same impulse, the comrades of David rose to their feet, their example being followed by the sons and daughters of the Dead, and led by the voice of Levi Ben Levi they responded:

"So be it, Thou Mighty God of Jacob!"

CHAPTER XX.

ALMIGHTY LOVE!

Had love grown impotent at last?
Was instinct of Grace its final conqueror?

Had the young lion forgotten its mate?

Nay, love had but been proving its sovereign quality.

It has been said that after the great separation which came to young Richard De Leon and his Hebrew mate, in consequence of the gulf which existed between the two races, Hadassah was held in the mind of the young Christian noble as one sacred. From that time, he never approached her with words of love, though he had often met her with deep reverence in his manner; and, often also, had he stood afar off in her brilliant saloons and watched her, surrounded by a galaxy of learning and genius, as one worshipping a distant star that ruled his life. But he had not renounced his claims upon his mate. Like Jacob, he had been serving for his Rachel. Let him explain himself, as he did to Sir David of Nassau, when he sought the princely father for the hand of his daughter.

"As Jacob for his Rachel, so hath Richard for his Hadassah, his seven years served. I have come, Sir David, to claim my bride."

"Boy, I cannot answer thee to-day!"

"Nay, not a boy, Sir David of Nassau, but one unsatisfied, permitting his ripe manhood to pass, without his mate. Yet have I loved her since as a boy, I first breathed my love, scarcely comprehending the meaning of the passion—loved Hadassah thus thrice seven years with unabated yearning, increasing daily till I can hold my peace no longer. I come, Sir David, to claim thy daughter."

"Boy, thy coming hath troubled the soul of David more than thou canst realize."

"Thou wilt not withhold her longer from me? She is mine. Thy own heart dare not disown my claim. I loved her long ere thou didst know thy daughter lived to bless thee. O thou, too, Sir David, in thy strength of manhood hath loved."

"Yea, boy, David hath loved thy father well—aye, as his ancestor loved Jonathan. Thou art right, boy, David hath loved well."

"O, sir, evade not my earnest issue. Thou knowest I mean love for thy daughter as thine for her mother."

The old man's tears gave answer more touching than words had been. David could no longer control himself. The

young De Leon's reference to the mother of Hadassah brought back in all its freshness the ripe love of his manhood, and in all its anguish his awful bereavement by the tragedy in Spain. He buried his countenance in his trembling hands and sobbed aloud; nor could his daughter, who knelt by his chair—her tears with his—soothe the passion of her father's grief for his long lost love. For a quarter of a century, he had not wept thus over her loss and memory. Never so strongly as now, did he yearn for their reunion beyond the veil of death. De Leon had moved the father more than he had designed in pleading for his daughter; and yet this very grief he saw was pleading more potently than any words of his had done.

"O pardon me, most revered of men, for thus moving thee. I designed not this, and yet, Sir David, in justice to my own love and the long agonized yearning of years already felt, am I forced to declare that like thy grief would be mine to lose thy daughter now."

"Richard De Leon, let the maiden herself answer thee. I dare not now, but will seek my comrades and tell them of thy urgent suit for David's daughter."

With this, the old man left the lovers alone that he might seek judgment of his comrades.

"Hadassah?"

"O, Richard, I cannot answer thee till *their* judgment is pronounced."

"Hadassah, when thou wentest out from my father's home, declaring that the curse had made thee sacred from even the following of love, I dared not cross my father's threshold to stay thy steps or follow thee as I fain had to the world's end—aye to the end of all things, ere the death of Richard's love for Hadassah."

"Not more was thine than Hadassah's for Richard! Not more thy yearning for her than her love for thee!"

"But with thy going, Hadassah, a change came over me."

"A change, Richard? Thou didst cease to love me? Fie, fie, that were a foolish question. Forgive it, Richard."

"Yes, Hadassah, a change but—not of my changeless love. Oh, it was the curse!—the curse, Hadassah, had fallen on me as well as on thee!"

"The curse of my love? O, Richard, I felt not that till thou suggested it. God of my Fathers, help us, then, if Had-

assah's love hath been thy curse. I knew it not till now, yet how could it be to thee but a curse? O, Richard! Richard!"

"Nay, Hadassah, thy love was no curse. I would not have bartered it for the universe. Thy priceless love hath ennobled me."

"Thank God that Hadassah's love hath been no curse to thee, Richard!"

"Yet, as I have said, did the curse fall on me as well as on thee. 'Twas then, Hadassah, I felt the burden of thy people's wrongs. 'Twas then I swore in my despair that never should my voice be hushed until in England the Jew with Christian ranked as equal."

"Aye, and nobly indeed, my beloved, hast thou kept thy vow."

"By my father's influence, I obtained a seat in the British Parliament and took up the Jewish cause, till my constituents applaud where once they hurled reproaches on my head and fain had unseated me."

"I know it! Hadassah hath watched her beloved with pride boundless as her gratitude. O, do I not know that at every chance, sought oftener than given, hath Richard De Leon stormed the British Parliament with eloquence upon the cause of our long suffering people!"

"Yet, as thou knowest, Hadassah, I have kept from thee as one sacred, seeing thee but seldom; resolving not to claim thee till I, in Parliament, had served, like Jacob with Laban, seven years for my love. The probation is ended. I am here to claim thee mine by right of love,—mine by covenant of service to thy people. To thee I urge but love; to thy people, covenant. O, Hadassah, answer me, for henceforth will I wrestle in Love's name till the blessing be mine."

"Richard, I, too, will seek my father's comrades. I, too, will plead in Love's name. Thou hast conquered my answer—I am thine—I go to conquer theirs. To-night, I will meet thee again."

The maiden sought her father and his faithful lieutenants, Caleb and Ben Levi, who seldom separated even an hour from their chief—so necessary had the old men become to each other—the necessities of their life-long affections, not of their life-long service together for their race, for that was almost closed.

David had already sent his young men to summon a chapter of the knights. Meantime, something also had transpired besides the pressed issue of Richard De Leon's love to call the Ancients together. The chiefs evaded the maiden's questions upon the matter; refused, in fact, to satisfy her by any answer. She saw a spirit of deep trouble in her father and Ben Levi—a certain comprehension in their manner of something near of supreme consequence and, it would seem, supreme grief. What was the meaning of this sudden something that had transpired to seal the lips which had been wont to trust her with all their confidence?

"Hadassah, question me not. Thou wilt know too soon, child—too soon for us, Levi—Brother."

"Too soon for us, David, my Prince!"

And the old men wept.

"What is that? Richard De Leon horsed and dashing like the wind from our palace! Look; sirs, from the window. See! O, what means this, good Levi?"

The old men answered not, but wept on.

CHAPTER XXI.

ADJURED! ANATHEMA!

The voice of mourning in Castle De Leon! The angel of death had entered its portal.

In that solemn chamber was one of the most touching of earthly scenes—the death bed of a just man. Richard, Baron De Leon, was dying!

Around the bed of the dying nobleman were Lady De Leon, her brother—the Bishop—and other zealous Christian members of the family.

Orthodoxy was congregated there to wrestle for the undoing of a soul saved by its own divine truth; the priest of a church to adjure the just to descend from the lofty pinnacle of life's righteousness; a Right Reverend Bishop, sweating in the agony of Christian zeal, to prevail on his kinsman to renounce at the last moment his covenant with the Jew.

"Richard De Leon, I adjure thee, in the name of the Blessed Savior, to renounce thy compact with the Evil One."

"Richard De Leon hath made no such compact."

"Hast thou not compacted with the

Jews?—the race accursed by the shedding of His precious blood? Cover not thy awful guilt at this moment. Confess! Abjure thy compact with Satan—that Holy Church may administer to thy penitent soul its blessed absolution.”

“O, husband, confess thy sin. Holy church will be merciful.”

“Wife, thy husband hath no need of priestly mercy.”

“O, Richard, confess. Art thou not a sinner in his sight?”

“So are we sinners all, at best.”

“Make thy peace with holy church.”

“I have made my peace with heaven, good wife.”

“O, confess and abjure thy sin. His Reverence will absolve thee.”

“Be Richard De Leon’s deeds his absolution.”

“O, confess and partake of the blessed sacrament, ere it be too late.”

“My death be my sacrament, good wife. I have but little more to partake.”

“Confess, confess, wretched man!” urged the priest, severely.

“I have nought to confess but fidelity to those thou wouldst have me abjure.”

“The adversary hath hold of thy obdurate soul.”

“My lord Bishop, it hath still left strength to be faithful to those so long loved.”

“Holdest thou to thy compact with the Evil One?”

“Aye; to my covenant with David, my brother. If he be evil, yet in my sight good—I hold to my love for him. Leave me, my lord Bishop. Thy importunities trouble my peace. Would Richard were come. Wife, see if our son hath arrived. His father’s soul yearns for the boy.”

The Bishop whispered to his sister and she left the room to do his secret bidding.

For awhile, the dying nobleman was left untroubled by Christian importunity; but presently his weeping wife returned, and following were a train of priests bearing the host. The Bishop had resolved to storm the fortress of the soul of the just man with the awful pageantry of churchly power.

“By that awful symbol, I do adjure thee to confess thy guilt and renounce thy compact with the evil one.”

Thus did the church labor in vain to

shake the temple—thus the hand lifted to steady the ark, till at last the priest, enraged, thundered;

“Richard De Leon, for the last time, I charge thee, by the holy crucifix, to confess thy cardinal guilt and abjure thy unholy compact.

“I have answered thee, Sir Priest.”

“Wretched man, then be *his blood* upon thy head, also!”

“Nay, nay, say it not.”

“Yea, wife, if it so please him.”

“Sacreligious wretch! Dost thou invoke His blood upon thy head?”

“Aye, as on theirs!” said the dying man, with indignant wrath.

“Then anathema! anathema! anathema!”

With shrieks, the wife threw herself on her knees; but at that moment the son had entered.

“His head is too sacred for thy anathemas, sir priest. His presence too holy for thine. Leave us. His son is here to guard his sire. On my head be thy curse. Thy Church hath come down with the thunder of anathemas. But thou hast launched them here in vain. Leave us, I say!”

The pageanty of the Church retired with groanings over the “lost soul.”

Groanings over the death of the just.

Richard De Leon had kept his covenant!

The dying baron was alone with his son and disclosing important matters concerning his relations with the Hebrew Brotherhood.

“Thou knowest now, my son, why thy father and his comrades have so long procrastinated thy suit for David’s daughter. It could not take effect till thou thyself was in the covenant. By my death, Richard, thou art inheritor; and it was ordained between us, years ago, that the issue should be when thou presentest thy father’s jewel to claim David’s daughter for betrothal. Had I told thee sooner, my son, then had I more wished this night had sooner come.”

“O, my honored father, live thou on. Let thy son serve seven more years for David’s daughter!”

“It cannot be, Richard, nor would thy father have it so. I am full ripe with age. The summons from the Chapter above has reached me.

“Take thou my jewel, I have worn it

for love of David and his comrades, not unworthily. Kneel, Richard."

"With this jewel of our Covenant I do endow thee, Richard De Leon, inheritor. Present it to Sir David and my comrades at the tomb to-night. They will be there to meet thee."

The dying knight, exhausted by his efforts, fell back upon his pillow and slept.

For an hour the young De Leon watched by his sire to catch the last return of consciousness.

The aged knight awoke from his restful sleep. Why, it seemed youth was coming back to him again. Ah! but this coming was the youth that grows not old.

"Wife, 'tis the steed of Richard—our son!—Hearest thou not its pawing in the courtyard?"

"I am here by thy side, my father!"

"Thank God, my son, I see thee again."

"Oh, my father, can it be? Can it be?"

"Didst say my messenger reached thee at Sir David's?"

"I flew to thy side, my father, nor once drew rein till I reached the castle."

"Ah! at my brother, David's! Then at last, boy, thou wast urging suit for David's daughter? Richard, I too have sent my suit, and bade Ben Levi call a Chapter.

"'Tis growing dark, Richard. Thou must be going. 'Tis almost night. They will be waiting thee, boy!"

"Where is thy mother?"

"O, my mother! O, my father!"

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PROXY OF THE DEAD.

In the Tomb of David which had been dedicated as the Temple of the Brotherhood, the Knights of the Covenant were holding a special Chapter.

The number of the Ancients at the last calling of the roll stood seventy and one. Seventy were present to-night; one was absent. This was realized, however, rather than known with exactness; for the roll had not been called. To-night it was locked in the archives of the temple. The comrades dared not consult it; for to-night the Spirit of the Sanctuary guarded it from mortal eye. Who of them yet remained among the living

and who were now numbered among the dead was the question from whose answer these old men shrank.

There was silence to-night in the holy Sanctuary! For the space of half an hour the Ancients had sat in this profound. As they entered the temple of the Covenant each had silently taken his niche. No word had been spoken,—no greeting given by brother to brother. The seventy comrades present had each received a direct summons from the one absent to meet him that night in special chapter. They all waited *his* coming. It was for him to-night to give first greeting. Only on one solemn occasion was it thus: and that was named "The Night of Communion with the Dead."

And here must be mentioned something of the beautiful mysticism which had grown up between these old men.

It will be remembered that the compact, which between their grandsires had simply been one for the recovery of the treasures hid in the tomb in Spain, had, in the life action of Sir David and his comrades, been transformed and elevated into a covenant of knightly brotherhood. So, also, had the custom of the inheritor presenting the father's jewel of the covenant inspired divine idealities and suggested sacred temple forms. At first, this was designed to keep up the organization and to link the sons and daughters of the fathers who had gone to their immortal home. But the children presenting themselves in the name of the sires—the name of the fathers being upon the head of the inheritors—the affirmation of the departed knight signified:—"No more in earthly estate can I meet my comrades in person, but I will meet with them in my offspring."

Hence the ordaining of "The night of communion with the dead!"

The emblem of the living was—

"We are waiting for the dead!"

The greeting of the Immortal—

"*I am not dead, but living, and in your midst!*"

It was Hadassah—the inspired daughter of David—who had breathed these spiritual idealities into the forms and customs of her father's ancient comrades.

When woman is masonic she is divinely so. She cannot exist on dead forms. Her's is the temple of the spiritual, not of the earthly. She has but little sense of signs and grips; but is all intuitive

with the masonic soul of the life present and the life to come. So Hadassah came into this valley of dry bones with the spirit of the departed ones and breathed it upon these ancient men.

But it was not till after the landing of the Ancients in England that their covenant had received this mystical typing; nor till after the building of the Tomb of David was "the Night of Communion" set apart.

Two hundred of those Ancient comrades when they landed; to-night but seventy were present. One hundred and twenty-nine slept in the chambers around the sanctuary. And there were also marble tablets of those who had passed away in the earlier days, lining the walls of the grand chamber where the living met. Thus had the tomb of David been converted into a veritable Temple.

But he who had called the chapter was absent!

Hadassah had also been summoned; but she on a suit for David's daughter. Richard, Baron De Leon, was to meet her there as suitor for his son.

O, but in the presence of those silent, waiting, anxious old men the calling of the chapter had more solemn import than a suit of love!

A spell of awe fell upon the maiden. The moments fled; yet eternity seemed coming; for still this silence in the temple. She could endure it no longer.

"O, venerable fathers, why sit ye thus in awful expectancy as though the very world itself were now to end?"

"Hush; child, that we may catch its dying breath!"

It was the voice of David that answered the maiden.

"O, my father, why comes not he who did summon *me*?"

"Hush! child, we wait his coming!"

Hadassah understood it all now. It was the seat of Vice-Commander, Richard, Baron De Leon, that was vacant.

Would the Christian Knight come?

It was a terrible question then to these grand loving old men;—Was De Leon faithful in death?—a hero indeed in the last test of his love? or had he, under the dark shadow of death and the terrors of Christian anathemas, abjured the Hebrew brotherhood and forbidden the continuance of the covenant with Israel in his son!

The uncertainty concerning the son

was almost as distressing to David and his comrades as that of the father. The compact between them was that when the young De Leon presented his father's jewel as the inheritor, thus in himself renewing the covenant with Israel, then should he claim his Hebrew bride. This failing, his seven years' service in the British Parliament for Hadassah was in vain. If the covenant between them was abjured, how could they give the daughter of David to the son? or how could that son renew what the father in death had renounced? True, the messenger, who had brought the summons to young De Leon to hasten to the death bed of the father, had brought to them the summons to the chapter; but since then what might not the last moments have developed? For they knew from a messenger of their own that De Leon was no more.

Still the awful silence in the sanctuary. The hour had passed. The son came not.

Suddenly a voice like an archangel's trump:

"I am here in the name of my immortal father, Richard De Leon!"

Sir David started to his feet. With arms outstretched, he staggered to the son of his beloved brother and falling upon his neck, wept.

"The God of Jacob be praised!" exclaimed the old men, rising with one accord to greet the "Son of the Dead."

Their comrade had been faithful in death. Richard De Leon was still in the bonds of love with Israel.

The young man had divined much of the thoughts and feelings which had pervaded the hearts of his father's comrades to night. He had learned all concerning their compact from his dying sire, witnessed the solemn adjuration of Christian priest to induce that just man to renounce his "compact with the Evil One," and heard their groans of horror over the "lost soul;" then, with loving hands, he closed the eyes of the dead, and mounting his father's steed, rode like the wind to bear the tidings to the Hebrew brotherhood that Richard De Leon was faithful in death as in life.

When the exultation of the emotion had somewhat subsided, the noble inheritor presented his father's jewel to Sir David and, addressing the Ancients, said:

"Richard De Leon hath sent greetings to

his comrades, and message that he will meet ye all in the chapter appointed."

"We shall keep the appointment with Richard De Leon," replied the chief. "Comrades, what say ye all?"

"*We will meet him there!*"

"Brothers of my immortal father, I am here in his name to renew the covenant with Israel, and to claim my father's jewel."

"Comrades of David, is not the son worthy the father and worthy the love of his father's brothers?"

"He is worthy!"

"Son of the Dead, thus do we endow thee with the jewel of his honor and of our covenant. Take thou thy immortal father's earthly seat among his brothers; and let *his* name be named upon thee in Israel forever."

With this, Sir David placed the jewel of the covenant about the young man's neck and led him to his father's seat.

And how with the daughter of David during this impressive scene in the temple? Her exultation was supreme, yet subdued. Love and fidelity were about to receive their fitting reward.

Vice Commander, young Richard De Leon had placed in the hands of the chief an epistle from the dead.

"Son of Caleb, read: I cannot!"

The son of Caleb left the niche of his sire's tomb and read thus the epistle from the Christian Knight:

"De Leon Castle.

To the Knights of the Covenant:

"My Hebrew Brothers,—Greetings to ye all through my son whom I send to you as the living memorial of my undying love. Pursuant to the ordinance which rules that each worthy knight shall call his last earthly chapter, I have summoned you to meet my son who will come in my name as ordained to present his father's jewel and claim the daughter of David, my beloved brother, for betrothal to-night. Let their love chasten your grief. Rejoice in them rather than mourn in me. I have directed that the heart of Richard De Leon shall be embalmed and sepulchred in my tomb by the side of that of David, our Prince. Brothers, Richard De Leon with his embrace will wait ye all at the grand chapter above appointed in our everlasting covenant. My blessing on thee, my son, and on the head of David's

daughter. Let their betrothal proceed.

Your comrade, everlastingly,

RICHARD DE LEON."

Again the Ancients rose; and Sir David, taking the noble suitor by the hand, led him to the altar of the temple where Ben Levi presented the maiden.

"Richard De Leon," said Sir David, with noble simplicity. "Ingratitude is not my people's sin. We love not, because we have not been loved; trust not because we have not been trusted. But thou shalt find the Jew is just; that he will pay his debts of love where love is due with more exactness than his debts of hate. Take her, my son; she is thine. Let all pronounce on them the blessing of our fathers!"

"The blessing of our fathers' God be on them and their children and their children's children for ever!" respond those divine old men.

They mourned for the dead; but they rejoiced in the covenant of love between the children; and had the veil of the temple of the life beyond been drawn aside, they had beheld the glorious band of their immortal comrades present, and known that the father of Richard and the mother of Hadassah were blessing their children even as they had blessed them in their earthly sanctuary.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MYSTIC LINK.

"The Sanctuary of the Tomb.

"O, Judah, my brother, what mystic chain is it that binds Hadassah to this solemn place? I write this letter to thee in the sanctuary of the tomb. Daily I come here, drawn as by some mighty and mysterious power. To others, this is a sepulchre of the dead;—to thy sister, it is a temple of the immortal living. Here thoughts pour in upon my soul that above, in the busy world of mortals, visit me not. Am I possessed with a mania in this place? I know not but thou wilt say so; yet am I not, Judah. True, when I come here, it seems that another life is opening to me. I dwell among beings not of earth, yet their links are with us. O, my brother, they must be of us. Aye, must they not even be those who have loved us on earth, gone before us to open the door of the everlasting sanctuary above? Yet are they with us, Judah, still by some

mysterious law. I cannot fathom it, yet do I feel the presence of our dead. This wondrous mystery of their presence is the burden of my life when I visit this sanctuary.

"O, my brother, the life beyond, of which we dream, is very near us. There is but the finest veil between. 'Tis not a mighty gulf. We see beyond it, yet are not conscious that it is the other side that looms up as the new world. We stretch our hands across and grasp immortal hands, then doubt the grip because 'tis not a mortal's clasp.

"You call these sights of mine Hadassah's visions, and Hadassah's dreams, and fear sometimes lest thy sister should dream herself beyond the confines of her reason. Judah, unless these sights are real, I am already there. I meet my father's comrades whom I have known in life, still as in life. To me, they are not departed hence. Only when above, in the busy world of mortals, do I miss them. In this sanctuary, I ever meet them. Here they are immortal, as once they were but mortal: other than this, I know no difference in their presence.

"Thou shouldst not wonder at this, my Judah, for as thou knowest, of old our race did walk and talk with angels. Thou art not atheist to the sacred records of our fathers. And what, O, my brother, is the awful significance of those records to us, but the entabulated prophecy that the angels shall walk and talk with our race again? Do I, then, hear their awaking voices at the morning dawn, and see the shadows of the hosts that come to lift the curse from off our people? I know not, yet I do know our father's ancient comrades are not dead to me.

"I told you in my last to thee, dear Judah, of the departure from earth's life of that just man, my Richard's honored sire. The son came not alone to our sanctuary that night. The sire came with the son. As certain as was the one, so was the presence of the other to thy sister. And when our father placed young Richard De Leon's hand to receive mine, 'twas Baron De Leon that gave mine to his son in that night's solemn betrothal. The scene did affect our father's comrades greatly; but would they could have seen their immortal comrade present, as did thy sister!

"Judah, another mystic link hath

come in the destiny of our people. Is it a prophecy that our race in this land shall be blessed with union with the Christian—in which Jew and Christian shall be one in love and in the world's blessed providence? In this, I know the subtle mind of my statesman brother will be with his visionary sister sympathetic, for thy mother—the Princess Elizabeth, did love our father well.

"Our father's comrades rejoice that Baron De Leon was faithful to his covenant while in mortal life. Thy sister rejoices that he is still with us in covenant. Death hath not broken it; else were the covenant of life of none effect. The mystic link remains, Baron De Leon is still in bonds of love with us. Baron De Leon is not dead. I know that he is with me, while I thus write to you his name and of his dear presence. Judah, I am not possessed with mania. My hand is firm; my reason hath her balance. Our father's comrades are not dead, but living!

"Our father, David, hath bade me write to thee, Judah, to invite thy coming to my nuptials. I need not dwell on this, nor attempt to tell thee of my boundless joy.

"Be the blessing of our fathers' God on thee, O Judah, my brother.

Thy ever loving sister,

HADASSAH."

"Palace at the Hague.

"Hadassah, my sister,—When thou didst say thy brother deemed thee but possessed with mania, thou didst blaspheme against thine own mind's excellence, and pay poor tribute to thy Judah's judgment. I will confess to thee (and pray my gracious sister's pardon) that, at the first, I did discourage this dæmon of thy genius, fearing lest his mightiness should prove too much for thy mind's even balance. I fear no longer for thee, dearest sister; therefore, I bid thee no more blaspheme against thy mind's royalty, nor falsify thy Judah's judgment of the excellent soundness of thy reason. For, when Hadassah threw away the part she played as leader of a tribe, to which her dæmon wrought her, and did, with matchless boldness, challenge England's peerless minds with Jewish intellect, then could thy statesman brother have bowed in homage to his sister.

"It was an admirable conception of

thy inspired mood—that our people must first come from under the curse among the nations. Scattered and peeled among the Gentiles for ages, in their very midst our people must be restored to their supremest cast;—cursed by the boundless ingratitude of Christendom, which gave us Iliads of persecutions to our race as recompense for our sacred books, we shall best requite them with the new impulses of our genius and civilization.

“Our gold is potent. England shall be blessed by our moneyed friendship, for England can bless us in return: therefore hath thy Judah plotted in state policies to gain for our people welcome in the land which hath at length so generously adopted us. I may frankly own to thee that thy brother hath set a price on our people’s present and future service to England in their moneyed help; that price is Jewish equality with any proud Christian foot that treads the fair earth. England can give us our price, and this she will, by and by, without a grudge. Nor is thy brother a huckster in his state policies in this: he admires England for her generous greatness; and his dearest hope is that henceforth his father, David’s, race may be her helpmate to lead the vanguard of civilization to all nations. Would William, my Prince, were king of England! But let not this thought go from thee, lest the winds should bear alarm to James of York. ’Twere well my thought in this had not been written; but thou, who canst conceal the purposes of Powers Supreme, will wisely lock thy brother’s thoughts from vulgar sight.

“Nay, my sister, let not thy dæmon’s wings flap the face of thy fair Patience. Thy Judah will not rest on our Jewish gold. True, it shall do wonders for us in England through the needs and instruments of English policies. But in the coming time our people shall rise in their pure race-quality. The Jew hath subtle intellect; his grip in all things seized by him as his life purposes is tenacious beyond the Gentile that would wrestle with him; our father, Jacob, is in him still,—even the angel cannot prevail against him; as for his genius it is all prescient; in this, our father’s race is peerless.

“Here thy question touching thyself, dear Hadassah, is a plummet that sounds the depths of thy brother’s thought. Like thee, I ask, is this genius of our race extinct

in its manifestations? Are not its methods in us still? If not, then hath our race changed. But if the genius and the methods are in us, then doth the manifestation merely wait upon our need and will. We have but to will to be so, and all that Jacob once was in his race-excellence he shall be yet again—and in mould more excellent than at the first. Again, O Jacob, shalt thou be as at Peniel with thy angel;—again as Moses on Mount Sinia;—again as David charming Heaven with mighty psalm;—again as Solomon matching the archangel’s wisdom;—again a glorious Prophet to all nations! And this shall the Jew be, my sister, *among all nations*. Yea, I will confess to thee that the thought that he shall yet be this among the Gentiles, sojourning in all his native majesty, much improved by a modern moulding, doth charm me more than the dream of his final return to the sacred land of the Patriarchs. Be he thus blessed among all nations to the full equivalent of the awful curse of ages, and Israel will be restored to the full measure of thy brother’s hope.

“Thou wilt perceive, dearest sister, that thy Judah is not less a dreamer than thyself. Yet am I not all Jewish. Sufficient is this accounting for my mode of thought. My mother’s mixture is in my moulding; still, as she did, so do I reverence and admire my father’s race.

“Need I tell thee then, my sister, that thy brother recognizes in thee a wondrous genius of our pure race-typing and not a maniac. Nay, thou art too rare for that. There is too much method in thee for mere frenzy. I have tested thy methods by my own. I doubt not, now, the soundness of thy reason; but rather do I admire thy lofty purpose and think thy mind equal to it. Bid thy visions come, if they delight in thee. Thy Judah is not atheist; and if not that, then surely may he bid the oracles of his race speak with voices syllabled with Heaven’s best utterances.

“Think not, Hadassah, that thy brother hath forgotten the event foreshadowed of thy crowning joy. I will be with thee at the altar. And I have news that will repay the waiting for my coming. William, my Prince, will be in England on that joyful day. Ere he returns to Holland, he will wed his cousin, Mary of York. What this may

prophecy in the coming time for England and the Jews I dare not tell thee. Our race *is* prescient ; and if my thought be prophet, then doth it prove me well Hadassah's brother.

JUDAH."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A DARK SHADOW ON A BRIGHT PICTURE.

Seven years have passed since the marriage of the Jewess and the Christian noble.

Hadassah was now thirty-five years of age. A superb woman was she, indeed, whose name was in the reverent mouths of the noblest men of Europe. Her character had matured, but lost nothing of its splendor. If she was less a dreamer and more a woman of the modern world she was still admired as a rare type.

Meantime, the Jews had greatly increased in England, and some of their tribe were to be found in most of the principal cities. In Cromwell's time, though permitted to return by a formal treaty, they, as already observed, did but little beyond obtaining a cemetery to bury their dead ; but now their feet were firmly planted in the land. The following letter from Hadassah to Sir Judah of Nassau, in the second year of her marriage, will give the bright picture of "the return" before the dark shadow fell upon it.

• "De Leon Castle,
September 1683.

"O, Judah, my brother, how shall thy sister tell to thee her unspeakable joy ! A son is born to us. I have named him Richard, after his noble grandfather and my beloved husband. It was my wish that he should be born at the ancestral castle. Our father and my grandsire, Ben Levi and Caleb are here to partake of our mighty blessing. Those grand old men are almost beside themselves with their great joy. They point at my child, nestling in its mother's arms, and whisper mysteriously as if it were a demi-god born to bless our people. My grandfather, Ben Levi, and Caleb did much insist that David should be his name, but his father's honored name was my son's rightful inheritance. I could not grant their wish ; nor would our father, David, have it so. 'Richard De Leon shall be his name,' he said ; 'we owe it to the covenant between us and our lamented

comrade—his Christian grandsire ; and Ben Levi responded ; 'Right, my prince ; the Jew is just ; Richard De Leon shall be his name.'

"I do believe, Judah, that these dear old men go about the castle dreaming that my son is born to lead our people back to the sacred land. But thou, Judah, knowest well our people need not this return to Palestine—at least, not for ages yet. Had we lingered still under the curse we could have hoped it nearer. But the curse of ages is all gone, my brother ; its last shadow was lifted with the birth of my boy !

"Our people prosper in England most wondrously. They flourish almost in every city. The blessing of our father's God is on them and on the land for their sake. I cannot write more to thee now, for I am feeble ; and yet is joy in me so strong that I am weak but in the telling it. Let this suffice thee now.

HADASSAH."

But a few years later, the dark shadow fell upon this bright prospect, not only for the Jews but also for England. The correspondence of Hadassah with her brother at this later date will give us the tone of events, and continue the story of the Jewish return.

"Nassau House, London,
1688.

"O Judah, the shadow of coming evil hath fallen suddenly upon us. My dæmon is oracular still—but big with omens of evil. I bid him hence but he will not ! A moment I think him gone ; he has quite vanished ; all grows bright again ; I fain would cry, 'Thank Heaven !' but ere I have the power to utter it I see the dæmon at my side again. O, Judah, thy sister fears lest the curse doth linger still upon our people.

"James of York now reigns as king of England.

"'Tis the dæmon's words uttered at each return. Is the Duke of York a thought so fatally begotten in my mind that e'en to think of him as king, brings up an evil spirit to affright me ? The dæmon is no longer angel, but James, the Papist king of England.

"Thou knowest, Judah, that the Duke of York did much oppose the Jews' return to this fair realm ; and my lord of Hawkey, who is now in favor at the court, hath not forgotten his former hate.

Our father hath dealt with this malicious favorite of James as doth become David's princely nature—forgiving him almost all his debt, in good requital for his loud pronounced hate to our people. Our father holds the mortgages on lord Hawkley's castle and estates simply as hostages of fair behavior to the Jew. And yet, thy sister foresees all of danger—nought of safeguard to the Jew, in this possession of my lord of Hawkley's bonds. O, Judah, I fear this man will work us evil with the Papist king.

"Fie, fie! upon me, that I cannot write to thee our father's message without this preface of foreboding. I'll bid my dæmon go at once and come no more as James of York: so, good my brother, for our father's word to thee:

"'Bid Judah, my son, to England, that his father's eyes may see him yet a little while, ere he goeth hence for ever.'

"Thou knowest, Judah, our father hath more than seen his four-score years. True, he is royal in his strength and may live to a riper age as did his sire; but one by one, David's comrades fall in death around him. 'Twill be a melancholy sight to thee to meet so few remaining. Therefore, return quickly, Judah, that their watching eyes ache not in too long waiting for thy coming. To haste thee hither, our father hath bidden the son of Caleb bear this message to the Hague. May the God of Jacob speed thee to us in his safe keeping.

"With love to thy wife and dutiful remembrance to the Prince of Orange and the Princess Mary, I remain thy loving sister,

HADASSAH."

CHAPTER XXV.

A JESUIT SPY.

The son of Caleb found Sir Judah of Nassau at his mansion at the Hague, busy with his secretary in diplomatic work for the Prince of Orange. The messenger received hearty welcome from the statesman; but the son of Caleb, with the prudence of his race, quickly took his leave on excuse of business with his tribe at the Hague. On the morrow, he would be ready to return to England with dispatches.

No sooner was the son of Caleb gone, than Sir Judah of Nassau resigned himself to deep and troubled thought. At

length, he seized the pen by impulse, observing to himself,

"Nay, I will not go to England, Hadassah's dæmon hath himself warned me. There is danger. These papists are on watch more eager than my father's comrades to catch the sight of me."

A pair of eyes flashed upon the Jewish statesman as if in malignant answer. They were those of his private secretary.

For an hour, Sir Judah continued rapidly to write letters to his father and sister. Ending, he sealed his dispatches, then placed them with his sister's letter in a secret drawer of his desk. Bidding his secretary continue alone his work of copying state papers, he departed to communicate with the Prince of Orange.

For awhile, the diligent secretary plied his skilful pen, as though his very soul was in the business of the State. Then he paused and listened. He was satisfied. By this time, Sir Judah was with his Prince. The secretary arose and went direct to the minister's desk. A marvelous change has passed over him. He lifted his head with malignant haughtiness.

"Jew," he said, "thou shalt learn what it is to have the watchful eyes of Rome upon thee!"

The young man was a spy of the Jesuits. He was, in fact, a Jesuit Priest. Mother Church was playing for the world's stake.

It was to be won in England, but Holland was the world's half-way house. William of Orange was lodged there at the Hague waiting the training of his Destiny to mount and away to ride the world's race in England. But His Holiness, the Pope, had the supreme stake to win or lose, and James was now the anointed jockey of Mother Church. To watch William of Orange, the great grandson of the Protestant hero of the Sixteenth Century, who was inheriting his grandsire's destiny, was precisely to watch the world's stake: and this part was, by the subtle order of Jesuits, given to a youth whose intellect was as capacious as his ambition, and intellect and ambition both without scruple outside his "Holy Order." He was a pure type of the Jesuit, every inch of him, body and soul, a Jesuit. All the purposes of his life were measured by the rule of his order; good and evil were sensed by him in the likings or repugnance of Mother Church, and mercy and conscience were gauged by a Jesuit's supreme aims. Such a man

was Francis, the secretary of Sir Judah of Nassau. He was an Englishman by birth, of gentle blood, and was sent to the Hague by the Holy Order of Jesus to watch the Prince of Orange in his relations with England. To ferret out the secret correspondence of the Prince with the revolutionary Protestants who were looking to William as their hope of deliverance from the returning rule of Rome, was a chief duty of the young Jesuit; for every move made now between Holland and England was to the last degree important to Mother Church, who clearly discerned that James was about to lose a crown, or she herself to win back a world. With matchless subtilty, the youth, Francis, chose the service of Sir Judah of Nassau rather than that of the Prince of Orange, himself, which the secret influence of his Order would have secured for him. To the Father General, he said:

"I pray your reverence's gracious pardon for presuming on your favor, and the license of youth against offence, but with your permission, I will watch this Jew adviser. Holy Church hath two powers in Europe to fear—the one the innovative heretics which, 'tis true, your reverence, William of Orange represents,—the other the moneyed power of Europe, which holds at once the sinews of government and war,—this power, the Jew represents: Father, with your gracious counsel, I will watch the Jew."

"Thou art right, boy; go watch Sir Judah of Nassau and dream thyself a cardinal."

The Jesuits had found their man for the work. Once in Sir Judah's service, the statesman grew attached to the spy. There was much in the daring and subtilty of the boy's intellect that reminded him of his own youth; and yet Francis revealed this to him with such superior art of mental cunning that it seemed a gradual unfolding of his character. At first, he played purely the part of the boy-scribe to a rare statesman, presuming never to rise above his years, excepting on well timed occasions, when he flashed out admirations upon the Jewish statesman's policies. By and by, he developed under the statesman's training; and Sir Judah may reasonably be excused the gratification which this gave him, for he discerned in the boy the making of a statesman as the Father-General did the making of a

cardinal. Had Sir Judah known that Francis was placed in his service by the Jesuits he would have perfectly comprehended the boy's methods of character and intellect; and though he might have admired them, he had been amused, not alarmed. Knowing as much, Sir Judah would have shown the Holy Order of Jesuits which was subtlest—Italian or Jewish intellect. He would have kept Francis by his side but made him his own crystal to spy upon the Papacy. Judah would have trusted him with all his secrets and unlocked all his secret drawers; but he would have woven those secrets into a net to catch the Jesuits and the Pope. As it was, that boy had thrown him off his guard by his very youth and seeming artlessness: hence the Jewish statesman trusted his youthful secretary and had been betrayed.

The next day, Sir Judah sent off his dispatches to England by the hand of the son of Caleb. The day following, Francis was missing. Sir Judah was not yet alarmed; but on the third day he sensed danger and treachery, for when compelled, himself, to follow the track of Francis, in his work as his secretary, as a state expert he quickly detected a tampering with his papers. This was first suggested by his missing the letter from his sister, brought by the son of Caleb. It is truly wonderful how blind a far-seeing man may be till the flash of light comes, and then how suddenly that one flash of light makes all as clear as day. To Sir Judah, now, Francis, the Jesuit, was an open book. He knew that for two years a spy of the church of Rome had been his private Secretary.

Sir Judah was immediately alarmed touching his people. He feared nothing concerning the secrets of his Prince nor the revealment of any of his own state policies. Though a bold statesman, Sir Judah was strictly conscientious in his principles. If he was profound in state craft, his art was constructed by the prescience of intellect inherited from the Jewish race. He foresaw events and constructed policies to fit them; and hence there was a conscientious bidding of the times, rather than a tortuous working of plots either to reach the crowning aim or to checkmate the Papal power. Like his master, William, he was essentially a Protestant statesman; and like William he knew that the crown of Eng-

land would come in the very destiny of events. But England, herself, at the time, was in actual conspiracy to cast out the Stuart dynasty and bring in the House of Orange, and England felt herself justified, for James was betraying her into the hands of Rome. It was this condition of the English people that alarmed Sir Judah concerning the Jews; for he felt certain the Jesuits would represent to James that, in this final struggle between the Catholic and Protestant powers, Jewish gold would be used all on the Protestant side. This view had resolved him not to go to England, even to gladden the eyes of his father, David, and his departing comrades, until the time had fully come—which clearly meant until he accompanied William to England in answer to the supreme call of the British people. Something of this was conveyed in his despatches sent by the hand of the son of Caleb, which he never would have committed to paper but for his tender design to show those dear old men that he dared not to obey sooner their dying summons.

“O, if that letter should fall into the hands of the Jesuits!”

Sir Judah tried to banish the presentiment; but like Hadassah’s spirit of evil in the form of king James, the letter sent by the hand of the son of Caleb constantly rose before him in the hand of Francis, the Papist spy.

“Come what may, I must go to England, now, though I should meet doomsday there. My father and his comrades must be shielded. The greater danger to them is in my tarrying here. My presence in England will give my letter better coloring should it fall into the hands of the Jesuits. Yet the son of Caleb will defend it with his life. Nay, nay; I must not risk the safety of our people on a chance. Francis is on his track. I must to England.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

BETRAYED BY THEIR LOVE.

Judah was again in England.

“The God of our fathers be praised who hath blessed our eyes once more with sight of thee, Judah, my son!” Thus David and thus his comrades.

Ah, how often doth it happen that love betrays us to our direst calamities. The yearning of the hearts of those fond old

men for the son of their prince and the longing of their eyes to see him once again before they closed forever, had betrayed the son of David into the very lion’s den. The prudent and far-seeing counsellor of the Prince of Orange was conscious of this; but, as he gathered his father’s comrades one by one to his heart and drank of the cup of joy that the sight of each other gave, he regretted not the risk he ran, for he apprehended that all the danger which threatened, pointed to himself. He bore in mind the fact that James of England had expressed, in communications to his son-in-law, his royal repugnance against receiving the Jew at his court upon any diplomatic mission or pretense whatever; but no lawful embargo could be put upon the private visit of a Dutch subject to the British shores. Only as an alien and enemy to the commonwealth could he be thus treated, and this would involve the Prince of Orange as his promoter. He rightly judged that James of England was not prepared or rash enough to give such construction to his visit.

In the first joy of meeting his venerated sire and his almost equally venerated comrades after years of separation, and in the charmed presence of his beloved sister, Judah affected to overlook the absence of the son of Caleb. At length he seemed to miss his messenger, though with forboding he had missed him from the first.

“Hadassah, where is Caleb to-day? Methinks I have not seen his face among our people.”

“Did not the son of Caleb journey with thee, my brother?”

“With me?” Hath he not arrived? Three days hath the son of Caleb the start of me. Surely our father hath not dispatched him again to Holland?”

“Nay, my brother. Thy feet hath been swifter than the son of Caleb’s.”

“It is not like him, Hadassah.”

“Art thou anxious, Judah, concerning Caleb?”

“Nay, for a thousand causes might be imagined to excuse so short a time. Perchance the winds did more favor my voyage than his. And yet I wish I had not sent that letter by him. I would the son of Caleb were come.”

“Thou art anxious, my brother. Did thy letter contain aught that it should not?”

"Not had it reached thy hands my sister. Not if all be well with Caleb."

"Oh, Judah, my brother, have we betrayed thee to England? Hath ill befallen Caleb?"

"Hush, Hadassah. Let not our thoughts to-day disturb the peaceful security of those ancient men who, tomorrow, may be not with us to feel or fear the bursting storm."

"Oh, Judah, I do divine all that is in thy mind."

"I have sense of it, my sister."

"Thy thoughts when thus exercised flash into mine like lightning."

"I have long known it, Hadassah. There is strange communion 'tween us, my sister."

"Ah, and thou hast ominous fancies coming over thee. A storm of direful consequence is brewing in thy thoughts!"

"Be Judah's strength in thee as well; for I shall battle through and overcome its fury?"

"But our father? Those dear old men? Our long-suffering people?"

"Ha! there, Hadassah, thou hast shaken the invincible spirit out of me."

"Thou hast fears for them, my brother?"

"Aye, now I have; yet not with marked defining till the son of Caleb left me. Hast thou not felt, Hadassah, when something has gone from thy hand which should not, the wish that it had not gone? The foreboding cast back on thee as the very shadow of thine act?"

"Ah! ever, Judah, when such has been the case."

"So did I, when I gave to Caleb that letter, and would have recalled him as the vessel bore him from me, could I have done so. Fain had I turned away my father's summons; yet, spite of all foreboding, I obeyed. Is it fate, Hadassah, that pushes us to our pits with all our inner sight forewarning us?"

"Judah, it seems the shadow of evil is at our very gate."

CHAPTER XXVII

THE SPIES, THE CONFESSOR AND THE KING.

Hadassah was right. At that very moment the shadow was passing by.

A splendid equipage dashed past the palace of Sir David. It was that of Marie De Guise. And the eyes of evil that

sent their influence within, were the eyes of the duchess and her husband, Lord Hawkley.

"Marie, the bird of our conspiracy is caged. Hear you not the fluttering of his wings around the palace?"

"But is Sir Judah of Nassau conspirator, my love?"

"So shall we construe his presence in England, Marie."

"Art sure the dispatch found upon the Jew, Caleb, will bear such construction aside from the affairs of the Prince of Orange? James dare not proclaim to Europe that William has designs upon his throne. Our good master, Louis, has warned him of such design; and the king of France hath real fears, too, that England, by revolution, may yet fall into the hands of the Dutch Prince—giving to him supreme advantage over France. Barillon, but yesterday, assured me of this, and cautioned us in no wise to mix William in our plots."

"Well, my queen of diplomats, what tower of state-craft did Barillon and thyself construct but yesterday?"

"Banter me not, my lord; for unless thou art prudent thy castle may fall about thy head."

"Ah, there, Marie, thou hast hit me to the ground. I do not forget that Sir David of Nassau hath a standing menace to shake it about mine ears if I but offend his Jewish majesty. Damnation! that the Lord of Hawkley should daily be put upon his good behavior to a Jew. I swear, Marie, I will endure this vassalage to the accursed Jew no longer,—be the consequence what it may."

"Thou needst not, if thou wilt trust thyself to my guidance. Yet let me enquire again—Art sure the dispatch found upon the Jew Caleb will bear such construction as we desire?"

"Not altogether in itself, Marie; but coupled with the strange testimony which the Bishop of Leon hath laid before the Ecclesiastical Commission, that his late brother-in-law had bound himself in un-Christian compact with the Jews,—that he died blasphemously refusing to abjure his compact, and defying the awful anathema of the church,—this, the king's commission, in most grave and urgent seriousness, deems groundwork for instant action against the Jews."

"Excellent, my dear lord."

"Yes, excellent, for us indeed; for the

king's commission assumes the duty of unearthing this Jewish conspiracy against the Christian Church."

"Ha! Do those grave sages of church and state thus shape the case? They are wiser than I had deemed them."

"By heaven, wife, in spite of thy tone of mockery I almost agree with them, and truly think we are doing right Christian service to Mother Church."

"'Tis wise to think so, for our conscience's sake; but here we are at the palace, and so may reserve our subject further for the king and his confessor."

With this the plotters alighted, and were soon in the royal closet where they found the king with Father Petre and the young Jesuit who had effected the arrest of the son of Caleb. The zealous and ambitious youth had been giving to the royal ears his budget. James was evidently much gratified with his results, and seemed bent upon a crusade against the Jews.

"Ah, my lord of Hawkley, what news? Is the Jew from Holland?"

"Yes, sire. And at Sir David's palace,—his tribe make jubilee for him."

"Good, then hath this subtle adviser of our son-in-law put his head within the hangman's noose! So shall I requite him for urging William to designs upon our throne. Had I been king instead of my brother, Charles, the Jews should not have been permitted to enter our realm. But we will be quit of them again; and old Israel's bonds upon thy castle made so much worthless parchment, for thy good service to church and state."

"With all my heart, sire."

"But hast discovered the secret meeting place of the Jews? Could we but unearth the tribe in treasonable sitting, the popular rage would do the work for us more thoroughly than our Ecclesiastical Court."

"Your Majesty hath no objection to the giving out that the Jews, in unholy ceremonies, have taken the lives of Christians?" put in the Confessor, with ready prompting.

"Holy Father, so thou deviseth means to rid our realm of the Jews, we care not what rumors go abroad."

"Sire, the populace will well remember the story of the crucified boy, Hugh of Lincoln, and others of the kind."

"I would, Father Petre, we had found

the secret of the tomb of which the Bishop of Leon tells such strange stories. Did he not also say the young Baron De Leon, like his father, was a member of their order?"

"Yes, my prince."

"Of one thing I am certain, Father, if William has designs on England, as Louis assures me, the Jews will aid him with their gold. Conspirators are all around us—in our very cabinet. I am resolved to crush them and restore the rule of our Mother Church in England."

"Your Majesty, pardon my boldness," observed the young Jesuit, "but give me the commission to unearth the Jews in their secret chamber. Hitherto, I have not failed."

"Right, young man. Be it so. Thou hast our royal permission. Succeed in this, and count on thy king's favor."

"And thy Church's blessing," added Father Petre.

Forth from the presence of the king, went the plotter and the young Jesuit and gathered a London mob at Charing Cross.

The design of James and the Jesuit plotters to revive the Jew to the English public in the odious character given him at the period of his banishment from England by the edict of Edward, was worthy the methods of the Papist Church in dealing with the Jews; for the stories of the olden days concerning the crucifixion of Hugh of Lincoln and other Christians elsewhere were just such as a London mob could comprehend concerning the Hebrews who were but just settled again in the land. What more likely than that they would do now what they were said to have done as the cause of their banishment from England?

Every Jew in London was crying for his pound of Christian flesh. The multitude had scarcely seen him at all in England; but on the stage they had seen him in Venice, and from Venice and elsewhere he had come to this land a monster to fatten on Christian people. Thus Lord Hawkley falsely presented the Jew to the London mob, whom his savage eloquence inspired to a desire for vengeance upon the Jews and to stir up the popular wrath to drive them again from England. Those grand patriarchs whom we have known as Sir David's comrades, he described as so many Shylocks whom their chief harbored at his palace. He

told how they met periodically in subterranean places, where they held unholy services and sacrificed Christians on the cross. The compact of Baron De Leon and his son with them, was transformed into a monstrous romance, and the testimony of the Bishop before the Ecclesiastical Commissioners hinted at with all sorts of mystery. As they listened to the harangue of the Papist plotter, the mob believed the Jewish plot against the Christian church; and many were present who were ready to corroborate his fabrications with circumstantial stories of a similar kind. These were the tools Hawkley had provided; and so it was determined with popular shoutings, at the meeting at Charing Cross, that my Lord of Hawkley, that night, should lead the mob against Sir David's palace and unearth the monstrous mystery.

My Lord of Hawkley bade the multitude quietly disperse to their homes, craftily complimenting them as respectors of law and order and describing them as an indignant people about to prosecute a righteous crusade against the common enemy of all Christian churches. They were in no respects to assume the character of rioters. Property of all good Christian people was to be religiously respected. The Jews alone were to be the subject of a popular righteous vengeance. Night was chosen for the attack because on that night, there was to be a great gathering of the tribe at the palace of Sir David; and night was the time when they were most likely to be surprised in the performance of unholy rites. At the hour appointed, he would be there to lead them. Till then, adieu, with all Christian grace upon their holy crusade against the race who had ever been the pest of all Christian countries.

But the Papist plotter had chosen night, not for its peaceful influences upon a multitude, but because it would best hide the deed to be done; while the respectable citizens, awed by the mysterious march of the mob, would wisely seek their dwellings and question not the bursting fury of the popular storm. There is nothing more terrible than a mob at night. Men who are human in the day, when the sunlight of heaven shines upon their deeds, are as incarnate furies at night, when their passions and wrath are stimulated to some great popular outburst; and it was designed by Lord

Hawkley and the Jesuit instigators that on that night should begin a regular crusade against the Jews, before the better mind of England could take alarm and check the outburst.

On his way to the royal palace to inform the king and Father Petre of the success of his efforts, my lord of Hawkley called at his own city mansion to communicate with his lady, the duchess. Marie de Guise was charmed. She was French, and felt no responsibility for English disorders, even though the cause something proceeded from herself. So long as the end served her master, Louis of France, and redeemed her husband from his bondage of debts to the Jews, the lady's scruples were in no danger of intense suffering for the sake of justice or humanity. As already observed, Marie de Guise was a perfect Jesuit.

"There must be no half work to-night, my dear lord," advised the French Duchess to her husband, the lordly English pensioner on Louis' purse. "Remember, if this affair be managed with finesse, it may serve well our master of France. His dearest wish at this moment is to provoke an irreconcilable rupture between James of England and William of Holland. This may lead to it, should James keep his word and after the outbreak seize and hang Sir Judah of Nassau."

"Fear not, Marie, there shall be no half work."

"There need not, my lord, with the king of England's countenance to your business."

"With or without his countenance, my hate and necessities are equal to the undertaking. Why, Marie, Torquemada himself could not have hated the Jews more than does thy husband. Oh, for a month of the days of the Spanish Inquisition applied to their accursed tribe and I, the Torquemada! Then would I cry quits of my hate to old Israel and his family."

"Well, my love, begin to-night by destroying the Jewish Quarter. Thus will you be fairly on the way to save your castle and estates. Burn down Sir David's palace to-night, and in the morn the old Jew's mortgages will be but tinder for the match to fire the den of every Jew in London. Before a month, the frightened tribe will fly from England's shores again. But canst depend upon the mob?"

"Ay! I have cozened its dull wits with all sorts of stories; and by heaven! I almost believe them myself."

"So much the better, my good lord, for thy heart will be in the business. And now embrace me and begone. I shall not sleep till thy return."

For thorough business a woman is more than man's match, and Marie De Guise was heart and purpose in this crusade against the Jews.

James of England was also delighted with my lord of Hawkley's report; for this timely rising of a London mob was bidding fair to supply him with the pretence of cause against the Jews; and not unlikely, action against some of his political enemies who were looking to William of Orange.

"Be sure, Lord Hawkley, you trap this subtle counselor of our ambitious son-in-law. Let him not escape from England. He is becoming as great an adversary to ourself as he has been so long to Louis of France who, through Barillon, has already expressed his hope that the king of England will deem it expedient to detain the Dutch envoy on his present mission. Louis knows well that we have refused to receive the Jew in diplomatic service; but we understand our royal brother's hint. Trap him, Hawkley, in some real or apparent conspiracy and by our oath the Jew shall hang."

"Ay, my son," put in Father Petre, assuredly, "begin the good work and the king's commissioners shall finish it with ready will."

Thus assured of the full support of both the king and priest, my lord of Hawkley went forth from their most Christian presence to inspire the crusade against the Jews.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MOB BURNS THE PALACE OF DAVID.

As the shadows of night fell gloomily upon the city of London, on the 29th of November, 1687, a mob of several thousand began to move from Charing Cross toward the palace of Sir David of Nassau. The citizens wondered what business was now astir to call forth a London mob—for the day of Titus Oates was passed; James reigned; no longer dared ten thousand people assemble as in the reign of Charles to burn the effigy of the Pope.

Yet an organized mob was boldly marching through the streets. Presently torches were lighted,—for the multitude was nearing the suburbs where the palace of David of Nassau stood; and now the fury of the mob was heard in its first outburst and those abroad hastened to shelter, and closed their doors safely for the night. Onward surged the multitude and their smoking torches made the night lurid.

At Sir David's there was gathered an anxious assembly of the Hebrew people, among whom were many of the chief men of their tribe with their families. They had timely received intelligence of some iniquitous movements against their people headed by my Lord of Hawkley—with James and Father Petre in covert—and had learnt from a reliable quarter something of the testimony of the Bishop to the Ecclesiastical Commission; and looked for action from that inquisitorial council which the king had formed for just such purposes as his Papist policy needed. But exactly what threatened, or what charges were laid against their people, were, as yet, unknown to them. It had been resolved, however, by Sir Judah and the young Baron De Leon that the palace of Sir David should be defended against any unlawful or riotous attack. For this purpose, De Leon had, the day before, taken horse for his own castle, to collect a troop of bold men of his own tenantry to defend the palace of David. It was deemed that this might be more safely done by De Leon's retainers than by the Hebrews themselves, De Leon having good constitutional sanction, seeing that his wife, the Lady Hadassah, was concerned, and that the palace was understood to have been built by her. But Baron De Leon had not yet arrived and the crusade against the Hebrews had already begun.

The comrades of Sir David had gathered that night around their prince. There were not more than two score remaining. Old men were they, but they forgot not that they had been soldiers in their youth. They feared death less than ever, but they were anxious for their people. As for Sir David himself, the occasion brought out the warrior once more. For years the spirit of the hero had slept. It was now awakened. The fire of youth was extinguished, but there was the subdued might of the warrior in him still, and he moved among his comrades with

much of the lofty and commanding bearing of earlier times,—for Sir David had scarcely lost anything of his majesty of presence.

Instinctive with the soldier's habits, as night fell upon the dwelling where his people were gathered for safety, David, taking with him Reuben, the son of Ben Levi, went forth to reconnoitre the vicinity of the palace, while Judah with a score of courageous men of the tribe, sallied out almost to the front of the coming mob that they might be able to comprehend what they had to meet that night in the issue. Old Ben Levi and Caleb, in command as David's lieutenants, remained within.

At length, the rumbling voices of the mob reached the Hebrews in their refuge. Every moment the voices grew louder. At every step, fresh furies of the night seemed to join. On came the surging multitude like demons unchained!

Reuben grew anxious for his prince and urged him to retire; but David could not be prevailed upon to retreat farther than the iron gates of the strong wall around his palace. He had resolved to remain till the return of his son, Judah, and till he could appreciate the movements of the mob and frame in his mind a plan of action. It was not his purpose to resist by armed force; but Sir David had fully determined to command the situation in person, and if possible to hold it till the morning brought relief from De Leon's men. He knew the mob must first scale the high wall around the palace or tear down the strong iron gate before they could assail the inner defences; so he calmly awaited the arrival of the mob and essayed to quiet the alarm of Reuben's love. But all the Jew in Reuben was aroused by the crusade; and at that moment he looked not favorably upon any Christian defence of his people.

"Trust not the Christian's love, my prince," he said. "'Tis a snare. The curses of our wrongs alight on them."

"Nay, Reuben, curse them not."

"Have they not been a blight upon thy life, my prince?"

"It is the heritage of our race to suffer wrongs," returned Sir David, with subdued dignity of soul.

"Hark! What cries were those? In, in, my prince, for some bloody work is near our quarter."

"Nay, nay, Reuben, perchance 'tis the shouts of De Leon's men advancing to our defence."

"I trust not the Christian's love. Those cries again!"

"Were the shouts of those who haste to succor us."

"I'd rather feast upon the Christian's hate than sup his love. How know we, my prince, that De Leon's men are like their lord?"

"In thou, then, Reuben, and bid thy father strongly barricade our dwelling. Ben Levi hath not forgotten the soldier's work. Haste, Reuben, they come upon us. I will shelter here. Quick, Reuben, I say; David is not yet too old to defend the warrior's post."

Reuben obeyed the command, while his prince waited calmly, ready to close the gate as soon as Judah was within, for he knew his statesman son was also a bold but cautious soldier and would retreat in time.

At this moment, there came flying before the mob a body of Hebrews whom they had hunted from their dwellings on the march.

"Ha! they drive our people like a flock of sheep. The God of Jacob be our refuge!"

Judah brought up the rear.

"Judah, what force comes against us?"

"Thousands, my father, crying 'Revenge upon the Jews! We'll drive the Jews from England!'"

"Secure the gate, Judah. Into our refuge, my children. We will hold out till De Leon bring us succor. By the God of Jacob, I would 'twere war without restraint. Ha! they thunder at our gate in vain. In, my children. Bravely done, Levi. Barricade well our doors, Caleb. The God of Jacob be praised!" he said, with relief, when they had passed the inner court. "We have refuge for the night. But, Judah, see thou to our retreat to the sanctuary should the Christian rioters force an entrance."

For an hour or so, the gate held out, but the mob had come prepared with instruments. The passage was forced, the mob was fairly within, besieging the palace and trying to batter down the outer doors whose strained hinges began to yield.

"Bring out the Jew. Bring out the old conspirator! Bring out the murderer of the Christians or we will fire the palace!"

Such were the yells of the populace that reached the ears within.

"Be it so!" exclaimed Sir David, when he found his palace could no longer resist the attack; "What matters it for me? If they do thirst for Hebrew blood, they shall have mine. Back, Judah! Thy father commands thee. Back, boy, thy prince commands! I will out alone!"

"Follow him not, Judah!" said Ben Levi, with confidence. "It will offend his princely mood. He is most sensitive. When braving wrath to shield his race, I've seen him awe a multitude as fierce as they without. He will return."

Judah knew that Ben Levi spoke wisely, and that if human presence could quell the mob, Sir David had not gone out in vain. The sublime daring of that old man perchance would serve them better than would have done De Leon's expected force. Thus waited they in breathless suspense and soon found that the fury of the mob had abated; yet Judah had followed with young men to the outer door ready to secure his father. But he also realized that the mob had come to a pause.

Yet not alone had Sir David done this. One man in England dared to intervene. It was the Marquis of Halifax.

"Hold, my bonny men of England!" shouted my lord of Halifax, with the boldness of a popular leader, as he came upon the scene; "Shame, shame, upon the loyal people if they further prosecute this unrighteous crusade against the noble Hebrew!"

"'Tis the lord of Halifax! He is the friend of the people and a good Protestant. Let us hear what my lord of Halifax has to say."

Such were the exclamations of the populace as Halifax burst upon the scene; for he was the most popular minister of the period and the ablest and most eloquent statesman in the realm; nor had the people forgiven James for dismissing the great champion of English liberties and the Protestant faith from his council.

"Let us hear what my lord of Halifax has to say."

"He has this to say: That 'tis an iniquitous crusade against the Hebrew, to serve the ends of the plotting Papists! Ye, yourselves, are good Protestants."

"Ay, that are we!"

"Then are ye, yourselves, betrayed.

There is no plot formed by the Jews against the state or the Christian Church! The plot is of Papist hatching. James, urged by Father Petre, is rushing England once more into revolution. Beware, good people, lest ye stumble into the pitfall which the Jesuits are digging for your feet."

"My lord of Halifax, the king shall hear of this," thundered the plotter.

"My lord of Hawkley, this is foul play of which the better judgment of England shall hear."

"Thou art a traitor and art mixed in this Jewish conspiracy against the Christian faith, thyself. 'Tis known that Halifax is an atheist."

"Thou art a villian and a liar, Hawkley, which my good sword shall maintain at thy pleasure!"

Thus raged the contest without, when a most unexpected appearance diverted the mob and interrupted the personal conflict.

"Look! by heaven, 'tis the old Jew himself coming forth to parley with us!"

With lamp in hand, Sir David came forth alone, closing the door upon himself. There was a calm sublime majesty in the princely hero that impressed the mob at once; for he advanced with a quiet dignity and a fearless confidence to the very front of the mob.

"How now, good people of England? Why have ye this night besieged my unoffending dwelling? Ye have called me forth. I have come. What would ye with David?"

The royal Patriarch had addressed them without anger in his manner or rebuke in his tone. The people began to feel ashamed of their outrage and to be in sympathy with the Jew. Hawkley, seeing this, began to harangue them with fierce reproaches, bidding them beware of the old fox and to remember that within were proofs abundant of his crimes.

"He has but come forth to parley with us,—insinuated the plotter—"to prevent our entering his house—to prevent the discovering of those proofs! My word upon it, if we but force our path to-night, we shall find horrors and unholy mysteries enough to shock all Christendom. To-morrow he and the tribe will have hid all traces of what to-night may be discovered. Into his gorgeous den of horrors and mystery, good people, and England will thank ye for this night's work!"

The mob was again swayed by the plotter of evil.

"Out of our way, old man ! and let us enter thy dwelling !"

"Trample the old fox down !"

"Let us enter thy dwelling and see for ourselves !" cried the followers of Hawkley.

"Fly, David, fly !" shouted one who had sided with Halifax.

"Wherefore should I fly ?" asked David ; "The guilty fly, not the innocent, when they have nerve to meet the consequence of others' deeds, and to ask as I do now—What have I done ? What is the wrong whereof I am accused ?"

Upon this the Papist followed with a storm of incoherent accusations ; but the majority were awed by the lofty soul of innocence that in its silent majesty answered them. Lord Halifax was specially moved to admiration.

"Look at that grand old man !" he said, again addressing them. "In vain, the fury has burst upon his venerable head. There stands he, oblivious of himself in his supreme integrity. Look, all of ye. Sits guilt enthroned there ? Or is it not the picture of a man who fain would bear the burden of the woes of those he loves. He has come out alone. Alone, unarmed, he stands to bar the defence of his people within,—yet knows that ye could bear him down, as an old weak tree before the fury of the winter wind. To your homes with me, good people of England. Let Sir David of Nassau retire to his dwelling. I, Halifax, will answer to England for his innocence—as he will in proper time and place."

"Let my lord of Halifax enter and be witness for us. Then will we to our homes," cried one.

"Aye, let Halifax in alone with the Jew," cried many voices.

"Be it so !" said Sir David. "The noble Halifax has often been my guest. Let him in with me now, and if there be that whereof I am accused, he shall out quickly and unbar my doors ; else let force be justified."

Together they entered, mid shouts of the people ; but scarcely were they within ere cries were heard.

"The palace of the Jew is on fire !"

Hawkley and his tools had not been idle. And now were yells and shouts and panic indescribable—as some rushed

to extinguish the fire, others to kindle the combustibles brought for that purpose, while those within were seen at the windows hurrying in consternation and dismay till all, both within and without, joined in the general cry of "Fire ! Fire !"

But the doors of the palace were barred again and the multitude strove in vain to enter, some for the rescue and some for the work of evil.

But what surprised the mob was that none came forth. Commotion was within ; but presently they realized that the upper stories of the building were deserted and that some secret escape was found. This was pointed out to the mob by the plotter, Hawkley, who now saw with exultation his diabolical purposes in full issue.

All that night the place of Sir David of Nassau burned without any apparent efforts on the part of those within to save the magnificent building which the Christian had devoted to destruction. The only action from the interior was to securely bar and barricade against those without ; and soon the fire itself cut off all avenues to the besieged Hebrews and became their surest defence from the mob. At first, this action astonished those who expected to see the Hebrews rush out in consternation into their very arms for succor ; but they soon became conscious that some commanding mind within had subdued the panic and was effecting a safe retreat by some secret, and as it would seem subterranean pass, for a busy troop had evidently been at work removing the valuables to their places of refuge. The rage of the mob knew no bounds. The singular events of the night seemed to give proof of the monstrous stories with which Lord Hawkley had beguiled their ears. Could they have reached the Jews, they surely would have massacred them in the cruel blindness of their fury. All that night the palace burned and none came forth—not even the Marquis of Halifax. Some contended that the Jews had sacrificed him perfidiously, but Hawkley and his fellows maintained that Halifax was a partner in the Jewish conspiracy. Thus stood the issue when De Leon and his men arrived in the morning. The palace of Sir David was in ruins but he and his people had fled to some safe retreat during the night.

(To be Continued.)

THE ELIZABETHAN CIVILIZATION.

IN the whole history of the human race, there are but few personages whose names have typed the ages. Augustus Cæsar was one; Elizabeth of England was another of those personages. The Augustan age may be said to represent very nearly the sum total of the learning and culture of the ancient nations. The Elizabethan age may be described as the period of the revival and culmination of learning and culture, after the intellectual decline of the ancient races.

In the third and fourth centuries, when the Germanic hordes poured in upon Europe their resistless tides of young barbaric nations,—overturning the Roman empire,—civilization was almost swept from the face of the great globe. True, India, China, Persia and Japan still retained the relics of their ancient civilizations; but speaking in a modern sense, the world was again thrown into intellectual chaos. The period which followed is known in history as the dark age, in which Arabia alone bore the torch of a new civilization.

At the rise of Charlemagne, learning began to revive in Christian Europe. Alfred the Great, in his turn, did for Saxon England what Charlemagne and the Popes did for France, Germany and Italy; but the Norman conquest and the reign of the feudal barons, threw the English revival back for a period of several centuries. That which followed was but a splendid knightly barbarism. There was little of learning or culture in the land excepting among churchmen, and next to nothing of art which so flourished in Italy during the same period. Only a few of the barons could write their own names. They signed with proud arrogance great State documents with a rude X as their signature—a fact which to this day bears witness of the semi-barbaric cast of England during the gorgeous epoch of English chivalry. It was a knightly glamor thrown over the land, and not the mantle of a genuine civilization.

It was not until near the reign of Queen Elizabeth that learning began to revive in England according to the example set by the great Alfred,—an example which Saxon England should properly have followed during the intervening centuries,—

to which fact must doubtless be ascribed the naming of the Elizabethan age with such a strong emphasis. Had the revival come before,—under the Edwards, the Richards, or the Henrys,—it would have borne one of their names; or had it been the gradual revival of successive centuries it might have received no typing name. It is true, it began in the reign of Henry VIII. but it culminated in the lifetime of his daughter, Elizabeth: hence we have the style of the Elizabethan era.

Intellectually speaking, the period under review is crowded with almost superhuman marvels. A supreme Mind seems to have been incarnated in the Elizabethan era; not in Elizabeth, but in the age itself. Consider this Mind as manifested in Bacon and Shakespeare. The splendor of its sun is even greater than that of the queen who types the period, and it comes down to us as the fulness of human intellect. Thus considered, the Elizabethan age is the world's apex of intellectual majesty.

Wonderful, indeed, therefore, it is, that this culmination should have been so rapid. It is as though the Mind of the age was born and perfected in the age, instead of being the intellectual development of centuries. Yet does there seem to be some explaining cause in Nature for this rapid consummation of intellect and genius in one generation. Though England had not been travelling on the line of culture and learning, she had been travelling to her race-maturity. Her intellectual force and character-strength had reached the apex of development. There had been a thorough fusion of the Saxon and Norman races, and they were the two strongest races on earth. Mental giants were born in those times. They were the offspring of this race-fusion. Culture and learning were all that were needed to reveal the majesty of the Mind which had incarnated itself in the times; and culture and learning happily came to rock the cradle of this supreme human intellect. This is the very meaning of the Elizabethan era.

The historian thus describes the preparation: "In no age, even the darkest and most barren of valuable produce, that has elapsed since learning was first planted among us, had there failed to be something done in the establishment of nurseries for its shelter and propagation.

The fifteenth century, though it has left us little enduring literature of any kind, is distinguished for the number of the colleges that were founded in the course of it, both in this country [England] and in the rest of Europe. This, indeed, was the natural and proper direction for the first impulse to take that was given by the revival of letters; the actual generation upon which the new light broke was not that in which it was to be expected it should do much more than awaken the taste for true learning, or at most the ambition of excellence; the power of accomplishment could only come in the next era. The men of the latter part of the fifteenth century, therefore, were most fitly and most usefully employed in making provision for the preservation and transmission to other times of the long lost wisdom and eloquence, that had been found again in their day—in building cisterns and conduits for the precious waters that after having been hid for a thousand years, had burst their founts, and were once more flowing over the earth. The fashion of founding colleges and other seminaries of learning, continued to prevail in this country in the present period, both before the Reformation in religion, and for some time after that mighty revolution."

The number of colleges founded in England at this period of preparation of the revival of learning and culture, would fill a page in their enumeration. Thence, dates the beginning of English literature; and it is marvelous beyond example that, in one generation, literature should rise to the very crowning of English classics.

The preparation of learning and national culture which formed the basis of the Elizabethan era was marked by the fusion of the Saxon and Norman mind to which reference has been made. Its strongest illustration is to be found in Henry VIII. and in his great minister, Cardinal Wolsey. And the philosophical reviewer of this period will observe that it is not the mere fusion between genius rising from the plebian Saxon and the imperial mind of England, but rather of learning and intellectual ambition meeting the needs of the sovereign and the needs of the times. This fact is an important one to be marked, for soon we shall meet the intellectual culmination in a Shakespeare and we get a blaze of new light upon this majestic mind the

moment we view it as the culminate of this race-fusion as well as of learning and genius.

Finding the initial of the revival marked in the grand churchman, Wolsey, we may very exactly trace its development to the times of Elizabeth, whom we see surrounded by her galaxy of learning and genius, both of men and women. Thomas Wolsey was the son of a substantial butcher of Ipswich. His father procured him a good education, and brought him up for the Church. He studied at Oxford, where, on account of his precocity and early attainments, he was honored with the name of the Boy Bachelor. Quickly pass him now through the early part of his extraordinary career, to the side of the king,—where he overtopped all other men both of Church and State. "He was the man who was made choice of, who like another Mercury, should pass between this our Jove and the Senate of the lesser gods."

The next phase of the development was in the divorce of Henry from Catherine and in the fall of Wolsey. Cramer and Cromwell, at this juncture, come into the action to teach the king, their master, to throw off the yoke of Rome and to settle his business by "learned and holy doctors, upon the sole authority of the word of God, without any further reference to the Pope."

Thus was the English Reformation born; and though it was germinated at first in the passions of Henry VIII, it reformed the English mind, gave to it the new cast of its thoughts and defined the character of its culture and learning. It will be seen, then, that the English revival of civilization was Protestant from its inception, which is the reason of its spreading so rapidly among the people, so that in a generation its sun was blazing over all the land. It was the birth of a new mind in the world, not the elaboration and culture of an old mind: hence the mighty efforts which Nature made in its manifestation. England brought all the husbanded force of the genius and intellect of two races and, resolving their sovereign strength in a supreme manifestation, gave cast to the Elizabethan age; it was that, indeed, which produced the age.

Very properly the ladies of the Elizabethan period may be here brought in to explain the birth of the supreme Mind

and learning of those times which will remain the wonder of a thousand years.

The historians tell us that this was especially the age of learned ladies. Of the studies of Lady Jane Grey in Plato, the learned Roger Ascham has drawn an interesting picture, and some of her Latin epistles are still extant. Mary, Countess of Arundel, her daughter-in-law, Joanna, Lady Lumley, and the youngest sister of the latter, Mary, Duchess of Norfolk, were all authors of various translations from the Greek into Latin and English. There were the daughters of Sir Thomas More, who were accounted the most learned women of their time, (that of Henry VIII.) and above these,—indeed, scarcely less than Elizabeth herself in their instrumentality in casting the culture of the Elizabethan era,—were the three wonderful daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke—Mildred, the eldest, married to Lord Burleigh, the prime minister; Anne, the second, the governess of Edward VI., afterwards the wife of Sir Nicholas Bacon and mother of that king of intellect, Francis Bacon; and the youngest, Catherine, who married Sir Henry Killigrew, and is celebrated not only for her Latin and Greek, but even for her Hebrew erudition. But Elizabeth, herself, is the sun of all this glory of learning and culture which has set this period in the mid-heaven of civilization. Of her, the tutor, Roger Ascham, under whom she perfected herself in the study of the classics, in his letters to Sturmius, the rector of the Protestant university at Strasburg, writes:

“Numberless honourable ladies of the present time surpass the daughters of Sir Thomas More, in every kind of learning; but amongst them all, my illustrious mistress, the lady Elizabeth, shines like a star, excelling them more by the splendor of her virtues than by the glory of her royal birth. In the variety of her commendable qualities, I am less perplexed to find matter for the highest panegyric, than to circumscribe that panegyric within just bounds; yet I shall mention nothing respecting her but what has come under my own observation. For two years she pursued the study of Greek and Latin under my own tuition. * * *

“The lady Elizabeth has completed her sixteenth year; and so much solidity of understanding, such courtesy united

with dignity, have never been observed at so early an age. She has the most ardent love of true religion and the best kind of literature; the constitution of her mind is exempt from female weakness, and she is endued with masculine power of application; no apprehension can be quicker than hers, no memory more retentive. French and Italian she speaks like English; Latin with fluency, propriety and judgment. She also spoke Greek with me frequently, willingly and moderately well. Nothing can be more elegant than her handwriting, whether in the Greek or Roman character. In music she is very skilful, but does not greatly delight. * * *

“She read with me almost the whole of Cicero, and a great part of Livy: from those two authors her knowledge of the Latin language has been almost exclusively derived. The beginning of the day was always devoted by her to the New Testament in Greek, after which she read select orations of Isocrates, and the tragedies of Sophocles, which I judged best adapted to supply her tongue with the purest diction, her mind with the most excellent precepts, and her exalted station with a defence against the utmost power of fortune. For her religious instruction, she drew first from the fountains of Scripture, and afterwards from St. Cyprian, the ‘Commonplaces’ of Melancthon, and similar works, which convey pure doctrine in elegant language.

“In every kind of writing she easily detected any ill adapted or far-fetched expression. She could not bear those feeble imitators of Erasmus, who bind the Latin language in the fetters of miserable proverbs. On the other hand, she approved a style, chaste in propriety, and beautiful in perspicuity, and she greatly admired metaphors when not too violent, and antitheses when just and happily opposed. By a diligent attention to these particulars, her ear became so practised and so nice that there was nothing in Greek, Latin, or English prose or verse, which according to its merits or defects, she did not either reject with disgust or receive with the highest delight.”

We have now to consider the men who constructed the colossal mind of that matchless age and cast its superlative culture. The first of these was Sir Thomas

More, whose strict conscientious intellect toned up the age from its sonorous barbaric pitch; yet whose conservative methods of statesmanship sought to regulate the common people of the realm by rigid laws, rather than to give them those popular impulses of thought and robust freedom which obtained in the reign of Elizabeth—making of the common people the very *dramatis personæ* of the Merry England of Shakespeare's text. Sir Thomas More was a Catholic, but he was an Englishman and a scholar, and so his work of culture in the land was at once English and scholastic. Under his learned advisement, Henry VIII. issued an order commanding that the study of Greek and Hebrew scriptures should not only be permitted for the future, but made an indispensable branch of the course of academical instruction. Learning and culture were thus now authorized, and the robust mind of the common people was quickly brought into competition with the more cultured mind of the old aristocracy with which it as quickly fused. To be learned and capacious in intellect was to be ennobled. Under Harry and his daughter Elizabeth, rough gems were hewn from plebian quarries to be placed as polished stones in the new state superstructure which England was rearing apart from the old church-and-state works of Rome; and those once rough gems soon gleamed out as the very eyes of a stalwart young colossal civilization of pure English birth. Hence the Wolseys, the Cromwells, the Cecils and the Bacons, all from the common Saxon stratum, or its simple gentry, rose to be the master spirits of the realm and the moulding intellects of the England of that period. But this was because they best represented the gigantic Mind which was incarnating England in her new birth, not only giving the cast to learning and culture but that universal sweep of intellect which we recognize in Bacon.

As we have seen in the review of the age, the butcher's boy of Ipswich, Wolsey, by his grasp on learning, his vast state-constructiveness and still vaster ambitions and love of magnificence, rose to be in England in some respects greater than the king—notwithstanding his master was Harry VIII., the most leonine of all the English monarchs. Wolsey was something of a king in his own person

to the Saxon people, for he had risen from them; and in the days of his greatness was the most popular and magnificent man in England. Undoubtedly, his vaulting ambition and Saxon might of brain gave ambition to the common people; but in his aims for the Papal crown he became un-English according to the bent of the England of his day, and he fell between his two imperial stools—Charles V. of Germany and Spain, and his master Henry VIII. But Thomas Cromwell, the son of a blacksmith, who succeeded to the office of his patron, Cardinal Wolsey, did the work better to the liking of the king and the needs of the times; and Cranmer and the Protestant prelates finished the first part of the superstructure of the age; yet did their own funeral piles blaze, lighting England onward and upward in the path of her revival.

Then came the Regency of the reign of Edward VI., under Northumberland and the Lord Protector, Somerset, in which intrigue of the great nobles prevailed and England paused in her new development. The period was Protestant but not progressive. The dark reign of "Bloody Queen Mary" followed; but Providence intervened and ended it quickly.

With the ascension of Elizabeth to the throne, England emerged again into the light. For forty-seven years the glorious canopy of her reign was spread over the land, and during this period England completed the revival of her civilization. It was now the age of learning and culture not less than the age of imperial splendor. Learned ladies and learned men; great philosophers and great poets; great statesmen and great heroes all vied with each other to make the Elizabethan era glorious.

We have now the new created Mind of England again at work with all its might; and a universal intellect rises to mid-heaven. Our master intellects of the state are the Cecils, the Walsinghams and the Bacons. Were Shakespeare set aside, we could quickly determine the one in whom the intellect of the age rose supreme. It would be Francis Bacon. But we must bring the poets as well as the statesmen and philosophers into the magnificent work of the Elizabethan age.

Chaucer, who is styled the "Father of English poetry" had no worthy succes-

sor, either as a writer of prose or poetry. for a century and a half. Whatever the quaint attempts at versification of the intermediate poets might have amounted to in affording amusement in those rude times, nothing of consequence to us in its influence upon the present structure of letters, was done in poetic literature until the revival which developed into the Elizabethan type. A writer on English literature, in Harper's Pictorial History of England, says:

"A revival of the higher poetry had come upon England like the rising of a new day. Two names are commonly placed together at the head of our new poetic literature, Lord Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt; but the former has in every way the best title to precedence. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, memorable in our history as the last victim of the capricious and sanguinary tyranny of Henry VIII., had already in his short life, which was terminated by the axe of the executor in his twenty-seventh year, carried away from all his countrymen the laurels both of Knighthood and song. The superior polish alone of the best of Surrey's verses would place him at an immeasurable distance in advance of all his immediate predecessors. So remarkable, indeed, is the contrast in this respect which his poetry present to theirs, that in modern times there has been claimed for Surrey the honor of having been the first to introduce our existing system of rhythm into the language. To this it may be added that he appears to have been the first in this age who sought to modulate his strains after that older poetry of Italy, which henceforth became one of the chief fountain-heads of inspiration to that of England throughout the whole space of time over which is shed the golden light of the names of Spenser, of Shakespeare and of Milton."

The poems of Lord Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt were published together in 1557, which was in the first year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

That we may have before us a view of the development of the poetic art and the structural growth of our language from their crudest forms to nearly their present capacity and finish within a period almost compressed in Elizabeth's own life-time, let us give a few examples. Barklay's "Ship of Fools," an adapted translation from the "*Stultifera Navis*"

of Sebastian Brandt, will illustrate the poetry of Henry VII as rendered in the edition of 1570, which is after the birth of Shakespeare:

I am the first foole of all the whole Navie
To keepe the Pompe, the Helme, ande ke the Sayle:
For this is my minde, this one pleasure have I,
Of bookes to have great plentie and apparayle.
I take no wisedome by them, nor yet awayle,
Nor them perceave not, and then I them despise:
Thus am I a foole, and all that sue that guise.

That in this Ship the chief place I governe,
By this wide Sea with fooles wandring,
The cause is plaine and easy to discerne,
Still am I busy bookes assembling,
For to have plenty, it is a pleasaut thing
In my conceyt, and to have them ay in hande:
But what they meane do I not understande."

Say woorthie Doctours and Clerkes and curious,
What noweth you of Bookes to have such number;
Since divers doctrines, throuh way contrarious,
Doth mans mind distract and sore encomber.
Alas blinde men awake out of your slumber;
And if ye will needes your books multiplie
With diligence endeavour you some to occupye.

The illustration shows the English mind of that period awakening with only the rudest instinct for learning; and English poetry is absolutely destitute of imagination, whereas, soon after, in the Elizabethan period, we have in Edmund Spenser the finest poetic fancy of any age!

Here is a specimen of poetry in the reign of Henry VIII., from the "Litle Boke of Philip Sparow, compyled by Mayster Skelton, poet laureate:"—

Pla co bo,
Who is there who,
De le XI,
Dame Margery,
Fa re my ny,
Wherefore and why whye
For the soule of Philip Sparow,
That was slaine at Carow,
Among the Nunnes blake,
For that sweet soules sake,
And for all sparowes soules,
Set in our bead roules,
Pater noster qui,
With an Ave Mari,
And with the corner of a creed,
And more shall be your meed.

Here is something a little more understandable from "Mayster Skelton, poet laureate" from his satire on Wolsey, "Whye come ye not to Courte?"

Once yet agayne
Of you I wold fraine
Why come ye not to Courte
To which Courte?
To the King's Court,
Or to Hampton Court?

Nay to the Kinges Court :
 The King's Court
 Should have the excellence,
 But Hampton Court
 Hath the pre-eminence,
 And Yokes Place
 With my Lordes Grace,
 To whose magnificence
 Is all the confluence,
 States and supplications,
 Embassades of all nacyns

At least we can understand that the "poet laureate" has something to tell us about the king, and the arrogance and magnificence of Cardinal Wolsey; but the very quaint and meagre telling shows what a splendid swell of language has been put into the mouth of Cardinal Wolsey in the great play of "Henry VIII." Indeed, our "Bard of Avon" has made the great Cardinal speak in poetic language inconceivably beyond the poetic mould and compass of the times, yet probably very near the Wolseyan intellect; and therein he has given in the character of Wolsey, a masterpiece, compared to which even Bulwer's Richelieu is but as a reverent approach. Pass now to the poetry of Henry, Earl of Surrey. The specimen is the "Fair Geraldine" the spelling of which is modernized in Dr. Nott's edition of the poems, but the construction is preserved:—

Give place, ye lovers, here before
 That spent your boasts and brags in vain,
 My lady's beauty passeth more
 The best of yours, I dare well say'n,
 Than doth the sun the candle-light,
 Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereunto had a troth as just
 As had Penelope the fair,
 For what she saith ye may it trust,
 As it by writing sealed were:
 And virtues hath she many mo
 Than I with pen have skill to show.

* * * * *

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
 To be the chiefest work she wrought;
 In faith, methink, some better ways
 On your behalf might well be sought,
 Than to compare, as ye have done,
 To match the candle with the sun.

In construction and tone, poetry had now in so short a time advanced a century in development beyond the examples of "Mayster Skelton." To Surrey we also owe the introduction into our language of the blank heroic verse into which he translated the Second and Fourth Books of the *Æneid*. Scarcely need it be said that Surrey was the kinsman of Elizabeth

of England on her mother's side,—the Howards.

Thomas Sackville, another of Elizabeth's kinsmen, who was afterwards Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset, did much in this age to develop the art of English poetry. His poems are described as a splendid gallery of allegoric painting which entitles Sackville to the renown of having had no small share in lighting the way to the greatest painter in our own or any other poetry—the divine author of the *Fairie Queene*—Spenser. Sir Thomas Sackville as Lord Buckhurst, succeeded, at the death of Lord Burleigh, to the office of Lord Treasurer of the realm. The examples of these two poets, Surrey and Sackville, show very high poetic talent in the families from which Anne Boleyn sprung, and from whom Elizabeth herself undoubtedly derived her classic nature and love of learning. It is also historically interesting to discover that the family of the queen whose name has typed an immortal age, actually began the revival of English poetry, and also, as we shall presently see, laid the stage of the English drama.

Edmund Spenser, the author of the *Faerie Queene*, which abounds with magnificent compliments to Elizabeth, was born in London about the year 1553. He had already published several minor works, when, in 1590, he gave to the world the three first books of his great poem. Says the author already quoted:

"Without calling Spenser the greatest of all poets, we may still say that his poetry is the most poetic of all poetry. Other poets are all of them something else as well as poets, and deal in reflection, or reasoning, or humor, or wit, almost as largely as in the pure product of the imaginative faculty; his strains alone are poetry, and nothing but poetry. It is vision unrolled after vision to the sound of endless varying music. The *shaping* spirit of imagination, considered apart from moral sensibility,—from intensity of passion on the one hand and grandeur of conception on the other,—certainly never was surpassed in like degree by any other writer; nor has any other shown a deeper feeling of all forms of the beautiful; nor have words ever been made by any other to embody thought with more wonderful art."

The story of Spenser's introduction to his *Faerie Queene* is prettily told by

Agnes Strickland in her *Life of Elizabeth*:—

"It was to Raleigh's patronage that Spenser was indebted for an introduction to queen Elizabeth, who was so much captivated with his poetic genius, that she, in a moment of generous enthusiasm, promised him a hundred pounds; but when she spoke to my lord-treasurer, Burleigh, of disbursing that sum, he took the liberty of uttering a cynical exclamation on the prodigality of awarding so large a guerdon for a song! 'Give him, then, what is reason,' rejoined her majesty. Burleigh, acting in conformity with the hardness of his own nature, gave him nothing. After a pause of fruitless expectation, the disappointed poet addressed the following epigram to the queen:

'I was promised, on a time,
To have reason for my rhyme;
Since that time, until this season,
I have had nor rhyme nor reason!'

"It is said, that by these lines, the bard outwitted the penurious minister, for Elizabeth, considering that her queenly honour was touched in the matter, insisted that he should be paid the hundred pounds which she had at first promised. She understood her business, as a sovereign, too well to disgust a man who possessed the pen of a ready writer; and Spenser, in return, never omitted an opportunity of offering the poetic incense of his gracefully turned compliments to his royal mistress. She is personified in the 'Faerie Queene,' under the several characters of Glorianna, Belphebe, and Mercillæ, and made the subject of the highest eulogiums in each of these allegorical creations. She is also greatly extolled in the pastoral poem of 'Colin Clout's come Home Again,' as the 'Shepherdess, Cynthia, the Lady of the Sea.' In this quaint but elegant poem, the distress of Sir Walter Raleigh, on account of his temporary disgrace with the queen is pathetically set forth. The poem was probably written at the desire of that accomplished courtier to whom it is dedicated and who is there called the 'Shepherd of the Ocean;' and in his dialogue with the other illustrious swains, is made by Spenser to speak thus of his royal patroness:

'Whose glory, greater than my simple thought,
I found much greater than the former fame;
Such greatness I cannot compare to aught;
But if I her like aught on earth might read,

I would her liken to a crown of lilies
Upon a virgin bride's adorned head
With roses dight and goolds and daffadillies;
Or like the circlet of a turtle true,
In which all colours of the rainbow be;
Or like fair Phœbe's girland, shining, new,
In which all pure perfection one may see:
But vain it is to think, by paragon
Of earthly things, to judge of things divine!
Her power, her mercy, and her wisdom, none
Can deem, but who the Godhead can define!
Why, then, do I, base Shepherd, bold and blind,
Presume the things so sacred to prophane?
More fit it is t'adore, with humble mind,
The image of the heavens in shape humane.'"

With Spenser, as hand-in-hand, comes Sir Philip Sidney, the first gentleman and hero of the age as well as one of the stars which rose in the galaxy of poets of the Elizabethan period. Sir Philip Sidney was the nephew of the Earl of Leicester and his sister was the wife of Katharine Parr's nephew, Henry, earl of Pembroke. Sidney was the ornament of Elizabeth's Court and at one time her cup-bearer. The circumstance which led to the writing of his "Arcadia" is thus told:

Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, insulted Sir Philip, before the French ambassador, in the Tennis-Court, by calling him a puppy. Sidney retorted with cutting scorn that "all the world knew that dogs were the parents of puppies." The privy council interfered to prevent an encounter; but Sidney insisted on an apology or personal satisfaction. The queen sent for Sir Philip and told him that "there was a great difference in degree, between earls and private gentlemen, and that princes were bound to support the nobility, and to insist upon their being treated with proper respect." Sir Philip replied "that place was never intended to privilege wrong—witness herself, who, sovereign though she were, must content to govern by the laws." The queen was not offended with his noble boldness, yet the circumstance was the cause of Sidney's retirement into the country, where he employed his leisure in the composition of his "Arcadia." His heroic death in the wars of the Netherlands is familiar to every English reader. Had he not thus early fallen in glory, Sir Philip Sidney would doubtless have reached still higher fame among the classic writers of the Elizabethan period.

We now come to the great dramatic poets, who raised the poetic art in some

respects above all the examples of the ancients, and have left their work unapproachable by all of their class who have come after them.

It was on the 10th of January, 1561, that the first genuine English tragedy, in five acts, composed on the ancient tragic model, with the interlude of assistant choruses, in lyric verse, was performed before Queen Elizabeth. This was before either Shakespeare or Ben Jonson was born. The tragedy was the joint composition of Elizabeth's poetic cousin, Sir Thomas Sackville (who shared the literary genius of the Boleyn family) and Thomas Norton. The tragedy was called, "*Ferrex and Porrex, or Gorbodue*." Elizabeth caused a stage to be erected at Windsor Castle for the regular performance of the drama, with a wardrobe for the actors, painted scenes, and an orchestra, consisting of trumpeters, lutes, harpers, singers, minstrels, viols, sagbuts, bagpipes, *domeflads*, rebecks and flutes.

In the reign of Edward VI. the form of the drama was simply that of popular dramatic pageants; but now it began to assume the high classical cast, and the best poets of the land engaged in the work, which at once afforded their genius the broadest scope and the best profit for their talent. A generation of dramatic poets soon sprang up and with them, it may be said, the literary profession was born among the Anglo-Saxon people. Before the close of the reign of Elizabeth, we find Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger and many more whose names still live; and, crowning them all, the monarch of the English drama, our own Shakespeare. Viewing the excellence of their work to-day, culminating in the magnificent plays of Shakespeare, it almost passes the human understanding that poetry, and language, itself, could have come up from the primitive literary barbarism shown in the examples of "*Mayster Skelton*," poet laureate of Henry VIII., to the very pinnacle of genius and art, as illustrated in the Elizabethan period. Even to-day we bow down before the monument of that era, scarcely daring to raise another by its side.

But this development of the intellect, of culture, and of art, had not been alone in poetry. English prose literature and English philosophy had kept pace with

poetry and the dramatic art, and indeed had most probably given to both their essence of culture and lofty tone. Hence the Shakespearian plays are as full of the subtlest metaphysics as of the rarest poetic genius. In this realm of mind, Bacon is the monument. He is the embodiment of learning, of culture, of philosophy. Yet Shakespeare would seem to have blended the whole in himself. All that Bacon was, that also was Shakspeare, only the latter (his biographers would have us believe) was all-learned and all-knowing as by supreme intuitions. We must, however, consider Bacon as the culminate on this line of the Elizabethan development last touched.

There are no examples which will be so suggestive to the modern understanding as those found in the structural growth of the English language. The following is an example of the literature of Sir Thomas More, the most learned statesman and the ripest intellect of the reign of Henry VIII. In his "*Dialogue concerning Heresies*," written in 1528, which was only six years before the birth of Elizabeth he says:

Some prieste, to bring up a pilgrimage in his parishe, may devise some false felow fayning him selfe to come seke a saint in hys chyrch, and there sodeinly say, that he hath gotten his syght. Then shall ye have the belles rung for a miracle. And the foude folke of the countrey soon made foles. Than women commynge thither with their candles. And the Person byenge of some lame begger iii. or iiij. payre of theyre olde crutches, with xii. pennes spent in men and women of wex, thrust throwe divers places, some with arrowes, and some with rusty knyves, wyll make his offerynges for one vij yere worth twice hys tythes.

And thus Sir Thomas More discourses of the humbugs of his times in language and matter far away from our modern comprehension; while Bacon writes essays upon almost every conceivable subject in a style that could be reproduced as current literature in our modern magazines.

A passage from Bishop Latimer's third sermon preached before King Edward VI. at Westminster, in 1549, will illustrate the homely prose of the first Protestant prelates and the style of their sermons:

Syr, what form of preachinge woulde you appoynt me to preache before a kynge? Would you have me for to preache nothyng as concernynge a kynge in the kynges sermon? Have you any comission to apoynt me what I shall preach? Besydes thys, I asked hym dyvers other questions, and he would make me no answer to none of them all. He had nothing to say. Then I turned me

to the kyng, and submitted my selfe to his Grace, and sayed I never thoughte my selfe worthy, nor I never sued to be a preacher before youre Grace, but I was called to it, would be wylling (if you mislyke me) to geve place to my betters.

Certainly a quaint example of the olden times of a Bishop's preface to the king's sermon! The subject matter is even more illustrative of the primitive preaching only just before the Elizabethan age of culture came in; here is an example:

In the VII. of John the Priestes sente out certayne of the Jewes to bryng Christ unto them vyolentlye. When they came into the Temple and harde hym preache, they were so moved wyth his preachynge that they returned home agayne, and sayed to them that sente them, *Nunquam sic locutus est homo ut hic homo*, there was never man spake lyke thys man. Then answered the Pharysees, *Num et vos seducti estis?* What ye braynsycke fooles, ye hoddy peckes, ye doddye poulles, ye huddes, do ye beleve hym? Are ye seduced also? *Nunquis ex Principibus credidit in cum?* Did ye see any great man or any great offyicer take his part? doo ye se any boddy follow hym but beggerlye fishers, and suche as have nothyng to take to? *Numquis ex Pharicis?* Do ye se any holy man? any perfect man? any learned man take hys parte? *Turba que ignorat legem execrabilis est.* Thys laye people is accursed, it is they that knowe not the lawe that takes his parte, and none.

And this is an example of a sermon of one of the fathers of the English Protestant Church which, in a few years afterwards, became regularly established with Elizabeth as the supreme head. In the excellence of its organic structure and the culture of its clergy, the English Church, under that august and learned queen, shows the same high wrought type and breadth of genius which are seen in the plays of Shakspeare, the philosophy of Bacon and the State work of Burleigh.

In the example of the sermon of Bishop Latimer, we see a curious mixture of the learning and methods of the priests of the old church of Rome with most uncouth Protestant English. Moreover, for style and subject matter this sermon, fitted for a king and his nobles in the reign of Edward VI., is far below the intellect and culture of the most uncouth village congregation in the England of to-day. This sermon, indeed, will give us striking proof that, previous to the age of Elizabeth, there was no purely English mind; nor English language; nor English poetry; nor English philosophy; nor English theology; in fine, no English civilization. Previous to this period, the web and texture of the civilization were Romish rather than Eng-

lish; the type of education was the same; so that even the Saxon mind perverted and vitiated thereby, showed not its pure native genius under the rule of the Romish hierarchy, nor were the people allowed the bent of their genuine race character. Under the training of priests, the common people were but half English; Churchmen alone were cultured, and their culture was that of the Romish Church. Yet was our Saxon mind, in its very essence and type, the antipodes of the Italian; hence, while the Romish influence dominated the Saxon, the pure English mind found not its natural manifestation. Sir Thomas More was English, but he was Catholic in his culture and strictly so in his religious methods of thought. Wolsey was purely Saxon, but his ambitions made him the magnificent churchman. In the great Cardinal's life, we do not see the manifestation of the real English mind, which in the period that succeeded, proved itself to be not only Protestant but also innovative and iconoclastic. Later than Wolsey, we have Cardinal Pole, an Englishman and a Plantagenet, but he was also Romish, and the last of English Cardinals. It was not until the transformation began in the work of the Protestant Bishops that we can discern the real face of the English mind; and even then it was but as a rudely chiseled countenance. Latimer shows how uncouth the English divine was at first, and how much the remaining part of him was made up of Latin and priesthood. The real Protestant part of the man was his English courage and consistency which took him triumphantly to the stake. In this, truly, our martyrs were English.

Returning to the poets, it may be said that Chaucer's works, a century and a half before Spenser's day, were prophetic types of genuine English poetry and high-wrought English prose, his genius suggesting the capabilities of our language seen in the marvelous elaborations of Bacon, Shakespeare and Milton. The men of learning, also, of the times of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., with one foot on the old base-work of the Romish Church and the other outplanted on the new base-work of England's own church, built the colleges where the new civilization was cradled; but the true English intellect was not developed, nor did the young English

civilization run alone through the land, taking up its home with the people, until the reign of Elizabeth.

To realize the rapid transformation which the nation underwent in its theology, pulpit eloquence and breadth of religious understanding among the common people, we have only to return to the example of the king's sermon of Bishop Latimer and compare it with the sermons of Jeremy Taylor and archbishop Tillotson which, for their true English structure and sonorous tone of the Protestant English mind, are models of pulpit eloquence to this day. Milton's treatises on "Christian Doctrine" may be also cited as rare examples. The latter will illustrate the dignity and strength of English prose wrought by his divine pen. Indeed, there is nothing more august in the whole range of the English language than Milton's prose writings.

And here it may be observed that the common idea that Shakespeare and Milton belong to two periods is not correct. They are of one period. It is a remarkable fact that Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton and Cromwell were all living at the same time. There never was such a combination of personages so closely united in one work. In Elizabeth, Bacon and Shakespeare, we have the imperial splendor of the age; in Cromwell and Milton, the mightiness of the English mind and character as represented in the entire nation. The one continued the work which the other began.

What we have to say, then, as the total meaning of the period is that in the Elizabethan age a new Mind or Intellect was born into the world and a new civilization evolved, and that these were purely English, as we understand the English type, quality and capacity today. There was never any thing exactly like this English Mind and civilization in the world before nor the equal of either in genius, force and capacity. When we speak of it as the Baconian mind, or the Shakespearian mind, we can readily comprehend how vast it was in its manifestation. That Mind as well as the civilization was born of the age. It was like an explosion of the Saxon and Norman intellect and character. For centuries the fusion had been accumulating force which it exploded at a certain period marked in our history. That intellectual explosion came as soon as the

opportunity came. The English Reformation gave that opportunity and then, for the first time, we have knowledge of what English mind and civilization mean. A giant had been struggling for birth for centuries among the Saxon-Norman peoples. Barbarism and darkness preceded him, but when born he was full of light and ablaze with civilization; for he was endowed with the experience of his embryonic mightiness. Hence a Shakespeare, of whom Ben Jonson says, "He was not of an age but for all time;" hence a Bacon, of whom Goethe says, "He took a sponge and wiped from the tablet all records of former knowledge." But neither of these were the offspring of the efforts of English nature in one generation. They were the offspring of centuries. Neither represented the whole mind of the age. The same vast and magnificent mind was manifested in Elizabeth, in Burleigh, in Spenser, in Sidney; in Raleigh and in Drake. While the one class of personages was evolving a new civilization, the other was capturing new worlds! Spenser's epithet applied to Raleigh—"Shepherd of the Ocean" had a comparable significance to that of "the poet of all time." And the English people grew like them, imbibing their genius and diffusing their intellect. This is the meaning of the Elizabethan age and of the civilization which was born in that age; and when maturity was reached in the life-time of Cromwell and Milton, the new and robust England rose in the mightiness of her intellect and liberties and cut off the head of her king. This was the "king's sermon" preached in *that* day. The world may not see another such an incarnation of Mind for centuries to come; yet if it be among the possibilities, America may give to the race an added final manifestation of the human intellect, which seems to be promised in her new race-fusion.

Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd; Her own shall bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

OUR POETS.

ORSON F. WHITNEY.

TIME was when poets were esteemed as children of the gods, and poetry was read as the charming language spoken in heaven. But overwhelmed by the thoroughly practical spirit of modern times, which better appreciates railroads and sewing machines as agents of civilization, we almost marvel why Nature ever went to the trouble of creating poets, or that they should have lived in the great world's opinion other than as a most useless class of mortals. We can well appreciate the scientist to-day, for he is largely adding to the world's stock of knowledge; and the inventor, for he greatly increases the world's wealth; but poets create nothing, only poetry, and they die in garrets.

Was not the old classic view of the poets better than our utilitarian modern view? They have, to be sure, died in garrets, yet it was they who first gave birth to civilization. When the race was emerging from the barbaric splendor of empire-founding and war, our poets were the only historians, and they made peoples familiar with each other; through the plastic medium of their gorgeous verse. Homer wrote the history of Greece and Troy ages before Plutarch wrote his lives of great men. We know more of what men were four thousand years ago, and gather more of the manners and customs of the early nations from Homer's *Iliad* than from any other work extant; nor should we forget the glorious Hebrew Bible—the very book of poets—which has been the basis of civilization these thousands of years. And, if we come down to our poets of more modern times to learn the value of their gifts to the race, we have but to take the English language to discover that they have more than half created it. What have not Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Shelley, Moore, Scott and others done for us in this respect! The age of poets is the age of culture. The world is blessed when poets are born. Let sentiment and ideas flow into society, and poets must sing as do the birds when summer comes round. When there is no poetry in the air, human nature is rude and barbaric.

The advent of good poets among us is one of the signs of a new era. And in

this view, Mr. Orson F. Whitney has become a personage of interest. This young gentleman gives promise of making a mark in life with his pen in the sphere of poetry. His Jubilee poem has recently brought him into considerable notice among the Mormon people, to whom he belongs, and yet it is but the hinting of a poetic fancy which is capable of some far greater work. The following is his picture of the Mormon Pioneers and their first sight of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake:

Where, next, shall Fancy's roving pimon rest?
Mid barren regions of the boundless west,
Where silv'ry streams through silent valleys flow,
From mountains crested with eternal snow:
Where reigns no creed its rival creed to bind,
Where exiled Faith a resting place shall find,
Where builds the eagle on the beetling height
And wings o'er Freedom's hills unfearing flight.

'Tis summer morn. On mountain, vale and stream,
The generous sun bestows a golden beam,
Crowning with glory snow-bespangled hills,
And darting life through all their thousand rills.
No sound disturbs the stillness of that scene—
So bare, so bright, so savage yet serene—
Save where the torrent's distant voice is heard,
Mingling with music of the mountain bird,
Or minstrel cricket 'neath his drooping blade,
Chirps ceaselessly his summer serenade.
But list! Breaks on the ear a stranger sound—
How the high hills those jarring notes rebound,
As sentinels that warn what would intrude
To mar the sway of kingly Solitude!
Now nearer borne upon the canyon breeze,
The roll of rocks and crash of falling trees
Blend harsh, at intervals, with human shout,
And clattering wheels that throng the rugged route.

Lo! Issuing from the mountain's rough defile,
Where frowns on either side a lofty pile,
A little band of ragged mountaineers
Halt on the ridge—whose milder summit rears
The towering peaks and plain to intervene—
And gaze with wonder on the glorious scene.
Ah, marvel nothing if the eye may trace
The care lines on each toil-worn hero's face,
Nor yet if down his cheek in silent show,
The trickling tides of tender feeling flow.
Tears not of weakness nor of Sorrow's mood,
As when o'er banished joys sad memories brood;
Far richer fount each fearless eye bedewed—
They wept the golden drops of gratitude.
Wherefore? Ask of the bleak and biting wind,
The rivers, rocks and deserts left behind;
The rolling prairie's waste of moveless waves,
Enfurrowed with a trail of nameless graves;
The city fair, where widowed Loneliness
Weeps her lost children in the wilderness;
The river broad, along whose icy bridge
Their bleeding feet red-hued each frozen ridge;
The Christian world, that drove them forth to die
On barren wilds beneath a wintry sky!
Would e'en the coldest heart forbear to say,
Good cause had Gratitude to weep that day!
Or censure, for a flow of manly tears,
That brave-souled band—the Mormon Pioneers?

Their names? Go view them on the Golden Page,
 The gift of Glory to remotest age,
 The van of civilization's westward sweep,
 The few that sowed what millions yet shall reap.
 As some fair ship that waves its pennant high,
 Bright with the splendors of the evening sky,
 Their memory sails along the musing sight,
 Haloed with blessings, as a crown of light,
 Borne on the breast of Fanie's eternal river
 A thing of beauty and a joy forever.

'Tis only a sketch, but it exhibits something of Mr. Whitney's native poetic fancy and shows dramatic power of description. He should undertake a greater work. We suggest for his pen the subject of the Exodus of his people. An Israelitish Exodus has been considered by the critics as affording one of the best subjects for an epic poem. Mr. Henry Mayhew, in his "Illustrated History of the Mormons," a quarter of a century ago, marked out this very subject for an epic poem from some Mormon poet's pen.

We believe that Mr. Whitney is equal to the work thus forecast. He can construct the poem in well rounded chapters, or books, and dwell upon his themes. Such a poem would give scope for lofty fancy, and could abound with dramatic life. Our young poet has just the qualities of mind for the work, and is exactly in its mood. He has the religious mental cast of his grandfather, Heber C. Kimball, yet possesses the delicacy and tone of the poet's soul. Taken as a link of development from Heber, this youth is a fit example of the transformation to come in these Mormon children, yet which shall leave the peculiar type of the parent character. What a surprise it will be to the Gentile to find, in the sequel, high culture among the Mormons, and a generation of poets springing from Mormon patriarchs! Mr. Orson F. Whitney is the example. As observed, he blends the culture of the poet's soul with the Israelitish nature of his grandsire; and this fine complexity eminently qualifies him to write an epic on his people. We should not expect from him a strictly religious poem—a mere exposition of Mormonism in verse—or he would certainly fail. Poems are romances of the highest class; theology is no proper subject for poetry. We have had too much Mormonism in doggerel verse, and but little poetry from Mormon pens. The reason is, the writers have scarcely put foot within the realms of poetic fancy. But an exodus is a proper subject for the poet's pen. Though

it embodies a great circumstance in the history of a religious community, it is crowded with dramatic life and action, and affords a wide field for a poet's descriptive powers. In the execution of such a work, a religious history would become a gorgeous romance.

The initial promise of the young poet's genius was given in the drama, not in its composition, however, but in its representation on the stage. His father, Horace K. Whitney,—one of the Pioneers whom the poet describes in his verse—belonged to the Deseret Dramatic Association, which opened the Salt Lake Theatre, and supported T. A. Lyne and Julia Dean Hayne. It was in the heyday of our home theatricals when Horace trod the boards; and it is presumable that the charm of those days left a glamor over the poetic mind of his son, leading him at the opening of his artistic life, to essay the *role* of a juvenile actor. Quite a legitimate beginning was this for our young poet. It has given him at once both the conception and ability of dramatic action, which will largely contribute to qualify him in the execution of a great poetic work. The minor class of poems may pass the critic's examination, and receive his august pronouncement of "Very good," if possessing fine description and noble thoughts; or they may merit the meed of praise if, by trope and simile, they resemble beds of beautiful flowers. The minor methods of art will have been compassed, and the pleasures of the imagination gratified. But no poem of the major class can be wrought without dramatic genius, and considerable dramatic power developed in the treatment of the subject and its themes, especially when it has sufficient scope to branch out in episodal forms, with which the epic poem abounds with pre-eminent grace and richness. The dramatic element largely enters into all great poems; and the subject and themes of an exodus would afford to dramatic talent a splendid sweep, both in lofty thoughts and heroic action.

The next quality which Mr. Whitney would require, in the composition of an epic poem on his people, is the power of execution and development. This is very nearly one quality,—at least, it is a blending of two very kindred qualities. There could be no fine execution of an extended work without exquisite elabora-

tion—which is development. This quality the Italians illustrate more than any other race. It types their music, and has created for them a distinctive school of art—the operatic. At this mention, the companions of Mr. O. F. Whitney will remember some of his earliest accomplishments, suggesting his possession of such quality. This power of elaborate execution is precisely what, in a kindred form of art, he must put into a great poem, bustling with the romantic life of an Israel in an exodus, marching over vast territory, which, until then, primeval Nature had shared in “kingly solitude,” with the buffalo, the Indian and the lonely mountaineer. Such a life could only be realized in verse by the power of imitation, such as the painter and musical composer illustrate in their art, and of elaborate dramatic execution, which always delights us when witnessed on the stage,—as enjoyable to “the gods in the gallery” as to the fashionable folks in the boxes. The fragment of Mr. Whitney’s poem has been reproduced here to suggest his possession of these elements and qualities, and to prompt him to undertake a work that will give his genius full scope. If he undertakes and succeeds, he may be assured of a lifetime of fame, and the admiration of a cosmopolitan people.

HANDEL.

BY THE LATE PROFESSOR JOHN TULLIDGE.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, of immortal memory, was born at Halle, in Saxony, in the year 1684. The predominant feature of his infantile recreations was his fond attachment to the musical art, and his wonderful genius was the surprise of all who listened to his childlike prattle on the subject of music. His father, who designed him for the law, perceiving his inclination for the musical profession, strongly opposed his following it, and especially forbade him touching an instrument. But the impulses of the boy’s genius were irresistible, and he was as determined in his attachment to the divine art, as his father was in his opposition to his son following it as a profession.

In one of Handel’s rambles through the family mansion, he, by accident, found in a lumber room an old harpsichord used in bygone days by the family. This discovery was glory to him, and

from that time the boy was rarely seen except at school, or at the family table during the hours of refreshment. His leisure at the school vacation was employed at his favorite study. When the hour arrived for his family to retire for the night he watched his opportunity to steal to the garret where he had concealed the old harpsichord and here he would delight himself when the family were asleep. In this garret, his sanctuary of art, he began his studies with a variety of harmonic combinations which he had gathered from the works of the great masters. He also practiced many difficult melodical passages emanating from his own brain.

On one occasion Handel accompanied his father to a party where music held the sway of the evening. In all probability the desire to exhibit his skill on the harpsichord, and the instrument being a much better one than he had used, prompted the youthful musician to risk his father’s displeasure rather than forego the opportunity of proving to him, and those present, that music was the only profession he could follow with honor to himself and family. Genius triumphed that night as it ever does when fairly before the public. By this stratagem of young Handel his father was conquered and the advice of many professional musicians present induced him to consent to place his boy under the best masters of the age for the study of the organ and counterpoint—a composition in the strict style. The accident of finding the old harpsichord and the circumstance above noted was doubtless the direct means of giving to the musical world some of the most classical and powerful productions of all ages.

At the age of nine, Handel composed the church service, for voices and instruments; and at fourteen, our youthful composer far excelled his master. He was now sent to Berlin, and his sovereign having been attracted by his genius, made him liberal presents as a tribute. At the age of twenty he brought out his first opera of “*Almira*,” and soon after visiting Italy, he produced at Florence the opera of “*Roderigo*.” Venice, Naples and Rome were honored by his presence in turn. Having remained six years in Italy, he accepted the pressing invitations of the British nobility to visit London, at which place he arrived in the

latter part of the year 1710. His reception in England was most cordial, which induced him to stay, and the giant composer, by the immortal works which he produced in Great Britain, became forever identified with that nation, even more than with Germany, his native land.

In 1741, he brought out in London, his oratorio of the "Messiah," which has been decided by the musical world as not only the *chef d'œuvre* of Handel, but the very best of its class.

Handel, in producing his oratorios, met with great losses occasionally, but at other times, with great success.

Speaking of his losses and profits, the former were more frequent than the latter; but that did not unnerve him or make him lose his temper, although he was very passionate sometimes. If the music went all right, Handel was satisfied. In producing one of his oratorios—which name has slipped my memory—Handel had expended much time, much patience and much money so that his work might be rendered by the band and voices in the most effective possible manner. He generally conducted his oratorios on the organ. It so happened that on this night—as well as many others—that the house was very thinly attended; and when a friend of his directed his attention to the subject of loss and gain, Handel replied: "Never mind, de music will sound all de better."

It is well known to those who are acquainted with the history of Handel's life, that he obtained while living as much or more popularity and eminence by his compositions and skill on the organ than any other musician. He was ambitious as a composer, and most eccentric in the manner he adopted to display his skill on the organ. He had obtained at the time of the anecdote I am about to relate, much popularity by his compositions and organ executions. One of his peculiarities was his delight in rambling and going *incog.* to public places of worship, where he would take his seat beside the organist, sometimes to the astonishment of both the choir and the performer on the organ. On one occasion he seemed so attentive to the execution of the player on his favorite instrument that the musician who presided was much gratified in having so good a listener to his performances and at Handel's suggestion, think-

ing he had only an amateur to compete with, he allowed him the privilege to play the voluntary. This is a composition for the organ which generally consists of two or three movements calculated to display the ability of the instrument and skill of the performer. Handel, to all appearances, modestly took his seat, and began conversing *impromptu* on that noble instrument with such unequalled skill, that both the organist and the audience became a fixture to their seats. Subject, counter-subject and their answers flew with amazing rapidity through the prolific brain of Handel, which were immediately transferred to the organ and beautifully developed and elaborated. Episodal constructions were judiciously brought to the relief of his subjects as the anecdote is to the literary composition. The people were charmed, the organist astounded, and the time flew with such rapidity that an accidental appeal to the watch of the local organ player, warned him that it was time to bring things to a finale. "Get up," exclaimed the organist abruptly, "let me sit down; you'll never play them out; you must be the devil or Handel!"

As might be imagined, Handel was highly delighted with the compliment, and walked slowly away; and the audience hearing the difference in the execution, retired *presto prestissimo*.

Handel's Oratorio of "The Messiah"—like the compositions of all great musical authors—received much opposition from the critics on its first representation. It is however now, beyond all doubt, that the critics were much prejudiced against Handel when he first produced "The Messiah" in London in 1741. It is also understood—by those who are acquainted with the history of this great work and its author's passion and stubborn temper—that much of the opposition received from the critics was caused by Handel's determination to do what he pleased when composing for the principal singers. In fact, Handel did not fear the critics, nor the principal singers, nor his patrons. It did not matter to him how exalted their position, he was independent. He knew his own strength. His genius was as far above all other composers of his day as the sun compared with the light of the moon is in power and brilliancy. Therefore, he would have his own way in composing

his music, for he felt certain that his compositions would be successful at some period. Moreover, Handel carried in his train the instrumental and choral musicians, and that comforted him. There could be no surprise that his choral singers were fond of him, for his choruses are full of energy. When composing his choruses he became inspired and threw his gigantic mind into their construction and harmonization, and they have never been supplanted in the public estimation by any later compositions.

Handel, as above noted in this article, was a magnificent organist. This induces me to show to my readers the method of the ancients in writing for the organ, and compare it with the method adopted by modern writers for this noble instrument. In Handel's day—and at a much later period—the performers on the organ were compelled to study harmony, or what is commonly termed, thorough bass. *Counterpoint* was also included in their studies, for they had to play classical compositions from the subject with the bass figured. The inner parts were produced from the knowledge they had acquired in this branch of musical science. These necessary studies to the harmonist gave him an understanding of the progression of *fugal* arrangements, and enabled him to play the answer to the subject and counter-subject of the *fugue* without having them written in full; and without this essential knowledge an organist could not play from a figured bass. The organ player of modern dates does not need this great knowledge. The composers and arrangers have provided a method that enables the organ student to become a tolerably good player with but little study, for it is now principally practice, for every note that is necessary to the accompaniment is written in the organ scores.

I will now slightly touch on the instruments used in Handel's time. The effect that is now produced when "The Messiah" is performed, by the invention and introduction of the improved modern instruments, and a clever arrangement for them, would electrify Handel were he living. Handel had but few instruments at his command. The violin, *viola*, *violoncello*, hautboy, trumpet and fagotti—or bassoon—were the few that Handel had to render his music effective with; but he knew how to use such as were in

vogue in his day. This assertion can be easily proved by inspecting the delicate *obligato* accompaniments which enrich so many of his songs. It was the lack of these improved modern instruments that induced Mozart to write his celebrated instrumental accompaniment for this mighty work. It is evident, by the perusal of Handel's *obligatos* written for the instruments at his command, that he was fond of using them to beautify his organ accompaniments with their varied effect, but he could not bear to hear the tuning of any instrument in his presence. His ear was too fine, too sensitive, and they were always tuned before he arrived at any rehearsal or public performance. This reminds me of an anecdote on the subject.

At the introduction of one of Handel's compositions, he took his seat as usual at the organ to conduct the performance. All the instruments were tuned before he arrived. A wicked wag, unknown to the performers, secretly visited the orchestra and altered the pitch of every stringed instrument. The wind instruments he could not manage, as the players would have seen the alteration, but the strings were put, some a shade higher, some a shade lower, others a semitone higher, and the remaining portion a semitone lower, so that there were no instruments—but the wind—that were in tune with the organ. Handel had anticipated much pleasure and satisfaction by the performance of his composition, and placed himself at the organ with unusual good humor. At the opening harmony of the piece he had introduced the chord of the *dominant* seventh, on a pause. This was done to command the attention of the audience to the first movement. The combination consists of what is called the major harmonic triad with the seventh added—hence the term dominant seventh. The effect of that pause on Handel's nervous system, with the instruments out of tune, can be better imagined than described. Handel shook on his seat with passion; he pulled at his wig; tore it off; threw it about the platform; roared in perfect fury, and finally jumped up exclaiming, "O! O! te tam fillains; te tam scoundrels; I would kill te tam fillains," and away went the wig, which he had caught up, at the musicians in the orchestra. The music books that were on the organ-stand went in the

same direction, and before he could be brought into a peaceful state of mind, the Prince of Wales—afterward George II. of England—had to leave his private box and coax the composer into a good humor. The Prince was passionately fond of Handel's music, and was a great patron of the composer; hence his influence over him. During the interval of storm and peace the performers retired and again tuned their instruments, taking much care to have them in thorough tune this time, and the piece was then played to the composer's perfect satisfaction and the delight of the audience. Handel retired elated with his final success, and the trick played on him was for a time forgotten.

In looking over my music to find a composition of Handel's, I fell upon an old paper called "The Manchester and Salford Advertiser and Chronicle," published in England, February 17, 1844.

In this paper I found a very able review of Handel's "Messiah," and reasons advanced for its failure in London, when first produced.

These reasons being so much like my own—given above, I am induced to make a quotation from that able review:—

"In 1741, when Handel was in his 58th year, he produced 'The Messiah,' calling it a Sacred Oratorio, by way of distinction, as the words were all taken from the Holy Scriptures. It was first produced in London, and not only ill attended but ill received. The success with which, eight years before, his Oratorio of 'Athalia' had been received at a solemnity at Oxford, made Handel think that the 'Messiah,'—an infinitely better work—would be well received in London.

"It failed, however, partly because the critics of that day believed, or affected to believe, that its choruses were too numerous, and that its airs were inferior to those in other works of Handel; but chiefly because Handel had offended the nobility and patrons of the opera by refusing to compose any piece in which Francesco Bernadi (commonly called Sensino) should have a part. This Italian vocalist was a popular favorite, and Handel's dislike to him caused such powerful opposition that Handel was compelled to quit London in 1741, after the failure of the Messiah."

The opposition that Handel received from his enemies on many occasions would have crushed the inspirations and exertions of most composers, but Handel was a giant in spirit and nothing appeared to daunt his onward progress. Besides, he knew the cause of the non-success of his great work on its first trial. He also knew that his "Messiah" would succeed and he was determined to try it the second time in Dublin. In Dublin he felt assured the same cause would not exist; there he would have an unprejudiced audience that would give his Oratorio a fair trial, and an impartial hearing.

On Handel's arrival at Liverpool, he found the packet boat was detained in that port by contrary winds, and feeling that he must occupy his leisure somehow, he forthwith ordered a post chaise to go to the city of Chester, and rehearse, with the Cathedral singers, a chorus called, "And with his stripes we are healed." Handel was not altogether satisfied with this chorus when sung in London, and he thought he would hear it again and make what alterations might appear necessary to him after another hearing. While the composer is on his way to Chester, I will leave him to relate how I received an anecdote of Handel's visit to the above Cathedral City.

In the year 1842, I left the City of York, to make a professional tour to North Wales. Having a great inclination to visit the organist and Cathedral singers of the ancient City of Chester, I applied to Dr. Camidge,—the organist of York Minster,—for a letter of introduction to those gentlemen. When I arrived at that city I presented my letter to Mr. Wilkinson, the organist of the Cathedral, and he gave me a special invitation to attend that evening one of their social music gatherings at an inn called the "Kitchen." This inn, it appears, had been a place for the social gathering of the organist and the Choral Vicars for many generations.

The music room of the association contained the whole of Handel's oratorios, and a small chamber organ. In this room the singers were in the habit of rehearsing the works of Handel and other classical composers. On my entering the room with Mr. Wilkinson, the organist, I was somewhat surprised by his introducing me as one of the four con-

ductors of the York "Harmonic Society," and one of its principal tenors. I looked at him for an explanation, and he said, "Dr. Camidge had mentioned it in his letter."

After the organist and the singers had taken their seats, the parts of the Oratorio of "The Messiah" were handed round for rehearsal. "Mr. Tullidge," said the organist, "is conversant with the great work we are about to perform, and courtesy, if nothing else, induces us to appoint him on this occasion to the task of rendering the interpretations of the *recitativos* and *arias* contained in this great work, according to *his* idea." Of course I could not object. We began, and both solos and choruses had been performed with much expression, and we were preparing to try "And with his stripes we are healed," when the organist made a dead halt and said, "Mr. Tullidge, no doubt you have heard a verbal relation and seen in print the visit of Handel to this city." "Yes," said I, "but I should like to hear the original version of the story." "Well," said he, "you shall. This inn, called the 'Kitchen,' was the one Handel put up at when he did our singers the honor of paying them a visit. Handel had hardly seated himself when he enquired of the landlord if the Cathedral singers could sing 'music at de sight.' The landlord informed him that 'Mr. Janson, the choir master was an excellent music reader, and in fact, the Cathedral singers were all well practiced in sight reading.' 'Good,' said Handel, 'zend for them and bring in te dinner.'"

When the composer had satisfied his appetite, he rang the bell and ordered the organist and singers to appear before him. "The great master was seated in the same chair that Mr. Edwards, our Chairman, is now occupying. The same organ that I have been playing this evening was used on that night. The Oratorio began and both solos and choruses were creditably performed—so say our ancestors—until they came to the chorus, 'And with his stripes we are healed,' then they all broke down. Handel was leading the *Soprano* boys with his violin, which instrument he took by the neck, and threw it at Janson's head, exclaiming, 'You tam fillain; you tell me you read de sight. Oh! you schoundrel, you no read de sight.' Janson, not of-

fended with the composer's fury, quickly answered, 'Yes, sir, we can read at sight, but not at first sight. Your music is too difficult for that.' 'Dat is good,' replied Handel. 'We'll try again.' After repeating the chorus many times, they succeeded to the composer's satisfaction." Handel made his alterations, and the next morning posted to Liverpool, and the wind changing to the right quarter, he took packet and went to Dublin.

On Handel's arrival in Dublin, he announced his intention, to the musical patrons in that city, of bringing out his oratorio for the benefit of a public charity.

Handel and Jenny Lind were great tacticians; they both gloried in tendering their services gratuitously for public charities. But doubtless it was humanity, as well as a knowledge that such an announcement would make a favorable impression in the public mind, that prompted them both to give their assistance on all occasions for the benefit of the poor; at all events, such promptings always proved successful. In this instance, the idea benefitted Handel, for it enlisted the services of Matthew Duberg, the celebrated violinist and favorite pupil of Geminiani, as the leader of his orchestra, who was at that time in Dublin as composer and master of the king's band of music.

He was also fortunate in obtaining the assistance of Mrs. Cibber as his principal soprano vocalist. Mrs. Cibber was the sister to Dr. Arne, the celebrated English composer, who is the author of many classical anthems, and some fine compositions in the operatic line. The Doctor was a great admirer of Handel's works, which in all probability induced his sister to assist Handel in sustaining the principal soprano solos of the "Messiah." The above idea appears to be correct as, by historical accounts, she did not profess to be a competent vocalist. However, the following quotation proves that she had one of the most essential requisites for the interpretation of the poet and musician: "Though her knowledge of music was slight," says the reviewer of this festival, "and her voice thin, yet she threw such natural pathos into—'He was despised and rejected of men,'—which was adapted by Handel, to suit her voice;—that she touched the heart,

where others, with more science and a superior organ, could only reach the ear."

Principal singers would do well to follow this lady's example and render the compositions appointed to them with that expression that would not only interpret the poet and musician faithfully, but would secure the attention and touch the hearts of their hearers by such truthful rendition.

Handel's success in Dublin was triumphant; and, on his return to London in 1742, the opposition had subsided. He immediately reproduced his "Messiah," and its high merits were fully acknowledged. During Handel's life, and for many subsequent years, it was annually performed in London, for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital; and to this day, no musical festival is considered complete, unless this oratorio be a principal part of the performance.

Handel, who may be called the Milton of music, was the discoverer of the truth that there is a sublime in music as well as in poetry and painting. No composer has more strength and majesty, his very elegance has a sublime simplicity. Eminently imbued with the truth of revelation, and well read in the Holy Scriptures, to him it was a labor of love to compose sacred music. He could convey by harmony whatever feeling he pleased.

Instance the strong and prophetic declamation and beautiful elegance displayed in that recitative, "Comfort, ye, my people, saith your God." Listen also to the initiatory *obligato* passages written for the hautboy and *fagatti* in the same piece. The progressive beauty displayed in these imitations cannot fail to enchant all lovers of classical melodies. Again, how exulting is the choral swell "For unto us a child is born;" how full of trusting faith is the graceful and expressive air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" how melancholy the feeling of "He was despised;" how triumphant that glorious duet "O Death, where is thy sting." Listen also to the grand and joyous effect brought out by the voluminous unity of ten thousand well trained voices sounding in pure harmony the praises of the Most High in the "Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." Who, with a soul for music, whether learned or unlearned in the

beautiful art, that can fail to be entranced by the perfect rendition of such a composition? It is customary in England, when this sublime chorus is performed for the audience to rise *en masse* and remain standing until the conclusion of this composition.

In fact, grandeur, simplicity and solemnity are the characteristics of "The Messiah."

THE COVENANTER.

BY JOHN LYON.

THE mountains, hills, dales, strathes, glens, and heathery heaths of Scotland are fraught with a thousand reminiscences of local interest, and form in its annals an endless volume for the pen of the historian, and the tales of the novelist. Invasion, persecution, rebellion, resistance, feudalism and clanship form the stamina of its records, from the days of the first Roman invasion down to the Pretender, in 1745—and to the expulsion of the covenanters, and from that to the non-intrusion party, headed by the Rev. Dr. Chalmers, when upwards of five hundred ministers left their churches by law established in consequence of governmental usurpation. All these put together form a broad sheet for speculation. The customs, religions, and natural development of the country give a coloring to the mental painter, an eminent interest, where the lights and shadows are cast, in their truthful bearings, on life, scenery and character.

Traveling on my mission of research, in the western moorlands of Clydedale, in Scotland, I came in sight of a solitary farm house, around which for miles there was nothing to attract attention, save the bleating of the sheep, the cry of the plover, and the mournful wail of the peesweep. The occasional report of a gun, and the whirring sound of a covey of partridges, broke the monotony of the cooing dove among the deep moss hags, and the dark turf banks of this solitary wild; but all outside of this, there was nothing to enliven the lonely traveler, whose mind becomes assimilated to the picture of barrenness, as he wends his way over this lonely tract.

Often had I observed a large mound of a strange formation, as I traveled, lying in the depths of this morrass; but now, as my path lay directly to it, and being

in the vicinity of the farm, I bent my steps toward the house. A few stunted trees were the only indications of foliage around the place, and these were more like mourners over decayed nature, than the sturdy elms of which they were the representatives. A dark colley dog came barking at me as I approached. The day was sultry, and rather than enrage the angry cur I sat down on the steps of the mound till some one should come out of the house. Presently, an old man appeared and silenced the infuriated animal. His white locks and reverend aspect inspired me with deference as he returned my greeting in a distant, though genteel way. I told him that I was traveling as a canvasser for an agricultural newspaper, and as my way was some miles nearer to K—— by taking the moorland road, and being curious to learn something of this mound, which had often attracted my attention, I hoped he would satisfy my request, if not too impertinent, by informing me why such a pile of earth had been raised, and for what purpose? His reserved manner rather cramped my curiosity; however, after telling him of the place of my nativity, and the name of my father's family, he became more familiar, giving me to know, that my grandfather and himself had been schoolmates, some sixty years ago, in the parish of Blantyne. After asking me a hundred questions, relating to names, and families of which I had not the most distant knowledge,—except the names of a few farmsteads, and hamlets, in the neighborhood of his inquiry,—he told me that his forefathers had lived on this farm (pointing to his house) for some hundreds of years, and that he had been in the possession of it, as proprietor, for half a century, “and,” continued he, “although I am not free to the ungodly professors of religion, I will tell you, my friend, that this mound is the monument of past intolerance,—the labor of my father and his associates,—who were persecuted for their faith and religious convictions of the word of God. This mound was their lookout, their watch-tower, and these glens and hollows among the hills were their gathering-places, and their tabernacles, where they met to worship God, when they dared to venture out of the caves, and holes of the steep ravines.”

The old man's eyes glistened, moist

ened with the tears of pity, which dropped over his furrowed cheeks, as he pointed to the dark misty breaks in the hills, and the gray broken crags, that frowned over the barren waste of fern and stunted heather.

“Have you not read,” he inquired, “the history of the Covenanters, when the strong hand of Episcopacy thrust out our ministers from their churches, and their congregations, and put men in their pulpits by the force of arms and the point of the bayonet? Have you not heard or read, of bloody Claverhouse, and his merciless troopers, fiends in human form, who rode through these glens, and shot down men, women, and children?”

I looked at the old man's visage, as he paused for breath, but the tear was dried and the flash of his eyes had a scowling, withering aspect, as he pointed to the earth.

“Yes, sir,” he continued, “the very heather around you, grows red from the blood they have shed, and looks up to heaven, from this sacred soil, crying for vengeance on the government, who sent and sanctioned their bloody deeds.”

“But,” said I, “those days of persecution have passed away, and the ‘Act of Toleration,’ now allows you, and every other sect, no matter what may be their religious opinions, the liberty of worshipping God as they please.”

“Hold there,” he cried, interrupting me, “protest against the present iniquitous, socinian, latitudinarian established church, and the same spirit of persecution will burn, hang, drown and shoot down God-fearing men, as it did in the days of bloody Claverhouse! Do you think, sir, that an Act of Toleration, betters the condition of any people? What right has any government to pass acts of toleration? What government should dare to meddle with men's religious opinions? And let me ask again, sir, who gained for Scotland, this hypocritical act? The Covenanters! And why was it granted? Why, because they could not kill out the defenders of religious rights. To fight against papacy when Catholicism, and her bastard children had regal power, was treason, and death at the stake. And when King William made Protestantism to be the law of the land, then, his religion, when it prospered, obtained the name of truth

and virtue, and put to death the adherents of Papacy. Episcopacy, sir, although Presbyterianism is the established religion in Scotland, still holds jurisdiction over her general assemblies, and sends her commissioners to over-rule any act not in unison with their national creed and governmental instructions. Christ is not the head of that church—remember that, my friend. 'Tis the king, King George IV., if you please, a greater libertine than Henry VIII. Moreover, there is not a scandal in the whole catalogue of crime, that has not been heaped on us, and that, too, by men bearing the ensigns of the cross. In your travels, sir, in Dumfriesshire, Galloway, Lanark, and all through Ayrshire, on the lonely heath and on the seashore, you will find cairns of stone raised to the memory of the Covenanters, and rude monuments, carved by Old Mortality, the stone historian, as memorials of their fidelity and faithful adherence to the *non-interference* of religious belief, by any persons or parties, far less by government, which power we had to contend with on the Pentland hills, Airmoss, Bothwell Bridge, and at Drumclog, for the right to worship God according to the dictates of our conscience, formed from the holy scriptures, and from the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, which made them brave to meet death in all the horrors that malice could invent."

At this juncture of his polemical relation, I could not help laughing inwardly at his enthusiasm, while I admired his sincerity, and historical knowledge.

"But," he resumed, "the H——s of Lochgoin will never yield to the oppression and suppression of religious liberty, although they 'give our roofs to the flames and our flesh to the eagles,' as Sir Walter says; yes, while grass grows, and water runs, never, never will the solemn league and covenant be broken by the sons and adherents of the Camerons, the Guthries and Renwicks, who fought and bled at the above places I have mentioned. Never will they acknowledge popery or prelacy! This mound will stand as a monument and a witness of their vows, their determination and valor, and should their sons have to take the cold earth for their beds, and the sky for their covering as their fathers did, and this mound for their watch-tower, they will never yield to a second Gra-

hame, more bloody than Claverhouse—more relentless than Sharp."

While I looked at his white locks, as they shook by the motion of his head, giving sanction to his protestations, I felt lost in the sublimity of his patriotism, and the sincerity of his veneration. Never shall I forget those white locks, that reverend face, and uplifted hand to heaven, against usurpation, bloodshed, and treachery against Scotland's rights.

I accepted the old man's kindly invitation to his dwelling, and there I had another display of family kindness, sincerity, and veneration. They took pleasure in showing me the Bible of Renwick, his room, the bed he slept on, the chair he knelt at in secret and family devotion, and also, his staff. These relics of a good man were held by them in as much veneration, as the coat of Joseph was by his father. I was shown the cairn of three brethren, who were taken by Claverhouse and put to death. Near the opening of the cave, a huge pile of rocks marked the place of their interment. Another old sequestered spot on the side of a hill was the burial place of a whole family who perished at the hands of the ruthless soldiery, who first shot the father, then his sons, and after desecrating the bodies of the mother and daughters, put them to death, also.

"There," said the old man, "is the cave of three brothers by the name of Nesbet, who were taken to Kilmarnock, and hanged and beheaded. Their bodies were burned at the cross in the centre of the town, and their heads were taken to Edinburgh and set on pikes in the west-port."

"The history of those past times of human sacrifice will never be unveiled till the great day of accounts; hundreds perished by the cruelty of savage highlanders, who were formed as a militia and were brought from their mountain fastnesses with the promise of pay and plunder for their services. Murder and robbery were no crimes to these pantless hungry thieves, who were inspired to commit any act in the hope of pillage; honest god-fearing men were shot down, their houses ransacked, then burned to ashes and their helpless families left to starve and wander among the hills, and all because we would not suffer prelacy, commissioned by government to send delegates to sit in our general assemblies

and counteract our councils and decisions, and also for the support of their immense stipendiary pay. The priests had to support the power of government over the people's conscientious beliefs. They could see their priestcraft was in danger; their harlotcy, they could see, to uphold a system of man-made damnable heresy would come to an end and their dagon would fall to rise no more. But excuse me, my friend, propriety of speech and love for the truth turns the periods of my rehearsals of those godless times in words not altogether in union with the precepts of our faith, to love our enemies. Enemies did I say? They were fiends in human form, sir, from the lord to the layman, who neither feared God nor regarded man—save for their own worldly interests and personal aggrandizement. But come, I see my gude-wife and daughters at the door waving their hands for me to come home. Come along, sir."

I felt pained at the recital of cruelty, and desired him to take me to the top of the mound, which he did. I could see for miles in every direction. The landscape was an unbroken strath of moss, hills and heather; far to the west, I could see the Firth of Clyde, the highland isles, and Ailsa Craig on the bosom of the sunlit waters. On the north-east side of the mound, in the distance, he showed me a solitary house like his own, which he told me was the birth-place of Robert Pollock, who had recently died, leaving behind him a book of blank-verse entitled, "The Course of Time." We found our way back to the house, where the old woman and her family were awaiting our return, and who kindly invited us to walk in, and partake of their frugal fare.

As I entered the door, the dog was lying stretched on the hearth before the fire; I saw him look at me, and rising from his lazy posture, shake himself, and come towards me; when the old man cried, "Lie down, Snap, you rogue," but instead of taking any notice of the rebuke, he licked my hand and wagged his tail as a token of respect, and expectant forgiveness of his former rudeness, and from the expression of his eyes (if he could have spoken) he would have said, "'tis all right."

The day being far spent, I accepted of their hospitality, and enjoyed myself,

much to my satisfaction, in their conversation during the evening.

The apartment to which I was introduced was their kitchen, dining room and workshop, where the women sat at their little spinning wheels working, while the old man, his two sons and myself, talked until bed-time on many religious and political topics. The fireplace, which was built in the centre of the room, and the chimney above head occupying nearly one third of the apartment gave one the idea of very primitive architecture. A great peat (turf) fire, with a piece of light coal blazing in the centre, gave heat and light, being aided by the reflection of a large rack of pewter plates, on the opposite side of the room. On each side of the door-way was a large box bed, having for curtains sliding doors of wood. Such was the interior of the house of Lochgoin,—the far-famed residence and hiding place of many great and worthy men, who, rather than submit to the oppression of prelat-ical tyranny, left their churches and homes to wander among the hills, and moss hags of Clydesdale; and at times found a respite in their banishment to rest their weary limbs for a short time, in this secluded moor-land farm house.

Many tales of pursuit, and providential escape were told, and cruelties of barbarous treatment related, which was, by way of interlude, relieved by one of the daughters singing a song of wail for the departed dead, to a tune in keeping with the melancholy dirge.

There's nae covenant noo, lassie,
 There's nae covenant noo;
 The solemn league and cov'nant
 Are a' broken through.
 There's nae Renwick noo, lassie,
 There's nae staunch Cargill,
 There's nae meetings noo, lassie,
 Upon the Martyr's hill.
 Scotland's a' wrang, lassie,
 Scotland's a' wrang,
 There's naething but a bludy sword
 Hangs o'er her sharp and lang,
 But the Martyr's fame will rise, lassie,
 Above the dreary cairn,
 While sweet's the Martyr's peace, lassie,
 Beneath the waving fern.

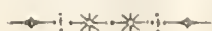
After supper, and before retiring to bed, the old man brought forth a large family Bible, and said, "Come, let us worship God." He then opened the

book and read two verses of a psalm which was sung by the whole family to the tune of "old hundred," a chapter was read, and all knelt down, when the patriarch prayed fervently for the Almighty's protection and favor—the rights of faithful men—the prosperity of Zion—the reign of peace to come, and for the true heritage of God, scattered o'er the earth.

The family retired to rest in their separate apartments. The old man and I slept in one of the box beds, the sons in the other. In the morning, after breakfast, the routine of worship was gone through; when the day's labor was resumed. The sons to the hills to tend their flocks, and the matrons and daughters to their spinning. I had now become ingratiated with the master, and his grown family, who invited me to stop with them until the following day; but my time being limited, I reluctantly bade them farewell. The old man led me to the road past the mound, where we parted in tears. The dog licked my hand in dumb kindness, and took his stand where he first saluted me as a trespasser, and there I saw his black towsey form as his eyes followed me until an intervening hill hid me from Lochgoin, while I heard him barking a farewell note long after I was out of sight.

I left the place in the fulness of my avocation as a reporter, to note down what I dared not then submit to the press, but which remains as the living memorial of rejected pieces, kept in the archives of memory and reflection till time and opportunity gave them a name and location in the world of letters.

Often have I admired Washington, the first president of the United States; Tell, of Switzerland, and Wallace of Scotland as saviors of their country. But who would not be as proud of the pilgrim fathers—the Swiss patriots, and the covenanters, who, although exiled from their native land for their love of liberty, and the rights of conscience, nevertheless cherished the spirit of unsubdued, unbroken patriotism to this land of their adoption, and sowed the seeds of liberty and equal rights in the minds of their children, which will at no distant day redeem the world from the thralldom of political and religious oppression.



THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE—CAUSE OF ITS SECULAR VARIATIONS.

NEARLY three centuries ago philosophers observed that the magnetic needle did not always lie in the same direct line, even on the same meridian, but that in the northern hemisphere its north pole has a secular movement around a certain point or pole, not far from the pole of the world; it points sometimes to the east and at other times to the west of the same meridian, performing the northern half of a revolution in 318 years. "The Earth a Great Magnet" (Prof. A. M. Mayer). A very remarkable phenomenon is observed—it follows the law of a swinging pendulum—retarding in velocity from the meridian of the station to its easterly or westerly tropic.

In the year 1622 the declination of the needle at London was 6° to the east of the geographical meridian. In 1660 the needle pointed due north and south, thus varying 6° in 38 years, while vibrating near the meridian of the place. In 1818 the needle varied, according to Prof. Watts, $24^{\circ} 36'$ to the west, and in 1865, $21^{\circ} 6'$ west; that is, varying only $3^{\circ} 35'$ in 45 years, when moving near its westerly tropic.

The cause of this secular change in the declination of the compass needle has been a theme of investigation with philosophers ever since its discovery, and in no time more ardently than in our day; but no satisfaction has yet been given to scientists. All that has been accomplished by observers is to show that the north magnetic pole is now vibrating from west to east, and at London approaching the meridian.

It has been further observed that the magnetic needle, in its grand secular swing, makes some minor vibrations and deflections, some of which appear to follow regular laws and be periodical; their physical cause is found to be dependant on the sun as primary mover; others are evidently irregular changes, disturbing more or less the periodical variations.

The most remarkable of the periodical variations is what is called the daily vibration; it manifests its relation to the sun by following him in his apparent daily motion around the earth, in the northern hemisphere, and during the hours of the day from east to west, and

from west to east in the hours of the night; but the contrary way in the southern hemisphere.

These easterly and westerly variations in all parts of the globe where observations have been made, are obviously governed by distinct laws. The westerly deflections in the British Isles, as represented by the self-moving records at Kew, as Dr. Noades observes, have their chief prevalence from 5 a.m. to 5 p.m., and the easterly deflections during the remaining hours, causing the needle to return to its former position by 5 o'clock the next morning.

The extent of the daily oscillation of the needle is small, and also variable. Its mean value at Philadelphia, as observed by Dr. Bache, is $7.5'$. The mean extent of the daily vibration at any station varies with the changes in the sun's declination, and so having semi-annual inequality, being deflected towards the east, and therefore with a negative sign, or less than unity, when the sun is north of the equator; but towards the west, and consequently more than the mean, when the sun is south of the equator.

The annual variation, independent of the daily, is a very small quantity, amounting, in the British Isles, to only 58.56 sec., being as given by General Sabine, about 28.95 sec., from March 21st to the 21st of September, with the signs minus and plus 29.9 sec., during the remaining six months. It affects in like manner both the northern and southern needles.

The daily variation of the needle also varies with variation in the latitude of the observer; reckoning from a certain and seemingly fixed line, termed the *magnetic equator*. In fact the needle, in its daily swing, does not play backward and forward, pendulum like, across the meridian of a station, but virtually its north pole revolves with the sun around the earth—towards the west in the northmen's day, and toward the east in day of the southern hemisphere. So in the southern hemisphere the motion of the needle appears to be reversed, towards the east in the daytime, and towards the west in the night.

The case is also the same with the *secular vibration*; in the southern hemisphere the needle appears to vibrate in the opposite direction to what it does in the northern.

Only that part of the daily motion in which the needle swings westward belongs to the northern hemisphere; the same with its corresponding secular vibration; and that part below the earth, where the needle moves from west to east, represents the secular swing in the southern hemisphere; even as it is day there when it is night with us, and the positive pole of the needle follows the sun.

Proper investigation will show that this daily vibration is the fundamental cause of both the annular and the secular variations of the magnetic needle.

There are in our common year 366 sidereal days, but only about $365\frac{1}{4}$ solar days, that is, while the earth rotates 366 times on its axis it revolves once in an orbit around the sun in the same direction—from west to east—and thus we have only $365\frac{1}{4}$ days out of 366 earth rotations; so the sun appears as if to step backwards—towards the west—from the earth, to the amount of one day's motion in a year. Thus he continues to recede westward from the earth in the northern hemisphere, by the same space, year after year, till he returns again to the starting point in the orbit, where the earth will meet him, after gaining on him one whole revolution. The pole of the magnetic needle, which, as shown above, respects the sun in all its movements, also recedes westwards—in the northern hemisphere—from the meridian of the place by the space of one day's westward swing in a solar year. From this point of view one can clearly discern, that our theory admits that the magnetic equator of a planet lies direct in the plane of the equator of the sun; hence, in the case of our earth, it inclines to the ecliptic, according to Dr. Herschël, by the angle of $7^{\circ} 20'$. But the axis of the ecliptic inclines to that of the earth's equator by the angle of $23^{\circ} 27'$ nearly, from which take the angle $7^{\circ} 20'$, and there remains $16^{\circ} 7'$ for the inclination of the earth's equator to that of the sun, which is the very degree given by Dr. Mayer as the mean inclination of the magnetic equator to the terrestrial, as found on actual observation.

Now, it is evident that the magnetic meridian which passes through the node or point of intersection of these two equators is at right angles with the magnetic equator, and consequently inclines

to the true meridian at that point by the same angle of $16^{\circ} 7'$. When the needle in its secular swing comes to this meridian—which I shall term the *prime*—the rate per year of declination should be of the greatest value, and its tropics, east and west, should decline from it by the same angle of 16° nearly.

Next I shall inquire as to whether this accords with the observations already made by scientists. The following table gives the declination of the compass needle at London with the mean rate of its motion as referred to periods of observation between 1580 to 1865, comprising a part of an easterly half, the whole of the westerly, and a part of the next westerly half vibration. (Sir Wm. S. Harris's Rudiments of Magnetism. Dr. Wood's Ed. page 258; also Dr. Lloyd of Dublin).

EASTERLY DECLINATION.

Years of observation ...	1580	1622	1660
Declination ...	$11^{\circ} 5'$	$6^{\circ} 0'$	$0^{\circ} 0'$
Rate per Year of Decl.	$0^{\circ} 7'$	$0^{\circ} 8'$	$0^{\circ} 10'$

WESTERLY DECLINATION.

Years.	1692	1723	1730	1765	1818	1852	1865
Decl.	$6^{\circ} 0'$	$8^{\circ} 36'$	$13^{\circ} 0'$	$20^{\circ} 0'$	$24^{\circ} 36'$	$22^{\circ} 30'$	$20^{\circ} 44'$
Rate p.y.	$11'$	$11' 7'$	$11' 5'$	$0' 9'$	$0' 0'$	$0' 5'$	$0' 7'$

Here we see that the rate per year of the variation was greatest about 1723, the time the declination at London was $8^{\circ} 36'$, that the tropic was reached in 1818 when the rate per year was zero, and the declination from London $24^{\circ} 36'$ or about 16° from the point where the rate per year was the greatest, or the node of the two equators.

Now, this prime meridian, or that which lies in the plane of the sun's axis, and intersects the two equators at their nodes, must become an important line in terrestrial magnetism, for when the horizontal magnet, on its secular swing, passes over it, it is then at its greatest amplitude, or most distant point from its tropics, its rate per year the swiftest, and the daily vibration of the greatest value; and the nearer a station is to this line on the same magnetic latitude, the greatest in proportion is the visible range of its daily vibration.

And even this is not all. When the dipping needle, in its secular vibration, comes to this line, it is always in one of its tropics. This is, as we shall soon prove, the very line of its apsides.

I have now arrived at my evidence that the magnetic equator of the earth lies in the plane of the equator of the sun,

and since the magnetic pole revolves about that of the earth, it is plain that the magnetic meridian cannot, in all places and at all times, cut the magnetic equator at right angles; it can only do so at that place called the nodes of the two equators.

Sir Wm. Snow Harris, in the volume just alluded to, observes that the oscillation of the needle across the true meridian is variable, that the limit of its angular variation at London is $24^{\circ} 36'$. It seems that he also understood that the limit is not of that amount at all places, that it is only so at London, and those places under the same meridian. In fact, this angular variation at any station depends on the distance of its meridian from the prime meridian—the difference of its declination at London from the prime meridian is $8^{\circ} 35'$, which added to 16° gives $24^{\circ} 36'$, the observed angular variations of the needle at London, when it arrives at its westerly station where the variation rate per year is zero.

I further discovered that the extent of the mean yearly vibration at any station is equal to the daily vibration at the time the needle comes to the prime meridian. The rate of the vibrations at any station evidently increases or decreases with the rate per year at which the needle moves in that declination, which is as the square root of the declination itself; both the rate per year and the extent of the swing is evidently greater in the plane of the prime meridian, even as the magnetic intensity is greater in the plane of the solar axis.

From what has been said it is evident that the magnetic axis only advances in its orbit during the time the needle vibrates westward; for though the earth continues to move regularly in its orbit, yet while the needle moves to the east the magnetic axis does not advance on the earth's surface, for it only advances westward, as before shown; and as the needle, which is always coincident with the axis of the sun, only moves westward for about half of the time, the magnetic axis, in the mean, only advances westward about $30'$ per day, as the earth advances nearly a degree a day in the zodiac. So, all other causes eliminated, the whole daily advance of the needle would only amount to that arc. But there are other phenomena that should be taken into consideration. The de-

clination of the needle, as said before, changes with the sun's declination, and also with the motion of the earth in its orbit. Dr. Bache, in his "Magnetic Discussion," p. 10, has this remarkable expression: "The annular vibration depends on the earth's position in its orbit. The diurnal variation being subject to an inequality depending on the sun's declination. The diurnal range is greater when the sun has north declination, and smaller when south declination; the phenomenon passing from one state to the other about the time of the equinoxes." Also, the diurnal range apparently increases as the needle in its secular variation approaches the prime meridian. Mr. Graham, the discoverer of the diurnal variations, who happily made this discovery in 1723, about the time when the needle was crossing this line, as seen in the table above, found the daily variation to range 30', the amount we found above as the mean range in the northern hemisphere. Dr. Bache adds, page 12: "At (and before and after) the principal maximum (of the annual variation) between six and seven in the morning, the annual vibration causes the north end of the needle to be deflected to the east in summer, and to the west in winter; at one p. m. the deflection is to the east in winter, and to the west in summer. The range of the diurnal motion is thus increased in summer and diminished in winter; the magnet being deflected in summer more to the east in morning hours, and more to the west in the afternoon hours, or having greater elongation than it would have if the sun moved in the equator. In winter the converse is the case." He also says, page 13, in reference to the annual variation, that Gen. Sabine expresses himself as follows: "Thus in each hemisphere, the annual deflections—those that change with the declination of the sun—concur with those of the mean annual variations for half the year, and consequently augment them, and oppose and diminish them in the other half. At the magnetic equator there is no mean diurnal variation; but in each half year the alternate phases of the sun's annual inequality constitute a diurnal variation, of which the range in each day is 3' or 4', taking place every day in the year, except about the equinoxes; the march of the diurnal variation being from the east in the forenoon to the west in the

afternoon, when the sun has north declination, and the reverse when south declination." According to the same authority (Gen. Sabine), the annual variation is the same in both hemispheres, the north end of the magnet being deflected to the east in the forenoon, the sun having north declination, while in the diurnal variation the north end of the magnet at that time of the day is deflected to the east in the northern hemisphere. In other words, in regard to to direction, the law of the annual variation is the same, and that of the diurnal the opposite, in passing from the northern to the southern hemispheres.

Now, since I showed that the diurnal variation is of the same extent as the annular steps of the secular variation, we only gain half a day's motion of the sun in a whole year; for as the direction of the needles motion in the night is to us in an opposite direction to what it is in the day, so the secular motion in the southern hemisphere is contrary to that of the northern hemisphere, so as to cause the yearly variation to help the diurnal, and so augment the secular in the northern to the amount of nearly 4', as shown before, which is the range of the yearly variation about the magnetic equator; so the secular swing of the needle in the northern hemisphere becomes 34' per year nearly. Now, 180° —the whole swing from tropic to tropic—divided by $34=318$ years, the secular period of a whole vibration in the northern hemisphere, which is the very period given by Dr. A. M. Mayer, in that celebrated lecture, "The Earth a Great Magnet," alluded to before. As to the reason why the secular swing of the needle appears to follow the law of a pendulum swinging about the centre of gravity of the earth, it is, that while the needle describes those parts of its orbit about the eastern and western tropics, its motion is nearly in the direction of the line of our vision. As the needle advances in its orbit the course of its swing makes a greater angle with that line, so as to appear to move swifter and swifter, until it arrives at the meridian of the station; where its sweep is at right angles to our vision line, and its velocity appears the greater of all.

OF THE SECULAR MOVEMENT OF THE MAGNETIC NODES.

This motion may be termed "the most

grand magnetic vibration." Since the magnetic needle in all of its movements respects the apparent motions of the sun, I thought it worthy to remark, that, from the phenomenon termed "the precession of the equinoxes," the nodes of the sun, or points where his path in the heavens cut the equinoctial, recede westward through the constellations of the zodiac, at the rate of about $50''$ a year, which in connection with the eastward movement of the line of the apsides— $12''$ a year—performs a grand revolution in about 21,000 years; as the axis of the sun is thus carried westward around the earth, the magnetic nodes, or points where the sun's equator cuts the terrestrial, should also move at the same rate and in the same direction on the terrestrial equator, and so describe the same grand revolution from east to west in that vast period. And, not more strange than true, philosophers, long ago, observed this to be actually the case, though they could not account for it.

Sir Wm. Snow Harris, in the volume before alluded to, page 266, has the following remarkable expression: "By a careful analysis of the observations recorded at long intervals of time, the nodes, or points of intersection of the magnetic and terrestrial equators, have a slow westerly movement."

OF THE SECULAR VARIATION IN THE INCLINATION, OR DIP OF THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

From what has been explained with regard to the declination of the magnetic needle, it is evident that when such a needle is set to move freely it always rests with its axis in the plane of the axis of the sun; which, as before demonstrated, revolves around the axis of the earth, in an orbit that declines from it by an angle of about 16° .

Now, if the earth were to revolve in the plane of the sun's equator, or that of any of its parallels, the dip of the needle would be always the same in the same terrestrial latitude. But since the earth's orbit inclines to the sun's equator, and so the earth appears sometimes below and sometimes above that plane, the magnetic pole of the earth which is in juxtaposition to the pole of the sun, must appear to move alternately up and down on our meridians, according to what part of the orbit the sun appears to describe. And

it is worthy of remark, that this phenomenon had long ago been observed by scientists to really exist, and termed "the secular variation of the dip of the needle." Though this phenomenon had been observed, the rate of its motion from time to time being watched, and its effect on the magnetic force and the movements of the isoclinal lines of the earth accurately determined by scientists, yet the extent of its vibration, the length of its period, and the place of its tropics had not been discovered by them.

Gen. Sabine observes that it had been expected by many that the secular period of the dip's variation, which was then decreasing, would synchronise with that of the declination, and that the dipping needle would also come to its tropic in 1818; and that the dip would commence to augment from that period. But the philosophers had been disappointed in their expectation; the needle is still descending—the dip is still decreasing in the British Isles.

Now, the true amount of the variation of the needle from its mean at any station, is the same as the inclination of the axis of the ecliptic to that of the sun, which had been given before as $7^\circ 20'$. And since the needle always rests with its length in a plane of the solar axis, one might infer that its period is the same as that of the secular variation of the declination needle.

There is, to appearances, a vast disagreement between the periods of these two phenomena; but, by my theory, they should correspond, and indeed, if we scrutinise their movement, there is the utmost correspondence—they exactly synchronise. The mistake remained, in taking the meridian of London, for the goal to be sought for by the needle, instead of the prime meridian or axis that passes through the intersection of the two equators.

The last period of the maximum of the inclination, or when the dipping of the needle came to its upper station, occurred in 1723, when the dip was $74^\circ 42'$ at London. This I call the upper transit of the needle over the prime meridian, where the dip is the greatest, from where the needle commences to fall, and the inclination diminishes in value for the space of $7^\circ 20'$. Now, if we consult the table given elsewhere, we will find that this year (1723) was the very year the de-

clination needle came to a coincidence with the prime meridian, where its declination to the true meridian was $16^{\circ} 7'$, and where the rate per year of its secular movement was the greatest of all.

By 1840, according to the observations made at Kew, the dip was $69^{\circ} 12'$, the difference in 116.7 years being $5^{\circ} 28'$ nearly, equivalent to a uniform diminution of $2' 8''$ annually, and General Sabine observes that the rate of the diminution of the dip in London had not materially changed for the last 150 years.

The grand vibration of the declination needle according to Dr. Mayer, is made in 318 years, half of which is 159 years; this multiply by $2.8 = 445'$, or $7^{\circ} 25'$, the arc through which the needle falls, which is nearly even to the given inclination of the ecliptic to the solar equator, $7^{\circ} 20'$. And I think the former is the most true measure of the latter, for it is evident, even if the latter was formerly correct, that as the inclination of the ecliptic to the earth's equator diminishes, its inclination to the sun's equator must increase by the same amount. Thus we see that the secular period of the dipping needle is also the period of the declination needle. They were together on the prime axis in 1723, and will again meet on the same line in 1882, for $1723 \text{ plus } 159 = 1882$, when the dip will begin to increase again.

The truth of this mean range of the needle's daily vibration in the northern hemisphere has also been proved by observation. Dr. Kane found it to be over $60'$ at Rensseler's Harbor, in lat. $78^{\circ} 37'$ north. But this was $8^{\circ} 37'$ below latitude of the magnetic pole, which Sir James Ross found to be in lat. 70° N., so that, at the magnetic pole, the needle's daily swing must be several minutes above one degree; and as its mean swing is, at the magnetic equator, nill, its mean daily range in the northern hemisphere must be a little over $30'$, as demonstrated above.

I may here remark that to the east of the prime meridian, both the declination and the inclination of the needle increases in value till the needle arrives at its upper transit, whence, in describing the western hemisphere, they both decrease again.

One thing I have taken for granted in the above discussion—that the dip of the magnetic needle is double that of its mag-

netic latitude at any station—and as some modern scientists dispute the truth of this principle, and the propriety of its application to terrestrial magnetism, I shall make a few remarks thereon.

A few years ago I independently discovered that the angular dip of the magnetic needle is double that of the magnetic latitude at the same station; but have since found that Mr. Kroft of St. Petersburg, had long before deduced this law from his observation, and that Mr. Barlow, of England, subsequently arrived at a similar deduction by experimenting on a magnetic sphere of soft iron; that Biot indorsed it, and has given a formula for the inclination. I am pleased to yield the honour of the discovery to these wise men. But the explanation of the cause of this phenomenon I have not as yet met with.

It is represented in books, that at the magnetic pole the dip of the needle is 90° , and so it is to the horizon at that point; but not so in comparison to the horizontal needle at the magnetic equator. For, the earth being a globe, the position of the needle at the pole is "parallel" to that on the equator; its north pole points in the opposite direction, or it declines from the latter position by the arc of 180° or twice 90° the greatest latitude.

It is a well-known principle in optics that, when a light is reflected from a rotating mirror, the angle of reflection of a ray is double that of the rotating mirror—that is, if the mirror be made to rotate through 45° the reflected beam would pass through 90° .

If we now suppose the mirror to be a globe like our earth, it is evident that moving the beam around the globe, from the equator to the pole, would produce the same effect as causing the plane mirror to rotate. The same law is evidently observed by the dipping needle in swinging its tail around the heavens, as it is carried in a free position from the magnetic equator to its poles.

THOMAS JOB, Salt Lake City.

Most successes spring up, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of some failure.

The most cunning of all egotists is the man who never speaks well of himself.

It is much more difficult for a man to make a circumstance than it is for a circumstance to make a man.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE WASATCH MOUNTAINS.

IT'S no use, Joe; we'll never get back to camp this night."

"Well, not if it depends on my guidance. I can make neither head nor tail out of this part of the country. Let's take another look at that compass."

"I would if I could, Joe, but that's just what worries me. I lost it off my watch-chain coming up through the oak-brush."

"Then we *are* in a fix!"

Joseph Rollance, with whom I was engaged in the above colloquy, was a young artist who had come to Utah at my invitation to spend the summer of '71 among the wild scenery of the Wasatch. We had already spent more than four weeks in the mountains, and the short but brilliant season of these high altitudes was warning us of its termination by unique signs peculiar to itself. The glorious beds of wild flowers,—though even now but newly spread,—were becoming a brown mass of tumbled vines; the choke-cherry bushes which, a month ago, were fragrant with a wealth of snowy bloom, now hung drooping with their weight of black fruit; and on the side hills, the flaming boughs of ruddy maples flaunted their bright contrast with the brown and sober oak. In four fleeting weeks, we had seen the tardy Spring develop into a brief and hasty Summer, which left us, almost in a breath, among the falling leaves of vivid Autumn.

During this rapid transformation of the seasons, we had revelled among the magnificent scenery of the Cottonwoods, enjoying the exalted beauties of lakes Mary, Phoebe, the Twins, Martha and a hundred others that lie linked in that charming region; and had examined every point of interest among the valleys and mountains from the Weber to the Provo rivers. Our varied tramp was drawing to a close, and my friend had well nigh surfeited himself and exhausted his drawing materials on the picturesque and imposing features of the region, when we determined on a prolonged jaunt in search of a little lake, said to be hidden in a most remote hollow, difficult of access, near the summit of a neighboring range. Taking an early start, we searched through wood and wild, over crag and over hill, now this way,

now that, until we found the wayward beauty lying sleeping in the shadow of a cliff, 'mid ferns and holly boughs, her slumbers guarded by a regiment of giant pines, her smiling face kissed by the autumn breezes.

Joe quickly out traps and went to work on his last remaining sketch-board, and caught so happily the spirit of the scene that it seemed a shame to interrupt him in his labors. So I flung myself down on the rich green carpet at his side and watching the graceful cigar smoke curl and eddy among the branches overhead, was soon far away in a deep but waking dream. Joe brought me back to earth with a start by the petulant exclamation:

"Why, ye gods, why can't I lay that gleam of light across my picture!"

"For the same reason, Mr. Parrhasius, that I shall never be able to transfer to sordid ink and paper the whirling poetry of a day dream;" I replied, as I arose.

To our mutual surprise, we found not only that the afternoon was growing late but that the burly clouds which Joe had so carefully involved in his sketch, had touched the mountain tops and was spreading a filmy vapor down their sides. We knew what such signs meant and hastily prepared for our return. It was then that we began to wonder by what path we had reached the lake and in which direction we should attempt a retreat. A rapid consultation ended in a decision to reach camp by a short cut over a "saddle" in a neighboring ridge. As is often the case, we under-estimated the labor of crossing the divide, for the summit which we had seen only hid a still higher point which took us nearly an hour to attain.

After a tiresome scramble through thicket and bush, however, we accomplished the ascent; but what was our dismay in finding the landscape entirely different to our expectations and new to us both! Breathless and fatigued, we sat us down, and each looked into the gruesome countenance of the other. It was here that the conversation occurred which I have recorded and which Joe rendered more emphatic by repeating:

"Then we *are* in a fix!"

Certainly, we were not in the most comfortable circumstances. The mountains among which we had spent the afternoon were now hidden from our sight by a dense mist whose watery vol-

ume was rapidly approaching and would soon wrap us in a bewildering fog. A heavy rain would surely follow and would not clear the atmosphere until night had closed upon us. True, there would be a moon, but not for hours to come, and until then, we should be shut in total darkness. However, anything was preferable to a bleak and lonely ridge under such circumstances; and fancying we saw evidences of human habitation a short distance down the mountain, we pursued a slanting path in that direction. Looking back, we saw the pursuing mist upon the ridge where we had stood. It came drifting down the hill-side and reached us as we unexpectedly found ourselves at the entrance of a dark glen, hedged in by cliffs and dotted with gloomy pines. We had barely caught a glimpse of a black and sullen pool amid the rocks, when all was blotted from our vision by the fog and rain. But to our unspeakable satisfaction we found ourselves in a well-worn path; and from this was born new hope. Not vain hope, apparently, for we had only advanced a few rods, when we observed an old man near the path before us. But he seemed a strange and weird old man who was making an imbecile effort to hide himself from our view among the trees. His gaunt and grimy form was blackened by smoke, the rain had streaked his face with sooty lines; his clothes were literally in rags and his throat and chest were bare except for the grizzly hair that covered them. The face, all overgrown with tawny beard, showed signs of suffering and of pain, although his dull and sunken eyes gave little cognizance of life.

"Hullo, there, my friend!" cried Joe, as we quickened our steps to prevent his disappearance; "Don't run away. Tell us where we can find refuge from this drenching rain."

The old man halted and turned fiercely;

"I know of none. Get ye away!"

"You are deceiving us. Come, you must have a home, a hut or a cavern somewhere near."

"You lie!" was the hoarse response. "I have no home. Why do you come here? Fall down the side of yonder cliff and dash your bodies on the crags below! Plunge to the bottom of this deep pool and never rise again—for you

never would! Away, do not molest me!"

Fearful lest this lone wanderer should escape and leave us to the storm and the night, we had approached, determined to compel him, if necessary, to be our guide. But his startling demeanor and quaint but forcible language appalled and almost terrified us. What creature could this be? We had anticipated the churlish reply of a boor, but were astonished to hear the mad eloquence of a maniac. When we first had seen him, he hung weakly on a rustic staff he carried; but now he faced us with a wild rage in his features and a thought of strength and majesty in his frame. He waved us hence, and frantically endeavored, in his ineffectual way, to strike us with his stick. But such rage was only for a moment. It gave place to a woful expression of despair and agony as his limbs relaxed and he sunk at our feet in an epileptic fit! A spasm distorted his frame, overspread his face with ghastly blackness, and drew up the muscles of his shaking limbs.

Meanwhile, the eddying mists had sufficiently cleared to reveal, only a few paces distant, a wretched hovel built on a narrow grassy plot that lay between the pool and a clump of pines. Rightly conjecturing that this was the old man's home, we lifted his spare form to the interior and laid him on a frame of logs, covered with weeds and dry leaves, which we thought had been his couch. Any shelter, however, was welcome from the rain—which now descended in torrents, and we examined our place of refuge with some curiosity. It was wretchedly constructed of logs and clay. There was only one poor room, and the hearth, covered with ashes, was near a rude chimney of loose rocks. The floor was of the bare earth and the few utensils, either of necessity or comfort, bespoke the simplest wants of the occupant and his rude means of life. But the otherwise meagre accommodation found contrast in a large supply of fuel which had been carefully piled in a corner for winter's use.

While I expended on the old man the poor result of a desultory study of medicine acquired earlier in life, Joe did not hesitate to build a fire on the ample hearth, and in a few minutes we had a warm and cheerful blaze. My own la-

bors soon met with success, also, and I had the satisfaction of seeing my patient fall into a deep and quiet slumber.

Joe and I mutually agreed that our sleeping friend was scarcely a pleasing companion, and we more than once discussed the propriety of stealing away and leaving him to recover alone; but the darkness of night had gathered, the clouds poured down their ceaseless streams, and the pool, as we could just see through the gloom, was rising with the burden of its added waters.

Our discussion was interrupted by a movement on the part of the old man, who made a mumbling effort to speak, but whose thickened tongue refused to render sense to his words. He ceased, and lay staring with vacant gaze at the roof, and we returned to the fire, to dry our still damp clothes. For a short time, there was a hush, which was broken by his crying, with startling clearness;

"How came I here?"

"Hush, you are sick! Keep quiet, and we will help you reach the fire, where you can dry your clothes."

"I need no help. Let me get up."

Not without effort, he arose from his comfortless bed, and staggering across the hut, crouched by the blazing fire, his gaze lost in the flickering of its flame. But the fearful wild scowl was fading from his face, and as his thoughts ran on unchecked, his features relaxed into a smile. Presently, he calmly looked around the hut, stared us separately in the face and appeared, to our relief, to have entirely recovered his senses.

"Gentlemen," he asked again, "how came I here? Ah, I remember. I was attacked by another of those frightful fits and you have carried me to my miserable hovel. By heaven!" he shuddered, "How the storm howls! How cold it is! Yes, I saw you as I crept here on my return from the charcoal kilns; and I was maddened to think that you had found my hiding place. But anger caused my brain to whirl, and I fell amid the howling of the tempest. But for you, I would perhaps have perished in my madness. For you have brought me back to the life I hate—and yet to which I cling with greater tenacity as its end draws near. Its end *does* draw near. I feel it approach. These blasting withering deaths come oftener than they used to come; and I struggle

back to life with greater effort than was once necessary."

The old man paused, and the chilly air that entered the cabin between every knotty log made him shiver and tremble like an aspen leaf. But his calmer bearing had given new character to his face, which now, through all its lines of want and misery, showed still the marks of intellect and capacity.

"You need not be afraid of me," he continued, as he observed our reluctance to approach, "I am old and feeble, while you are young and strong. Draw closer 'round the ruddy fire. I built this cabin years ago—but yours are the only young faces that have ever gazed around its walls, or grown rosy by the warmth of its fire-light. I cannot tell, and do not care to know, how you have stumbled on my home. You have saved the desolate life to which I fondly cling, and for this I do not drive you forth into the wild night to perish in the cold or find your death in scrambling down the rugged rocks below. But I am faint and hungry and so, perhaps, are you. I will prepare some food and you may eat with me. This hut, miserable though it is, is yours until you choose to leave. When you have appeased your appetite I will drag from the past the story of my life and tell you what has made me what I am—and of the phantoms that haunt me in this weird glen."

The charcoal burner rose and with a firmer step brought more wood to build anew the dying fire. The situation seemed so fanciful as the blaze lit up the windowless hut and threw its fitful glare upon the bent old man as he prepared our meal, and the ceaseless rain beat with a sullen din on the cabin-top, that our own voices had a strangely subdued tone as we occasionally offered some brief remark, or when Joe whispered me aside;

"How utterly unlike is this to our ordinary life!"

The meal was eaten almost in silence, although our entertainer begged us to make ourselves welcome and as comfortable as we could. When we had finished our repast, he seated himself near the fire, and in a voice which soon grew clear and resonant began

THE CHARCOAL BURNER'S STORY.

"My father was a wealthy planter of South Carolina, and I was born on his

estate and reared amid affluence and wealth. As he designed me for the law, I received a good college education; and was scarcely of age when I was admitted to the bar of my native state. Possessing natural abilities for my profession, I soon gained a practice which rendered me independent of parental assistance, although my father's means and liberal nature made such self-support unnecessary. I had, therefore, ample opportunities to acquire the literary accomplishments of which I was so fond and which soon gained me more than a local reputation. As my studies matured, and I found that I had been gifted with strength of mind and eloquence, the nature of my pursuit and the force of circumstances drew me into politics. I became a noted orator. The halls of states rang with the tones of my voice, and I often turned the tide of politics and changed the current of popular opinion.

"Such was my history until nearly 40 years of age, when, for the first time in my life, I fell in love with a woman. When Love stands aloof from a man until his riper age, it is only that this passion, when it does finally conquer him, shall consume him with the fierceness of its fire. Ah, well, the being I loved so ardently was sweet, simple, unaffected; and although fifteen or twenty years my junior, seemed to return my affection with all my own ardor. We married, and though no children blessed our union, lived happily for years.

"At length the Civil War broke out, beginning in our very midst. I had been too long identified with the vital interests of my state not to have a share in it; indeed, I had been active in making inflammatory speeches in favor of Confederation. I immediately joined the Southern army and, as an officer of rank, took part in its more complete organization. When the time came to take the field, I first realized the sadness of parting with my adored wife. She clung around my neck and protested, with tearful eyes, that in parting from me she was severed from the dearest object she had on earth."

The old man paused with a groan, but in a little while proceeded;

"In New Orleans, I had a friend, a surgeon, whose integrity I though I had tested beyond a doubt. To the care of

him and his family, I sent my wife for protection. During the following two years, I was active in the field, and several times received promotion for gallant action. By taking advantage of every opportunity, I managed to maintain an active correspondence with my wife and found consolation in the loving tenor of her letters; and I had conceived a fanciful but affectionate habit of wearing her last fond letter in my breast to charm away bullets.

"One day; how shall I ever forget it? a great and decisive battle was to be fought, and I was preparing, full of hope, for the encounter, when an anonymous letter was placed in my hands. It contained these words, addressed to me:

'Your wife is false to you; she has intimacy with another man.'

"When I recovered the senses which this sudden blow had scattered, I rushed furiously to the tent of my commanding officer and placing the note in his hand, demanded leave of absence. He could not withhold it; and I rode, day and night, to New Orleans. Arrived there, I went, my breast aflame with anger, to my wife, and, letter in hand, demanded an explanation. My wife heard me apparently with despair in her countenance but, when she learnt the extent of my information, indignantly denied the aspersion of her character. Unhappily, I was too excited, too wrought up, to detect the deception which was in her words; and I received her to my heart with glad apologies. But a few days only elapsed before I had renewed caused of suspicion—this time, with almost certain verification—and found the dastardly object of my jealousy was my family surgeon and the man to whose care I had confided my wife at the beginning of the war. But a second outbreak on my part only produced, from my wife, a repetition of her denial. This time, however, I was not to be convinced; and after further efforts, even promises of forgiveness, in order to induce a confession, I left the house with murder in my heart. For many hours I wandered near the river, brooding over the downfall of my domestic idols, and torturing my mind to invent means of gaining still further proof. At length, what with excitement and fatigue,—for I had neither supped nor ate since the previous evening, and the night was now fallen,—I worked myself into

such a frenzy of rage that I determined on the immediate death of the betrayer of my honor. I at once sought him. We chanced to meet in a narrow hallway near a flight of stairs, and I shot him dead on sight. He fell headlong down the stairway and I made my escape by another means of exit. Scarce knowing what I did or whither I went, but by some strange instinct, I rushed home and confronted my wife.

"'Wretched woman!'" I cried, "The guilty partner of your unhallowed joys lies dying by my hand! He acknowledges his crimes. Do you now confess?"

"The recollection of my feelings at that moment is one of the most vivid of my wretched after life. I hung on her reply with fainting heart—dying to have her again proclaim her innocence—although it would make of me a base and guilty murderer. But falling on her knees, with piteous supplications for forgiveness, she admitted her guilt. What words will compass how she wrung my heart! How shall I described the torture of my mind! Wild with rage, I drew the weapon with which I slew her betrayer—I emptied the contents of one of its chambers in her bosom—and fled again, I knew not whither.

"I have a wild and confused recollection of days spent among woods and swamps, and nights of stealthy passage through by-paths and dark lanes. I realize no approach to the condition of rational man until I found myself far in the West—a hunted slayer of my kind—a renegade from my cause—and a deserter from the army. I could not return if I would, and I continued still to the westward, occupied with the devouring idea of leaving the scene of my disgrace as far behind as possible. With this view, I managed to cross the plains, befriended by the hospitality of a train of Mormon emigrants. It seems as though years must have been occupied in my aimless wanderings from Louisiana to these mountains, for I have dim remembrance of the different seasons,—the heat of summer and the snows of winter—but where they were spent I could not tell. Arrived here, I could wander no further. The recurrence of deadly fits, such as the one in which you found me, preyed on my system and compelled me to halt."

Such was the vivid narrative of the charcoal-burner, told with frequent pauses and many an agonized sigh. But it had not been given without an effort. Towards, its close, his distracted mind would have wandered from his theme, but for the exercise of a wonderful will-power which seemed to govern him against himself. Now, however, his self-imposed task seemingly ended, he leaned his gaunt face against the wall for rest.

During the recital the storm had nearly subsided, and now only a few fitful drops fell occasionally on the rooftop. Joe and I arose and were preparing to depart, scarce knowing what acknowledgements to make to our entertainer, when he turned on us with a new energy in his face.

"Stay," he said, "you have not heard me out. You cannot descend this ravine until aided by the light of the moon. Come," he urged, with glaring eyes, "Listen, and I will tell you what I now endure. It is nearly a mile to the Snake Creek road, where I have my charcoal pits, and the canyon is dangerous. No one that I ever saw, except myself, has climbed this gorge or knows of this black pool. But he—the betrayer of my peace—the demon of my life—has followed me through it all!"

"But you killed him!" exclaimed Joe, sharing my awe at the old man's insane demeanor.

"Yet he follows me!" he wildly answered. "When the moon comes, you will see him! On moonlight nights, I always meet him. Out there! Over, in, and around the pool. Yes, out there," he repeated, flinging open the door and pointing in the direction of the pond, "I see him often. Oh, accursed phantom! I have launched against him all the eloquence of former days without effect. He scorns my words and laughs at my despair, and only quits me when exhausted nature leaves me in oblivion.

"Generally, when reason again returns, I find myself lying exhausted on the ground or sprawling along some fallen tree—the pale moon shedding its silvery light on every object and bringing me softly back to delicious reality. My recent recovery was within this hut, although I knew I fell out in the woods with the wind and rain howling around me. This is why you startled me. My contorted brain made of you the ghosts

that haunt me, yet there was a glimmer of reason that told me you were human and had found my hiding place."

The charcoal burner ceased, exhausted with his description. There was an unnatural excitement and a gleaming in his eyes that seemed to forbode a return of his disorder; but the storm had now ended, the clouds had parted and the full moon shone out soft and clear, glittering on the wet boughs and on the points of the adjacent crags.

A look from Joe told me that he was as impatient as myself to depart from a scene which had been to us one of terror. But as we prepared to leave, the old man—evidently kind-hearted, however eccentric—offered to show us the best way out of the glen. Half-fearfully, we accepted his proffered guidance; but as he stepped out into the broad light, we saw a twitching of his mouth and a palsy in his hand that made us fear the result. But I knew that calm and quiet would sometimes avert the strokes, and I endeavored to speak to him in a soft tone which, I hoped, would divert and revive his mind.

We had gone but a short distance, however, when his step began to fail him. He looked on us with the glare that we had first seen in his deep-sunk eyes—then stopped and grasped our arms to hold us back.

His form was more erect than I had yet seen it, as he reared himself to shake his fist at the phantom that terrified him.

Unably longer to witness the rhapsody of this poor lunatic, we hurried away and left him in the solitude of his own mountain glen. Our undirected passage down the steepes of the rocky gorge was full of danger, and we more than once trembled on the edge of the crags that lay tumbled in wild confusion along our path. But scarcely heeding, in our terror, the hazard of the descent, we at last reached comparatively smooth ground in the canyon below.

While regaining breath, we looked back up the broken and rocky defile, and there, his tall form outlined against the sky, we discerned the dim figure of the old man, who seemed to have been watching our progress. It was our last glimpse of that strange creature; for we managed to reach camp after a long and weary tramp and my rambles have never since taken me to that portion of the Wasatch Mountains.

THE LAST BATTLE OF GENERAL ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

IN some of the historical connections of his life this famous soldier was almost a Utah personage; insomuch that a portion of his military career actually constitutes the period most extraordinary in Utah history. It must be confessed there appears a singular anomaly in this illustrious soldier leading an army to Utah to put down a small rebellion and then his immediately engaging in the greatest civil war that the human race ever produced, arraying himself on the rebel side. But General Johnston must not be judged as a private individual, much less ought we to associate with his memory any personal malice in his commanding the Utah Expedition. It should be remembered that these public men of the nation, especially military commanders, simply execute orders and go where they are sent; and by and by our people will so view the relations with Utah of Generals Johnston and Connor instead of viewing them in the aspect of enemies.

Two years ago General Johnston's son, William Preston Johnston, published an extensive biography of his father from which we give a sketch of his last battle:

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

The skirmishing began at break of day. General Prentiss, apprehensive at the near approach to his front of what he believed to be an audacious cavalry reconnaissance, had on Saturday evening sent ten companies of infantry, under Colonel David Moore, of the Twenty-first Missouri Regiment, out on the Corinth road for observation and reprisal, and had also subsequently doubled and extended his grand guards. But for these precautions, the Federal army would have been taken entirely unawares. Colonel Moore advanced about three o'clock on the morning of the 6th, and cautiously feeling his way along a road that led obliquely to the right, toward Sherman's front, at early dawn encountered Hardee's skirmish-line under Major Hardcastle. The Missourians assailed it vigorously; and thus, unexpectedly to both parties, the battle was begun by the Federals. They had hoped to surprise an outpost—they found an army. The struggle was brief but spirited. The Twenty-first Missouri made a bold attack; but were held in check by the Arkansas, when after a con-

test Colonel Moore fell severely wounded, and the Federals retreated. Shaver's brigade pursued. In the horror of the recoil the Federal vanguard was swept away by the rapid onset of the Confederate skirmishers. As it fled surprised, the men caught a vision, through the dusky shadows of the forest, of a dark line of troops moving steadily upon them.

Thus it happened that, though the first collision between the two armies was with Prentiss's outpost, it occurred nearer to Sherman's camp than his own; and, as his line was more retired than Sherman's, the first blow fell upon the left brigade of the latter, under Hildebrand. This lay in the pathway of the impetuous Hindman; and General Johnston was already with him urging him to the assault. The swiftness of the fugitives, scattering through the Federal camps, gave the alarm; and the rattle of musketry also gave sharper notice that it was no common peril that threatened.

The long roll was beaten, the bugles sounded, and brisk volleys gave still sterner warning. There was rallying in hot haste, and sudden summoning to arms, and Sherman's division woke to find the foe pressing right upon them. Hindman, leading Wood's brigades along the direct road to Shiloh, had the advantage of a ridge and the most favorable ground upon the field for an advance. The ardor of his troops kept pace with his own; and, under the immediate eye of the commander-in-chief, they rushed through the woods, driving before them the Federal advance, almost without a halt, until they reached the main line where Hildebrand was posted. Sherman's advance-guards had made what resistance they could, but it was brief and fruitless.

In the mean time, Sherman and Hildebrand had hurriedly formed a line of battle in front of the camp. It was good ground for defense—a low, timbered ridge, with an open valley traversed by a small stream in front. But there was cover on the opposite hill, in which Hindman's skirmishers swarmed; and soon his main line appeared. Sherman and Hildebrand rode to and fro encouraging the men who were firing brisk volleys. To attack them, the Southern brigades had to cross the stream and open field. Just then, General Johnston rode to the front. At that moment, he and Sherman were confronted almost

within pistol-shot; the one urging the attack, the other trying in vain to hold his line. But the Confederate line, which had hung for a few minutes only on the crest of the hill, like a storm-cloud on the mountain's brow, now burst with a sudden impulse upon Hildebrand's camps. The "rebel yell," so inspiring to friends, so terrific to foes, rose sharp and shrill from the rushing line of Southern soldiery. Their volleys came pouring in, and the bayonet even was used on some whose heavy slumbers were broken only by the oncoming of their foes. Sherman's orderly was shot dead by his side, and he himself rode away to the right, out of the wreck. Sherman had ordered Colonel Applier, with the Fifty-third Ohio, to hold his ground at all hazards; but it could not stand the charge, and, after firing two rounds, fled, scattered, and was seen no more.

While this struggle was going on, Hindman's right brigade, under Colonel Shaver, and Gladden's brigade, burst in upon Prentiss's division. Peabody's brigade, which lay upon the Bark road, was got into position. The Twenty-fifth Missouri, the Sixteenth Wisconsin, and the Twelfth Michigan, were hurriedly pushed forward into line of battle, and the remainder of the division formed in front of their camps; but they were unprepared, confused and startled. It was not eight o'clock when Shaver's and Gladden's strong line fell fiercely upon them. Here were enacted, though in less measure, the same scenes that had occurred in Hildebrand's camps. Nevertheless, Peabody's brigade made a determined and sanguinary resistance, driving back in confusion some of the advanced regiments, which General Johnston assisted in rallying.

There was a gap between Hildebrand and Prentiss's right, and into this poured Hindman's men. His left, too, was assailed by Chalmers's brigade, which was on Gladden's right. Here the Eighth Wisconsin, 1,000 strong, was attacked by the Tenth Mississippi 360 strong, followed by the Ninth and Seventh Mississippi, which dashed at it with the bayonet, and drove it back half a mile. Chalmers was about to change again, when General Johnston, coming up, ordered him still farther to the right, restoring his order of battle, and brought up Jackson's brigade into the interval.

The conflict was severe, but not protracted. Crowded in front, to the right, to the left, by eager antagonists, Prentiss's whole division gave way, and fell back in confusion on its supports. It was not routed, but broken and very badly hammered.

At the first alarm, Sherman sent back to McClernand, Hurlbut, and W. H. L. Wallace, for help. McClernand hurried three Illinois regiments—the Eleventh, Twentieth, and another—to the front, which, arriving just as Hildebrand was routed were unable long to withstand the vigorous attack of Hindman's brigades, as they pushed on to their victorious career, part of Shaver's brigade coming to Wood's assistance, breaking in on the left flank of the Illinois regiments. Assailed, beset, shivered, these gallant Northwestern troops too gave way. In their demolition, Waterhouse's battery fell into the hands of Wood's brigade. It was charged and taken by the Sixteenth Alabama and Twenty-seventh Tennessee. Colonel Williams, of the Twenty-seventh Tennessee, was killed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Brown severely wounded. Major Love was killed next day, so that this regiment lost all its field-officers. The Eighth and Ninth Arkansas, supporting, also suffered heavily, and were, moreover, fired upon by the second line of advancing Confederates. What was left of Hindman's command then joined the general assault on Sherman's heavy lines, as will be narrated hereafter.

In the mean time, Wallace had sent McArthur's brigade to support Colonel Stuart on the extreme left, and Wright's Thirteenth Missouri, 450 strong, to Sherman's aid; and Hurlbert had sent him Veatch's brigade. McClernand had also brought up Hare's brigade on his left, with Raith's next to it on the left of Sherman's line. All this time, Sherman had been maintaining well his strong position on the right. With these re-enforcements interlocked with and lapping over his left, and with six batteries belching thunders upon the Confederates, Sherman made a good defense that morning. To whatever criticism this officer may be amenable, his quickness and resource shone out conspicuously on this trying occasion. Rapid and undismayed, he rode from point to point, carrying encouragement to his volunteers, and hold-

ing hard to the vantage ground he was on.

When Hardee's first line of battle was found, it chanced to be at the narrowest part of the peninsula between Owl and Lick Creeks. As it advanced, gaps were left on the flanks. Chalmers occupied that on the right, near Lick Creek. Cleburne, on the extreme left, leading his brigade against Sherman's right, found such an interval between his left and Owl Creek. Nevertheless, he went at his work, sending back to Bragg for re-enforcements. Sherman's strong position has already been described. The ravine that fronted it descended rapidly to Owl Creek, spreading into a marsh filled with undergrowth and tangled vines. The assailants had to cross this, under fire, and charge up a steep acclivity; though more to the right the ground was less difficult. Cleburne's gallant brigade, supported by the Second Tennessee drawn from the third line, attempted to take the heights by assault. As these bold soldiers struggled across the narrow, boggy valley, and in the jungle, and climbed the hill-side, they were exposed to the withering fire of Sherman's division and its supports, lying under cover of the crest, and of logs and trees and some extemporized defense. Many a brave man died there disputing that ground.

The centre of the morass was impassable, and the brigade split into two parts; the Fifth Tennessee, under Colonel Hill, the Twenty-fourth Tennessee, under Colonel Peebles, and the Second Tennessee, under Colonel Bates, passing to the left; and the Sixth Mississippi, Colonel Thornton, and the Twenty-third Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel Neil, attacking on the right, with the Fifteenth Arkansas, Lieutenant-Colonel Patton, which was deployed as skirmishers, and fell back on its supports. Never was there a more gallant attack or a more stubborn resistance. Cleburne's horse bogged down and threw him, so that he got out with great difficulty. He was on the right, and Trigg's batteries tried in vain there to maintain its fire against several Federal batteries opposing. Under the terrible fire from Sherman's impregnable line, the Sixth Mississippi and Twenty-third Tennessee suffered a quick and bloody repulse, though the Sixth Mississippi made charge after charge. Its two field officers, Colonel Thornton and

Major Lowry, were both wounded. The impetuous courage and tenacity of this fine regiment deserved a better fate. The fighting had been murderous on the left also. The Fifteenth Arkansas had lost its major, J. T. Harris, and many good men. The Twenty-fourth Tennessee had borne itself with steady valor, and the Second Tennessee had been terribly cut up by the iron storm from the hill-top.

Just as Cleburne's line first went forward with loud cheers, General Johnston came up from where he had been urging Hindman's attack.

Finding all apparently going well in that quarter, General Johnston again pursued the track of Hindman's advance, and from there still farther to the right. He did not know the hot work Cleburne was to have, but he nevertheless sent to General Beauregard for two brigades to be moved to his aid. Beauregard hearing, however, that Sherman was giving way, after beginning the movement, countermanded it, and moved the brigades to the right. General Johnston felt a great security as to Cleburne, because General Beauregard was in this part of the field.

The major, W. R. Doak, and Captain Tyree and Bate, and two lieutenants, were killed in the assault, besides four officers and nearly a hundred men wounded out of 365 men on the field. But the regiment reformed, and the gallant Bate led them again to the charge. As he was crossing the creek at the bottom of the valley, a Minnie-ball crushed his leg-bone and wounded his horse. He pressed on until he became too weak, when he retired. The regiment, discouraged, fell back under a heavy fire. Some of the men ran forward to the right and joined the Twenty-fourth Tennessee, which, on more favorable ground, clung to the advanced position it had won. It, too, suffered heavily, losing over 200 killed and wounded.

Pond's brigade, of Bragg's corps, came up in support, but did not attempt to cross this valley of death. The Confederate artillery was said not to have been brought to bear with sufficient effect here; and, though the musketry-fire was kept up, no impression was made. The Comte de Paris thinks this ought to have been the chief point assailed by the Confederate army *en masse*; but, as it was the

strongest point on the line and virtually impregnable to a direct attack, the course pursued of turning it on the right seems incomparably more judicious. At all events, being then near that point, General Beauregard ordered to the right two brigades sent by General Johnston to Cleburne's aid; and he acted with all the lights before him. Cleburne's right aided in this, though with heavy loss. When that was accomplished, the position was no longer tenable.

While Sherman was standing up so stubbornly, McClelland, on his left, had to meet the shock of Hindman's victorious troops, with Polk on his left, and Jackson's fresh brigade on their right. Gladden's brigade, which had suffered severely in its attack on Prentiss, paused after the death of its leader to gather itself up for another contest, and these brigades passed on its front. General Johnston, coming upon Gladden's brigade at this time, ordered it to charge; but when he learned that it had just lost its leader, he countermanded the order.

General Johnston in person directed the movements of Jackson's brigade, which belonged to the second line, and was now brought up. He gave Colonel Wheeler, of the Nineteenth Alabama, afterwards distinguished as a cavalry-general, his order to charge. He also found here the Second Texas, in which were many of his friends. He threw it against the enemy, and it executed its difficult task with great dash and persistence, under his eye.

While Jackson's brigade was attacking McClelland's left flank, and Hindman his right, Anderson's brigade had got in on Hindman's left, and Gibson's brigade was trailing at his heels, adding to the momentum of the column. Indeed, Bragg's whole corps was now virtually with the front line, though not yet all actually engaged. The contest with McClelland and Sherman now grew strenuous and deadly; but so impetuous and resolute was the attack, that Hare's and Raith's brigades, sorely pressed in front and on the left flank, gave way, and fell back fighting confusedly, until they found safety in Hurlbut's and Wallace's lines. Captain Behr was shot from his horse, and his battery taken at the point of the bayonet, his gunners barely escaping.

Prentiss's division and Sherman's left

were gone; and the Confederates were crowding in where they had stood. While McClernand's command was caving in under the stunning blows delivered against it, Polk led Russell's and B. R. Johnson's brigades upon Sherman's flank. As Polk's corps was advancing, Cheatham was detached, and now General A. S. Johnston himself led A. P. Stewart's brigade farther to the right, and put into the fight. Stewart, then acting under Bragg's orders, advanced the Fourth Tennessee to take a battery. Stewart asked the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Strahl if they could take it. "We can try," answered Strahl, and led the Fourth Tennessee to the charge at a double-quick. Giving one round at thirty paces, they rushed on with a yell, and took the battery, driving off the supports. But they lost 31 men killed and 160 wounded in this charge. The Twelfth Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. Bell commanding, coming up, they were able to repulse a resolute counter-charge.

In the meantime Clark who was with Russell's brigade, received an order from Bragg to take an enfilading battery to his left. He at once led forward Mark's Eleventh Louisiana at a double-quick. The assault was gallantly made, but was repulsed with severe loss from shot and canister and the musketry-fire of a heavy infantry support. Clark and Russell then led forward the whole brigade, which charged at a double-quick, and helped to drive the enemy some five hundred yards, when pursuit was checked by the supports, and Clark fell, severely wounded in the shoulder. This was part of the simultaneous advance which drove Sherman from his first position, and in which Cleburne's, B. R. Johnson's, and Stewart's brigades joined. B. R. Johnson's brigade moved to the left of Russell's on the main road; his right wing aiding in this attack, his left helping Cleburne to get in. They fought well; Polk's battery, pushed to the front, was nearly disabled, and its commander wounded; Johnson was himself finally wounded. Preston Smith then took command of the brigade. His regiment, the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Senior Tennessee, and Blythe's Mississippi, had already captured six guns.

The whole Federal front, which had been broken here and there, and was getting ragged, gave way under this ham-

mering process on front and flank, and fell back across a ravine to another strong position, behind the Hamburg and Purdy road in rear of Shiloh. But they were not allowed to get away unmolested. The blood of their assailants was up, and they were pursued, driven, and slaughtered, and as they fell back, Sherman's route of retreat was marked by the thick-strewn corpses of his soldiers.

In these attacks Anderson's and Pond's brigades joined with great vigor and severe loss, but with unequal fortune. The former blazoned its blood-stained record with one success after another; the latter suffered a series of disasters. The blue uniforms of some of the regiments twice caused other Confederates to fire upon them, with serious effect; and the commander complained that one of Beauregard's staffs, acting in Hardee's name, put the brigade into action in such a way as to subject it to a raking fire and unnecessary loss. Doubtless, however, it contributed its full share in the general result. Sherman, beaten and driven, had to go back again, with McDowell's and Veatch's brigades crushed to pieces, and to be heard of no more in the battle. But Sherman did not finally give way until General Johnston's movement had crushed in and routed the whole front line on the Federal left and was pressing back Hurlbut and Stuart.

While these furious combats, succeeding each other like well-delivered blows from the iron flail of war, were raging along the whole line, General Johnston was carrying forward the movement by which his entire right wing was swung round on the centre, Hindman's brigade, as a pivot, so that every movement of the Federals was taken successively, in front and flank, and a crumbling process ensued by which the whole line went to pieces.

At last, pressing back toward both Owl Creek and the River, these broken commands found safety by the interposition on their left flank of W. L. I. Wallace's fresh division, ready to meet the thronging battalions of the South.

The enemy's left was completely turned, and the Federal army was now crowded on a shorter line, a mile or so to the rear of its first position. The new line of battle was established before ten o'clock. Thus far all had been successful; and although there was at no time

an absolute cessation of fighting on the line, it may be considered that the first engagement of the day had ended.

MID-DAY.

When the battle of Shiloh first began, Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace had been apprised, and had sent forward re-enforcements, as mentioned. They advanced about eight o'clock, so that Prentiss, when he was driven back, took refuge between them. McClernand's defense, arresting the Confederate advance on the centre for some time, by half past nine or ten o'clock a new and very strong line of battle was formed, and ready to receive the approaching Southerners. Stuart's brigade held the left, resting on the river. Supporting Stuart, came up from Wallace the Ninth and Twelfth Illinois, of McArthur's brigade, but they were routed by 10½ A.M., with a loss of 230 killed and wounded. Then came Hurlbut, with William's and Lauman's fresh and veteran brigades and three batteries. On his right, Prentiss's division had rallied, re-enforced by the Twenty-third Missouri Regiment, just landed, and the Eighth Iowa. The remainder of McArthur's brigade was also in this part of the field—but probably farther to the right. Wallace had brought up Tuttle's brigade of four veteran regiments, on his left, and Sweeney's brigade next, of three regiments. Then, to the right of Wallace, were McClernand's and Sherman's confused but unsubdued commands, which rallied and re-formed as they reached their supports. The second line formed by the Federals was shorter, stronger, compacter, and more continuous, than the first. It had seized a line of wooded heights, approached only across ravines and difficult ground, and in this formidable position awaited the Confederate attack. Their line was torn, mangled, and in parts utterly routed; but, among the fresh troops and those who stood to their colors, there was an obdurate spirit of defiance that held hard to every point of timber and broken ground.

As the first engagement was closing on the Confederate left, about ten o'clock, in desultory combats with the retreating enemy, a second engagement began on the centre and right with extreme violence. All the troops of both armies,

except two of Breckinridge's brigades, were now in the front line. As the Southern army swung round to the left, by the more rapid advance of the right wing, it broke into gaps between the brigades, which were promptly occupied by the troops of the second and third lines.

General Polk says in his report:

"The first order received by me was from General Johnston, who had ridden to the front to watch the opening operations, and who, as commander-in-chief, seemed deeply impressed with the responsibilities of his position. It was observed that he entered upon his work with the ardor and energy of a true soldier; and the vigor with which he pressed forward his troops gave assurance that his persistent determination would close the day with a glorious victory."

General Johnston asked Polk for a brigade, and, receiving Stewart's, led it in person and put it in position on Hindman's right. Polk sent General Cheatham with his second brigade, under Colonel William H. Stephens, to the left; but it was soon after ordered by Beauregard to the right. Polk himself advanced with Johnston's, Russell's, and Trabue's brigades down the main road towards Pittsburg. He thus had the left centre, with Pond's and Cleburne's brigades on his left, and Stewart's to his right, acting under Bragg's orders. Patton Anderson adjoined Stewart on the right, and Gibson came next, fighting in concert with Hindman's two brigades; a little later, Cheatham brought in Stephen's brigade to Gibson's right; the next was Gladden's and then Jackson's brigade. When Breckinridge's two brigades came up, under Bowen and Statham, they occupied the ground between Jackson's and Chalmers's, which was on the extreme right. But in the rushing forward of regiments to fill the gaps in the front line or to place others that hesitated or came limping out of the fight crippled and disheartened, the brigade organization was much broken, and, to some extent, lost. Battles, especially of raw troops, do not present many of the features of a parade. At Shiloh there was much dislocation of commands, but there was little loss of effective force. There was no fancy-manceuvring; but command after command of desperate men was hurled with overwhelming power and success against

strongholds that looked impregnable. Everybody seems to have assumed authority to command a junior officer, whether a subordinate or not; and as the order was "Help me!" or "Forward!" it was almost always obeyed with alacrity. A common enthusiasm fired all hearts; a common impulse moved officers and men alike. There was not much etiquette, but there was terrible fighting at Shiloh. * * *

And now both armies were in the tumult of mortal endeavor. The Confederate assaults were made by rapid and often unconnected charges along the line. They were repeatedly checked, and often repulsed, by the stubborn resistance of the assailed. Sometimes counter-charges drove them back for short distances; but, whether in assault or recoil, both sides saw their bravest soldiers fall in frightful numbers. Over the blue-clad lines of the Federal troops floated the "Stars and Stripes," endeared to them by the traditions of three quarters of a century. The Confederates came on in motley garb, varying from the favorite gray and domestic "butternut" to the blue of certain Louisiana regiments, which paid so dearly the penalty of doubtful colors. Over them were flags and pennons as various as their uniforms. Each Confederate regiment had a corps battle-flag. That of Polk's corps was a white cross on a blue field; of Bragg's, a blue cross on a red field; of Hardee's, a white medallion on a blue field. Besides these or in lieu of them, many of the regiments bore their State flags; and the "Lone Star" of Texas and the "Pelican flag" of Louisiana are mentioned as conspicuous among the emblems of the advanced host. On they came, their banners brightly glinting through the pale green of the foliage, but soon to be riddled, and torn, and stained with the blood of the color bearers. At each charge there went up a wild, appalling yell, heard high above the roar of the artillery; only, the Kentuckians, advancing with measured step, poured out in martial chorus the deep, full notes of their war-song: "Cheer, boys, cheer; we'll march away to battle."

Polk and Bragg, meeting about half-past ten o'clock, agreed that Polk should direct the left centre, where part of his corps was grouped, and that Bragg should take command to his right. Bragg says:

"Here we met the most obstinate resistance of the day, the enemy being strongly posted with infantry and artillery on an eminence behind a dense thicket. Hindman's command was gallantly led to the attack, but recoiled under a murderous fire."

Hindman himself was severely wounded by the explosion of a shell, and borne from the field. A. P. Stewart then took command of Hindman's brigade, with his own.

This position of the Federals was occupied by Wallace's division, and perhaps by the remains of Prentiss's and other commands. Here, behind a dense thicket on the crest of a hill, was posted a strong force of as hardy troops as ever fought, almost perfectly protected by the conformation of the ground, and by logs and other rude and hastily-prepared defenses. To assail it an open field had to be passed, enfiladed by the fire of its batteries. It was nicknamed by the Confederates, by a very mild metaphor, "The Hornets' Nest." No figure of speech would be too strong to express the deadly peril of assault upon this natural fortress, whose inaccessible barriers blazed for six hours with sheets of flame, and whose infernal gates poured forth a murderous storm of shot and shell and musket-fire which no living thing could quell or even withstand. Brigade after brigade was led against it. But valor was of no avail. Hindman's brilliant brigades, which had swept everything before them from the field, were shattered into fragments in the shock of the assault, and paralyzed for the remainder of the day. A. P. Stewart's regiments made fruitless assaults, but only to retire mangled and disheartened.

Bragg now ordered up Gibson's splendid brigade, composed of the First Arkansas, Fourth, Thirteenth, and Nineteenth Louisiana, which moved forward with alacrity. Gibson himself, a knightly soldier, as gentle and courteous as he was unflinching, was aided by colonels, three of whom afterward became generals. The brigade made a gallant charge, but, like the others, recoiled from the fire it encountered. A blaze of musketry swept through it from front to flank; powerful batteries also opening upon its left. Under this cross-fire it at last fell back with very heavy loss. Allen's Fourth Louisiana was dreadfully cut up

in this charge, and suffered some confusion from a misapprehension that it was fired upon by friends. Gibson asked for artillery to be sent him; but it was not at hand, and Bragg sent orders to charge again. The colonels thought it hopeless; but Gibson led them again to the attack, and they again suffered a bloody repulse.

Gibson, who, assisted by Allen and Avegno, had been leading the Fourth and Thirteenth Louisiana in the first two assaults, learning from the adjutant of Fagan that the regiments on the right had suffered equal disaster, turned over the command of the left wing to Colonel Allen, with directions to execute the orders received from General Bragg. He then proceeded to the right, and helped Fagan to lead the magnificent First Arkansas again to the assault.

"Four times the position was charged: four times the assault proved unavailing." The brigade was repulsed; but maintained its ground steadily, until Wallace's position was turned, when, again renewing its forward movement in conjunction with Cheatham's command, it helped to drive back its stout opponents. Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, of the First Arkansas, fell pierced with seven balls. Two of its captains were killed; the major, a captain, and many officers, wounded. In the Fourth Louisiana, Colonel Allen was wounded, and three captains and three lieutenants killed or wounded. Gibson's entire staff was disabled, and his assistant adjutant-general, Lieutenant Ben King, killed. When Gibson went to Fagan, Allen, a very fearless soldier, wrung at his unavailing loss, rode back to General Bragg to repeat the need of artillery, and to ask him if he must charge again. Bragg, impatient at the check, hastily replied, "Colonel Allen, I want no faltering now." Allen, stung by the reply, said not a word, but going back to his command, and waving his sword for his men to follow, charged once more—but again in vain. He never forgave Bragg, and the brigade thought they got hard measure in Bragg's orders and in his report.

Patton Anderson's brigade, with the Crescent Regiment, of Pond's brigade, and aided by a regiment, two battalions, and a battery from Trabue's brigade, was eventually more successful farther to

the left. His ground also was very difficult, but he caught the enemy more on the flank, and clung to it, rattling them with musketry and artillery, until the movement of the Confederate right broke into this citadel, when he carried his point. But this was not until hours of manœuvring and heavy skirmishing, with great loss, and after the enemy's left was turned. The Twentieth Louisiana was badly cut up in the underbrush, and in other regiments many companies lost all their officers. Anderson probably confronted Prentiss. The loss suffered by Pond's brigade has already been mentioned.

General Polk, with Russell's brigade, and with Johnston's under Preston Smith and during a portion of the time with Stewart's brigade, was engaged in the same sort of heavy work, driving the enemy, and, in turn, losing the ground he had won, until it had been three times fought over. This was with McClernand's troops, and Buckland's brigade of Sherman's division.

Cheatham's division had been formed in the morning on either side of the Pittsburg road, immediately in rear of Clark's division. He was first ordered to the left, with his Second Brigade, under Colonel Stevens, by Polk, to support Bragg, and was ordered thence by Beauregard to the extreme right, to ascertain the point where the firing was heaviest, and there engage the enemy at once.

About 10 A. M. he came upon the enemy, strongly posted on the right, and engaged him in an artillery duel for an hour, when Breckinridge came up and formed on his right. At eleven o'clock, Colonel Jordan ordered Cheatham to charge, which he did across an open field. The enemy occupied an abandoned road, behind a fence, a strong position, and met the attack with a heavy fire. When Cheatham's gallant division reached the middle of the field, a murderous cross-fire from the left arrested their progress. The command fell back in good order. Cheatham, with the Second Brigade, now under Colonel Maney, again, later in the day, attacked on Breckinridge's left in Prentiss's front, when that Federal general was captured.

On the left Hardee was in charge. Here, Colonel Trabue, commanding the Kentucky Brigade, with four of his regiments, assailed part of Sherman's com-

mand, which they identified from the prisoners as McDowell's and the Thirteenth Missouri. Duke, who with Morgan's cavalry, marched in their rear, says that as they went in, horse and foot, they struck up their battle-song, as mentioned, and that "the effect was animating beyond description." They fought for an hour and a quarter, never losing ground, and several times forcing McDowell back. Finally, bringing up the Thirty-first Alabama, which had been held in reserve, they charged at a double-quick, routing the enemy, and driving them, at a run, from the field. This defeat of the enemy was shared in by Polk's corps and Patton Anderson's brigade. Morgan's cavalry and Wharton's Eighth Texas Cavalry also pursued the routed Federals, but were checked, with loss, in the thick undergrowth. Hardee had assisted in again routing Sherman, by leading four regiments up a ravine on the extreme left, and turning the position. He also put the cavalry in pursuit of him.

After the rout of Sherman, there seems to have been not much heavy fighting on that flank. His division drifted out of the battle, clinging to the banks of Owl Creek, keeping up, however, a desultory resistance to the disconnected and indecisive skirmishing directed against it. Cleburn's brigade had lost so heavily in the morning that only a part of it remained in line. One-third of his men were killed or wounded, as his "butcher's bill" afterwards indicated. In an assault this evidence is one of the surest signs of honest, hard fighting. With the remnant, however, he continued to press on Sherman's right, which it kept moving, without absolutely crushing it. McClellan's line still maintained itself and the force of the Confederate attack at the left was turned against it. General Beauregard's headquarters were about this time at Shiloh Church. * *

Colonel Munford gives the following account, which is a very good summary of the situation on the centre and right :

"General Bragg was ordered to attack them at once, and here occurred the most obstinate contest of the whole day. It was full four hours of the severest fighting before the enemy gave way, and then not until General Johnston with the remainder of the active troops had driven all opposition from the entire right and centre of

the field far back toward the river. Soon after our left had become so hotly engaged, other scouts brought intelligence that large bodies of the enemy were moving in the direction of Pittsburg Landing on the river. Others reported heavy masses assembled there; and, lastly, that the head of a column had started from that point up the road which turned our right in the direction of Lick Creek. When this information was received, the general looked at his watch, and continued conversing with the members of the staff for twenty or thirty minutes, when again glancing at his watch, he remarked, 'it is now time to move forward.' He gave orders for the formations he desired. The troops in marching order were so arranged that, while all were compactly in hand, every man, horse, and gun-carriage, had necessary room. The beauty of the manœuvre did not escape attention even under the circumstances, and in a small way showed how justly the general had been celebrated for the ease with which he handled troops. Just then I was ordered to see that a brigade 'went promptly' to the support of Brigadier-General Clark in Bragg's fight, and, in doing so, had an opportunity of witnessing a portion of the hardest fight I have ever seen. When I overtook General Johnston, he had taken position with his right across the road, up which it was reported the enemy had begun to march, on the very verge of the ridge overlooking Pittsburg Landing. He was in the act of swinging his troops round on his left as a pivot. A brigade under Colonel (afterward Major-General) Chalmers, flanked upon a battalion of Wirt Adam's cavalry, constituted the extreme right. We sat on our horses, side by side, watching that brigade as it swept over the ridge; and, as the colors dipped out of sight, the general said to me, 'that check-mates them.' I told him I was glad to hear him announce 'checkmate,' but that 'he must excuse so poor a player for saying he could not see it.' He laughed, and said, 'Yes, sir, that mates them.' The completion of this movement faced the troops at an angle of about 45° toward the left, when the forward movement became uniform. We had advanced but a few hundred yards, when we came upon a line of the enemy, strongly posted with their right in a flat covered by a dense growth of shrubs, almost a chap-

aral, and their centre and left along the hollow through which this flat and the hill-sides were drained. Their bodies were almost entirely protected, but their position enabled them to see the entire persons of our troops, who, when they came in sight, were within easy musket-range and wholly unprotected. They opened upon us a murderous fire. General Johnston moved forward with his staff to a depression about thirty yards behind our front line, where the bullets passed over our heads; but he could see more than half of his line, and, if an emergency arose, could meet it promptly.

He fought that entire battle on the true philosophic principle which it involved. He was in command of fresh Southern volunteers. He therefore let them stand and fire only, till what is known as the 'shoulder-to-shoulder' courage was developed, leaving the impetuous fire of Southern pluck unchilled. His charges were uniformly successful. I saw our line beginning to stagger, not give back, but waver along its whole length like small grain when struck by a breeze. The general passed his eye from the right of the line to his extreme point of vision in the direction of the left, and slowly back again, when he remarked to Governor Harris who was by his side: 'Those fellows are making a stubborn stand here. I'll have to put the bayonet to them.' Just then a shell from one of our batteries on the extreme right came flying over the heads of the men in line, passed in front of us, struck and exploded a little to our left between us and our reserve or second line. The general asked me to correct the position of that battery. When I returned from the discharge of this duty a charge was being executed along the whole line, and the general was gone from the place where I had left him."

The front on which General Johnston was now moving was almost at right angles to his original lines and approaching a perpendicular to the river. Chalmers's brigade, on the extreme right, next the river, was somewhat advanced, so that it continually pressed upon and turned the enemy's left flank. Eight hundred yards to his left and rear, Bowen's brigade came up; and, with a like interval to the left and rear of Bowen's, Statham's strong brigade. These troops advanced *en echelon* of brigades. The

batteries were in full play; the resistance was vigorous; the contest fierce. Chalmers pushed forward with considerable success; General Johnston had Bowen's brigade deployed, and it advanced with energy. Statham's brigade impinged upon what was an angle in the Federal line, where the Northerners were collected in heavy masses. The locality was probably that held by Hurlbut's brigades, and they opposed a desperate defense to every forward movement. The severe pressure on their left had called the Northern troops to this point, and we find acting Brigadier-General Cruft, after having repulsed four assaults farther to the right, strengthening it. Sweeney also re-enforced Hurlbut with three regiments.

There had been four hours of heavy fighting, during which the Federal centre had not been moved. The right had been broken; its left was forced back and doubled up on itself; and Hurlbut had more than once fallen back, retiring his left, in order to correct his alignment. But there his command stood, dealing slaughter on every attempt at advance. His position was evidently the key; and it was necessary to break down the stubborn defense that maintained it. It was for this that Breckinridge's reserves, the only brigades which had not been engaged, were brought forward. General Johnston's purpose was to destroy Grant's army that day. The afternoon was upon him. The final blow must be struck. Statham's brigade was sent in about noon. It was made up of six fine regiments; two of them were raw, four of them knew nothing of war, except the miserable defeat at Mill Spring. The brigade now found itself welcomed by a fearful blaze of musketry and artillery; and, in getting into line, suffered enough to fall into some confusion.

The Federals were posted in a double line of battle, protected by the crest of a wooded hill, and the men seemed to be lying down and firing. Opposite this strong position, one or two hundred yards, was another ridge, swept by the Federal fire. Behind it, Straham's troops were comparatively secure: but, to assail the enemy, they had to cross this exposed ridge, descend one slope, and ascend another, commanded and raked by this deadly ambuscade. They stood, therefore, delivering and receiv-

ing a fire which, Governor Harris says, was as heavy as any he saw in the war; but they could not drive the enemy from his stronghold by their fire, nor without a charge that meant death for many. Statham's brigade and even particular regiments have to some extent been held responsible for General Johnston's death. It has been held to account, as if it were the only command which on that day failed to carry a position promptly at the point of the bayonet, without first measuring its strength with the foe. But those who have read this narrative must have seen how often good and gallant troops recoiled from positions which they could not take. The measure of resistance is an element of the greatest importance, too often ignored, in estimating the value and courage of an attack.

The Forty-fifth Tennessee was behind the crest of the hill, and thus protected. The men would advance to a rail-fence, individually, or in squads, deliver an irregular fire, and fall back; but they would not come up to their alignment, nor exhibit the purpose required for a desperate charge. They were not stampeded, but irresolute, and their conduct probably did not fall below the average of the brigade; or below what might be expected from raw troops under like circumstances. But more was required of them and of all.

It was in this condition of things that Breckinridge rode up to General Johnston, and, in his preoccupation, not observing Governor Harris, said, "General, I have a Tennessee regiment that won't fight." Harris broke in energetically, "General Breckinridge, show *me* that regiment!" Breckinridge, courteously and apologetically, indicated the command, and General Johnston said, "Let the Governor go to them." Governor Harris went, and with some difficulty put the regiment in line of battle on the hill, whence they could engage in the combat effectively.

After some delay, the wavering of the line still increasing, General Johnston directed that the line be got ready for a charge. Breckinridge soon returned and said he feared he could not get the brigade to make the charge. General Johnston replied to him cheerfully: "Oh, yes, general; I think you can." Breckinridge, with an emotion unusual to his controlled and equable temper, told him

he had tried and failed. "Then, I will help you," said General Johnston. "We can get them to make the charge." Turning to Governor Harris, who had come back to report that the Tennessee regiment was in line, he requested him to return to and encourage this regiment, then some distance to his right, but under his eye, and to aid in getting them to charge. Harris galloped to the right, and, breaking in among the soldiers with a sharp harangue, dismounted and led them on foot, pistol in hand, up to their alignment, and in the charge when it was made.

In the meantime Breckinridge, with his fine voice and manly bearing, was appealing to the soldiers, aided by his son Cabell and a very gallant staff. It was a goodly company; and, in the charge, Breckinridge, leading and towering above them all, was the only one who escaped unscathed. Major Hodge and Cabell Breckinridge had their horses shot under them; Major Hawkins was wounded in the face, and Captain Allen had his leg torn by a shell. Many eye-witnesses have remarked to the writer on the beautiful composure and serene fidelity with which Cabell Breckinridge, then a mere boy, rode close by his father during all this stirring scene.

General Johnston rode out in front, and slowly down the line. His hat was off. His sword rested in its scabbard. In his right hand he held a little tin cup, the memorial of an incident that had occurred earlier in the day. As they were passing through a captured camp, an officer had brought from a tent a number of valuable articles, calling General Johnston's attention to them. He answered, with some sternness: "None of that, sir; we are not here for plunder!" And then, as if regretting the sharpness of the rebuke, for the anger of the just cuts deep, he added, taking this little tin cup, "Let this be my share of the spoils to-day." It was this plaything, which, holding it between two fingers, he employed more effectively in his natural and simple gesticulation than most men could have used a sword. His presence was full of inspiration. Many men of rank have told the writer that they never saw General Johnston's equal in battle in this respect. He sat his beautiful thorough-bred, "Fire-eater," with easy command—like a statue of Victory. His

voice was persuasive, encouraging, and compelling. It was inviting men to death, but they obeyed it. But, most of all, it was the light of his gray eye, and his splendid presence, full of the joy of combat, that wrought upon them. His words were few. He touched their bayonets with significant gesture. "These must do the work," he said. "Men! they are stubborn; we must use the bayonet." When he reached the centre of the line, he turned; "I will lead you!" he cried, and moved toward the enemy. The line was already thrilling and trembling with that tremendous and irresistible ardor which in battle decides the day. Those nearest to him, as if drawn to him by some overmastering magnetic force, rushed forward around him with a mighty shout. The rest of the line took it up and echoed it with a wild yell of defiance and desperate purpose, and moved forward at a charge with rapid and resistless step. A sheet of flame burst from the Federal stronghold, and blazed along the crest of the ridge. There was a roar of cannon and musketry; a storm of leaden and iron hail. The Confederate line withered, and the dead and dying strewn the dark valley. But there was not an instant's pause. Right up the steep they went. The crest was gained. The enemy were in flight—a few scattering shots replying to the ringing cheers of the victorious Confederates.

General Johnston had passed through the ordeal seemingly unhurt. His noble horse was shot in four places; his clothes were pierced by missiles, his boot-sole was cut and torn by a Minie; but if he himself had received any severe wound he did not know it. At this moment Governor Harris rode up from the right, elated with his own success and with the vindication of his Tennesseans. After a few words, General Johnston sent him with an order to Colonel Statham, which, having delivered, he speedily returned. In the meantime knots and groups of Federal soldiers kept up an angry discharge of fire-arms as they retreated on their supports, and their last line, now yielding, delivered volley after volley as they sullenly retired. By the chance of war, a Minie-ball from one of these did its fatal work. As General Johnston, on horseback, sat there, knowing that he had crushed in the arch which had so long resisted the pressure of his forces, and

waiting till they should collect sufficiently to give the final stroke, he received a mortal wound. It came in the moment of victory and triumph from a flying foe. It smote him at the very instant when he felt the full conviction that the day was won; that his own conduct and wisdom were justified by results, and that he held in his hand the fortunes of war and success of the Confederate cause. If this was not to be, he fell as he wished to fall, and with a happier fate than those who lived to witness the overthrow and ruin of their great cause. He had often expressed to the writer a preference for this death of the soldier. It came sudden and painless. But he had so lived as neither to fear nor shun it. It came to him like an incident of an immortal life—its necessary part, but not its close.

The writer will be pardoned for adding the narrative of Governor Harris, the faithful comrade who was with him at the last. He writes the following:

"Soon thereafter our line slightly wavered a backward tendency, when the general said, 'I will go to the front, order, and lead the charge.' Just as he was in the act of passing through the line to the front, he said to me, 'Go to the extreme right, and lead the Tennessee regiment stationed there.' I galloped to the regiment named; and when the charge was ordered, which was only a few moments after, I repeated the order on the extreme right, and moved forward with it.

"The charge was successful; the Federal line gave way, and we advanced from a half to three-fourths of a mile without opposition, when we encountered the reserve line of the enemy strongly posted upon a ridge.

"The general immediately established his line upon a parallel ridge in easy musket-range of the line of the enemy, and a galling fire was opened upon both sides.

"Just as the line of our extreme right (with which I had moved forward) was established, casting my eye up the line to the left I saw General Johnston sitting upon his horse a few feet in rear, and about the centre of his line. He was alone. I immediately galloped to him, to ascertain if, in his new position, he wished to send orders.

"I had never, in my life, seen him looking more bright, joyous, and happy,

than he looked at the moment that I approached him.

"The charge he had led was heroic. It had been successful, and his face expressed a soldier's joy and a patriot's hope.

"As I approached him, he said, 'Governor, they came very near putting me *hors de combat* in that charge,' holding out and pointing to his foot. Looking at it, I discovered that a musket-ball had struck the edge of the sole of his boot, cutting the sole clear across, and ripping it off to the toe. I asked eagerly: 'Are you wounded? Did the ball touch your foot?' He said, 'No;,' and was proceeding to make other remarks, when a Federal battery opened fire from a position which enfiladed our line just established. He paused in the middle of a sentence to say, 'Order Colonel Statham to wheel his regiment to the left, charge, and take that battery.' I galloped to Colonel Statham, only about two hundred yards distant, gave the order, galloped back to the general where a moment before I had left him, rode up to his right side, and said, 'General, your order is delivered, and Colonel Statham is in motion;,' but as I uttered this sentence, the general reeled from me in a manner that indicated he was falling from his horse. I put my left arm around his neck, grasping the collar of his coat, and righted him up in the saddle, bending forward as I did so, and, looking him in the face, said, 'General, are you wounded?' In a very deliberate and emphatic tone he answered, 'Yes, and I fear seriously.' At that moment I requested Captain Wickham to go with all possible speed for a surgeon, to send the first one he could find, but to proceed until he could find Dr. Yandell, the medical director, and bring him. The general's hold upon his rein relaxed, and it dropped from his hand. Supporting him with my left hand, I gathered his rein with my right, in which I held my own, and guided both horses to a valley about 150 yards in rear of our line, where I halted, dropped myself between the two horses, pulling the general over upon me, and eased him to the ground as gently as I could. When laid upon the ground, with eager anxiety I asked many questions about his wounds, to which he gave no answer, not even a look of intelligence.

"Supporting his head with one hand, I untied his cravat, unbuttoned his collar and vest, and tore his shirts open with the other, for the purpose of finding the wound, feeling confident from his condition that he had a more serious wound than the one which I knew was bleeding profusely in the right leg; but I found no other, and as I afterwards ascertained he had no other. Raising his head, I poured a little brandy into his mouth, which he swallowed, and in a few moments I repeated the brandy, but he made no effort to swallow; it gurgled in his throat in his efforts to breathe, and I turned his head so as to relieve him.

"In a few moments he ceased to breathe. I did not consult my watch, but my impression is that he did not live more than thirty or forty minutes from the time he received the wound.

"He died calmly, and to all appearances, free from pain—indeed, so calmly, that the only evidence I had that he had passed from life was the fact that he ceased to breathe, and the heart ceased to throb. There was not the slightest struggle, nor the contortion of a muscle; his features were as calm and as natural as at any time in life and health.

"Just as he expired, General William Preston arrived, and it was agreed that he should remain with and accompany the remains of General Johnston to headquarters, and that I should proceed at once to report the fact of General Johnston's death to General Beauregard.

"My own horse having run off when I dismounted, I mounted 'Fire-eater,' General Johnston's horse, but found him so badly crippled that I dismounted and examined him, and found upon examination that he was wounded in three legs by musket-balls. I rode him to the rear, where we left General Johnston's orderly with two fresh horses; left Fire-eater with the orderly, and mounted one of the fresh horses and proceeded to report to General Beauregard."

Other members of the staff confirm all this, with the following slight variations: Captain Wickham assisted Governor Harris in lifting General Johnston from his horse, and then went for the surgeon. General Preston came up before General Johnston's death. Kneeling by him, he cried passionately, "Johnston, do you know me?" General Johnston smiled faintly, but gave no signs of recognition.

They then tried to administer the brandy, but he could not swallow it. General Johnston soon became utterly unconscious, and quietly passed away. Colonel O'Hara, Major Haydon, and others of the staff, joined the group soon after.

Wrapping his body in a mantle to conceal his death from the army, some of the staff took charge of it and left the field.

The mortal wound was from a Minie-ball, which tore the popliteal artery of the right leg, where it divides into the tibial arteries, as Dr. Yandell informs the writer. He did not live more than ten or fifteen minutes after receiving it. It was not necessarily fatal. General Johnston's own knowledge of military surgery was adequate for its control by an extemporized tourniquet, had he been aware or regardless of its nature.

Dr. D. W. Yandell, his surgeon, had attended his person during most of the morning; but, finding a large number of wounded men, including many Federals, at one point, General Johnston ordered Yandell to stop there, establish a hospital and give them his services. He said to Yandell: "These men were our enemies a moment ago, they are prisoners now; take care of them." Yandell remonstrated against leaving him, but he was peremptory, and the doctor began his work. He saw General Johnston no more. Had Yandell remained with him, he would have had little difficulty with the wound. It was this act of unselfish charity which cost him his life.

General Beauregard had told General Johnston that morning as he rode off, that, if it should be necessary to communicate with him or for him to do anything, he would be found in his ambulance in bed. Governor Harris, knowing this, and how feeble General Beauregard's health was, went first to his headquarters—just in the rear of where the army had deployed into line the evening before. Beauregard and his staff were gone on horseback in the direction of Shiloh Church. He found them there. The Governor told General Beauregard that General Johnston had been killed. Beauregard expressed regret, and then remarked, "Everything else seems to be going on well on the right." Governor Harris assented. "Then," said Beauregard, "the battle may as well go on." The Governor replied that he certainly

thought it ought. He offered his services to Beauregard, and they were courteously accepted. General Beauregard then remained where he was, waiting the issue of events.

Up to the moment of the death of the commander-in-chief, the battle presented two features, at first sight incongruous and almost incompatible. The first of these was the dislocation of commands by the pushing forward of the second and third lines into intervals of the first, and, by the shifting fortunes of the field, resulting in an effect like the shuffling of cards. The other was the most perfect regularity in the development of the plan of battle. In all the seeming confusion, there was the predominance of intelligent design; a master-mind keeping in clear view its purpose, sought the weak point in the defense, and, finding it on the enemy's left, kept turning that flank. With the disadvantage of inferior numbers, General Johnston brought to bear a superior force on each particular point, and, by a series of consecutive blows, repeated with great rapidity and strength, broke the Federal army to pieces.

Just when General Johnston was stricken down, the victory seemed complete. The enemy was not nearly broken, but, so close were the quarters and so rapid was the charge, that they suffered more than the usual slaughter in a defeat.

Now was the time for the Confederates to push their advantage, and, closing in on the rear of Prentiss and Wallace, to finish the battle. But, on the contrary, there came a lull in the conflict on the right, lasting more than an hour from half-past two, the time at which General Johnston fell. It is true that the Federals fell back and left the field, and the Confederates went forward deliberately, occupying their position, and thus helping to envelop the Federal centre. But there was no further general direction nor concerted movements. The spring and alertness of the onset flagged; the determinate purpose to capture Grant that day was lost sight of; the strong arm was withdrawn, and the bow remained unbent. The troops who had fought under General Johnston's eye were carried forward by the impulse imparted to them, and the momentum of their own success; but with no visible or definite object. Elsewhere, there was bloody desultory combats, but tending to nothing. Indeed,

it may be truly said that General Johnston's death ended the second engagement of the day.

About half-past three o'clock, the struggle at the centre, which had been going on for five hours with fitful violence, was renewed with the utmost fury. Polk's and Braggs corps, intermingled, were engaged in a death-grapple with the sturdy commands of Wallace and Prentiss. The Federal general was consulted, and had resolved to stand and hold their ground at all hazards, hoping thus to save the rest of the army from destruction; and there is little doubt that their manful resistance, which cost one his life and the other his liberty, so checked the Southern troops as to gain time, and prevent the capture of Grant's army.

While an ineffectual struggle was going on at the centre, General Ruggles judiciously collected all the artillery he could find, some eleven batteries in all, which he massed against Prentiss's right flank, the centre of what remained. The opening of so heavy a fire, and the simultaneous though unconcerted advance of the whole Confederate line, resulted at first in the confusion of the enemy and then in the defeat of Wallace and the surrender of Prentiss. Patton Anderson's brigade and Marshall J. Smith's Crescent Regiment were especially conspicuous in these closing scenes, the latter being so fortunate as to receive the surrender of a large number of prisoners. But, while the artillery massed by Ruggles, and his division, were so effectual in achieving this result, by hammering down the Federal front, they were not alone in the crushing coil which caught Prentiss in its folds. Polk and Hardee burst through and destroyed the troops occupying the right of Wallace's position, who were thoroughly beaten and driven from the field or captured, with the commander killed in the rout. They thus got in on Prentiss's right flank. Bragg, who had gone to the Confederate right, with Breckinridge, pushed on in Prentiss's left flank; and Chalmers on his rear—and thus intercepted his retreat.

While these movements were being executed, Prentiss determined on a bold course, afterward condemned by his more fortunate superiors, because it failed; but, in the writer's opinion, it saved both Grant and Sherman from

capture. He formed his men to make an attack; but the Confederates closed in around him, and he found himself after a struggle, cut off, encompassed, and at the mercy of his adversaries. With Hurlbut gone and Wallace gone, Prentiss was left isolated. Struck in front, in rear, and on either flank, cut off in every attempt to escape, about half-past four o'clock what was left of Prentiss's division surrendered with the Eighth, Twelfth, and Fourteenth Iowa, and the Fifty-eighth Illinois Regiments, of Wallace's division. More than 3,000 prisoners were taken, Prentiss and many officers among them. This division had received the first blow in the morning, and made the last organized resistance in the afternoon.

Each Confederate commander—division, brigade, and regimental—as his command pounced upon the prey, believed it entitled to the credit of the capture. Breckinridge's, Withers's, Ruggles's, Cheatham's, and other divisions, which helped to encircle and subdue these stubborn fighters, each imagined its own the hardest part of the work—possibly the whole of it. The capture was, in truth, due almost as much to one as to another, as it was the result of the annihilation of Grant's whole line.

A similar instance of self-deception occurs in many—indeed, most—of the Federal reports of this battle. According to these, no command ever gives way until its neighbors, on *both* flanks, have left the field. This, of course, is in the nature of things impossible. It was, as a rule, true of *one* flank; and the gaps made in the line by casualties and flight left it so ragged on the other flank as to favor, if not to create, the illusion. So many human motives concur to fortify these prejudices that we have no occasion to be astonished at them.

Immediately after the surrender, General Polk ordered such cavalry as he had in hand to charge the fleeing enemy. A detachment under Lieutenant-Colonel Miller “dashed forward and intercepted a battery, within 150 yards of the river, the Second Michigan, and captured it before it could unlimber and open fire. It was a six-gun battery, complete in all its equipments, and was captured, men, horses, and guns. A portion of this cavalry rode to the river and watered their horses.”

In the final struggle, Trabue's brigade, which was now on the left next to Cleburne's, supported by Stewart's brigade, and some fragments of Anderson's, was opposed to the remains of Sherman's and McClelland's commands, including McDowell's brigade. Hardee was giving directions to this part of the line. Trabue ordered his command to fix bayonets and charge at double-quick, which they did in the handsomest manner, and with complete success.

Embarrassed by the broken ground and thick undergrowth, by an enfilading fire from the Confederate battery on the right, and the appearance of a Louisiana regiment dressed in blue on the left, Trabue's movements were made cautiously and with some delay. Nevertheless, feeling their way with much hard fighting, and gradually drawing the line closer, these troops from the left by a slight change of front intercepted, with volleys of musketry, the Federals flying from the impetuous charge of Breckinridge's brigade on the right. A portion of Prentiss's command which surrendered was turned over to them by Hardee, and sent to the rear in charge of Crew's battalion. Colonel Shorter, of Bragg's corps, was detached with another lot of prisoners.

Breckinridge's other brigades, advancing, soon passed to their front; and the Sixth and Ninth Kentucky Regiments availed themselves of the opportunity "hastily to exchange their guns for Enfield rifles, which the enemy had surrendered."

A few of the troops were demoralized by this, and fell back; but there was little loss.

No Federal division any longer preserved even a show of organization. Parts of regiments, the bravest and coolest of the men, stuck to their colors and strove to rally and form a line of battle wherever they could find a nucleus. There were many such heroic spirits in the crushed and mangled mass which was huddling back into the angle between Snake Creek and the Tennessee River. Sherman in his report says: "My command had become decidedly of a *mixed character*. Buckland's brigade was the only one that retained its organization." Buckland's own report, however, does not sustain this view. He mentions that in the combat on the Purdy road the flee-

ing mass from the left broke through our lines, and many of our men caught the infection and fled with the crowd. Colonel Cockerill became separated from Colonel Sullivan and myself, and was afterward engaged with part of his command at McClelland's camp. Colonel Sullivan and myself kept together, and made every effort to rally our men, with but poor success. They had become scattered in every direction.

They afterward formed a line of battle—what sort of a one may be imagined after reading the foregoing. Colonel Sullivan then marched to *the landing* for ammunition, and did not join Buckland till next day. This tells the story. It is difficult to see where "the organization" was.

Of the two armies, one was now an advancing, triumphant host, with arm uplifted to give the mortal blow; the other, a broken, mangled, demoralized mob, paralyzed and waiting for the stroke. While the other Confederate brigades, which had shared most actively in Prentiss's capture, were sending back the prisoners and forming again for a final attack, two brigades, under Chalmers and Jackson, on the extreme right, had cleared away all in front of them, and, moving down the river-bank, now came upon the last point where even a show of resistance was made. Two very bold and active brigadiers, they at once closed with the enemy in their front, crossing a deep ravine and difficult ground to get at him. Here Colonel Webster, of Grant's staff, had gathered all the guns he could find from batteries, whether abandoned or still coherent, and with stout-hearted men, picked up at random, had prepared a resistance. Some infantry, similarly constituted, had been got together; and Ammen's brigade, the van of Nelson's division, had landed, and was pushing its way through the throng of pallid fugitives at the landing to take up the battle where it had fallen from the hands of Grant and Sherman. It got into position in time to do its part in checking the unsupported assaults of Chalmers and Jackson.

Darkness coming on ended the first day's battle, and over 15,000 men were lying either dead or wounded at the close of the Sabbath day on the bloody field of Shiloh. The contest was again resumed on Monday morning at day-break.

Editor's Department.

THE FIRST GENTILE IN UTAH.—

The frontispiece of No. 2 of TULLIDGE'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE has been given to General Connor. The frontispiece of No. 1 was given to Brigham Young. It is to be hoped that "everybody"—Mormon and Gentile alike—will see the manifest fitness of this classification. There are certain things which are proper to be done and which a sound healthy judgment will accept at once irrespective of personal likings or dislikings. That judgment could not decide other than that Brigham Young was the proper man to open a Magazine of "Utah and her Founders;" and it is clearly as proper that General P. Edward Connor should open on the Gentile side. General Connor is the first Gentile in Utah in historical importance and rank. We scarcely think that this affirmation of him will be questioned. Nearly twenty years ago he was in effect the chief representative of the Federal Government in Utah. Thus he was looked upon, not only by the Administration at Washington, but by the Commander-in-Chief of the National forces. He was sent here at a most critical time and to execute for the Nation a most critical mission. No matter how imperfect may have been the views of those earlier days, or how inharmonious the relations which existed at first between the Camp and the City, the facts abide in history and are themselves the best witnesses that General Connor had a part to perform towards the Territory and its people of an extraordinary nature. His was a part that required at once the honorable soldier and the magnanimous and humane man. Had not Connor been all this, Utah would certainly have had a second military difficulty with the Nation;—in plain words, there would have been another "Utah Rebellion" and another "Utah War." What these events would have signified in their consequences we shall never fully know, though we can well imagine. We verily believe that in those days, view the case from any side we please, General Connor held the fate of Utah in his own hands, speaking aside from the interventions of Providence which overrules human affairs and designs: and it is, moreover, a sound axiom of philosophy that in such cases Providence is

best seen in that which *was* in the past or which now is in the present. In such a view, a Providence to Utah was in General Connor and the preserving spirit which he manifested towards the people of this Territory, at the most critical period of Utah's history; for it was indeed more critical to us all in that day of the Nation's fury, with an army of vigilance sent to Utah on purpose to watch—and act as well as watch—than it was in the days of Albert Sidney Johnston and Camp Floyd.

Furthermore, General Connor's military service to Utah was active and direct as well as restraining and preservative. Scarcely had he arrived with his command ere his coming and military service proved to be one of the greatest blessings which had happened to this Territory: we refer to his famous battle with the Indians at Bear River. That service, which cost General Connor's command so much suffering from cold, and loss of life and wounds in the fight, substantially ended the Indian rule over this country and the constantly recurring Indian difficulties with our people. In Cache Valley, the old settlers speak of General Connor's service as a providence to their valley. Indeed, the Battle of Bear River is thus recorded in specific words in the official records of the settlements of that magnificent and flourishing vale. For instance, in the records of the City of Logan it is said: "We believe General Connor's coming to Cache Valley to be a providence of the Almighty!" So, also, may it be said his coming with Camp Douglas was a providence to Salt Lake City. Camp Douglas gave to the City its supplies;—to its merchants, business; to its people, money; and to hundreds of Mormons, employment. In fine, Salt Lake City owes much to Camp Douglas and General Connor; and for this and his record as the pioneer of the Utah mines, we give P. Edward Connor place as the First Gentile of Utah and as the second frontispiece in our magazine of Utah and her founders.

CONNOR'S ENGRAVING.—It is due to the artists to credit them with the excellence of this work. The execution is from a photograph taken by T. A. Burnham, Boston.

The engraving was executed by Hall & Sons, New York. The eye will at once take in the very superior quality of the work. It was done by one of the best engravers in America. The Connor plate alone, with its prints for the edition, cost two hundred dollars. The face, itself, is that of a gallant soldier and a large-souled humane man whose friendship is worth possessing. Nature is truthful. The physiognomist may easily read that face.

GRANT TO GENERAL CONNOR ON THE SITUATION.—The following letter from General Grant to General Connor is worthy of preservation in Utah history:

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE
UNITED STATES,

Washington, May 4th, 1865.

GEN. P. E. CONNOR,
Denver C. T.

SIR :

A copy of your report of April 6th, '65, has been forwarded to the Lt. Gen. Commanding, and he desires me to express his appreciation of your efforts. It is not believed that an institution like Mormonism can exist permanently, in free and close communication with the civilized world. Our efforts should therefore aim to make such communication safe, by thorough protection of "Gentiles" against Mormons, whether as transient visitors or permanent settlers, and trust mainly to the ordinary laws which govern civilization for the gradual removal of what is believed to be in opposition to those laws which can derive vitality only from persecution.

Very respectfully,

C. B. COMSTOCK,
Lt. Col. Adc. & Bvt. B. G.

HISTORY OF CAMP DOUGLAS.—In some future number of our Magazine we shall give a full and complete history of Camp Douglas up to date, relying on the courtesy of the Commander (General Smith) for the military record.

MARVELOUS LIKENESS OF BISHOP HUNTER.—Everybody will be struck with the likeness and engraving of Bishop Hunter. The face is one of the most wonderful character hits of the engraver's art ever produced. We think there is no engraving in America that will surpass it in its clear strong character points and the life-

like persone of the man. The photograph was taken by Mr. C. R. Savage, whose pictures of Utah scenes and Utah's representative men have gone around the world. The original of the face is to be credited to Mr. Savage, though there is no photograph that we know of, presenting the full person of Bishop Hunter. The extension of the body and the Bishop seated in the chair is from a sketch made from life by the artist, Dan Wegge-land. In the face, however, we get the real merit of the picture as well from the photograph as in the engraving. Mr. Savage gave us a good subject, well defined, with the Bishops personality caught to the very perfection of photographic art, without which no such an engraving of Edward Hunter could have been made. And still, with all these advantages of a good original, it is wonderful how an engraver could bring out so much life and character. Edward Hunter is positively alive in that engraving and will so live for five hundred years. Could we come back again to earth at so distant a period and meet that likeness, all would recognize at a glance the good old familiar Presiding Bishop of the Mormon Church. And now for a reading of that marvelous character-face. It is the Bishop at about the age of 86-7. He is now nearly 88. See the original leonine strength of the face, yet blending that child-like nature which we all know he possesses and which makes Edward Hunter's type. There is a nose of power. Notice the large ear which corresponds; then the massive jaw and chin, but the mouth is full—not long and deep set. There is no guile in that mouth and no cruelty. It is the mouth of a grand old child of Nature. But the face as a whole is leonine. The lion and the lamb are lying down together in the good old Bishop of Zion. Rising to the eyes, see the boldness and life still expressed. The light of that eye will never go out till it closes in the peace of a good man's death. The head is also worthy of note. See the height from the nose. He is crowned with a dome of benevolence, and of moral and spiritual brain. His chariot is going up into heaven.

We should leave out something, if we forgot Edward Hunter's oddities and irrelevance. The face shows both, bristling all over. The beard and facial lines are running all away from one another

and coming back again into a softened unity. The Bishop's conversations are there written as in a book. "It beats the Devil; it beats the Devil!" In all this expression, the artist has been "immense" in the engraving of our Presiding Bishop.

The autograph of Bishop Hunter must also be noticed. It was written for this plate within the last four months, at the age of between 87-8. It is a remarkable autograph. The style is of that of the last century and his strokes, flourishes and crossing of his t are made with a touch of the hand at forty. Edward Hunter is not old and he will never die!

HISTORY OF CACHE VALLEY.—We are writing and compiling the history of the cities of Cache Valley with biographical sketches of its founders. The work will be incorporated in this Magazine and will be illustrated with steel engravings. Similar work will be done for the South as well as the entire Territory, the object of our existence in this field of literature being to encourage and foster legitimate enterprises of whatever nature—providing their growth promises definite and permanent advantage to the country at large.

HISTORY OF PRESIDENT TAYLOR.—A biography of President John Taylor, with a steel engraving of him, will appear in No. 3 of TULLIDGE'S QUARTERLY.

THE ACTOR, T. A. LYNE.—In our article on "art and artists" we have noticed the fact that rare artistic and professional talent has been "gathered" to Utah from the States and Europe in the strange course of events that has brought forth this territory; and it is sad to confess that this rare talent has languished to death instead of meeting employment and reward. We have had men amongst us who ranked as princes in their professions before coming to Utah. T. A. Lyne is a capital example. The following brief sketch of him will show that he is one of the veteran actors of America:

Thomas Ackley Lyne was born at Philadelphia in August of the year 1806. His youth and early manhood were spent on the "ocean wave." At the age of 23, he appeared at the Walnut Street Theatre, which was then under the management of Blake and Ingsley. He made his appearance in the popular play of "Wil-

liam Tell" which, in those days, was presented to the public in five acts. His second appearance was at the Park Theatre in the same character under the management of Simpson. He at once took rank as a leading actor; so it may be seen from the dramatic record that T. A. Lyne was one of America's great actors over fifty years ago. He was a "star" before Charlotte Cushman had made any mark in the theatrical world, and he supported that lady in her early days. He also played leading parts to the elder Booth, and the principal characters to Miss Ellen Tree before she became Mrs. Charles Kean. He has had a large share of crossings and disappointments in the precarious profession which claims "to hold the mirror up to Nature." On looking over old files as far back as the "Old Warren Theatre" under the management of Wm. Pelby, at Boston, (on the site of the Warren was built the National), we find on the third night of its first season Lyne as the Stranger in Kotzebue's play of that name and Harry Smith as the Francis. So, more than forty years ago, he was a leading serious actor in the Athens of America. We find him also identified with Western theatricals as far back as when Chicago's population was about three thousand and Milwaukee's about half that number. He was manager and actor and gave to Chicago in Mr. Ogden's theatre, a wooden building, its first "Stars"—Dan Marble and Mrs. Silsby—then imported by steamer from Detroit. "Shades of the past" what a history! We find T. A. Lyne playing among the saints at Nauvoo. At the opening of the Salt Lake Theatre he was brought from Denver at the instance of Brigham Young and installed as dramatic teacher and reader. His success as an actor in the characters of Damon, Richard and Richelieu, in a long train of stars that have shot their course over the continent, have left undimmed the fine acting of this veteran of the western stage. If there is a regret to the admirers of the serious drama it is that for the last fifteen years we have seen Lyne on the streets of Salt Lake City,—not on the stage where his right to a hard earned excellence ought to have continued him before the public. His has been a long and bitter experience but the veteran actor solaces himself with the thought that "there is another and a better world."

“ENDYMION.”

THE last novel of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, has made quite a sensation in the novel reading world, and Harper Brothers, in their *Franklin Square Library* series, are making the millions familiar with it. But this is more than a novel which the ex-premier has given us under the name of “Endymion.” It is very like his own autobiography, with his retrospection of English politics woven into the thread of a story. The action and conversations are distributed between characters who have figured in English politics or the fashionable romance of Europe during the last forty years. St Barbe, the journalist in “Endymion” is supposed to be an intended caricature of Thackeray, which is exciting the indignation of the admirers of the great satirist, and Gushy is taken to be Dickens. Vigo, another personage of the novel, is a combination of Poole, the tailor, and of George Hudson, the Sunderland railway king, as he was styled in his time. Prince Florestan is probably a sketch of Louis Napoleon in his early days in England. He is constantly presented as a child of destiny waiting for the European revolution of '48 to give to him his throne. Job Thornberry comes into the story with the Anti-Corn-Law League; and in him we have that remarkable change in English politics which has made the Whigs of to-day so different from what they were even fifty years ago and which has necessitated the passage of Reform Bills by the Derby-Disraeli ministries in very rivalry to the Liberals themselves. Job Thornberry may be Richard Cobden; for he certainly has much of Cobden's subject in him. The novel is full of political lessons and conceits, and its pictures of aristocratic circles, with the semi-ministerial management of English affairs by the queens of fashionable society in behalf of their Endymions, not only expose the romance of Disraeli's own life, but also reveal the things behind the scenes which, perhaps, none so well could have done as this Jew ex-premier of England in the literary winding up of his strange eventful life. It is this inner view of Disraeli's last novel which gives its real significance.

Endymion is Disraeli in his youth. Zenobia, a queen of fashion, is his Lady

Blessington with a combination of some other great lady; but Lady Blessington is the basis of the picture and she is Benjamin Disraeli's first great patroness who opens the avenue of his wonderful career which, under the very eyes of modern folks, has been as strange as anything to be found in the Arabian Nights Tales. And the Jew ex-premier, under his guise of Endymion, challenges us moderns with this view of his fortunes and his genius: and yet challenges us with not half so much audacity as he would do under his own name did not his clever sense forbid him: as for the judgment of his rivals and compeers, he might have dared to set that aside, and as the young aspiring Hebrew—at a time when his race were little higher in caste than gipsies in the land—audaciously tell England at his start that he intended to become her prime minister and the first statesman in the world ere he has done with it. Zenobia changes her personality or rather retires to the background to give place to Lady Montfort. *She* is a combination of Lady Blessington and Mrs. Wyndham-Lewis (the latter Disraeli married) so we have in Lady Montfort at once the patroness and the wife—the wife of Endymion.

The Disraelian philosophy which pervades his novel is, that finding a Lady Blessington for a patroness, a Mrs. Wyndham-Lewis for a wife, and an anonymous lady friend to send him £20,000, a young man with his genius can dare to aspire to be prime minister of England, and in his marvelous career lift up a race outcast for ages among all nations. These are the facts of Benjamin Disraeli's own life which he sufficiently exposes to the reader in his novel. Say what the critics may of the magnificent egotism of this Jew statesman of rare genius and rarer audacity, his gratitude to woman—his patroness and his wife—has a most tender touch of sentiment in it, which not even Napoleon surpassed in his tributes to Josephine as the star of his better destiny. Endymion's sister predicts that all his good fortune will come to him through women. Such was the case in the Jew premier's own life. The following is a picture of Zenobia, the queen of fashion, which will give an idea of what queens of fashion were and how they talked politics when Disraeli was young: Zenobia was the queen of London, of

fashion, and of the Tory party. When she was not holding high festivals, or attending them, she was always at home to intimates, and as she deigned but rarely to honor the assemblies of others with her presence she was generally at her evening post to receive the initiated. To be her uninvited guest under such circumstances proved at once that you had entered the highest circle of the social Paradise.

Zenobia was leaning back on a brilliant sofa, supported by many cushions, and a great personage, gray-headed and blue-ribboned, who was permitted to share the honors of the high place, was hanging on her animated and inspiring accents. An ambassador, in an arm chair which he had placed somewhat before her, while he listened with apparent devotion to the oracle, now and then interposed a remark, polished and occasionally cynical. More remote, some dames of high degree, were surrounded by a chosen band of rank and fashion and celebrity; and now and then was heard a silver laugh, and now and then was breathed a gentle sigh. Servants glided about the suite of summer chambers occasionally with sherbets and ices, and sometimes a lady entered and saluted Zenobia, and then retreated to the general group, and sometimes a gentleman entered, and pressed the hand of Zenobia to his lips, and then vanished into air.

"What I want you to see," said Zenobia, "is that reaction is the law of life, and that we are on the eve of a great reaction. Since Lord Castlereagh's death we have had five years of revolution—nothing but change, and every change has been disastrous. Abroad we are in league with all the conspirators of the Continent, and if there were a general war we should not have an ally; at home our trade, I am told, is quite ruined, and we are deluged with foreign articles, while, thanks to Mr. Huskisson, the country banks, which enabled Mr. Pitt to carry on the war and saved England, are all broken. There was one thing of which I thought we should always be proud, and that was our laws and their administration; but now our most sacred enactments are questioned, and our people are told to call out for the reform of our courts of judicature, which used to be the glory of the land. This cannot last. I see, indeed, many

signs of national disgust; people would have borne a great deal from poor Lord Liverpool—for they knew he was a good man, though I always thought a weak one; but when it was found that this boasted Liberalism only meant letting the Whigs into office—who, if they had always been in office, would have made us the slaves of Bonaparte—their eyes were opened. Depend upon it, the reaction has commenced."

"We shall have some trouble with France," said the ambassador, "unless there is a change here."

"The Church is weary of the present men," said the great personage. "No one really knows what they are after."

"How can any government go on without the support of the Church and land?" exclaimed Zenobia. "It is quite unnatural."

"That is the mystery," exclaimed the ambassador. "Here is a government, supported by none of the influences hitherto deemed indispensable, and yet it exists."

"The newspapers support it," said the great personage, "and the Dissenters, who are trying to bring themselves into notice, and who are said to have some influence in the northern counties; and the Whigs, who are in a hole, are willing to seize the hand of the ministry to help them out of it; and then there is always a number of people who will support any government—and so the thing works."

"They have got a new name for this hybrid sentiment," said the ambassador, "They call it public opinion."

"How very absurd!" said Zenobia; "a mere nickname. As if there could be any opinion but that of the sovereign and the two Houses of Parliament."

But all the aristocratic nonsense was dissipated by Job Thornberry and his Anti-Corn Law League; and the modern school of politics was formed which has given the power of the House of Commons to the British people whom none more than the Tory minister, Disraeli, has courted and beguiled. Zenobia, the patroness of Endymion's unsuccessful father, passes out of sight, but Endymion finds a happy destiny in his patroness wife, Lady Montfort, and though the prophetic promise of the story is not fulfilled—"You shall be

prime minister"—the author is conscious that it is fulfilled in himself. Here is the picture of Endymion's happy fate which the woman brought her protege :

Endymion quite agreed with his wife. The minister offered him preferment and the privy council, but Lady Montfort said it was really not so important as the office he had resigned. She was resolved that he should not return to them, and she had her way. Ferrars himself now occupied a peculiar position, being the master of a great fortune and of an establishment which was the headquarters of the party of which he was now only a private member ; but calm and collected, he did not lose his head ; always said and did the right thing, and never forgot his early acquaintances.

Lady Montfort herself had no thought but of her husband. His happiness, his enjoyment of existence, his success and power in life, entirely absorbed her. The anxiety which she felt that in everything he should be master was touching. Once looked upon as the most imperious of women, she would not give a direction on any matter without his opinion and sanction. One would have supposed, from what might be observed under their roof, that she was some beautiful but portionless maiden whom Endymion had raised to wealth and power.

THE POPESS JOAN.

ROMANCE has its illustrations in history as well as in books of fancy. A woman is ever its centre object, for she is the proper subject of romance. Among the world's great characters, we see queens, and noble ladies, and their lives have given to history, not only its most gorgeously embellished pages, touching the quality termed romantic, but in them have been worked out some of the most lasting benefits to the race. There is generally, however, in the career of famous women, as much matter for historical scandal as for the more beautiful romance. The very naming of representative ladies among the world's great characters will at once suggest Joan of Arc, Elizabeth of England, Mary of Scots, Catherine De Medicis, Catherine of Russia, and the more gentle type of modern times, Queen Victoria. But few of our readers, however, are aware that there has figured in the world also a Popess.

There having been but one Popess in all history, and she reigning as the successor of St. Peter, in the character of a man, we will break the philosophic thread of our biographies to relate the romance of her life.

After the illustrious Charlemagne had conquered the Pagan Saxons, desiring to convert them to Christianity, he sent to England for learned priests to come over to his help. Among those who went over to Germany, to aid the great emperor in his missionary enterprise, was a young English priest, accompanied by a girl who was with child by him. The lovers well concealed their secret, but on their way they were compelled to stop at Mayence, at which place the young English-woman gave birth to a daughter—the subject of our romance—the Popess Joan.

It is said that Joan grew up a beautiful girl, and, under the fond care of her learned father, she manifested such extraordinary mental culture, that she astonished all the doctors of learning who came to see the beautiful prodigy. This admiration increased her love for science and she wooed it with such uncommon devotion that, at twelve years of age, her capacity and eloquence as a teacher of the high branches of knowledge were equal to that of the most distinguished men of the Palatinate.

But the romance of a woman's life is love. Mother Eve has in every sphere some fitting daughter to represent her. It is certain that our first parents played their part in Paradise, very much like two lovers getting themselves into a difficulty together. And so did the beautiful and accomplished Joan and a certain young student of an English family, who was a monk of the abbey of Fulda. He was seduced by her beauty, and became desperately enamored of her. "If he loved well," says an old chronicler, "Joan on her side was neither insensible nor cruel." Had there been no restriction in Paradise, there would have been no sin, and no farce to amuse theological sages. So, had there been no celibacy in the Romish Church, Joan would have been a respectable wife of an intelligent young priest, and the world would not have had the romance and scandal of a Popess.

Joan fled with her lover from her parental roof. Laying aside her name and female character, she donned the attire

of a man and assumed the name of English John. She then followed the young monk into the abbey of Fulda, built by the uncle of Charlemagne. The superior of the monastery was deceived by her disguise, and he placed her under the direction of the learned Raban-Maur.

But the lovers, better to preserve their secret, deemed it wise to quit the convent and go to England, to pursue their studies. They soon became, for their erudition, the most distinguished in Great Britain. They next visited other countries to observe the manners and customs of different people, and to acquire a thorough knowledge of many languages.

France was first visited, where Joan, in her character of a monk, disputed with the French doctors, and attracted the attention of the most celebrated persons of the age. The lovers next journeyed towards Greece. Traveling through ancient Gaul, they embarked at Marseilles in a vessel which bore them to the capital of Hellenes. The lovers were now in the very home of the classics where philosophy and polite literature had flourished ages before France or Great Britain were redeemed from barbarism.

When Joan and her lover arrived in Greece, she was only twenty years of age, and in all the glory of her youthful beauty ; but her monkish garb concealed her sex, and her countenance, pale from vigils and severe mental labor, gave her the appearance of a handsome youth, rather than that of a lovely woman.

During three years, the lovers lived together in Greece, pursuing their studies in philosophy, theology, literature, the arts and sciences, and divine and profane history. Under the most renowned masters, Joan is said to have fathomed everything, learned everything, explained all. To her universal knowledge, she joined an extraordinary genius for eloquence, so that all who were admitted in the academies to hear her, were carried away with admiration and astonishment.

But while in Greece, in the midst of this triumph, Joan received from the hand of Heaven, the heaviest stroke that can befall woman. Her lover died. But from her despair there was born a vast ambition. It was to reach the highest pinnacle of earthly power, for already

was the papal throne elevated above the empires of the world.

Joan resolved to quit Greece. In that country, she was where men wore long beards, and where she could therefore no longer conceal her sex ; while in Rome men were commanded to shave. Moreover, Rome presented to her the field for her great ambition.

Arriving in the holy city, Joan obtained admittance into the academy, called the school of the Greeks. She entered for the purpose of teaching the seven liberal arts, and especially rhetoric, for which she possessed so marvelous a talent. St. Augustine had rendered this school already famous, but our learned heroine increased its reputation, thus proving that even in man's own peculiar sphere of philosophy and intellect, a woman will sometimes eclipse the most celebrated of the opposite sex. To the ordinary courses of this famous school, she introduced a course of abstract science, which lasted three years. Rome was enchanted by her. She was, though her sex was unknown, the siren who won the hearts of priests and sages ; and, undoubtedly, her woman's tact and inspirative nature, gave her a subtle fascination over men who felt her woman's power, but understood not its secret cause. What bewitchment is there in the female nature !

Joan was quoted as the most splendid genius of the age, and the Romans in their admiration for her, gave her the name of the Prince of the Wise. Lords, priests, monks, and especially doctors of learning, deemed themselves honored in being her disciples. "Her conduct," says Marianus Scotus, "was as commendable as her abilities. The modesty of her discourse, her manners, the regularity of her morals, her piety and her good works shone forth as a light before men." But this saintly propriety of conduct was nothing more than an example of that exquisite duplicity of priests so often manifested when aspiring to power. Joan, though a woman in disguise and easy in virtue, to reach the chair of St. Peter was compelled to be equal to the most apostolic of the opposite sex, in consummate hypocrisy. She played well her part ; and as the career of Leo the Fourth drew to a close, she permitted intrigues and cabals to be formed for her election. A powerful party declared

for her; and it was proclaimed in the streets of Rome that she alone was worthy to occupy the throne of St. Peter.

Leo the Fourth died, and the cardinals, deacons, clergy and people unanimously chose our distinguished heroine, as the most fitting successor of the chief of the Apostles.

It is a very singular fact that these famous female sovereigns have ruled nations with greater capacity and wisdom, and much more to the best interests of humanity, than the majority of emperors and kings. On the one side, the most *illustrious*, and, on the other, the *best* of England's periods have occurred under the reign of two women—Elizabeth and Victoria. Spain was redeemed from the Moors by Isabella, and Columbus was her apostle, when he discovered America; Catherine De Medicis was equal to Richelieu; Catherine of Russia ranks with Peter the Great; and the Popess Joan was a mate for the best of the popes of Rome, in the wisdom of her administration and the benevolence of her policies, as the supreme head of the Church.

But again Joan proved herself the woman; and again the woman proved that love was the romance of her sex. As a popess, love must be sin, for her office unsexed her.

Since the death of her first lover, Joan had preserved her secret as much by her exceeding chastity of conduct as by her prudence; but after she was elevated to the sovereign power of the Church, she chose a second lover from among her cardinals, though his identity was not fairly discovered. Their amour would most likely have forever remained a secret, and the world never known that a popess had reigned, had not Joan become enciente.

The story runs that, one day, a man possessed with a devil was brought to her; and, after performing the usual ceremonies to cast the devil out of the man, she asked at what time it wished to leave the body of the possessed. The spirit answered—"I will tell you: when you, who are the pontiff and the father of fathers, shall cause the clergy and people of Rome to see a child born of a popess."

Joan, frightened by the revelation of the evil spirit, broke up her council and hastened to her palace; but scarcely had she entered the inner apartment, when

the demon presented himself to her again and said—"Most holy father, after your accouchement, you will belong to me, soul and body, and I will seize upon you in order that you may burn forever with me."

But the popess, in order to appease divine wrath, imposed upon herself severe penances, covering her person with rough hair cloth and sleeping upon ashes. At length, an angel appeared to her and offered her the alternative between "the eternal flames of hell" or an exposure before all the people of Rome. Joan accepted the latter.

Soon after this, on one of the great festivals, Joan mounted on her horse, went to the church of St. Peter, in solemn pageantry, surrounded by her ecclesiastical dignitaries, nobles, magistrates, and accompanied by a vast crowd of people; coming forth from the cathedral, the procession, on its way towards the church of St. John of the Lateran, but before arriving upon the public square, between the church of St. Clement and the Colliseum, the pains of childbirth seized the popess, the reins escaped from her hand, and she fell from her horse upon the pavement.

Unable to survive the terrible scene of her shame and her pains, Joan rallied her strength to bid adieu to the cardinal priest who held her in his arms, and ended her mortal career. The child was strangled by the priests who surrounded her; but the Romans, in remembrance of their former respect and attachment for her, performed for her the last duties of the Church, and placed the child in the same tomb with her. She was not, however, interred within the limits of a church, but on the spot of the tragedy; but over her tomb a chapel was built, with a marble statue representing the popess in her pontifical robes, a tiara upon her head, and a child in her arms. Benedict the Third demolished this statue; but the ruins of her chapel remained till the fifteenth century. Some of the visionaries of the Romish Church profess to have discovered Joan's tortures in hell, where she is suspended, according to them, throughout eternity on one side of its gates and her lover on the other side, without being able to be reunited. Such is the romantic history of the "Popess Joan," whose career enters so curiously into the papal history.



JOHN TAYLOR



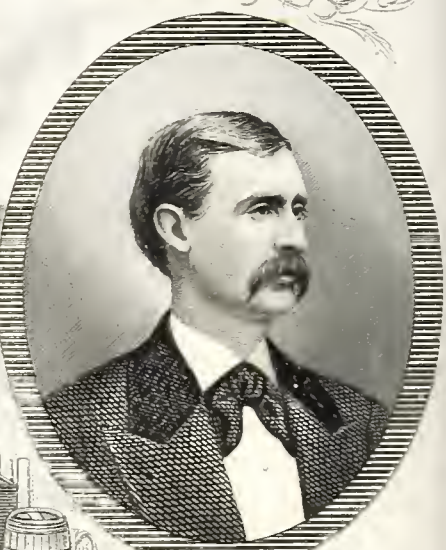
JOS F. SMITH



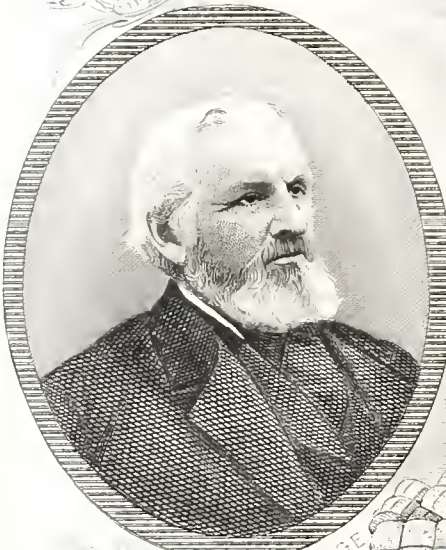
G. CANNON



W. H. HOOPER



MOSES THATCHER



CHARLES DREDGE



WILLIAM JENNINGS



D. C. ALDER



WM. SMITH



T. G. SMITH

TULLIDGE'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

No. 11—1864.

JOHN S. CORWELL, AN.

Editor.

THE EDITOR, TULLIDGE'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

THE EDITOR, TULLIDGE'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE, has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your issue of the 1st of January, 1864, and to express his appreciation of the interest and value of the contributions which it contains. The issue of the 1st of January, 1864, is a most interesting and valuable one, and it is a pleasure to find that the contributions are so well selected and so well written. The issue of the 1st of January, 1864, is a most interesting and valuable one, and it is a pleasure to find that the contributions are so well selected and so well written.

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TULLIDGE'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

No. III.—APRIL, 1881.—Vol. I.

UTAH'S COMMERCE AND CO-OPERATION.

CHAPTER I.

THE INITIAL VIEW OF OUR COMMERCE.

THE history of Utah commerce is very unique. In some respects, there is not a State or Territory in America whose commercial history will compare with that of our Territory. Its character has been as peculiar as its commonwealth, and that has given to it a typing quite uncommon in its genius; yet the typing in accord with the co-operative policies which the age has devised in solving the problem between capital and labor. There is also much stirring romance in its history. Its story and incidents are almost as romantic as the commerce of Arabia, whose mammoth caravans, in their journeys across the deserts, have given subject and narrative to the most gorgeous romances in the whole range of literature. The journeys of the trains of the merchants of the West over the Rocky Mountains and the vast arid plains between Salt Lake City and the Eastern States, and their arduous tasks and adventurous experiences will fitly compare with the history of the merchants of the East in olden times when civilization herself was fostered by commerce; and, moreover, in the early days of Utah, it took as much commercial courage, perseverance and ability to establish the commerce of this Territory as it did that of any nation known in history. On the very face of the record, we may discern that the men who did this work were no ordinary men. They were capable of making their mark in any land; and if Utah, in the early days, afforded them great opportunities, it was their boundless energies and commercial ambitions that first created those opportunities and made a people comparatively affluent who had been buried in isolation and in the depths of poverty. Thus considered,

the biographies of our commercial men have a peculiar charm of interest which gives a dignity to the personal record of their lives far above that of the ordinary history of self-made men and successful financiers. Indeed, the history of our commercial men is substantially the history of Utah commerce.

But the initial exposition of Utah commerce is undoubtedly that derived from her peculiar commonwealth, and the extraordinary history of the Mormon people who settled these valleys; and this will lead us directly through various phases of development to the commercial culmination to be illustrated in "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution." To type our commercial history for the popular understanding, it may be described as Israelitish; and so its characteristic inscription of "Holiness to the Lord" is neither fanciful nor presumptuous, but fundamental and typical. It may be confessed that the inscription has been often burlesqued by the "Gentile;" but the sociologist would quickly read in it a volume concerning the genius and commonwealth of a people expressed in a gigantic commercial institution which, in its vast activities, influence and special methods, may become famous as the greatest marvel in the history of modern commerce.

And, just in this initial view, we must keep in sight the men who founded the Institution and especially those who are the proper representatives of the commerce of the Mormon people. It would be a very false-sighted view to consider "Z. C. M. I." as a colossal commercial monument of the Church apart from those commercial founders. The institution, in fine, is the organic embodiment of the life-activities of such men as William Jennings, William H. Hooper, Horace S. Eldredge, Hyrum B. Clawson, William C. Staines, Godbe and Mitchell

and Henry Lawrence. It was these above named who verily created the Church commerce, giving the Church, finally, the extraordinary and splendid opportunity of uniting the Mormon people upon a broad commercial basis for their aggrandizement and preservation. Had not such men first made Utah commerce a success in their own lives and personal activities, "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution" would have been an impossibility. These men were the real architects; and the Institution itself may be considered as the structure which the Church sagaciously adopted, endowing it with its own organic importance. Hence it is at once a communistic *unique* of the Mormon people and the culminating result of the lives of their commercial men.

CHAPTER II.

OPENING OF THE FIRST COMMERCIAL PERIOD. REMINISCENCES OF EARLIEST MERCHANTS. CAMP FLOYD. THE SECOND COMMERCIAL PERIOD.

IN the year 1849, which was two years after the entrance of the Pioneers, the first regular stock of goods for the Utah market was brought in by Livingston & Kinkead. Their stock was valued at about \$20,000. They opened in John Pack's adobie house in the Seventeenth Ward. It is now pulled down. It stood on the North East corner of the lot now occupied by the new residence of John Pack and near where is now built the Seventeenth Ward School House. In that day, it was the most convenient house in the city that these merchants could obtain, and also one of the largest.

The following year, 1850, Holliday & Warner appeared, who constituted the second firm in the commercial history of our Territory. William H. Hooper came to Salt Lake City in charge of their business. They opened in a little adobie building which had been erected for a school house on President Young's block, east of the Eagle Gate. This little school house was esteemed a big store in those days. Holliday & Warner next removed to the building now occupied as the Museum. These primitive examples of the principal commercial houses of Salt Lake City, compared with the magnificent temple of commerce pictured in this MAG-

AZINE, will strikingly illustrate to the eye the progress which the city has made under the inspiring energy and able business management of our merchants. The illustration will also suggest the stupendous material potency which the Church herself has acquired in gathering commercial men around her who were devoted to her interest—which, indeed, is the very lesson to be presently read in the special history of "Z. C. M. I."

The merchant's quarter soon began to define itself better than we see it in the primitive examples referred to, and Main Street grew into importance. The unerring scent of commerce tracked the direction which business was about to take, notwithstanding Main Street was dubbed Whiskey Street and often rebuked in the Tabernacle presumably for its many demerits; but such men as Jennings and Hooper, J. R. Walker, Godbe and Lawrence—who have been temperate all their lives,—redeemed it from the odium and made Main Street the quarter of princely merchants.

Main Street first began to define itself from the extreme upper quarter. John & Enoch Reese were the third firm in historical date established in Salt Lake City, and they built the second store on Main Street, upon the ground now occupied by Wells, Fargo & Co. J. M. Horner & Co. was the fourth firm, and they did business in the building occupied by the *Deseret News* Co. This firm continued in business but a short time and was succeeded by that of Hooper & Williams. Livingston, Kinkead & Co. changed to Livingston & Bell. Their commercial mart was the Old Constitution Buildings, (at present occupied by Mr. J. C. Cutler in the interest of Home Manufacturing Companies,) which was the first merchant store erected in Utah. It was undoubtedly in the "Old Constitution" that the commercial focus of Main Street was best defined in the earliest days; and when Mr. Bell became postmaster the street also put on some official dignity. Business, however, gravitated down street. In this quarter, Gilbert & Gerrish, before the Utah war, became noted as one of the principal Gentile firms; and Gilbert occupied his stand after the settlement of the difficulty with the United States and the evacuation of the troops. It was also at this quarter of Main Street where William Nixon flourished and where

the majority of our younger commercial men, including the Walker Bros., were educated under him. It may be of interest to introduce several short biographical sketch of the merchants, who, in that early day, sprung up among the Mormon people.

William Nixon was an Englishman and a Mormon. His commercial career was first marked in St. Louis. To this day the "boys" educated under him speak of William Nixon as the "father of Utah merchants;" it was the name that he delighted in while he lived. He was proud of the distinction. In some respects he seemed to be an uncommon man—like William Jennings, a natural merchant who did business sagaciously by instinct and found the methods and directions of trade by commercial intuition. The Walker Brothers were his chief pupils, and they speak of William Nixon much in this vein.

On the arrival of the Walker family in St. Louis, Father Walker became acquainted with William Nixon, to whom he sold goods purchased by him at auction. Nixon, at that time, was a regular merchant doing business on Broadway, in St. Louis. The elder Walker secured his son, David F. Walker—Mr. "Fred" as he is more familiarly known—a clerkship under the St. Louis merchant. At that date young Walker was but thirteen years of age. John Clark, who has been one of the managers of departments in "Z. C. M. I." from its commencement, was with Nixon before the Walker Brothers; so also was another of our prominent citizens and capitalists, Mr. Dan Clift. These young men emigrating to Utah, Mr. "Fred" Walker went to fill their vacant place. Soon afterward, William Nixon himself emigrated, and Father Walker having then recently died, the four sons with the mother resolved to emigrate to Utah that same season,—the Walker Brothers, it will be remembered, being originally Mormon boys. As soon as they arrived in Salt Lake City, which was in September, 1852, Mr. "Fred" again went to clerk for Nixon and soon afterwards Joseph R. Walker also went into the same employ. Henry W. Lawrence, John Chislett, George Bourne, James Needham, David Candland and John Hyde were also commercially educated under Mr. Nixon; Thomas Armstrong was his book-keeper. William

Nixon soon became recognized in our commercial history as a very successful merchant doing a large business. It was he who built the second store down street. Gilbert & Gerrish, who had been doing business at the Old Museum followed with a new stock of goods; and John Kimball, with his brother-in-law Henry W. Lawrence, as his clerk, opened next door to Nixon. This removal threw the main business into that quarter of the street; and it was not until Jennings's Eagle Emporium was reared, with Kimball & Lawrence on the opposite corner, and Godbe's Exchange Buildings were erected on the East side of the street, that business returned towards the original location, which at length has been crowned with the erection of the magnificent buildings of "Z. C. M. I." Other Mormon merchants also rose, some of whom have since left Utah. There was the firm of Staines and Needham, John M. Brown, Gilbert Clements, Chislett & Clark; and, after the period of the Utah war, Ransohoff, Kahn and other Jew merchants began to pour into the city; but it is the Mormon commercial line that we are following in the present review, and that principal line finally resolved itself into the grand combination of "Z. C. M. I."

Here something should be noted of Thomas Williams, Hooper's first partner. The merchant Williams was a Mormon young man of much promise in Nauvoo before the exodus. He was with the people in their exodus and was a member of the famous Mormon Battalion. He was one of the company of J. M. Horner & Co., which was afterwards changed to Hooper & Williams, and he built the third store on Main Street, on the site now occupied by the Deseret National Bank.

The firm of Hooper & Williams existed until the spring of 1857, when Williams sold his interest to W. H. Hooper and emigrated, with his family, to Weston, Mo., where he engaged in the hotel business. Subsequently, in 1858, he returned to Utah and in 1860 he, together with his brother-in-law, Pimena Jackman, were killed by Indians, enroute to southern California, to which point they were proceeding for a train of merchandise. Thomas Williams was the man who first took William S. Godbe by the hand and gave him a commercial training. It is

said that he was a man of excellent business qualities.

CHAPTER III.

UTAH OBTAINS AN HISTORICAL IMPORTANCE THROUGH HER COMMERCIAL MEN.

IT was the merchants of Utah who first brought the Mormon community fairly into socialistic importance. And this affirmation is true of them, both in their results at home and in the influence which they exercised abroad for the good of the people and the glory of Utah. Moreover, in the general sense of the public weal, this affirmation is as true of the Walker Brothers and Godbe and Lawrence, as it is of Jennings and Hooper or Eldredge and Clawson. The very construction of society and the necessities and aims of commerce, convert the enterprises and life work of this class of men into the public good. Over a quarter of a century, for instance, the Walker Brothers and Godbe and Lawrence have been identified with the material prosperity and destiny of this Territory. The welfare of the country is their own good as a class;—the glory of the commonwealth glorifies their houses and augments their own fortunes. Of all men, the life-work and enterprises of the class who establish commerce, build railroads, develop the native mineral resources of the country, and construct the financial power of the State, must per force tend to the public prosperity as well as conserving and preserving society. And if this is the case with those influential men of commerce and great enterprises who have gone outside the pale of the Church, yet are still identified with the community in all their essential interests, how much more, specially speaking, is it the case with those men who have remained inside the pale of the Church and built up her commercial and financial power? The Church owes to her apostles of commerce and finance more than many would like to confess; and yet in this point of their extraordinary service to the Church is at once the significance and potency of "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution." This will be strikingly illustrated in the circumstantial history of "Z. C. M. I.," towards which we are traveling in these preparatory commercial views.

Often has it been told what the com-

munity has done for the merchants, and as often have those same merchants—who built up the commercial and financial power of the Church—been ungraciously twitted that they have made their money out of "this people." Let us look at the other side now, and ask something of what the merchants have done for the community, and what "this people" have made out of the merchants? And this line of review of our commercial history is very necessary to be understood, inasmuch as it will be suggestive of what the community already owes to the existence of "Z. C. M. I." And, furthermore, the remarkably successful example of that unique Institution during the last twelve years, under the united incorporation of these apostles temporal with the apostles spiritual, will foreshadow the vast results which the community will derive in the future in the growth and augmentation of the power and resources of said Institution.

A cursory view has been given of the destitute condition of the Mormon people during the first period of the settlement of these Valleys. As late as 1856, there was a famine in Utah, and the community was barely preserved by the leaders wisely rationing the whole and dividing among the people their own substance. But it was neither the economy and wisdom of the leaders, nor the plentiful harvests that followed, that redeemed Utah from the depths of her poverty, and the anomalous isolation of a people reared in lands of civilization and plenty. She was redeemed from her social destitution by a train of Providential circumstances on the one hand, and the extraordinary activities of her merchants on the other. As we have seen, the Providence came in a United States Army; the temporary existence of Camp Floyd; the departure of the troops, leaving their substance to the community; the needs of the Overland Mail line; the construction of the telegraph lines; and then again the arrival of another U. S. army under Colonel Connor, and the establishment of Camp Douglas with several thousand soldiers to disburse their money in Salt Lake City after their pay days, besides the constant supplies which the camp needed from our country, and often labor from our citizens. It was then, under these changed and propitious circumstances, that our Utah mer-

chants put forth their might, and built up a commercial system for our Territory as strange and wonderful in its growth and history as that of any State that has risen in America. As early as 1864, and right in the time of the great civil war of the nation, when the cities of the South were under devastation, Hooper and Eldredge purchased in New York a bill of goods at prime Eastern cost of over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the freight of which added to it another eighty thousand. William Jennings in the same year purchased in New York City and St. Louis \$500,000.00, and in Salt Lake City from Major Barrows and others \$350,000.00 worth of goods. In 1865, this merchant purchased in New York at one time a stock of goods amounting to half a million, eastern cost, the freight upon which was \$250,000. During these same years, Godbe & Mitchell went East and purchased for the people on commission goods to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars; and Kimball & Lawrence was at that period also in their most flourishing condition. And all this commercial activity instanced above was on the Mormon side, exclusive of the mammoth merchandise business carried on by the Walker Brothers, besides that of lesser merchants not ranked among the Mormon commercial houses. During this period also, William Jennings built his Eagle Emporium; Godbe his Exchange Buildings; Woodmansee Brothers their fine stone store now occupied by Osborne & Co.; and Walker Brothers the colossal store where they still do business, but which, like the Eagle Emporium, has been since enlarged.

Here we pause in the historic record, before the era of "Z. C. M. I." began, not touching as yet the boundaries of the greater commercial period in which has risen the Deseret National bank, and the commercial palace reared by "Z. C. M. I.," which will compare favorably with almost any mercantile building in America. Consider, then, the primitive condition of the community in their isolation and destitution, and behold what wonders these apostles of commerce wrought in so short a time. It was their work, be it repeated, that first brought Utah into social importance, carving out a material prosperity for the Mormons. This affirmation is not made to underrate the

Apostles of the Church who had done a still more wonderful part in their missionary operations, their emigrations, peopling these Valleys of the Rocky Mountains and founding the cities and settlements of as rare a State as ever sprang up in the history of the world,—and these commercial and financial apostles, whom the Church herself has brought forth, have built a temporal superstructure upon the foundation which their Prophets and Elders laid. This view is in strict keeping with the Mormon idea of the two halves of their commonwealth—the spiritual and the temporal—which have come down side by side from the days of Kirtland, and which in due time brought forth the grand organization of "Z. C. M. I."

There is another view to be taken, enlarging our comprehension of the growth and character of the Mormon commonwealth. It is that of the creation of its money power, by which the Church has already broadened her own foundation, so far as her temporal work is concerned; and which she organized at once as a proper part of her base and also of her superstructure. Now this money power of Utah has not been created by the apostles spiritual, but by the apostles temporal—that is to say, on the Mormon side by such men as Jennings, Hooper, Eldredge, John Sharp, Feramorz Little and others, while on the opposite side stands the Walker Brothers and their compeers. Herein, once grew up an irritating controversy between quite a half of the commercial men of Utah against the Church, which dissension, as we shall presently show, gives such a tremendous significance to the existence and triumph of "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution." Speaking after the common understanding of things, "Z. C. M. I." saved the Church at a most critical juncture, and at once restored and augmented her temporal supremacy in Utah. We speak not of her spiritual supremacy; that of course she held absolutely in her own hands.

Utah in her early days was utterly destitute of *cash*; all her internal trade being conducted by barter and the due-bill system. Yet as early as 1864, paradoxical as it may seem, her merchants were disbursing for her millions of gold and greenbacks. Some of them, as we have seen, could purchase in New York from a hundred thousand to half a million

dollars worth of goods at a time. The great wholesale houses of New York, Chicago and St. Louis scarcely ever met any such customers in all America as their Utah patrons, either in commercial integrity or weight. These achievements were only possible by these Utah merchants creating the millions before they disbursed them. True, no small amount of money was brought in by the emigrants from the old countries, but this was soon exhausted by their need of states goods, and the purchase of homes; thus simply exchanging the money into hands eager to send it out of the country for states goods. In fine, the bulk of the money was created at home by our merchants in their commerce, turning the produce of the country into cash. For example, one of Wm. Jennings' contracts with the Overland Mail line was to supply it with 75,000 bushels of grain; another contract he filled to General Connor for 6,000 sacks of flour, at a time when flour brought five dollars in gold per hundred weight. On their part the Walkers and others shipped immense quantities of flour, fruit, &c. to the mining Territories. Thus, it will be seen that these merchants did not take money out of the people, but created it for them; besides supplying the home market with gigantic stocks of States goods. It must be confessed that Utah commerce, before the opening of our mines, gave all the money to a few hands. And this was one of the immediate causes that brought forth "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution;" as the leaders of the Church conceived it to be their duty, at length, to construct for the community a broader and more equitable system of commercial existence; so that all could participate, to the extent of their means, in the profits realized and the reduction in price of the co-operative system. That this was the genuine aim of the Institution its history will show, notwithstanding some blunders may have been made in the execution of the design.

As a necessary result of these gigantic operations, our merchants not only redeemed the community from social destitution and converted a primitive adobe town into a city of mercantile palaces and princely private mansions; but they brought Utah into an importance abroad and greatly reformed the Eastern mind con-

cerning the "strange people" who inhabited these distant Valleys. As all know, in the earlier days the Mormon community was esteemed by the good folks in the Eastern States as a monstrous society which had grown up in America. The exaggerated stories told of the Mormons by the ex-Federal officers, together with the existence of the institution of polygamy, had given them an unenviable notoriety; while their exoduses, the Utah war, and other unique incidents of their history, attached to them a peculiar distinction as a troublesome little nation of modern Israelites which had hidden itself in the solitudes of the Rocky Mountains. But our Utah merchants made the community more comprehensible. The people abroad could not understand the theology and peculiar institutions of this Mormon Israel; but they could appreciate the importance of the Utah trade; and when at length the grand commercial organization of the "Z. C. M. I." was formed, the financial potency of the community was greatly enhanced. The business men of New York, Chicago, Boston and St. Louis have become deeply concerned in preserving the Mormons, and in the general prosperity of Utah. The mission of Mormonism has been an enigma in the age; but William Jennings' purchase of half a million dollars worth of goods in New York was a record easily read by the commercial men of that city, years ago; and the subsequent history of "Z. C. M. I." has financially established the community in all the great business centres of America. Our Utah merchants have now long been esteemed as sound-headed, enterprising honorable men; and this vindication has been especially accomplished by the Hon. William H. Hooper in his extensive intercourse with the representative men of the American nation. In his career, he has blended the merchant with the Delegate; and but few congressional personages have been more highly esteemed than Mr. Hooper, who as we have seen, ranked first among the founders of Utah commerce. Indeed, as will be more fully illustrated in his biographical sketch, the political and commercial lines of the history of this Territory are very closely allied.

In the general review, we have now reached the period in which the co-operative movement was incubated; but before dealing with expositions of that move-

ment, and branching out into its regular history, we will rest for awhile the general narrative and introduce an eventful biography of one of the chief of Utah's commercial founders.

CHAPTER IV.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM JENNINGS. INCIDENTS OF HIS CAREER. THE SUCCESSFUL MAN. HIS COUPS DE COMMERCE. HIS GREAT SERVICE TO THE CHURCH IN THE FOUNDING OF "Z. C. M. I."

In the personal illustration of the commercial history of Utah we will now biographically sketch the Hon. William Jennings, in whose Eagle Emporium "Z. C. M. I." opened its career.

Certainly one of the most marked of the commercial men of Utah is William Jennings. He was the son of Isaac Jennings and Jane Thornton, and was born at Yardley, near Birmingham, Worcestershire, England, September 13th. 1823. His father was a wealthy butcher of Yardley and he is also of good family stock. Some years ago, the elder Jennings was one of the claimants in the famous Jennings chancery suit for the immense sum of several million pounds sterling; he proved himself a lawful claimant to the estate—hence, connected with numerous aristocratic families who were also claimants; but the great Jennings property was never allowed to pass out of chancery; so William Jennings comes not from an impecunious family but one in which money inheres. As the son of the thrifty opulent butcher of Yardley, it can be also readily comprehended that the Utah merchant prince was familiar with the uses and advantages of money in his early youth. At the same time, he was strictly trained to the necessary economy and industry of successful business; and this early training stood him in good service in his after life when he became possessed with the resources of a millionaire.

At the age of seven, a disaster befell young Jennings which was the cause of scholastic deficiency, and he believes it indirectly led to his leaving home in his early manhood for America. At the age named, he broke his thigh bone and for fifteen months thereafter he was on crutches. He was also naturally of a fine temperament and a delicate constitution, so that it was difficult for his parents

to rear him. He was treated as a tender branch of the family tree, and allowed to have his own way, and it was his pleasure to leave school when he was eleven years of age, up to which time his accident and delicate health unfitted him for scholastic studies. The rest of his father's children, —five brothers and five sisters,—went to boarding-school and received a solid English education. This scholastic deficiency Mr. Jennings has keenly felt, and he has sought to compensate for it in his patronage to artists and art, in his cultivation of the beautiful around his grounds and home, and in giving substantial education to his sons and accomplishments to his daughters.

But his disinclination of youth for the the hard dry studies of the school-room found an earlier compensation in his love for business. In the healthy exercises of a country life, and in the purchase of stock for his father in the cattle markets and of the farmers around, he both improved his constitution and acquired the sagacious habits of trade for which Nature had so abundantly fitted him. The following characteristic story of William Jennings' boyhood will illustrate this natural capacity as well as his father's confidence in his excellent business judgment.

On this occasion, when he was fourteen years old, his father sent him to Coalsell market to buy cattle. Having carefully looked around, the boy selected a prime lot of about half a dozen head, and in the true off-hand style of trade, asked the owner what he would take for his cattle. The farmer, amused with the boy, in a spirit of banter set a very low market price upon them. "I will take them," said the boy; and the farmer, to keep up the joke, as he confessed when too late, concluded the sale, whereupon young Jennings slipped out his scissors, quickly cut the Jennings' mark on each of the beasts and paid down the purchase money. By this time, the joking farmer discovered that he had also sold himself; and with considerable bluster he sought to retreat from the bargain, but young Jennings appealed to the circle of farmers, around who had witnessed the sale and they maintained him in the fairness of his purchase. Reluctantly the farmer gave up the discussion and the youth drove the cattle into the "Jennings' herd." Every one who knows our suc-

cessful Utah merchants, will at once recognize the man in that plucky sagacious boy trader of Yardley.

In the year 1847, William Jennings emigrated to America. As he was not a Mormon at the time, we may reasonably seek the inspiring cause. The accident of his youth, as already noticed, had indirectly led to this event, which gave thereafter the whole shaping of his life. Having been permitted by his parents and elder brother to have so much of his own way in his youth, his self-reliance and great natural ambition inclined him, in early manhood, to seek a broader field than his native place afforded for his energies and enterprises. In fact, at the age of twenty-four, he felt capable of making his mark in the world in his own line—which was that of commerce—and his subsequent career has shown that he did possess the genuine impulse which inspires all self-made men at about that age. It will be remembered by those familiar with the emigrational history between England and America, that from about 1837 to 1850, throughout all the towns and cities of Great Britain, there was an agitation and a talk among such youths as William Jennings—bold self-reliant spirits—relative to the subject of emigration to America. The migratory impulse was, and still is, the very impulse of the age. It has peopled the New World and given to it fresh vitality in our own times. This impulse of the age possessed William Jennings in his young manhood without his having any connection with the Mormon people or there being any ordinary necessity for him to leave home to seek his fortunes. His desire was to come to America. His parents and brothers gave to his purpose no cordial approbation; but with the true spirit which we all recognize as belonging to your self-made men, he set out for the New World without his “family portion” and landed in New York early in October of 1847.

On his arrival in America, young Jennings had but little means; yet he was courageous with his primitive resolution to make his mark in the world. The non-approbation of his family concerning his emigration to this country, at once piqued his personal esteem and his self-reliance; and he made up his mind to prove to his family that he could succeed in life by his own native energies. At

the onset of his career in America, he set the space of seven years before he would again see the face of his parents. It was nineteen years, however, before their meeting came; and when at length they met, though all his family in England had risen to social independence, the successful merchant prince of Utah had overtopped them all in wealth. But we must return to the early part of his career.

On his arrival in New York, after looking around a few weeks, he engaged for the winter with a Mr. Taylor of Manchester, England, a pork packer, at a wage of six dollars per week. The next year he crossed the Alleghany mountains, by way of Cumberland and Wheeling, to Cincinnati, thence to Chillicothe, Ohio. During that year he was robbed of between four and five hundred dollars, leaving him absolutely destitute. Being in this reduced condition, he next engaged as a journeyman butcher at a small salary.

Leaving Ohio in March, '49, he went to St. Louis, but finding that place unsuited to his purpose he left in April for St. Joseph, where he engaged to work for one Carby, to trim bacon; but afterwards went to butchering again. In the fall of the same year he was seized with cholera, which prostrated him four weeks, at the expiration of which time he found himself penniless, and two hundred dollars in debt.

Although broken down by sickness and robbed of his money, his grit, backed by strong commercial ambitions, was unconquerable, and he set to work again to renew his fortunes. This native courage and industry, coupled with his general good conduct, brought to his assistance a benevolent Roman Catholic Priest whose name was Scanlan. Prompted by his sympathies for the young emigrant just convalescent and re-engaging in the struggle of life, and having faith in his strict business honesty, the worthy Priest loaned William Jennings \$50. With this money he made his really successful start in life; for hitherto, as we have seen, it had been for him hard work at low wages varied by the losses of his savings by robbery and sickness. But his business career had now commenced. With his little capital he set to work, sagaciously turned every dollar to good account and relieved himself of all his liabilities. Thus, with the lucky fifty dol-

lar loan of a benevolent priest, William Jennings laid the foundation upon which he has since amassed an immense fortune, ranking him to-day among the millionaires of America. To his honor be it said that he ever remembers, in the reminiscences of his life, to speak with gratitude of "Father Scanlan," ascribing to him the beginning of his fortune and success.

In the year '51, and while in St. Joseph, William Jennings married Miss Jane Walker, a Mormon emigrant girl. This was the beginning of his relations with the Mormon people whom he did not, however, join in church membership at that date; but this marriage, and the providence of his life, soon thereafter led him to Utah where he was destined to become one of the chief founders of the commerce of the West. In the spring of '52 they left St. Joseph *en route* for Utah and arrived in Salt Lake City early in the fall. Having an eye to commercial business before he left St. Joseph, Mr. Jennings invested all his means in a stock of groceries and brought across the plains three wagons loaded with this class of merchandise from which he realized a handsome profit in Salt Lake City. Shortly after his arrival, he joined the Mormon Church and became fairly identified with the social and religious interests of the community. At that date, Utah stood in great need of such men as Jennings, Hooper, Eldredge, the Walkers, Godbe and Lawrence; and, as observed in the opening chapter, it was at this time that such a class of men began the work out of which has grown the business and commerce of our Territory.

But the earlier activities of Mr. Jennings were engaged in the butchery business, and in the establishment of several branches of manufactures naturally connected therewith. In the Spring of '55, he added to his butchery business,—which he had established on his arrival in Salt Lake,—a tannery, which in turn gave him supplies for saddle and harness making and his boot-and-shoe manufactory. This line of business was as grand a success for the country as it was remunerative to himself.

In '56, William Jennings was called on a mission to Carson Valley. It was the policy of the Church at about this period to send out men of his class to found new Territories which, however,

at that time meant the extension of Utah. Thus Nevada was founded by the Mormons, and Carson was the point for the mission of these business and commercial men. William Nixon was also sent to Carson Valley, and with him went Mr. "Rob" Walker as his wagon master, carrying with him a small train of merchandise. On his part, Mr. Jennings started butchery in connection with his mission, supplying the mining camps in that region with meat. He also cut logs from the surrounding mountains, with which he built a substantial house. Having remained sixteen months in Carson Valley, in the Spring of '57 he returned to Salt Lake. This was the period of the "Utah war." When he arrived home, he found the people much excited over the Buchanan expedition; but in spite of the fact that Johnston's army was marching on Utah, for the avowed purpose of "wiping out" the Mormons, he set to work and built a large butcher shop, at a cost of \$1,000, on the site where the Eagle Emporium now stands. Perhaps no example more striking in his career could be noted to show William Jennings' sagacity and foresight. Evidently he did not believe in Utah being turned into a desolation either by a United States army or the command of Brigham Young. Indeed, in building up the commercial corner on which he has since raised his colossal Emporium, he was very much forecasting the policy of Brigham Young and the real direction of coming events. In the Spring of '58, however, he joined in the general exodus of the Saints, and took his family and household effects to Provo; but continued his business in Salt Lake City.

After the return of the Saints to their homes, Mr. Jennings purchased, in 1860, some \$40,000 worth of dry goods of Mr. Solomon Young, and started in the mercantile business. From this date, he became the leading Utah merchant; and his examples and gigantic enterprises did much to inaugurate a new era in our Utah commerce. In fact, the mercantile ambition of William Jennings became now well defined. He was aiming to make himself one of the great merchants of the West.

The following year he was engaged in supplying telegraph poles for the line between Salt Lake and Ruby Valley. The same year he went to San Francisco to

purchase merchandise, traveling to Sacramento, a distance of 800 miles, by stage.

In the year 1863, in conjunction with his merchandising, he carried on a banking and broker's business. In fact, he was the first of Salt Lake's merchants to buy and ship Montana gold dust. • He was also owner of the first steam flouring mill in Utah.

In '64, he built the Eagle Emporium, a large and substantial stone building, in which he did a business amounting to \$2,000,000. per annum,—thus making himself the leading merchant of the western country.

During the year 1869, he assisted in organizing the Utah Central R. R. Company, himself becoming its Vice President, and remaining as such at the present time. He also took part in organizing the Utah Southern R. R., and succeeded President Brigham Young as its President. At a later period he became one of the founders and director of the Deseret National Bank.

He was elected a member of the Territorial Legislature under Governor Doty's administration, who also gave him his commission as lieutenant colonel of the Nauvoo Legion of the militia of Utah.

Mr. Jennings being a strong believer in the principle of self-insurance, adopted this method of protecting himself against losses at an early period after his business transactions in Utah warranted such protection, using cattle as a basis. The amount he would have to pay insurance companies as a premium he invested annually in cattle, until the income from this source netted him \$10,000 per annum; this he invested in railroad stock until his insurance fund now amounts to the enormous sum of \$100,000, and his herd amounts to nearly 3000 head. He is an owner in Utah railroads to the amount of about \$400,000, and is a *bona fide* millionaire.

William Jennings' commercial career has been marked with as many salient points as that of the Walkers, and he has been quite as prominent a figure in history. On the Church side, he has occupied a corresponding position to that of the Walker Brothers on the Gentile side. In their relations to Utah, among its founders, they are equally from the Mormon people; but, while the latter threw all their weight into a commercial war-

fare against the church and its co-operative movement, the former directed all his moneyed potency and enterprise toward its commercial supremacy.

Jennings was in business long before the Walker Brothers, but chiefly in the home-manufacturing line, in connection with his extensive stock dealing and butchering. As the great home-manufacturer of Utah, he filled a sphere of usefulness to the community, not only in starting several branches of home industries, upon which the very life and prosperity of the communities depend, and also thus emphasizing the home policy of the Mormon leaders. In this, Jennings has been the exception to all the other merchants, both Mormon and Gentile, particularly when speaking of the earlier times. Until the opening of the mines, he alone was the merchant-apostle of home industries, and even then, true to his precedents, he became a railroad builder with Brigham Young, and has moved with sagacity towards the development of the solid resources and capacities of the Territory.

Thus William Jennings has risen above the mere home-manufacturer to the merchant, the banker and the railroad director. His great hit as a merchant was in 1864, the year in which he built his "Eagle Emporium;" he bought early in that year a large amount of goods in San Francisco, \$500,000 in New York and St. Louis, besides \$100,000 of Farr & Co. and several smaller lots of goods in S. L. City in the same year. Major Barrows had brought to Salt Lake City a mammoth train of goods, worth a quarter of a million dollars, at a wholesale bargain, which he desired to sell to *one* house. Jennings was the only one who could dare the venture at that period, and this he did against the earnest protest of his business managers, who feared so great a risk. He purchased the quarter of a million's worth, and "came to time" handsomely. It was the luckiest hit of his life, for, independent of large profits, it raised him at once among the great merchants of America, and enhanced the commercial standing of Utah herself. He says this was his chief object in purchasing that train of goods, rather than the temptation of a bargain. From that time Jennings was the merchant prince of Utah, and he held the sceptre until he resigned it to Brigham Young, as President of

“Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution.”

Undoubtedly Mr. Jennings' greatest service to the Mormon people, and especially his value to President Young, was in the establishment of that famous institution. This is more apparent from the fact that the President had to force it in the face of a commercial rebellion. The great merchant was of more service to him at that moment than a quorum of Elders.

Mr. Jennings is a lover of home magnificence. To his examples Salt Lake City owes greatly its fine solid appearance of to-day. With his Eagle Emporium he commenced the colossal improvements of Main Street, in which he was followed by William S. Godbe and the Walker Brothers. His home is quite palatial, and, during the last few years, many of our most distinguished visitors, including General Grant, have partaken of his hospitality.

CHAPTER V.

CO-OPERATION THE TEMPORAL BULWARK OF THE CHURCH.—JOSEPH SMITH THE PROPHET OF THE PLAN.

THE foregoing sketches of our commerce and commercial men have prepared us to comprehend the vital importance of the Church preserving within herself this vast monetary and mercantile power. Herein was nascent the wisdom of the co-operative idea, and in it resides the original justification of President Young's energetic efforts to so preserve the financial power by the construction of some order of mercantile communism applicable to the Church. The President was at the onset abundantly reproached for his co-operative movement or—as some worded it—compulsory mercantile combination; and several of those who had been his staunchest adherents up to that period left his side in consequence. The impartial historian, however, cannot but justify Brigham Young as the head and guide of Mormon society. The truth is that in 1868-9 the Mormon Church was brought face to face with implacable necessities which seemed about to weaken her; and these necessities were of a commercial and financial character. She had to subdue or be subdued,—a point on which the dominant will of a man like Brigham Young could decide

in a moment. The issue of those times was—Should she hold her temporal power or lose it?—Should the vast money agencies which had so grown up among her own people, in the country which she had settled, at length overwhelm her; or should she, by combinations of her own, place those agencies at her back and preserve her supreme potency? Brigham Young answered those vital questions in the organization of “Z. C. M. I.,” and President John Taylor, with apostles George Q. Cannon, Joseph F. Smith and Moses Thatcher, as the representatives of the Church, maintain to-day, as Directors of this Institution, the answers given in the crisis of 1868-9. The Church will not resign her temporal power; and “Z. C. M. I.” and the Deseret National Bank present to the eye monumental arguments of her wisdom. But the Church has not alone been wise in this respect, nor alone faithful to her destiny. At the time referred to, these financial and mercantile issues were, after President Young, chiefly held in the hands of three men, namely: William Jennings, William H. Hooper and Horace S. Eldredge. The subject, then, at this stage, grows so suggestive of the existence of “Z. C. M. I.” as the necessary commercial handmaid of the Church that we must dwell awhile on a circumstantial exposition.

Early in our commercial history, there grew up a conflict between the merchants and the Church. To become a merchant was to antagonize the Church and her policies; so that it was almost illegitimate for Mormon men of enterprising character to enter into mercantile pursuits; and it was not until Jennings, Hooper and Eldredge redeemed Utah from this conflict by resigning to the Church their own basis that Utah commerce developed into proper forms and became inspired with the true genius of mercantile enterprise. To-day there is no such commercial war as existed in 1868 and out of which “Z. C. M. I.” was evolved; and yet when Mr. T. B. H. Stenhouse wrote his *Rocky Mountain Saints* the salient part of the commercial record of his book was all concerning this “irrepressible conflict” between the merchants and the priesthood. The firm of the Walker Brothers is described as the head and front of this conflict on the merchant side, as Brigham Young was on the side of the Mormon Commonwealth. But the Church was too

powerful to be subdued; and the merchants were desirous at one moment to give up the fight. Says Mr. Stenhouse:

"With such a feeling of uneasiness, nearly all the non-Mormon merchants joined in a letter to Brigham Young, offering, if the Church would purchase their goods at twenty-five per cent. less than their valuation, they would leave the Territory. Brigham answered them cavalierly that he had not asked them to come into the Territory, did not ask them to leave it, and that they might stay as long as they pleased.

"It was clear that Brigham felt himself master of the situation; and the merchants had to 'bide their time' and await the coming change that was anticipated from the completion of the Pacific Railroad. As the great iron way approached the mountains, and every day gave evidence of its being finished at a much earlier period than was at first anticipated, the hope of what it would accomplish nerved the discontented to struggle with the passing day."

Here is at once described the Gentile and apostate view of the situation of those times; and confined as it is to the salient point, no lengthy special argument in favor of President Young's policies could more clearly justify his mercantile co-operative movement. It was the moment of life or death to the temporal power of the Church! When it be also considered that the organization of "Z. C. M. I." not only preserved this power in the hands of the community, but that it redeemed the Territory from this irritating commercial conflict, it is evident that the scheme was both potent and wise. The historian has nothing to do with the argument of the conflict at issue in any of its forms, but simply with the fact of its existence and the necessities of the Mormon community at the time. The point that stands boldly out in the period under review is, that the organization of "Z. C. M. I." at that crisis saved the temporal supremacy of the Mormon commonwealth.

But the co-operative idea and genius originated not with the merchants. Co-operation, indeed, is the true offspring of the Church. It was not conceived in the spirit of the world but in the spirit of the gospel; and it was begotten early in the Mormon dispensation, though it was not successfully applied to the community until 1869.

Joseph Smith, the founder of the Church of Latter-day Saints, was the Prophet of a co-operative system designed to be applied not only to this Church but ultimately to all society. It was the means by which a universal social redemption was to be brought about, and in this result was the beginning of a Millennium for the race. Without social redemption, no millennial reign was possible: so taught the Prophet Joseph and such apostles as Parley P. Pratt, Orson Pratt and John Taylor fifty years ago. These men were the teachers of a co-operative system, based on gospel principles, to the disciples of the last generation, whose children scarcely dream that their fathers were inspired by such a philosophy and spirit or that they believed that in the success and spread of a true communistic gospel over the whole earth the reign of righteousness was to be brought in as the consummation of the Latter-day mission. But such was original Mormonism; and it was Joseph Smith who was the Prophet of this communistic gospel in which was to be evolved the best methods of a co-operative commonwealth inspired by the spirit of the broadest social benevolence. This system was styled the "Order of Enoch," and it signified simply and truly a society based upon a perfect co-operative order, practically worked in all its affairs by co-operative principles and inspired by the spirit of a universal Christ-like benevolence. It was, in fine, the order of the Kingdom of Heaven to be established upon the earth in the last days. Its peculiar style—the "Order of Enoch"—signified to the Mormon understanding that such a perfect communistic system existed in the earliest patriarchal age among Enoch and his people. Thus socially considered, we may form a pretty lucid and comprehensive idea of what Enoch's walking with God in the early age of the world signified; and from the revelations given by the Prophet Joseph historically of Enoch and his people, it appears that their supreme social boast was that there were "no poor in Zion." Such a Zion was to be established in the last days; and in the consummation of a social system which would truly and most perfectly realize Zion, according to the conception of the Prophet Joseph, was the grand socialistic aim of the Mormon mission. Co-opera-

tion is as much a cardinal and essential doctrine of the Mormon Church as baptism for the remission of sins; and every Mormon Elder who understands the philosophy of his own system could affirm that without co-operation society cannot be saved. Furthermore, it has been the ambition of the Mormon leaders to evolve their own social systems. Hence their wonderful "gatherings"—the emigration of a hundred and fifty thousand converts from Europe; their founding of hundreds of cities and settlements under a *temporal Priesthood* or Bishops, and hence also their patriarchal and polygamic institutions. We are not, however, in this chapter, about to treat of the strange religious and social systems of the Mormons; but to speak of the efforts of Brigham Young in 1868, '69 and '70 to transform this people into a grand co-operative community and afterwards to perfect them as the "United Order of Enoch."

The co-operative exposition, then, shows us that early in his day, Joseph Smith attempted to found a Communistic Church,—not after the order of the French Communists and sceptics, nor even after that of the more reverent Robert Owen; but such a communistic church or social and religious brotherhood as the great English Socialist believed Jesus and his apostles attempted to establish on the earth as the pattern of things in the heavens. Apostacy and persecutions, however, prevented the Mormon Prophet from consummating this grand "design of the Heavens" to found, through him, a socialistic-religious brotherhood on the earth ushering in the earth's Millennium. But the Mormon Apostles and the Elders generally believed that all this would be ultimately consummated in their mission. At home and abroad this splendid ideal—which Robert Owen, in his latter moments especially, would have revelled in as a vision of New Jerusalem—often formed the subject of the most inspired sermons of the Elders. Thus it continued as an ideal in the Mormon faith for nearly a quarter of a century after the death of the Mormon Prophet, before Brigham Young vigorously attempted to carry the plan into execution.

The reasons of this delay were—first, the extraordinary and unfavorable circumstances of the Mormon people dur-

ing that period. There was the exodus from Nauvoo and then the peopling of these numerous valleys with the tens of thousands of destitute emigrants from Europe. They had also to convert the desert into a fruitful field. The law of their condition might have been well expressed in Lincoln's homely injunction—"Root hog, or die." This period, therefore, was not the one in which to establish the order of Zion—for such the "Order of Enoch" is—nor to open effectively a probationary and preparatory period with some prudent co-operative plan upon which the moneyed men of the country as well as the people could unite.

According to these views of the true genius of the Mormon commonwealth and the proper socialistic aims of the Church, a Zion's Co-operative plan is most legitimate. Upon it, Mormon society must sooner or later be completely and perfectly constructed or the Church will fail to embody her own social philosophy. This communistic gospel of the Mormons thirty years ago attracted the attention of the great socialistic apostles of England and won their admiration. It did so with George Jacob Holyoak and his class; and the famous and learned socialist, Brontier O'Brian, in one of the most powerful and discriminating editorials ever written upon the Mormons and their commonwealth, said in *Reynold's Newspaper* that the Mormons had "created a soul under the rib of death!" It was a matter of supreme astonishment to these great apostles of socialism to find a Christian Church in this age working abreast of themselves in social reforms; and they boldly and justly proclaimed that the Mormons were the only people in Christendom who were building upon the true social base-work as exemplified in the early Christian Church. And what made the Mormon movement, in its socialistic aspects, so singular and interesting to these men was the fact that the Mormons were working out a new social order harmonious with the co-operative and communistic plans of a Robert Owen, yet with God in their system and a mighty faith in their people inspiring them to a great social reconstruction. They frankly confessed that in this respect the Mormon apostles had the advantage of all other reformers of the social system. These expositions,

then, bring out the fact that the Mormons are properly a co-operative community,—that Joseph was a communistic prophet, and that the apostles, to be true to their mission, must maintain co-operation. With this understanding, we may resume the circumstantial line of our commercial history.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GREAT COMMERCIAL RECONSTRUCTION OF UTAH.

THE Mormons as a community were about to test the strength of their temporal bulwark. They were also, for the first time in their history, to meet an adequate trial of the communistic genius of their Church, at once in its potency in the sense of a community's aggregated force and in the adhesive and the preserving qualities of that genius in the sense of a communistic power of resistance. But we must return to the historical narrative of the period, that we may review the salient points of the situation during the years 1868-69-70. Early in 1868, the merchants were startled by the announcement "that it was advisable that the *people* of Utah Territory should become their own merchants;" and that an organization should be created for them expressly for importing and distributing merchandise on a comprehensive plan. When it was asked of President Young, "What do you think the merchants will do in this matter; will they fall in with this co-operative idea?" he answered, "I do not know, but if they do not we shall leave them out in the cold, the same as the Gentiles, and their goods shall rot upon their shelves."

This surely was implacable; but, as already observed, Brigham Young and the Mormons as a peculiar community had in 1868 come face to face with implacable necessities. They had, in fact, to cease to be a communistic power in the world and from that moment exist as a mere religious sect, or preserve their temporal cohesiveness. The Mormons from the first have existed as a society, not as a sect. They have combined the two elements of organization—the social and the religious. They are a new society-power in the world and an entirety in themselves. They are indeed the only religious *community* in Christendom of modern birth. They existed as such in

Ohio; in Missouri, in Illinois, and finally in Utah; and to preserve themselves as a community they made an exodus to the isolation of the Rocky Mountains. They intend forever to preserve themselves as a community; that was the plain and simple meaning of Brigham Young's answer concerning the merchants in 1868. It was not an exodus which was then needed to so preserve them, but a "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution." The subsequent history abundantly shows as much; many times since, as we shall find by tracing the lines of the Mormon financial influences abroad, "Z. C. M. I." has moved the commercial world everywhere to the preservation of that peculiar community of which it has become the temporal bulwark. There was, therefore, at once the extraordinary sagacity of a great society organizer as well as genuine Mormon fidelity in President Young's answer. If the merchants do not fall in with Zion's Co-operative movement to preserve herself intact "we will leave them out in the cold, the same as the Gentiles." President John Taylor or George Q. Cannon would have answered precisely the same. Indeed, this was the united decision of the Apostles upon the co-operative necessities of the times, and it was a co-operation among the mercantile and financial class of the community that was so essentially required in 1868-69-70. To appreciate the radical necessity of such a combination of the Mormon moneyed classes at that time will be to sociologically understand the birth and subsequent history of "Z. C. M. I." and the immense service which three or four of the chief commercial and moneyed men of the Territory did to the community in resigning their own base-work to a Zion's Institution, thus setting the example to the lesser mercantile powers throughout the Territory.

The co-operative plan having been sufficiently evolved in the mind of President Young and his apostolic compeers, the President called a meeting of the merchants in the City Hall, October, 1868. It was there and then determined to adopt a general co-operative plan throughout the Territory to preserve the commerce and money resources of the people within themselves, and thus also preserve the social unity. As yet, however, the methods of co-operation were not perfected nor the idea of a "Z. C. M. I." com-

pletely evolved. It was necessary for the merchants themselves to work out the idea into practical shape, it being their special movement, though inspired by the Church from the very impulses of her own genius. To be true to the integrity of history, it must be confessed that of themselves the merchants never would have re-constructed themselves upon a co-operative plan. The inspiration of the moment was from the Church, while its *success* was in such men as Jennings and Hooper and Eldredge & Clawson; but especially was the commercial basework of Mr. Jennings, with his Eagle Emporium, required for the foundation of an Institution colossal enough to represent a community. Brigham Young was wise enough to know the necessary parts of the combination.

The initial movement of co-operation having been made, meeting followed meeting; a committee was appointed to frame a constitution and by-laws, and, without seeing the end from the beginning, their part of the programme was carried out, and an institution formed on paper; subscriptions were solicited, and cash fell into the coffers of the treasurer *pro tem*. This was during the winter months of 1868. With the turn of the year, a committee was appointed to commence operations. They waited upon the President for advice, who, in his quiet but decided way, said: "Go to work and do it." After a little conversation, the question was again suggested: "What shall we do?" With the same sententious brevity, the reply came, "Go to work and do it." "But how?" the questioners continued. "We haven't enough money; we haven't the goods; we have no building; we haven't sufficient credit." "Go to work and do it, and I will show you how," was the President's finality to those who came to seek counsel.

To some minds these sententious answers of Brigham Young will be merely illustrations of a despotic resolve to force into existence a mercantile co-operation by the power which he held over the Latter-day Saints in all the world. That universal dominance of the head of the Church is admitted; and in 1868, before the opening of the Utah mines, and the existence of a mixed population, there was no commercial escape from the necessities of a combination. But while the imperativeness of President Young's

resolve may be frankly confessed, his sagacity was as strongly illustrated as the absoluteness of his purpose. Indeed, these famous replies of Brigham which were current in the public conversations of Salt Lake City at the time, may be considered, with their significance brought out, as fine tributes to the commercial capacity and power of three or four men easily named who *could* "go to work and do it" better than he could advise them. The co-operative genius evolved in the gatherings of the people into a community in Ohio, Missouri, Illinois and Utah had already manifested itself. To *fail* in Mormon co-operation was, therefore, something which Brigham Young could not understand.

To sum up, then, the people possessed the genius of co-operation and Brigham Young possessed the *will*; while around him there was a small circle of men who, for commercial energy and honor, instincts for great enterprises, and financial capacity generally, would be esteemed as pre-eminent in any commercial State in the world.

Thus considered, Brigham Young's famous words, "Go to work and do it" have an extraordinary historical weight. They signified, in the strongest possible brevity of expression; first, perhaps, faith in himself; next, faith in the people; and lastly, confidence in the organic capacity and financial power of a few men whom he had clearly defined in his mind. Those who have repeated with any other meaning these words of Brigham Young—words which are as types of the period—have but poorly appreciated the historical import of his mighty injunction.

Review the commercial and financial combination as defined in Brigham Young's mind at that moment. There was, perhaps, first, the Hon. William H. Hooper. He had served the people faithfully in Congress ever since the "Utah War," and the President esteemed him as the keystone of the commercial arch. As a far-seeing, watchful politician, also, William H. Hooper could perfectly comprehend at once the political and commercial complications of the times and foresee that, as the people's Delegate, he would soon have to grapple in Congress with the same essential problem that Brigham Young had to grapple with at home. This was, to preserve the community intact and suffi-

ciently resistive toward all antagonistic forces; and scarcely a year had passed ere the Hon. William H. Hooper fully realized this in his defence of the Mormons against the Cullom Bill. He, therefore, in the crisis of 1870—the date now reached—could well appreciate Brigham Young's words, "Go to work and do it!"

There was, probably, next in the President's mind, Horace S. Eldredge. He had been with the people in their troubles in Missouri and Illinois, had conducted their emigrations and was one of the commercial founders of the Mormon commonwealth in Utah. Therefore, Horace S. Eldredge was a proper foundation-stone of "Z. C. M. I."

The third—and in some respects the most important man defined in the President's mind—was William Jennings. In 1869, he could have carried a million dollars to either side in means and credit. He had the goods at that moment in Salt Lake City; he had built his Eagle Emporium, which was quite worthy of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution to open business in, and he had abundance of commercial credit either East or West to sustain the President in his great design.

After these three first named, came John Sharp, Feramorz Little, Henry W. Lawrence and William S. Godbe: besides H. B. Clawson, who was Brigham Young's son-in-law and late business manager and at this time in partnership with Horace S. Eldredge. Undoubtedly, President Young was depending on all these above named.

The combinations thus reviewed, reconsider the conversations of the occasion when that committee waited on President Young, for the record is given with historical exactness:

"Go to work and do it."

"But how?"

"I will show you—" substantially implying: "you have plenty of money; you have buildings; you have abundance of goods; you have sufficient credit."

The President was right; and the merchants realized that there was no getting around his solid views.

To the everlasting honor of William Jennings be it said, he did not betray the President and the people in their co-operative movement. Mr. Stenhouse treats his act as a shrewd piece of busi-

ness policy; but the true historian can only consider it as an act commensurate with the needs of those times. William Jennings resigned his business basis to "Z. C. M. I.," sold his stock to it for over \$200,000, and rented his Eagle Emporium for three years to the Institution at an annual rental of \$8,000. Eldredge & Clawson also sold their stock and resigned their business basis to "Z. C. M. I.," and other leading firms followed the example.

The organization of "Z. C. M. I.," was at length effected in the winter of 1868-69. It consisted of a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and seven directors. Brigham Young was very properly chosen president; J. M. Bernhisel, vice-president; Wm. Clayton, secretary and D. O. Calder treasurer; George A. Smith, William Jennings, G. Q. Cannon, William H. Hooper, H. S. Eldredge, H. W. Lawrence, and H. B. Clawson, directors; H. B. Clawson, superintendent.

Several changes, however, were soon made in the Board and officers of the Institution. Thomas G. Webber succeeded William Clayton as the Secretary, Thomas Williams was elected at the same time Treasurer. Henry W. Lawrence retired from the Institution and sold his interest in it to Horace S. Eldredge.

The policy which had been wisely and considerably pursued in purchasing the stocks of existing firms, or receiving them as investments at just rates, shielded from embarrassment those who would otherwise have inevitably suffered from the inauguration and prestige of the "Z. C. M. I."

Simultaneously with the framing of the parent institution, local organizations were formed in all the settlements of the Territory; each feeling itself in duty bound to sustain the one central depot and to make their purchases from it. The people, with great unanimity, became shareholders in their respective local "co-operatives," and also in the parent Institution; so that they might enjoy the profits of their own investment and purchases. Thus, almost in a day, was effected a great re-construction of the commercial relations and methods of an entire community which fitted the purposes of the times and preserved the temporal unity of the Mormon people as well as erecting for them a mighty financial bulwark.

CHAPTER VII.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE HON.
W. H. HOOPER.

IT is unnecessary to attempt to sketch the life of Brigham Young, first President and founder of "Z. C. M. I." for like that of President John Taylor, it is a full and eventful subject for a voluminous book; or at least could only be worthily treated in a complete and well rounded Biography. But it is very proper that we should, in the commercial history of this Territory, sketch the life of the Hon. William H. Hooper, chief among the founders of Utah commerce, first Vice President of "Z. C. M. I." and at the present date President of the said Institution.

Honorable William Henry Hooper is the son of Henry Hooper and Mary Noel Price. He was born at the old Homestead known as Warwick Manor, Dorchester County, Eastern Shore, December 25th, 1813.

His father, who died when the subject of our sketch was but three years of age, was of English descent; while his mother, as her name would indicate, was of Scotch extraction. He attended country school for about a year and a half, this being all the schooling he ever received in his youth.

At the age of fourteen he went into a store as clerk with a man named Brambel, up to which time he had lived at home with his widowed mother, helping on the farm as best he could.

Two years later, he entered the employ of a Mr. Parrott, a merchant at New Market, E. S., with whom he remained twelve months, until his employer removed to the West.

Being again out of a situation, he went to Baltimore where he engaged in his former business; but his health failing him he returned to his native place, Eastern Shore, with a small stock of goods—furnished him by his employer. On arriving at home, he took charge of his mother and two sisters, the younger of whom is still alive.

In connection with his business thus established, he at the age of nineteen succeeded in building a coasting schooner which he christened the *Benjamin D. Jackson*. About this time, much interest was being manifested in the West, Illinois being the extreme western frontier; and

in 1832, Wm. H. Hooper, selling his vessel and other effects, paid a visit to St. Louis, intending to go to the Lead Mines at Galena, Illinois. The prevalence there of cholera, however, prevented him from carrying out his project and he wintered in St. Louis, then a city of but 6000 inhabitants.

Early in the spring of 1833, he returned to Maryland, and again took a clerkship in Baltimore. During the same season he made a trip up the Potomac to Washington, being a guest of Thomas H. Hicks who subsequently became Governor and died a Senator.

While in Washington he, in company with Mr. Hicks, attended the exciting discussions then going on at the Capitol on the currency question during President Jackson's administration. He was in the Senate Gallery when Jackson sent his memorable message to that Honorable body, protesting against their action looking to his impeachment.

In 1835, his eldest sister and her husband died, leaving two daughters aged respectively two and four years, who came under his charge.

In the fall of the same year, he, in company with George Wann, took a stock of goods to Galena, Illinois, where they started in business under the firm name of "Hooper & Wann." In 1836, Mr. Wann returned to his native State, selling out his interest to Charles Peck and Samuel H. Scales, the house now becoming "Hooper, Peck & Scales," afterwards well known upon the frontiers as Merchants, Miners and Smelters, as well as being considerably concerned in the steamboat interest.

It was during the year 1836, that Mr. Hooper married his first wife, Miss Electa Jane Harris, by whom he had two daughters, both of whom are now dead, as also is their mother who died in 1844. His youngest daughter, May Dacre, died in 1855 near Galena; the eldest, Wilhelmina, died in 1866, at Platteville, Wis., she was the wife of Mr. John McArthur.

The firm of Hooper, Peck & Scales went down in the panic of '38, which suspended the mercantile and banking interests of the whole country. After giving some two or three years attention to winding up the business, it was turned over to Mr. Peck, a man of private means and without family, who also received incidental aid from Mr. Hooper, he

having to seek his living in other directions. After several years of hard struggle, the firm debt, amounting in the aggregate to about \$200,000., was paid.

During this period, his mother and family, with the two daughters of his sister, emigrated to Galena, where they remained under his charge until the death of his mother, in '55, and the marriage of his two neices, whom he had educated and who graduated at the Cooper Institution, Dayton, Ohio.

The family owned three slaves, "Old Charley" and his wife and child. Charley had been the playmate of Mr. Hooper's father. They were taken from Maryland to Illinois, where they became free, but they never left the family. "Old Charley" died recently at a very advanced age. For the last ten years he was bed-ridden. He was not forgotten, however, nor forsaken, by him to whose rearing he had contributed in earlier times. He was cared for to the last, receiving a liberal stipulation regularly from Mr. Hooper.

In 1843, the latter engaged in steamboating, being clerk on board the little steamer *Otter* then plying between Galena and St. Paul, near Fort Snelling. The *Otter* was owned and commanded by his brothers-in-law, the captains Harris, who were the pioneers of the steamboating on the Upper Mississippi. One building only—a Catholic Missionary Chapel—then marked the spot where now stands the large and flourishing city of St. Paul, Minn., and from which the city derived its name. At that time there were but few white settlers above Dubuque and Prairie Duchien. The country was then a wilderness, which in now embraced in the flourishing States of Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota.

In 1844, he built for the American Fur Company the steamer *Lynx*. During the memorable high water of that season, she was grounded by her pilot, however, on her first trip near, or upon, the point of land where the City of Winona now stands. He remained on the river, building and commanding several boats; the last, built in 1847, was known as the *Alexander Hamilton* and owned principally by Messrs Corwiths, of Galena, and C. H. Rodgers of New York. This boat was burned with 22 others at St. Louis in May '49, the disaster again leaving him penniless in the world. Being thus re-

duced, he took charge of the books of the then well known hotel of the West, the Planters' House, St. Louis.

In the spring of 1850, he emigrated to Salt Lake City, under an engagement with Holiday & Warner, merchants. This event, insignificant as it may appear, changed the tenor of his future life. At the time he made the engagement with Mr. Holliday, Captain Harris of Galena and himself were arranging with a Pittsburg Company for the construction of an iron steamer, which they proposed to ship around the Horn in pieces, with the view of putting her on the Sacramento River. The money for the carrying out of this design was to be furnished by Capt. Harris, and had this project been carried out, in all probability they would have owned the first steamer ever put on that river. It was on account of extreme ill health that Mr. Hooper preferred to make a trip to Salt Lake, where he arrived in the month of June 1850, but remained with Holliday & Warner till '53.

In December of '52, he married Mary Ann Knowlton, his present wife, by whom he has had nine children, three sons and six daughters, the first two being sons, who are now dead. In '53, and while in company with Holliday & Warner, he went to California with a large adventure of cattle, horses, flour, etc., which latter he disposed of to a large company of emigrants on the road. While in California, he sold his interest in the profits to Holliday & Warner, clearing \$10,000 by the transaction, and in company with four other men, including his old friend, John Reese, returned to Salt Lake in the fall, reaching the City in the month of December.

This journey was attended with considerable danger, the country being infested with hostile Indians, and without a house, from where Virginia City, Nevada, now stands, to the settlements of Utah, a distance of about 700 miles.

In '54, he embarked in mercantile pursuits, and in '55 was elected a member of the State convention to frame a Constitution for the State of Deseret. In '57, he was appointed by Gov. Brigham Young, Secretary *protem* of the Territory, to fill the place made vacant by the death of Almon W. Babbitt. This position he held until '58, when he was relieved by Secretary John Hartnet of St. Louis, who came out with Johnston's army. Mr.

Hooper's appointment as Secretary *protem* was recognized by the Federal Government.

As we have seen, his coming to Utah changed the course of Mr. Hooper's life, and turned the fates in his favor; for in 1859 he was elected Delegate from Utah to the 36th Congress of the United States. This gave him an opportunity of witnessing the culmination of matters at the Capitol, which resulted in the Rebellion of the Southern States.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONGRESSIONAL HISTORY OF UTAH UP TO 1870 WILLIAM H. HOOPER IN CONGRESS.

UTAH can scarcely be said to have possessed any political or congressional history until the period of the war. Previously, her condition and career had been almost entirely primitive and patriarchal. The Hon. John M. Bernhisel, delegate from Utah through this period, had served his constituents faithfully; but no feature of that service stands out so prominent as to require special mention. The general history, up to this time, may therefore be considered as including the congressional.

The "Mormon war," of course, had somewhat interrupted the relations between Utah and the nation. In the eyes of the American public, Utah had been in rebellion; although, as we have seen, the controversy had been amicably settled, and the Mormons had been pardoned of all their political offences.

It was under this aspect of affairs that William H. Hooper was elected delegate to Congress, from Utah, in August, 1859. His position was a delicate one, his task arduous, and the case he had to handle certainly a very peculiar and complex case, looking at it from whatever point of view. Notwithstanding his constituents held that they were in the right in the late controversy which had nearly come to bloodshed, and notwithstanding their affirmation that they had stood upon their constitutional ground, and had merely resisted, by a practical but a justifiable protest, an unconstitutional invasion of the rights of American citizens, delegate Hooper well knew that the general public took another view of the case. But the great advantage which Hooper possessed, and which enabled him to

master the situation, was in this thorough appreciation of the views and shapings of both sides. Therefore, while the delegate was prepared to stand by his people, in the defence of all their constitutional rights, and to ward off any new difficulty, he was equally ready to "see eye to eye" with members of Congress. This was the exact reason why Brigham Young sent him; indeed, one of Brigham's greatest gifts is manifested in his choice of the fittest instruments for the work and the times.

Fortunately, also, when Hooper went to Congress as delegate in 1859, the members were disposed to humor the Mormon view of the Utah expedition and troubles, and he in turn humored them most politicly.

As we have seen, the public, and especially journalists and Congressmen, were only too willing to treat the Utah war as Buchanan's affair, and wipe the hands of the nation clean of it. With this feeling came the good-natured inclination to let the Mormons have all they asked for, if they only asked in reason. And Congress had a Utah delegate of a most sagacious, practical turn of mind, who understood his points too well to ask for more than was certain to be granted, contenting himself, in the rest, in working up a good feeling towards his constituents.

Delegate Hooper settled everything he touched. There were two sessions of the Utah Legislature unrecognized and unpaid; Governor Young's accounts against the U. S. Treasury were unsettled; and the expenses of the Indian war of 1850 were still due to the Territory. All this the energetic and influential delegate brought to a settlement. Besides this financial triumph, a bill which passed the House, for the suppression of polygamy, never became a law, and the thirty-sixth Congress ended, leaving Utah affairs comparatively tranquil.

Notwithstanding that in the thirty-sixth Congress Utah had met a very fair adjustment, and that it was indeed the only one in which Utah, up to this date, had risen to anything like political importance in the nation, the Hon. John M. Bernhisel was returned to the thirty-seventh Congress. This may have been intended as a recognition of the past services of that gentleman, before his final retirement from public life, but it is evi-

dent that he was not so well fitted for the post as Delegate Hooper. Dr. Bernhisel was originally rather a professional than a political character,—something of a Mormon elder in Congress, representing a religious people, whereas, Hooper was a successful merchant, and full of political sagacities. It is true the latter might not have been able to have prevented the passage of the anti-polygamic bill of 1862, but he certainly would have rallied a host of political friends against it. Without wasting his strength to show the “unconstitutionality” of the bill, he would have adopted the more practical line of argument that the bill must, from its very nature, remain inoperative for years, thus giving, tacitly, a license for the continuation of polygamy. This has been abundantly recognized by members of Congress since. The bill of 1862 has been considered by them to be as great a nuisance as polygamy itself. Surely Hooper would have foreshadowed the difficulties of special legislation, in such a delicate matter as the marriage question of an entire community. Moreover, in 1862 the whole responsibility of the abolition of thousands of plural marriages rested entirely with Congress, there having been no primary agitation of the matter by the people of Utah themselves. But the thirty-seventh Congress, in its innocence, passed that bill, committing almost as great a blunder as did Buchanan in the case of the Utah war.

The Hon. John M. Bernhisel returned to his constituents, and the Hon. John F. Kinney was elected to succeed him. For a number of years, Judge Kinney had been Chief Justice of Utah, but he had been just removed by Lincoln, it is said, for too faithfully serving the Mormons. Be that as the reader may please to consider, the Mormons were grateful, and resolved that the Chief Justice should not go from them in disgrace. They accordingly elected him to represent them in the thirty-eighth Congress; and so the Chief Justice, instead of returning to his friends in the East, under a cloud, went to Washington in triumph, to take his seat in the Congress of the United States.

Judge Kinney was a brilliant man, and he soon won golden opinions from both constituents and strangers, by his eloquent efforts in Congress.

But he was not essentially identified with the destiny of Utah, although a con-

stant friend of the people, and it is evident that the congressional caucuses of a Gentile, representing a purely Mormon constituency, must tend more to their political advancement than to their emancipation. He might have built a pillar for their political destiny; they could have done nothing on his political fame. He had the example of Judge Douglas before them—“the Mormon-made man”—who in his career nearly attained the Presidency of the United States. He who recommended to Congress the expediency of cutting the “loathsome cancer out”—the “ulcer” being the people of Utah. In his rise to fame, had done so much to uplift him. In justice, however, it can be said that Judge Kinney served his constituents well and faithfully.

With the return of Hon. W. H. Hooper to the thirty-ninth Congress, the influence of home delegates was restored. His influence was greater than ever, at home and in Washington. The change for a time from Mormon to Gentile had enhanced that influence, and illustrated the eminent consistency of a man who was politically in harm's way in Congress, yet in destiny one with the Mormon people, representing their interests to their delegate. We are ever in the presence of that law which is described as “eternal fitness of things;” so Congress could better understand and respect the position of William H. Hooper maintaining the integrity of the Mormon commonwealth, by reconciling it with the rights of the American citizen, than it could the representation of Utah in those days by a Gentile delegate. Hooper had the greatest influence in Congress, and his earnestness in controversy was recognized by his congressional colleagues when they were resolutely bent on the Mormon policy; and the very fact that he was a well-known monogamist rendered his defence of the rights of his polygamic constituents truly American in spirit.

After the return of Mr. Hooper during the thirty-ninth and fortieth Congresses, to the commencement of the administration, 1869, nothing formidable was proposed or carried against the founders of Utah. But introduced by Mr. Ashley, then a man of the Territorial Committee, and others, looking to the disintegration of the Territory; but only a passive

nition was given those measures by Congress. Gentile delegations also went to Washington from Utah urging legislation against the Mormons; but Congress was busy with the great question of "re-construction," and the impeachment of President Johnson, and thus Utah, a minor question, was overlooked.

The passive action of Congress towards Utah, coupled with the wholesome legislation of the Johnson period, among which was the establishment of the present land system, the enlargement of the postal service and a partial recognition of local self government, warranted the hope that a brighter day was dawning for the Territory, inasmuch as the Delegate was consulted in the choice of Federal officers who were not objectionable to the people.

But, with the commencement of Grant's administration, a new warfare was opened, and early in the first session under his Presidency, the Cullom Bill was introduced in the House. Its monstrosity was such that scarcely a section did not propose measures in violation of the most sacred provisions of the constitution. It is understood that this bill was flamed in Utah. It was very like a *resume* of the Cragin Bill; and Senator Cragin at once adopted it as his *protege*. He could well afford this, for it was a more perfected anti-Mormon measure than his own, bristling with formidable points of special legislation against "Polygamic Theocracy," wherever touched. General Cullom fathered the bill in the House; Senator Cragin introduced it in the Senate. The Cullom Bill was published and reviewed by nearly all the journals of the country. From the standpoint of newspaper criticism, it was very difficult to tell exactly what was its moral character. There was, however, a pretty general confession that it was an infamous bill; yet, with a strange consistency, it was quite as candidly confessed that it was not nearly bad enough to satisfy the popular desire.

Sargeant, Axtell and Fitch spoke against the bill. The Hon. Thomas Fitch's speech, against the iniquitous measure, was one of the most powerful efforts of oratory that Congress has had the privilege of listening to in these latter days. Not, however, from the bill itself did Mr. Fitch conjure the effectiveness of his speech, but over the prospect

of the blood and the millions of money which it must cost the nation to enforce its provisions. Fitch's speech created so much sensation in the House that General Cullom himself proposed the temporary re-committal of the bill.

The Cullom Bill not only stirred the entire nation to a desire for special legislation against the Mormons, but also Mormondom to its very centre. Preparation for the action nearly brought Delegate Hooper to his grave. Several weeks he laid sick in New York, his friends sometimes despairing of his recovery; but the tenacious spirit of the man prevailed. Moreover, the magic power and will of Brigham Young was behind him; and the faith of the entire Mormon people went up to heaven in behalf of their delegate, that he might be equal to the task of the crowning moment.

That crowning moment came. Delegate Hooper was on the floor of the House, with his plea for religious liberty.

CHAPTER IX.

HON. W. H. HOOPER'S PLEA FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY, DELIVERED BEFORE THE AMERICAN CONGRESS, MARCH 23, 1870.

THE history of Utah would be incomplete did it not embody the greatest speech ever delivered before the American Congress upon the eventful history of the Mormons, their social and religious rights as a community, and the Utah question generally in its bearing upon the American commonwealth. True, this plea for religious liberty is not a commercial chapter, but it is closely allied with the co-operative movements of our Territory. W. H. Hooper's vigorous service in Congress had the same objective aim as that of the co-operative policy—namely, to save the community from the social subversion which threatened and, perchance, to rescue Utah herself from dismemberment. The Hon. Delegate from Utah, in his plea against the "Cullom bill," said:

"MR. SPEAKER: I wish to make a few remarks concerning the extraordinary bill now under consideration. While so doing, I crave the attention of the House, for I am here, not alone as one of the people sought to be cruelly oppressed; not

only as the Delegate representing Utah; but as an American citizen, to utter my solemn protest against the passage of a bill that aims to violate our dearest rights, and is fraught with evil to the Republic itself.

I do not propose to occupy the time of the House by dwelling at length upon the vast contributions of the people of Utah to the wealth of the nation. There is no member in this House who does not recollect in his school-boy days the vast region of the Rocky Mountains characterized in the geographies as the 'Great American Desert.' 'There,' said those veracious text-books, 'was a vast region wherein no man could live. There were springs and streams, upon the banks of which could be seen the bleaching bones of animals and of men, poisoned from drinking of the deadly waters.' Around the borders of the vast desert, and in its few habitable parts, roamed the painted savages, only less cruel and remorseless than the desert itself.

In the midst of this inhospitable waste to-day dwell an agricultural, pastoral, and self-sustaining people, numbering 120,000 souls. Everywhere can be seen the fruits of energetic and persistent industry. The surrounding mining Territories of Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Arizona, and Nevada, in their infancy, were fed and fostered from the surplus stores of the Mormon people. The development of the resources of these mining Territories was alone rendered possible by the existence at their doors of an agricultural people, who supplied them with the chief necessities of life at a price scarcely above that demanded in the old and populous States. The early immigrants to California paused on their weary journey in the redeemed wastes of Utah, to recruit their strength, and that of their animals, and California is to-day richer by thousands of lives and millions of treasure, for the existence of this halfway house to El Dorado.

To the people of Utah, therefore, is to be attributed no inconsiderable part in the production of the vast mineral wealth which has poured into the coffers of the nation from our mining States and Territories.

This, however, is but a tithe of our contributions to the nation's wealth. By actual experiment we have demonstrated the practicability of redeeming these desert wastes. When the Pacific slope and

its boundless resources shall have been developed; when beyond the Rocky mountains 40,000,000 of people shall do homage to our flag, the millions of dwellers in Arizona, Nevada, Idaho, Colorado, and Montana, enriched by the products of their redeemed and fertilized deserts, shall point to the valley of Great Salt Lake as their exemplar, and accord to the sturdy toilers of that land due honor in that they inaugurated the system and demonstrated its possible results. These results are the offering of Utah to the nation.

When Robert Fulton's first steamboat moved from New York to Albany, so far as concerned the value of the vessel, it had made scarce a perceptible addition to our merchant marine; but the principle, the practicability of which he had demonstrated, was priceless, and enriched the nation more than if she had received the gift of the vessel, built from and loaded with solid gold.

I will not, Mr. Speaker, trespass upon the time of the House by more than thus briefly adverting to the claims of Utah to the gratitude and fostering care of the American people.

For the first time in the history of the United States, by the introduction of the bill under consideration, a well defined and positive effort is made to turn the great law-making power of the nation into a moral channel, and to legislate for the consciences of the people.

Here, for the first time, is a proposition to punish a citizen for his religious belief and unbelief. We have before us a statute-book designating crimes. To restrain criminal acts, and to punish the offender, has heretofore been the province of the law, and in it we have the support of the accused himself. No man comes to the bar for trial with the plea that the charge upon which he is arraigned constitutes no offence. His plea is 'Not guilty.' He cannot pass beyond and behind the established conclusions of humanity. But this bill reaches beyond that code into the questionable world of morals—the debatable land of religious beliefs; and, first creating the offence, seeks with the malignant fury of partisan prejudice and sectarian hate to measure out the punishment.

The bill before us declares that the system which Moses taught, that God allowed, and from which Christ, our Saviour,

iour, sprung, is a crime, and that any man believing in it and practising it—I beg pardon, the bill, as I shall presently show, asserts that belief alone is sufficient—that any one so offending shall not be tried, but shall be convicted, his children declared bastards, his wives turned out to starve, and his property be confiscated, in fact, for the benefit of the moral reformers, who, as I believe, are the real instigators in this matter.

The honorable member from Illinois, the father of this bill, informs us that this is a crime abhorred by men, denounced by God, and prohibited and punished by every State in the Union. I have a profound respect for the motives of the honorable member. I believe he is inspired by a sincere hostility to that which he so earnestly denounces. No earthly inducement could make him practise polygamy. Seduction, in the eyes of thousands, is an indiscretion, where all the punishment falls upon the innocent and unoffending. The criminal taint attaches when the seducer attempts to marry his victim. This is horrid. This is not to be endured by man or God, and laws must be promulgated to prevent and punish.

While I have this profound regard for the morals and motives of the honorable member, I must say that I do not respect, to the same extent, his legal abilities. Polygamy is not denounced by every State and Territory, and the gentleman will search in vain for the statute or criminal code of either defining its existence and punishment. The gentleman confounds a religious belief with a criminal act. He is thinking of bigamy when he denounces polygamy, and in the confusion that follows, blindly strikes out against an unknown enemy. Will he permit me to call his attention to the distinction? Bigamy means the wrong done a woman by imposing upon her the forms of matrimony while another wife lives, rendering such second marriage null and void. The reputation and happiness of a too confiding woman is thus forever blasted by the fraudulent acts of her supposed husband, and he is deservedly punished for his crime. Polygamy, on the contrary, is the act of marrying more than one woman, under a belief that a man has a right, lawfully and religiously, so to do, and with the knowledge and consent of both his wives.

I suppose, Mr. Speaker, that in pro-

claiming the old Jeffersonian doctrine that that Government is best which governs least, I would not have even a minority upon the floor. But when I say that in a system of self-government such as ours, that looks to the purest democracy, and seeks to be a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, we have no room for the guardian, nor, above all, for the master, I can claim the united support of both parties. To have such a government; to retain such in its purest strength, we must leave all questions of morals and religion that lie outside the recognized code of crime to the conscience of the citizen. In an attempt to do otherwise than this, the world's abiding places have been washed with human blood, and its fields made rich with human bones. No government has been found strong enough to stand unshaken above the throes of religious fanaticism when driven to the wall by religious persecution. Ours, sir, would disappear like the "baseless fabric of a vision" before the first blast of such a convulsion. Does the gentleman believe, for example, that in aiming this cruel blow at a handful of earnest followers of the Lord in Utah, he is doing a more justifiable act than would be, in the eyes of a majority of our citizens, a bill to abolish Catholicism, because of its alleged immorality; or a law to annihilate the Jews for that they are Jews, and therefore obnoxious? Let that evil door once be opened; set sect against sect; let the Bible and the school books give place to the sword and the bayonet, and we will find the humanity of to-day the humanity of the dark ages, and our beautiful government a mournful dream of the past.

This is not only philosophically true, but, sir, it is historically a fact. In making the appeal, I stand upon the very foundation-stone of our constitutional Government. That they might worship God in accordance with the dictates of conscience, the fathers fled from their homes in Europe to the wilds in America. For this they bore the fatigues or perished in the wilds of a savage-haunted continent; for this they poured out their blood in wars, until every stone in the huge edifice that shelters us as a nation is cemented by the blood of a martyr. Upon this, however, I need not spend my time or yours; a mere statement of the proposition is a conclusive argument from

which the people, in their honest instincts, will permit no appeal. In our Constitution, still perfect and fresh as ever, we have a clause that cannot be changed and leave a vestige of a free government. In the original instrument we find this language: "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." But this was not considered sufficiently comprehensive for a free people, and subsequently we find it declared, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

Upon the very threshold of my argument, however, I am met by the advocates of this extraordinary bill with the assumption that polygamy is not entitled to be considered as a portion of our religious faith; that under the Constitution we are to be protected and respected in the enjoyment of our religious faith, but that we are not entitled to consider as a portion thereof the views held by us as a people in reference to the marriage relation. One eminent disputant, as an argument, supposes a case where a religious sect might claim to believe in the rightfulness of murder, and to be protected in the enjoyment of that right. This is not in any sense a parallel case. Murder by all law, human and divine, is a crime; polygamy is not. In a subsequent portion of my remarks, I will show, that not only the authority of the Old Testament writers, but by numerous leading writers of the Christian church, the doctrine of polygamy is justified and approved. The only ground upon which any argument can be maintained that our views of the marriage relation are not to be considered as a portion of our religious faith, is that marriage is a purely civil contract, and therefore outside the province of religious doctrine. No sect of Christians can, however, be found who will carry their beliefs to this extent. The Catholic church, the most ancient of the Christian churches, and among the most powerful in numbers of the religious denominations of our country, upon this point is in accord with the Mormon church. Marriage, according to the faith of the Catholic church, is one of its sacraments; is not in any sense a civil contract, but a religious ordinance, and the validity of a divorce granted by a civil court is denied. And not in any Chris-

tian church is the marriage contract placed on a par with other civil contracts—with a swap of horses or a partnership in trade. It is a civil contract, in that a court of equity, for certain specified causes, may dissolve it; but not otherwise. Upon the marriage contract is invoked the most solemn sanctions of our Christians; the appointed ministers and servants of God, by their presence and aid, give solemnity and efficiency to the ceremonial, and upon the alliance is invoked the Divine guidance and blessing. To most intents and purposes, with every Christian denomination, the marriage ceremony is regarded as a religious ordinance. Upon this point, therefore, and a vital point in the discussion of the question before us, the Catholic church in fact, and the other religious denominations in theory and usual practice, are with the Mormons in their position, that the supervision and control of the marital relation is an integral and essential portion of their religious faith and practice, in the enjoyment of which they are protected by the Constitution.

The Mormon people are a Christian denomination. They believe fully in the Old and New Testaments, in the divinity of Christ's mission, and the upbuilding and triumph of his church. They do not believe, however, that light and guidance from above, ceased with the crucifixion on Calvary. On the other hand, they find that in all ages, whenever a necessity therefor existed, God has raised up prophets to speak to the people, and to manifest to them his will and requirements. And they believe that Joseph Smith was such a prophet; that the time had arrived when there was a necessity for further revelation, and through Joseph Smith it was given to the world.

Upon this point of continuous revelation, which is really one of the turning points of the controversy, we are in accord with many of the most eminent divines of the Christian church, and with the most earnest and vigorous thinkers of our own day.

Upon the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers from Holland to America, the Rev. John Robinson, their beloved pastor, preached a farewell sermon, which showed a spirit of mildness and tolerance truly wonderful in that age, and which many who claim to be ministers of God would do well to imitate in this:

“Brethren, we are quickly to part from one another, and whether I may ever live to see your faces on earth any more, the God of heaven only knows; but whether the Lord hath appointed that or not, *I charge you before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. If God reveal anything to you by any other instrument of His, be as ready to receive it as you were to receive any truth from my ministry*; for I am fully persuaded, I am very confident, that the Lord has *more truth yet to break forth out of His holy word.*

“For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their information. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw. Whatever part of His will our good God has revealed to Calvin, *they will rather die than embrace it*; and the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that *great man of God, who yet saw not all things.*

“This is a misery much to be lamented, for though they were burning and shining lights in their time, *yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God*; but were they now living, would be as ready to embrace further light as that which they first received. I beseech you to remember that it is an article of your covenant, that you shall be ready to receive *whatever truths shall be made known to you from the written word of God.*”

And says Ralph Waldo Emerson, in one of his most golden utterances, ‘I look for the hour when that supreme beauty which ravished the souls of those Hebrews, and through their lips spoke oracles to all time, shall speak in the West also. The Hebrew and the Greek Scriptures contain immortal sentences that have been the bread of life to millions. But they have no epical entirety; are fragmentary; are not shown in their order to the intellect. I look for the new Teacher that shall follow so far these shining laws that he shall see some full circle; shall see their rounding, complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul.’

Conceding, therefore, that new revelations may be at all times expected in the future of our race, as they have been at

all times vouchsafed in the past, and the whole controversy ends. A man has arisen named Joseph Smith; he claims to be a prophet of God, and a numerous community see fit to admit the justice of such claim. It is a religious sect; it has to-day vindicated its right to live by works and sacrifices which are the admiration even of its enemies. It brings forward certain new doctrines; of church government; of baptism, even for the dead; of the marriage relation. Upon what point is it more probable that light from above would be given to our race, than upon the marriage relation? The social problem is the question of the age. The minds of many of the foremost men and women of our days are given to the study of the proper position and relations of the sexes. The wisest differ—differ honestly and unavoidably. Endless is the dispute and clamor of those honestly striving to do away with the social evil; to ameliorate the anomalous condition of the wronged and suffering women of to-day. And while this is so; while thousands of the good and pure of all creeds and parties are invoking the Divine guidance in their efforts for the good of our fallen humanity, is it strange that the Divine guidance thus earnestly besought should come—that the prayer of the righteous be answered? The Mormon people believe that God has thus spoken; that through Joseph Smith he has indicated that true solution of the social questions of our day; and while they persecute or question no man for differing honestly with them, as to the Divine authority of such revelations, they firmly insist that in their following of what they believe to be the will of God, they are entitled to the same immunity from persecution at the hands of the Government, and the same liberty of thought and speech, wisely secured to other religious beliefs by the Constitution.

Upon the point whether polygamy can properly be considered as a part of our religious faith and practice, I beg leave humbly further to submit, sir, that the decision rests solely on the conscience and belief of the man and woman who proclaim it to be a religious belief. As I have said, it is not numbered among the crimes of that code recognized by all nations having any form of government under which criminals are restrained or punished, and to make it such, a new

code must be framed. My people proclaim polygamy as a part of their religious belief. If they are honest in this, however much this may be in error, they stand on their rights under the Constitution, and to arrest that error you must appeal to reason, and not to force. I am here, not to argue or demonstrate the truthfulness of their faith; I am not called upon to convince this honorable House that it is either true or false; but if I can convince you that this belief is honorably and sincerely entertained, my object is accomplished.

It is common to teach, and thousands believe that the leaders of the sect of Latter-Day Saints, popularly known as Mormons, are hypocrites, while their followers are either ignorant, deluded men and women, or people held to their organization by the vilest impulses of lust. To refute these slanders, I can only do as the earlier Christians did, point to their sufferings and sacrifices, and I may add, the unanimous testimony of all, that aside from what they consider the objectionable practice of polygamy, my constituents are sober, moral, just, and industrious in the eyes of all impartial witnesses. In this community, removed by long reaches of wastes from the moral influences of civilization, we have a quiet, orderly and Christian community. Our towns are without gambling hells, drinking saloons, or brothels, while from end to end of our Territory the innocent can walk unharmed at all hours. Nor is this due to an organized police, but to the kind natures and Christian impulses of a good people. In support of my argument of their entire sincerity, I with confidence appeal to their history.

The Mormon church was established at Fayette, New York, in the year 1830. In 1831, the headquarters of the people was removed to Kirtland, Ohio, and considerable numbers of missionaries were sent out to preach the new religion in various parts of the Northern States. Many converts were made and removed to Kirtland, but they were subject to various petty annoyances and persecutions by the surrounding people. Land not being abundant or easily acquired for the rapidly increasing numbers, the new converts were advised to locate in Jackson county, Missouri, where land was abundant and cheap—where, in fact, but few settlers had preceded our people. The

Mormons soon became a prosperous and wealthy community; the same habits of industry and thrift which they have ever maintained being even then vigorously inculcated by their leaders. Many hundred thousand acres of Government land were purchased, fine farms and thriving settlements were established, and the first printing press in western Missouri put in operation. But the wealth acquired by the people was desired by our neighbors; the lawless border-men, who afterwards made the frontiers of Kansas their battlefield, attacked, plundered, and murdered our settlers, and finally drove them from their delightful homes, which they appropriated to themselves. The title to much of the land in Jackson and other counties is to-day in Mormons, who were then driven from their homes. During the troubles incident to the expulsion of the Mormons, hundreds of men, women, and children were murdered, or died from diseases caused by exposure to the inclemencies of the weather. The wretched refugees afterwards located in Clay, Caldwell, and Davies counties, Missouri, where there were almost no settlers, and where, within a few years their industries had again built up thriving settlements and accumulated large herds of stock. The outrages of Jackson county were then repeated, the Mormons driven from their homes, which were seized by the marauders and thousands of women and children driven forth homeless, and the prey for the border-ruffians whose cupidity had been excited by the wealth of the industrious exiles. Hundreds perished from cold, exposure, and starvation. But their leaders, sustained by an undying faith, again called together their scattered and impoverished followers and removing to Illinois, founded the city of Nauvoo.

For several years they were comparatively undisturbed; they built up one of the most thriving and beautiful cities of the State. Far as the eye could reach from the eminence of their temple, the well-tilled farms and gardens, the comfortable farm-houses, the mills and factories, and well-filled schools, attested the industry, the thrift, and the wealth of the once persecuted people. But again their wealth created envy in the lawless border-men of the new State. Without what even their enemies claim was justifiable cause, and in a manner which Gov. Ford characterized as a permanent dis-

grace to the people of the State, they were attacked, pillaged, and driven across the river; their houses burned; their women and children driven forth unsheltered in the inclement season of the year; their leaders brutally murdered.

The annals of religious persecution, so fruitful of cruel abuse, can give nothing more pitiable and heart-rending than the scenes which followed this last expulsion. Aged men and women, the sick and feeble, children of tender years, and the wounded, were driven into the flats of the river, yet in sight of their once happy houses, to perish from exposure and starvation. While over our broad land the church bells of Christian communities were ringing out peace and good-will to men; while to the churches thronged thousands to hear preached the gospel of charity and forgiveness; these poor, heart-sick followers of the same Redeemer, were driven in violence from their houses to perish like wild beasts in the swamps and wilderness. The gentlemen charged us with hypocrisy and depraved lust for motives, with such a record as this to mock their charge! The world has many hypocrites, and is well filled with wicked men, but they keep about them the recompense of sin, and have other histories than this I give you, and which history no man can deny.

Word went out to the world that Mormonism had finally been annihilated. But again the scattered hosts were gathered together, and set out on a pilgrimage, that since that of the children of Israel has been without parallel in the history of the human race. They had no stores, they were beggared in the world's goods, yet with earnest religious enthusiasm they toiled on through unknown deserts, over unexplored mountain ranges, and crossed plains haunted by savages, only less cruel than the white Christian who had driven them forth in search of that promised land, where at last they could worship God in accordance with the dictates of their own consciences, and find unbroken that covenant of the Constitution which guards this sacred right. Ragged, foot-sore, starving and wretched, they wandered on. Delicately nurtured women and their children dug roots, or subsisted on the bark of trees or the hides of animals. From Nauvoo to Salt Lake, the valley of their promised land—1,500 miles—there is to-day scarce a mile along

that dreary and terrible road, where does not repose the body of some weary one, whom famine, or sickness, or the merciless savage, caused to perish by the way.

It was while on this pilgrimage that an order came from the Government for five hundred men to serve as soldiers in the Mexican war. The order was promptly obeyed. These devoted men, who had received only cruel persecution from the people they were called upon to protect on the field of battle, dedicated their poor, helpless wives to God, and themselves to their country. Leaving their families to struggle on as best they could, these brave, patriotic men followed our flag into New Mexico and California, and were at last disbanded at San Diego, with high praise from their officers, but with scanty means to return to those they loved, and whom they had left to suffer, and perhaps to perish on the way.

Thus, Mr. Speaker, three times did this persecuted people, before their location in Utah, build up for themselves pleasant and prosperous homes, and by their industry surrounded themselves with all the comforts and appliances of wealth; and three times were they, by an unprincipled and outrageous mob, driven from their possessions, and reduced to abjectest poverty. And bear it in mind, that in every instance the leader of these organized mobs offered to all who would abandon and deny their faith, toleration and the possession of their home and wealth. But they refused the tempting snare. They rejoiced that they were thought worthy to suffer for the Master, and, rather than to deny their faith, they welcomed privation; they sacrificed all that earth could offer; they died the saintly martyr's death.

Mr. Speaker, is this shining record that of a community of hypocrites? What other Christian denomination of our country can show higher evidences of earnestness, of devoted self-sacrifice for the preservation of their religious faith?

In further presentation of my argument, Mr. Speaker, that the doctrine of polygamy is an essential feature in our religious faith, and that in our adherence thereto we are advocating no new or unsupported theory of marriage, I crave the indulgence of the House while I cite some few from the numerous writers of weight and authority in the Christian

Church, who have illustrated or supported the doctrine.

Now, sir, far be it from me to undertake to teach this learned House, and above all, the Hon. Chairman of the Committee on Territories, great theological truths. If there be any subject with which this honorable body is especially conversant, it is theology. I have heard more Scripture quoted here, and more morality taught, than in any other place it was ever my fortune to serve. With great diffidence then, I venture to suggest to the supporters of this bill, that while polygamy had its origin in holy writ, taught as I have said before by the greatest of all lawmakers, and not only tolerated, but explicitly commanded by the Almighty, as I shall presently show, monogamy, or the system of marriage now recognized by so many Christian nations, originated among the Pagans of ancient Greece and Rome.

I know, sir, that the report accompanying the bill fetches vast stores of theological information to bear; informs us that polygamy is contrary to the Divine economy, and refers to the marriage of the first human couple, and cites the further testimony of the Bible, and that of the history of the world. Setting aside the last named as slightly too voluminous for critical examination in the present discussion, we will take up, as briefly as possible, the Divine authorities, and the commentaries and discussions thereon by eminent Christian writers, and see how far my people have been misled by clinging to them. As for the illustrious example quoted of our first parents, all that can be said of their marriage, is that it was exhaustive. Adam married all the women in the world, and if we find teaching by the example, we must go among his descendants, where examples can be found among the favored people of God, whose laws were of Divine origin, and whose conduct received sanction or punishment at His hands.

At the period of the Reformation in Germany, during the early part of the 16th century, those great reformers, Luther, Melancthon, Zwingli, and Bucer, held a solemn consultation at Wittenburg on the question, "Whether it is contrary to the Divine law for a man to have two wives at once?" and decided unanimously that it was not; and upon the authority of the decision, Philip, Land-

grave of Hesse, actually married a second wife, his first being still alive. This fact is recorded in D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, and by other authors of that period.

Dr. Hugo Grotius, a celebrated Dutch jurist and statesman and most eminent law-writer of the seventeenth century, states "the Jew's laws allow a plurality of wives to one man."

Hon. John Selden, a distinguished English author and statesman, a member of Parliament for 1624, and who represented the University of Oxford in the Long Parliament of 1640, in his work entitled, "*Uxor Hebraica*," the Hebrew Wife, says that "polygamy was allowed, not only among the Hebrews, but in most other nations throughout the world; and that monogamy is a modern and a European custom, almost unknown to the ancient world."

Dr. Samuel Puffendorf, professor of law in the University of Hiedelberg, in Germany, and afterwards of Lund, in Sweden, who wrote during the latter part of the 17th century, in his great work on the law of nature and nations, says that "the Mosaic law was so far from forbidding this custom (polygamy) that it seems in several places to suppose it;" and in another place he says, in reference to the rightfulness thereof, "the polygamy of the *fathers*, under the old covenant, is an argument which ingenious men must confess to be unanswerable."

Rev. Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, the particular friend of William III, who was eminent among both historians and theologians, wrote a tract upon this subject, near the beginning of the 18th century. The tract was written on the question, "Is a plurality of wives in any case lawful under the gospel?"

The Hon. Delegate cited passages from the tract and several other learned arguments from the pens of eminent Christian Divines allowing polygamy to disciples whose faith and conscience had been educated by the Hebrew Scriptures to the adoption of plural marriage. And Mr. Hooper's argument was sonorous with a purer constitutional tone from the fact that he himself, like these Divines, was in his own life a strict monogamist: it was purely the Hon. Delegate's Constitutional plea for the religious liberty of a conscientious people whom he rep-

resented before the Assembly of the Nation. The close of his argument on polygamy and the peroration of this remarkable speech shall be preserved in their historical entirety ;—

Rev. David A. Allen, D. D., a Congregationalist, and a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, after a professional residence of twenty-five years in Hindoostan, published a work in 1856, entitled "India, Ancient and Modern," in which he says, pp. 551-3:

"Polygamy is practised in India among the Hindoos, the Mohammedans, the Zoroastrians, and the Jews. It is allowed and recognized by the institutes of Menu, by the Koran, by the Lendavesta, and, the Jews believe, by their scriptures, the Old Testament. It is recognized by all the courts in India, native and English. The laws of the British Parliament recognize polygamy among all these classes, when the marriage connection has been formed according to the principles of their religion and to their established forms and usages. The marriage of a Hindoo or a Mohammedan with his second or third wife is just as valid and as legally binding on all parties as his marriage with his first wife; just as valid as the marriage of any Christian in the Church of England. * * * * This man cannot divorce any of his wives if he would, and it would be great injustice and cruelty to them and their children if he should. * * * * His having become a Christian and embraced a purer faith will not release him from those obligations in view of the English Government and courts, or of the native population. Should he put them away, or all but one, they will still be legally his wives, and cannot be married to another man. And further, they have done nothing to deserve such unkindness, cruelty, and disgrace at his hands. * * * * So far from viewing polygamy as morally wrong, they not unfrequently take a second or third wife with much reluctance, and from a painful sense of duty to perpetuate their name, their family, and their inheritance."

In an appendix to this work, Dr. Allen informs the world that the subject of polygamy had been brought before the Calcutta Missionary Conference, a body composed of the missionaries of the various missionary societies of Great Britain

and America, and including Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, and others, in consequence of the application of Christian converts, who, having several wives each, to whom they had been legally married, now desired admittance into the Christian Churches. After frequent consultations and much consideration, the conference, says Dr. Allen, came unanimously to the following conclusion:

"If a convert, before becoming a Christian, has married more wives than one, in accordance with the practice of the Jewish and primitive Christian churches, he shall be permitted to keep them all, but such a person is not eligible to any office in the church."

These facts, as Dr. Allen asserts them, have a direct and an important bearing upon this bill and the accompanying report. They prove that one of its main charges, that polygamy is abhorrent to every Christian nation, is false, for the British Empire is a Christian nation, and Hindoostan is an integral part of that empire, as much so as its American provinces are, or as Ireland is. Hindoostan is a civilized country, with schools and colleges, and factories and railroads, and telegraphs and newspapers. Yet the great mass of the people, comprising more than eighty millions, are polygamists, and as such they are recognized and protected by the laws of the British Parliament, and the courts of the Queen's Bench; and the English and American missionaries of the gospel who reside there, and have resided there many years, and who know the practical working of polygamy, have assembled together in solemn conference and unanimously pronounced it to be right, and in accordance with the practice of the primitive Christian churches; and the French, the Spanish, the Dutch, the Portuguese, and other Christian nations are known to pursue a similar policy, and to allow the different peoples under their governments, the free and unmolested enjoyment of their own religions and their own marriage system, whether they are monogamous or polygamous.

I trust, Mr. Speaker, that I have not wearied your patience by this citation of learned authorities upon the antiquity and universality of the polygamic doctrines. My object in this part of my argument is not to prove that polygamy is

right or wrong, but simply to illustrate that a doctrine, the practice of which has repeatedly been commanded by the Almighty; which was the rule of life with the Jews at the time they were the chosen people of God, and were, in all things, governed by His dictation; which has among its supporters many of the most eminent writers of the Christian church of all ages, and which is now sanctioned by law and usage in many of the christianized provinces of the British Empire, is not wrong in itself. It is a doctrine, the practice of which, from the precedents cited, is clearly not inconsistent with the highest purity of character, and the most exemplary Christian life. My opponents may argue that it is unsuited to the civilization of the age, or is the offspring of a religious delusion; but if so, its remedy is to be sought through persuasion, and not be the exercise of force; it is the field for the missionary and not for the jurist or soldier. It is a noble and a Christian work to purify and enlighten a benighted soul; to lift up those who are fallen and ready to perish; but from all the pulpits of the land comes up the cry that the fields are white for the harvest, while the laborers are few. So soon, however, as the Luthers, the Melancthons, the Whitfields of to-day, have wiped out the immorality, licentiousness and crime of older communities, and have made their average morality equal to that of the city of Salt Lake, let them transfer their field of labor to the wilds of Utah, and may God forever prosper the right.

I trust, Mr. Speaker, that men abler and more learned in the law than I, will discuss the legal monstrosities of this bill, fraught with evil, as it is, not only to the citizen of Utah, but to the nation at large; but must be pardoned for calling special attention to the seventh section, which gives to a single officer, the United States marshal, with the clerk of the court, the absolute right of selecting a jury; and, further, to the 10th section, which provides that persons entertaining an objectionable religious theory—not those who have been guilty of the practice of polygamy, but who have simply a belief in the abstract theory of plural marriage—shall be disqualified as jurors.

To see what a fearful blow this is at the very foundation of our liberties; what a disastrous precedent for future

tyranny, let us recall for a moment the history of the trial by jury; something with which all are as familiar as with the decalogue, but which, like the ten commandments, may occasionally be recalled with profit. Jury trial was first known as a trial *per pais*; by the country; and the theory was, that when a crime has been committed, the whole community came together and sat in judgment upon the offender. This process becoming cumbersome as population increased, twelve men were drawn *by lot* from the country, thus securing, as was supposed, a representation of the average public sentiment of the whole country, and which was further secured by requiring the finding of the jury to be unanimous.

A fair trial by jury, by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, was regarded as so precious, that in Magna Charta it is more than once insisted on as the principal bulwark of English liberty.

Blackstone says of it: "It is the glory of the English law. It is the most transcendent privilege which any subject can enjoy or wish for, that he cannot be affected either in his property, his liberty or his person, but by the unanimous consent of twelve of his neighbors and equals; a provision which has, under Providence, secured the just liberties of this nation for a long succession of ages."

Our own people have been no whit behind the English in their high appreciation of the trial by jury. In the original Federal Constitution, it was provided simply that the "trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury." The framers of the Constitution considered that the meaning of "trial by jury" was sufficiently settled by long established usage and legal precedent, and that the provision just cited was sufficient. But such was not the view of the people. One of the most serious objections to the adoption of the Constitution by the States was its lack of clearness upon this most vital point, and Alexander Hamilton, in one of the ablest and most carefully considered numbers of *The Federalist*, endeavored to explain away this objection. The Constitution was adopted, but the nation was not satisfied; and one of the earliest amendments to that instrument further provided that "no person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime unless on presentment or indictment of

a grand jury" and that "in all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law."

Thus, Mr. Speaker, it will be observed with what scrupulous solicitude our ancestors watched over this great safeguard of the liberties of the people. Nothing was left to inference or established precedent, but to every citizen was guaranteed in this most solemn manner an impartial trial by a jury of his neighbors and his peers, residents of the district where the offence was charged.

Now, sir, is there any member of this House who will claim or pretend that the provisions of this bill are not in violation of this most sacred feature in our bill of rights? The trial by jury by this bill is worse than abolished, for its form—a sickening farce—remains while its spirit is utterly gone. A packed jury is worse than no jury at all. The merest tyro in law, knows that the essence of a trial by jury consists in the fact that the accused is tried by a jury drawn by lot from among his neighbors; a jury drawn without previous knowledge, choice, or selection on the part of the Government; a jury which will be a fair epitome of the district where the offence is charged, and thus such a tribunal, as will agree to no verdict except such as, substantially, the whole community would agree to, if present and taking part in the trial. Any other system of trial by jury is a mockery and a farce. The standard of public morality varies greatly in a country so vast as ours, and the principle of a jury trial recognizes this fact, and wisely provides, in effect, that no person shall be punished who, when brought to the bar of public opinion in the community where the alleged offence is committed, is not adjudged to have been guilty of a crime. This most unconstitutional and wicked bill before us, defies all these well-established principles, and strikes at the root of the dearest right of the citizen. I have an earnest and abiding faith in the bright future of my native land; but if our national career, as we may fondly hope, shall stretch out before us its unending glories, it will be because of the prompt and decisive rebuke, by the representatives of the people here, of

all such legislation as that sought in the bill before us.

I have touched more fully, Mr. Speaker, upon the feature of the bill virtually abolishing jury trial, than upon any other, because of its more conspicuous disregard of constitutional right. But the whole bill, from first to last, is most damnable in its provisions, and most unworthy of consideration by the representatives of a free people. This is an age of great religious toleration. This bill recalls the fearful days of the Spanish inquisition, or the days when, in New England, Quakers were persecuted or banished, and witches burned at the stake. It is but a short time since the country hailed with satisfaction a treaty negotiated on the part of a Pagan nation through the efforts of a former member of this body, and whose recent death has filled our hearts with sadness, whereby the polygamous Chinese emigrants to our shores are protected in the enjoyment of their idolatrous faith, and may erect their temples, stocked with idols, and perform their, to us, heathenish worship in every part of our land unquestioned. And while the civilized nations of Europe have combined to sustain and perpetuate a heathen nation practising polygamy in its lowest form, and are hailing with acclamation the approach of its head, the American Congress is actually deliberating over a bill which contemplates the destruction of an industrious people, and the expulsion of the great organizer of border civilization. Can it be possible that the national Congress will even for a moment, seriously contemplate the persecution or annihilation of an integral portion of our citizens, whose industry and material development are the nation's pride, because of a slight difference in their religious faith? A difference, too, not upon the fundamental truths of our common Christianity, but because of their conscientious adherence to what was once no impropriety even, but a virtue? This toleration in matters of religion, which is perhaps the most conspicuous feature of our civilization, arises not from any indifference to the sacred truths of Christianity, but from an abiding faith in their impregnability—a national conviction that truth is mighty and will prevail. We have adopted as our motto the sentiment of Paul; "Try all things; prove all things, and hold fast

to that which is good." The ancient Jewish rabbi, in his serene confidence that God would remember his own, was typical of the spirit of our age: "Refrain from these men and let them alone, for if this counsel or this work be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; but if it be of men, it will come to nought."

I have the honor of representing here a constituency probably the most vigorously lied about of any people in the nation. I should insult the good sense of this House and of the American people did I stoop to a refutation of the countless falsehoods which have been circulated for years in reference to the people of Utah. These falsehoods have a common origin—a desire to plunder the treasury of the nation. They are the children of a horde of bankrupt speculators, anxious to grow rich through the sacrifice even of human life. During the administration of Mr. Buchanan, a Mormon war was inaugurated, in great measure through the statements of Judge W. W. Drummond, a man of infamous character and life, and who is cited as authority in the report accompanying this bill. His statement, as there published, that the Mormons had destroyed all the records, papers, &c., of the supreme Federal court of the Territory, and grossly insulted the Federal officers for opposing such destruction, was, as I have been informed by unquestionable authority, one of, if not the principal cause of the so-called Mormon war. An army was sent to Utah; twenty or thirty millions of dollars were expended, before the Government bethought itself to inquire whether such statements were true; then inquiry was made, and it was learned that the whole statement was entirely false; that the records were perfect and unimpaired. Whereupon the war ended, but not until colossal fortunes were accumulated by the hangers-on and contractors for the army, who had incited the whole affair. These men, and numerous would-be-imitators, long for the return of that golden age. They fill the ears of the public with slanders and with falsehoods; that murders are rife; that life and property are unsafe in Utah without the presence of large armies. They have even sometimes induced Federal territorial officers, through ignorance or design, to become their tools to help forward their infamous work. But since

the railroad was completed, many of the American people have looked for themselves. They see in Utah the most peaceful and persistently industrious people on the continent. They judge the tree by its fruits. They read that a community given up to lust does not build factories and fill the land with thrifty farms. That a nation of thieves and murderers do not live without intoxicating liquors, and become famous for the products of their dairies, orchards and gardens. A corrupt tree bringeth not forth the fruits of temperance, Christianity, industry and order.

Mr. Speaker, those who have been so kind and indulgent as to follow me thus far will have observed that I have aimed, as best I might, to show—

1. That under our Constitution we are entitled to be protected in the full and free enjoyment of our religious faith.

2. That our views of the marriage relation are an essential portion of our religious faith.

3. That in considering the cognizance of the marriage relation as within the province of church regulations, we are practically in accord with all other Christian denominations.

4. That in our views of the marriage relation as a part of our religious belief, we are entitled to immunity from persecution under the Constitution if such views are sincerely held; that if such views are erroneous, their eradication must be by argument and not by force.

5. That of our sincerity we have both by words, and works, and sufferings, given for nearly 40 years, abundant proof.

6. That the bill, in practically abolishing trial by jury, as well as in many other respects, is unconstitutional, uncalled for, and in direct opposition to that toleration in religious belief which is characteristic of the nation and the age.

It is not permitted, Mr. Speaker, that any one man should sit as the judge of another as regards his religious belief. This is a matter which rests solely between each individual and his God. The responsibility cannot be shifted or divided. It is a matter outside the domain of legislative action. The world is full of religious error and delusion, but its eradication is the work of the moralist and not of the legislator. Our Constitution throws over all sincere worshippers, at



ZION'S CO-OPERATIVE MERCANTILE INSTITUTION,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

whatever shrine, its guarantee of absolute protection. The moment we assume to judge of the truthfulness or error of any creed, the constitutional guarantee is a mockery and a sham.

Three times have my people been dispersed by mob violence, and each time they have arisen stronger from the conflict; and now the doctrine of violence is proposed in Congress. It may be the will of the Lord that, to unite and purify us, it is necessary for further violence, and blood. If so, we humbly and reverently submit to the will of Him in whose hands are all the issues of human life. Heretofore we have suffered from the violence of the mob; now, the mob are to be clothed in the authority of an unconstitutional and oppressive law. If this course be decided upon, I can only say that the hand that smites us smites the most sacred guarantee of the Constitution, and the blind Samson, breaking the pillars, pulls down upon friend and foe alike the ruins of the State.

The Cullom Bill was passed in the House the same day that Hooper delivered his speech. He immediately telegraphed the fact home. Mormondom was aroused in a moment. The excitement was intense. A burning indignation against Congress possessed the men and women alike, and there was good reason for this righteous indignation, for not only did the bill contemplate its own execution, in the most summary manner, by the arbitrary will of the courts, but troops were expected to be necessary to intimidate the people.

The Mormon leaders alone were cool and self possessed. Brigham Young was not moved from his wonted serenity, by the prospect of the inevitable conflict between himself and the man who had conquered the South, and who had already boasted that he would do as much for Mormondom.

The Cullom Bill had passed the House, but it had not yet passed the Senate. There was the bare chance that, if the people arose *en masse*, and manifested to the country that earnest apostolic spirit so becoming of them, the Cullom Bill might die in the Senate. The Gentiles of Utah, however, looked upon this as Mormon "forlorn hope," and decided, beyond all question, that Senator Cragin would prosecute the action through the

Senate to a successful issue, as surely as had General Cullom done in the House.

But the Mormon people still trusted in the Lord. At mid day of the 31st of March, according to previous notice, the people began to flock *en masse* towards Temple Block, to protest against the recent action of the House of Congress, and to petition the Senate not to pass the Cullom Bill. At one o'clock every seat and window of the tabernacle was packed with spectators, the doorways were crowded, and around the building was a vast multitude that could not find entrance. Mayor D. H. Wells was chosen to preside over the meeting. Apostles Orson Pratt, John Taylor, Geo. Q. Cannon and others addressed the people, after which a memorial to Congress was unanimously adopted.

This memorial, which was duly signed and attested, along with a set of resolutions more distinctly emphasizing the sentiment of the people upon some of its cardinal points, were promptly forwarded to Washington.

Just previous to this a series of mass-meetings had been held throughout the Territory, by the Mormon women, at which was affirmed, with great earnestness, their belief in, and determination to maintain, the institutions of the Church.

The puritan aspect of these meetings would have been a rare treat to any historical spectator. They would have reminded him of the times when the God fearing men of England defended their religious and political rights under such leaders as Cromwell, Hampden, Sir John Elliot and Sir Harry Vane, and were inspired by the republican pen of the divine Milton; nor would he have forgotten that one of Milton's most powerful writings is his defence of polygamous marriages, based upon the Hebrew covenants and examples.

This united action of the brotherhood and sisterhood created a sentiment which finally culminated in the overthrow of the Cullom Bill.

CHAPTER XII.

INCORPORATION OF "Z. C. M. I." THE ORIGINAL CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

HAVING seen by the examples of the period which gave birth to Co-operation that the same necessities of united

action as a community ran through all the affairs of the Mormon people, we will resume the history of "Z. C. M. I."

This commercial institution of the people was organized, as already noted, in the Winter of 1868; it commenced business in March, 1869, and was incorporated December 1st, 1870, upon an act passed by the Utah Legislature which was approved by the Governor, February 18, 1870. The first circular sent out to the people was in 1868, immediately after the meetings held at the City Hall and elsewhere to inaugurate a co-operative movement throughout the Territory. This circular is already a rare historical document, there being perhaps only one in existence to-day and that one preserved by the Secretary of the Institution, Mr. Thomas G. Webber, and given now to the guardianship of history. The circular is opened with a title page bearing the Israelitish inscription of

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

—:o:—

ZION'S

CO-OPERATIVE MERCANTILE

INSTITUTION.

—:o:—

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

—:o:—

and then follows:

PREAMBLE:

The inhabitants of Utah, convinced of the impolicy of leaving the trade and commerce of their Territory to be conducted by strangers, have resolved, in public meeting assembled, to unite in a system of co-operation for the transaction of their own business, and for better accomplishment of this purpose have adopted the following

CONSTITUTION:

"Holiness to the Lord!" Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution.

Sec. 1.—This Association shall be known by the name and style of "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution," and shall have perpetual succession.

Sec. 2.—The objects of this Institution are to establish and carry on in Salt Lake City and such other places as may be de-

termined by the Board, the business of General Merchandising.

Sec. 3.—The capital stock of this Institution shall be three millions of dollars, (\$3,000,000) and may be increased to five millions, (\$5,000,000) and be divided into shares of one hundred dollars (\$100) each.

Sec. 4.—The Officers of this Institution shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Board of Directors, Secretary and Treasurer, each and every one of whom shall be stockholders in this Institution.

Sec. 5.—The Board of Directors shall consist of not less than five (5), nor more than nine (9) persons, including the President and Vice President, who shall be *ex-officio* members of the Board.

Sec. 6.—It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Institution and of the Board, and to sign all documents, as are, or may be, prescribed by the Constitution and By-Laws, except certificates of dividends to stockholders. In case of absence or disability of the President, the Vice President shall perform the duties of the President, and in all meetings of the stockholders the President shall have the power to adjourn the meetings from time to time to accomplish the transaction of the business.

Sec. 7.—It shall be the duty of the Board to enact By-Laws for the general management and direction of the business of this institution and to procure suitable places for the transaction of the business by lease, purchase or construction, also so far as may be necessary, to employ and appoint committees, delegates, agents, attorneys and clerks to assist in carrying on the business and promoting the welfare of the Institution, and to discharge the same at pleasure.

Sec. 8.—They shall also have full power to bargain, sell, convey and deliver under the seal or otherwise any and all species of property belonging to this Institution, which may not be needed for the business thereof, on such terms and conditions as they may deem for the best interest of the same; provided, that the sale of shares and merchandise shall be for cash only.

Sec. 9.—It shall be the future duty of the Directors to furnish quarterly statements of the business and balance sheets of the books for the inspection of the

shareholders, the first to be furnished on the fifth day of July, 1869, and quarterly thereafter, said statements and balance sheets shall remain open in the office of the Secretary for not less than thirty days.

Sec. 10.—There shall also be furnished by the Directors, a semi-annual statement in detail of the business of the Institution, to be read before the general meeting of the stockholders to be holden at 2 p. m., on the fifth days of October and April in each year, at such places as the Directors may designate, also declaration of dividend, the first semi-annual meeting to be held on the fifth day of October, 1869: Provided, that if any of said fifth days shall fall on Sunday, said reports shall be furnished and meeting held on the day preceding.

Sec. 11.—The Directors shall have further power to call special general meetings at such other times and places as in their judgment may be required, reasonable notice being given thereof.

Sec. 12.—The Board of Directors shall have power by a two-third vote of their number, to remove any Director or other officer from his office for conduct prejudicial to the interests of the Institution; if the officer sought to be removed be a Director he shall not vote on any matter connected with such removal.

Sec. 13.—All business brought before the Board for consideration shall be determined by a majority of the whole number, each member being entitled to one vote and one only, irrespective of shares held by said Directors.

Sec. 14.—The Directors shall convene for the transaction of the business of the institution at the call of the President, and as they shall adjourn from time to time.

Sec. 15.—All officers of the institution shall be elected by a majority of votes given at the general meeting, holden on the fifth day of October in each year, provided, that whenever a vacancy shall occur from any cause, the Board may fill such vacancy by appointment, till the next general meeting; all officers shall hold their office until their successors are elected and qualified.

Sec. 16.—In all matters transacted in general meetings each stockholder shall have one vote, and one only for each and every share owned by him.

Sec. 17.—The Secretary shall record

the minutes of all meetings, and conduct all correspondence under the direction of the Board, he shall hold the common seal and attend to all other duties, whether prescribed by this constitution or the by-laws required by the President.

Sec. 18.—The Treasurer shall have charge of all funds belonging to the Institution, and shall employ or disburse the same, as required by the provisions of the Constitution, and shall furnish statements of account when required by the Board.

Sec. 19.—The funds of the Institution shall be subject to appropriation by the Board only, and disbursed by the Treasurer on order signed by the President or Vice President, and countersigned by the Secretary.

Sec. 20.—No person or persons shall be eligible for membership, except they be of good moral character and have paid their tithing according to the rules of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Sec. 21.—The Directors of this Institution shall tithe its net profits prior to any declaration of dividend, according to the rules of the Church mentioned in the preceding section.

Sec. 22.—The President, Vice President, Board of Directors, Secretary and Treasurer, before entering upon the duties of their several offices, shall take oath or affirmation for the faithful performance of all duties required by this Constitution.

Sec. 23.—The Treasurer shall give bonds with approved securities to the Institution, in such sums as may be deemed necessary by the Board, subject to increase, as circumstances may render advisable.

Sec. 24.—The Secretary and Treasurer shall be the only paid officers of the Institution, and their remuneration shall be as determined by the Board of Directors.

Sec. 25.—All certificates of stock issued by the Institution shall be for one share, or multiple thereof; they shall be signed by the President or Vice President and Secretary, under the common seal, they shall be registered in the office of the Secretary, and shall be deemed personal property, and as such, subject to sale and transfer. The form of certificate, registration and mode of transfer shall be prescribed by the Board.

Sec. 26.—All dividends shall be paid if

required. within thirty days after the same shall have been declared.

Sec. 27.—The private property of shareholders shall not be held subject to the liabilities of the Institution.

Sec. 28.—The seal of the Institution shall bear the inscription "Holiness to the Lord" "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, 1869," with beehive and bees in centre.

Sec. 29.—This Constitution may be amended or altered at any general meeting of the shareholders, by a two thirds vote of the shares represented, provided that thirty days notice shall have been given in some public newspaper published in this Territory, of such contemplated amendment or alteration.

BY-LAWS.

"Holiness to the Lord!" Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution.

1. All houses wherein the business of this Institution may be transacted shall have placed over the main entrance the following inscription: "Holiness to the Lord." "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution."

2. The number of Directors may be increased when deemed necessary, by a two-third vote of the shares represented at any general or special meeting of the Institution.

3. The number of Directors may be diminished by a two-thirds vote of the shares represented at any semi-annual meeting held on the fifth day of October.

4. The capital stock of this Institution may be increased to its constitutional limit by a majority vote of shares represented at any general meeting.

5. All business transactions of this Institution shall be done by its authority and under its name and title.

6. All documents authorized by the Board requiring an acknowledgment and seal shall be signed and acknowledged by the President, attested by the Secretary and seal of the Institution.

7. All certificates of stock issued by this Institution shall bear date of the first legal day of the month succeeding the day of purchase.

8. Registration of stock certificates shall consist of an entry in the Stock Ledger of the Institution, of the name of the person to whom the certificate is issued, the number of shares for which it is

issued and the number and date of the certificate. Such registration shall be deemed *prima facie* evidence of ownership.

9. The following shall be the form of the certificate of stock issued by this Institution. It shall be nine inches in length, exclusive of the stub, (which shall be two and a half by five inches) by five inches in width, and shall be an engraving on steel or copper plate.

10. There shall be kept a Transfer Book in the Secretary's Office, in which shall be recorded the transfer of all stock and shall be in the following form: [*Form given.*]

11. The Secretary shall be paid by the person making a transfer of stock, the sum of fifty cents for every transfer recorded by him.

12. All dividends after the same shall have been declared, shall be deemed individual property, and shall be paid by the Treasurer, on the certificate of the Secretary, under the seal of the Institution, stating the sum due to the stockholder.

13. Shareholders requiring more than one certificate for stock purchased at any one time, shall pay the Government tax on all such certificates in excess of one.

14. The Secretary shall have the general oversight of the Books of the Institution, under the direction of the Board, to whom they shall be at all times open for inspection.

15. There shall be preserved in the Secretary's office a copy of all correspondence, and on file. copies of all contracts, powers of attorney, leases and letters of instruction executed by the Institution, and all original bonds and conveyances to the Institution; also a duplicate copy of all original invoices of merchandise purchased by the Institution.

The foregoing constitution was the original of the organization of "Z. C. M. I.;" but the Utah Legislature having passed an act under which the Institution could incorporate by law, we next, in the historical links, come to the "Agreement," or, in fact, the *commercial Israelitish covenant* entered into between Brigham Young, George A. Smith, George Q. Cannon, William Jennings, William H. Hooper and others. The Constitution upon which they organized is substantially the original, but there are sev-

eral points of difference, as for example :

“1st.—This Association shall be known by the name and style of “Zion’s Co-operation Mercantile Institution, the continuance, duration or succession of which shall be for a period of Twenty-five years, from and after the fifth day of October A. D. 1870.”

The original makes the covenant “*perpetual*” and this is strict and orthodox, for Zion’s covenants are everlasting ; so, while the term of incorporation of the said *Institution* is for the duration of twenty-five years, the covenant of co-operation between Zion and her people is forever. The point is all deserving of historical note, for it suggests views of a vast and perfected co-operative movement of which “Z. C. M. I.” itself is but a prophecy. Another point we will notice, very peculiar in the annals of commerce : it is that the covenant is between such personages as Brigham Young, George Q. Cannon and George A. Smith as Apostles or Cardinals of the Church, and William Jennings, William H. Hooper and Horace S. Eldredge, as chief builders of the commercial and financial power of the State or community. This combination will stand as one of the most peculiar and remarkable incorporations in the history of modern societies.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ENCYCLICAL LETTER UPON CO-OPERATION AND THE SOCIAL SYSTEM.

INTERESTING as the historical narrative of “Z. C. M. I.,” may be, it must give place as chief in importance to the great manifestoes of the Church upon her social and co-operative systems. The following apostolic circular is itself a chapter of history, but above the historical showing of facts is its aims for the establishing of the true Hebraic plan of society. In this view the encyclical before us is the most advanced manifesto of Church or State promulgated in modern times.

TO THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS :—

The experience of mankind has shown that the people of communities and nations among whom wealth is the most equally distributed, enjoy the largest degree of liberty, are the least exposed to tyranny and oppression and suffer the least from luxurious habits which beget vice. Among the chosen people of the

Lord, to prevent the too rapid growth of wealth and its accumulation in a few hands, he ordained that in every seventh year the debtors were to be released from their debts, and, where a man had sold himself to his brother, he was in that year to be released from slavery and to go free ; even the land itself which might pass out of the possession of its owner by his sale of it, whether through his improvidence, mismanagement, or misfortune, could only be alienated until the year of jubilee. At the expiration of every forty-nine years the land reverted, without cost, to the man or family whose inheritance originally it was, except in the case of a dwelling house in a walled city, for the redemption of which, one year only was allowed, after which, if not redeemed, it became the property, without change at the year of jubilee, of the purchaser. Under such a system, carefully maintained, there could be no great aggregations of either real or personal property in the hands of a few ; especially so while the laws, forbidding the taking of usury or interest for money or property loaned, continued in force.

One of the great evils with which our own nation is menaced at the present time is the wonderful growth of wealth in the hands of a comparatively few individuals. The very liberties for which our fathers contended so steadfastly and courageously, and which they bequeathed to us as a priceless legacy, are endangered by the monstrous power which this accumulation of wealth gives to a few individuals and a few powerful corporations. By its seductive influence results are accomplished which, were it more equally distributed, would be impossible under our form of government. It threatens to give shape to the legislation, both State and National, of the entire country. If this evil should not be checked, and measures not be taken to prevent the continued enormous growth of riches among the class already rich, and the painful increase of destitution and want among the poor, the nation is liable to be overtaken by disaster ; for, according to history, such a tendency among nations once powerful was the sure precursor of ruin. The evidence of the restiveness of the people under this condition of affairs in our times is witnessed in the formation of societies of grangers, of patrons of husbandry, trades’ unions,

etc., etc., combinations of the productive and working classes against capital.

Years ago it was perceived that we Latter-day Saints were open to the same dangers as those which beset the rest of the world. A condition of affairs existed among us which was favorable to the growth of riches in the hands of a few at the expense of the many. A wealthy class was being rapidly formed in our midst whose interests, in the course of time, were likely to be diverse from those of the rest of the community. The growth of such a class was dangerous to our union; and, of all people, we stand most in need of union and to have our interests identical. Then it was that the Saints were counseled to enter into co-operation. In the absence of the necessary faith to enter upon a more perfect order revealed by the Lord unto the church, this was felt to be the best means of drawing us together and making us one. Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution was organized, and, throughout the Territory, the mercantile business of the various Wards and Settlements was organized after that pattern. Not only was the mercantile business thus organized, but at various places branches of mechanical, manufacturing and other productive industries were established upon this basis. To-day, therefore, co-operation among us is no untried experiment. It has been tested, and whenever fairly tested, and under proper management, its results have been most gratifying and fully equal to all that was expected of it, though many attempts have been made to disparage and decry it, to destroy the confidence of the people in it and have it prove a failure. From the day that Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution was organized until this day it has had a formidable and combined opposition to contend with, and the most base and unscrupulous methods have been adopted, by those who have no interest for the welfare of the people, to destroy its credit. Without alluding to the private assaults upon its credit which have been made by those who felt that it was in their way and who wished to ruin it, the perusal alone of the telegraphic dispatches and correspondence to newspapers which became public, would exhibit how unparalleled, in the history of mercantile enterprises, has been the hostility it has had to encounter. That it

has lived, notwithstanding these bitter and malignant attacks upon it and its credit, is one of the most valuable proofs of the practical worth of co-operation to us as a people. Up to this day Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution has had no note go to protest; no firm, by dealing with it, has ever lost a dollar; its business transactions have been satisfactory to its creditors and yet its purchases have amounted to fifteen millions of dollars! What firm in all this broad land can point to a brighter or more honorable record than this? During the first four years and a half of its existence it paid to its stockholders a dividend in cash of *seventy-eight* per cent. and *fifty-two* per cent. as a reserve to be added to the capital stock, making in all a dividend of *one hundred and thirty* per cent. The Institution declared as dividends, and reserves added to the capital stock, and tithing, during those four and a half years, upwards of half a million of dollars. So that the stockholder who invested one thousand dollars in the Institution in March, 1869, had by October 1st, 1873, that stock increased to \$1,617,00. and this without counting his cash dividends, which in the same space of time would have amounted to \$1,378.50! In other words, a stockholder who had deposited \$1000.00 in the Institution when it started, could have sold, in four years and a half afterwards, stock to the amount of \$617.00, collected dividends to the amount of \$1,378.50, thus making the actual profits \$1,995.50, or within a fraction (\$4.50) of *two hundred* per cent. upon the original investment, and still have had his \$1,000 left intact! This is a statement from the books of the Institution, and realized by hundreds of its stockholders. And yet there are those who decry co-operation and say it will not succeed! If success consists in paying large dividends, then it cannot be said that Z. C. M. I. has not succeeded. In fact, the chief cause of the trouble has been, it has paid too freely and too well. Its reserves should not have been added, as they were, to capital stock; for, by so doing, at the next semi-annual declaration of dividends a dividend was declared upon them, which, as will be perceived, swelled the dividends enormously and kept the Institution stripped too bare of resources to meet whatever contingencies might arise.

It was not for the purpose alone, however, of making money, of declaring large dividends, that Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution was established. A higher object than this prompted its organization. A union of interests was sought to be attained. At the time co-operation was entered upon, the Latter-day Saints were acting in utter disregard of the principles of self-preservation. They were encouraging the growth of evils in their own midst which they condemned as the worst features of the systems from which they had been gathered. Large profits were being concentrated in comparatively few hands, instead of being generally distributed among the people. As a consequence, the community was being rapidly divided into classes, and the hateful and unhappy distinctions which the possession and lack of wealth give rise to, were becoming painfully apparent. When the proposition to organize Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution was broached, it was hoped that the community at large would become its stockholders; for if a few individuals only were to own its stock, the advantages to the community would be limited. The people, therefore, were urged to take shares, and large numbers responded to the appeal. As we have shown, the business proved to be as successful as its most sanguine friends anticipated. But the distribution of profits among the community was not the only benefit conferred by the organization of co-operation among us. The public at large who did not buy at its stores derived profits, in that the old practice of dealing which prompted traders to increase the price of an article because of its scarcity, was abandoned. Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution declined to be a party to making a corner upon any article of merchandise because of the limited supply in the market. From its organization until the present it has never advanced the price of any article because of its scarcity. Goods therefore in this Territory have been sold at something like fixed rates and reasonable profits since the Institution has had an existence, and practices which are deemed legitimate in some parts of the trading world, and by which, in this Territory, the necessities of consumers were taken advantage of—as, for instance, the selling of sugar at a dollar a pound, and domes-

tics, coffee, tobacco and other articles at an enormous advance over original cost because of their scarcity here—have not been indulged in. In this result the purchasers of goods who have been opposed to co-operation, have shared equally with its patrons.

We appeal to the experience of every old settler in this Territory for the truth of what is here stated. They must vividly remember that goods were sold here at prices which the necessities of the people compelled them to pay, and not at cost and transportation, with the addition of a reasonable profit. The railroad, it is true, has made great changes in our method of doing business. But let a blockade occur, and the supply of some necessary article be very limited in our market, can we suppose that traders have so changed in the lapse of a few years that, if there were no check upon them, they would not put up the price of that article in proportion as the necessities of the people made it desirable? They would be untrue to all the training and traditions of their craft if they did not. And it is because this craft is in danger that such an outcry is made against co-operation. Can any one wonder that it should be so, when he remembers that, from the days of Demetrius who made silver shrines for the goddess Diana at Ephesus down to our own times, members of crafts have made constant war upon innovations that were likely to injure their business?

Co-operation has submitted in silence to a great many attacks. Its friends have been content to let it endure the ordeal. But it is now time to speak. The Latter-day Saints should understand that it is our duty to sustain co-operation and to do all in our power to make it a success. At a meeting of the stockholders of the Institution at the time of the General Conference a committee of seventeen was chosen to select and arrange for the purchase of a suitable piece of ground for a store and to proceed to erect upon it such a fireproof building as would answer the purposes of the Institution. The objects in view in this proceeding were to concentrate the business and thereby lessen the cost of handling and disposing of the goods and to decrease rent and insurance. The saving in these directions alone, not to mention other advantages which must result from having such a

store, will make a not inconsiderable dividend upon the stock. A suitable piece of ground has been secured, and upon terms which are deemed advantageous, and steps have been taken towards the erection of a proper building. But the Institution, to erect this building and carry on its business properly, needs more capital. The determination is still to sell goods as low as possible. By turning over the capital three or four times during the year they can be sold at very low figures, and at but a slight advance over cost and carriage, and yet the stockholders have a handsome dividend. To purchase goods to the greatest advantage the Institution should have the money with which to purchase of first hands. To effect this important result, as well as to unite in our mercantile affairs, the Institution should receive the cordial support of every Latter-day Saint. Every one who can should take stock in it. By sustaining the Co-operative Institution, and taking stock in it, profits that would otherwise go to a few individuals will be distributed among many hundreds. Stockholders should interest themselves in the business of the Institution. It is their own, and if suggestions are needed, or any corrections ought to be made, it is to their interest to make them.

The Institution has opened a retail store within a few weeks, one of the old-fashioned kind, in which everything required by the public is sold. This should receive the patronage of all the well-wishers of co-operation. In the settlements, also, the local co-operative stores should have the cordial support of the Latter-day Saints. Does not all our history impress upon us the great truth that in union is strength? Without it, what power would the Latter-day Saints have? But it is not in doctrines alone that we should be united, but in practice and especially in our business affairs.

Your Brethren,
 BRIGHAM YOUNG,
 GEORGE A. SMITH,
 DANIEL H. WELLS,
 JOHN TAYLOR,
 WILFORD WOODRUFF,
 ORSON HYDE,
 ORSON PRATT,
 CHARLES C. RICH,
 LORENZO SNOW,
 ERASTUS SNOW,
 FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS,

GEORGE Q. CANNON,
 BRIGHAM YOUNG, JUN.,
 ALBERT CARRINGTON.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY,
 JULY 10TH, 1875.

We fear the Mormon's themselves do not appreciate the supreme value of the encyclical epistle which was addressed to them in 1875 upon the proper constitution of society. With all the faults and selfishness of human life of which they partake in common with all men, when these Mormon Apostles sit down to construct fundamental society work they are in advance of even modern times. Theirs is the Hebrew plan of society to be re-established in our Mormon Zion, and it inspires the community towards the grandest aims known to the purest masters of communistic science. But before further sociological review, we must present a manifesto from President John Taylor.

CHAPTER XIV.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR'S DISCOURSE ON THE TEMPORAL POWER OF ZION AND CO- OPERATION.

IT must always be understood that the Church herself is the chief and supreme partner in Zion's Co-operative plan and enterprise. Indeed, apart from the spiritual power, the commerce of the people could not be inspired with the lofty aims of a Zion. This system under review is by no means a mere mercantile scheme of a few moneyed men but, as we have seen, from the beginning the aim of the spiritual leaders has been to establish for the Mormon people a co-operative community. President Taylor, in succeeding President Young, has become the chief exponent and executor of both the spiritual and temporal systems of Zion; and therefore a manifesto from him relative thereto will constitute an important chapter of history. This manifesto was made in a discourse delivered at the semi-annual Conference of the Church, April 6, 1878. After general introductory remarks upon the Lord's design to set up Zion in the last days, President Taylor continued:

These things that are spoken of will assuredly come to pass when "out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." The purposes of God shall yet be fulfilled in re-

lation to these matters ; God's work will most assuredly progress, until " the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and his Christ, and he will rule for ever and ever ;" not in war, not in confusion and strife and discussions, not in evil and corruption ; but in the interests of humanity, according to the laws of life and in accordance with the intelligence that dwells in the bosoms of the Gods, and in the interests of a fallen world.

We come again to our temporal interests. Has the world been our exemplar with regard to any of these things that I have mentioned ? No, the Lord has been our teacher, He has been our guide and director ; without Him we could have accomplished nothing, for we knew no more naturally than anybody else did.

In relation to temporal things, are we capable, as Latter-day Saints, of fulfilling our destiny on the earth, and procuring a full temporal salvation and sustaining ourselves on temporal principles without the interposition of the Almighty ? I tell you no, we are not, no more than we are in regard to other things. We read in the Scriptures of a time that is coming when there will be a howling among the merchants in Babylon, for men will not be found to buy their merchandise. This is in accordance with the prediction of John the Revelator. And the gold and the silver and the fine linen, etc., in Babylon will be of no avail. But before that time comes, we as a people must prepare for those events, that we may be able to live and sustain ourselves when in the midst of convulsions that by and by will overtake the nations of the earth, and among others, this nation. The time that is spoken of is not very far distant. " He that will not take up his sword against his neighbor, must needs flee to Zion for safety. " And Zion herself must flee to the God of Israel and hide herself in the shadow of his wing, seeking for his guidance and direction to lead her in the right path, both as regards spiritual and temporal affairs ; things social and things political, and everything pertaining to human existence. We are not prepared as a people to-day for the accomplishment of this object ; we need the interposition and guidance of the Almighty. It is just as necessary that we be under his guidance in relation to these matters, as it is in regard to any other matters.

Who made the earth ? The same being that made the heavens. Who made our bodies ? The same being that made our souls ; and it takes the " body and the spirit to make the soul of man. " We need not arrogate to ourselves any particular intelligence, whether of a mercantile, manufacturing, or scientific nature, for if there is anything good or intelligent, it is the Lord who has imparted it, whether man acknowledge it or not. We want to acknowledge the Lord in all things, temporal as well as spiritual.

I wish now more directly to touch upon some other principles, associated therewith. Some of us seem to be very much confused in our minds as to how we shall operate in regard to temporal affairs. We as a people are not called together to act in individual interests ; we are called together as Saints of God to co-operate in the interest of the Zion of God, for the welfare of Israel, and not let ourselves float along with the balance, and all swim together, or all sink together. We ought to be governed by principles of union, fellowship and right feeling, carrying out honorable and upright principles that should be acknowledged before God, the holy angels and all honorable men.

Now after speaking so much upon general principles, let me touch upon some things referred to here about these reports, etc. We have long talked about the united order and about co-operation : and we have started in a good deal like some of our little boys when they begin to run—we have made a great many stumbles in this matter. Little Willie and Annie often think they can manage things better than Daddy and Mammy ; and we, like them, have assumed to ourselves strength, and the first thing we know are pulling this way, that way and the other. Then, have the institutions been exactly right ? No, all kinds of foolishness and all kinds of blunderings have occurred in their administration. But shall we quit ? I think not ; that is just what the devil would like, just what many of our merchants want, and it would be the very thing that would suit the world, and the devil would laugh at us. What we want to do is to purge out the things that are wrong, and correct them, and place them on a correct basis, and then adhere to them as we would to any other part of our religion. In the Church, if a man lies or swears, or commits adultery o

does anything wrong, we deal with him according to the laws of the Church. But because men do wrong, we do not abandon our principles, nor leave the Church, but we turn such individuals out that will not be righted, and we aim to adjust all things and place them on the proper basis. Why not do the same in temporal things? We have, for instance, Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution; it is called the Parent Institution, and it ought to be the parent of all these institutions and act as a father and protector and benefactor, doing all it can to promote the welfare and prosperity of the people. And then the people, on the other hand, ought to protect it and sustain it by doing their business through that institution and act prudently, wisely, orderly and unitedly in regard to those matters, that we may be one; for our revelations tell us, If we are not one, we are not the Lord's. And if we are not the Lord's, whose are we?

We talk sometimes about the United Order. I do not propose to read to you on this occasion from any of the revelations bearing on this subject, but will quote to you in substance from one of them. The Lord has told us that those who would not comply with the requirements connected with this order should have their names erased from the book of the law of God, and their genealogies must not be found on any Church records or history, their names shall not be found nor the names of the fathers nor the names of the children written in the book of the Law of God. These words are to us, Latter-day Saints; they are true and are binding upon us.

Another thing, what did we do when President Young was among us, urging these things upon us? Did we not enter into covenant by re-baptism to be subject to the Priesthood in temporal as well as spiritual things, when we took upon ourselves the obligations of the United Order? Let me ask you, what do you mean by doing this? is it a mere form, a farce, or do we intend to carry out the covenants we made? I tell you in the name of Israel's God they will be carried out, and no man can plow around these things, for God has declared that they shall be accomplished; and any man who sets himself in opposition to these principles which God has established, He will root him out; but the principal it-

self will not be rooted out, for God will see that it is accomplished. And in the name of Israel's God we will help Him to do it; and all who feel to do it, say amen. (The large congregation responded with a loud "Amen.")

We have started co-operative institutions, and I will touch on a principle now, showing how they ought to be governed. God has ordained two priesthoods upon the earth—the Melchisedec and the Aaronic. The Melchisedec presides more especially over the spiritual affairs of the Church, and has done in all ages when it has existed upon the earth. You will find this provided for in the Doctrine and Covenants; you can hunt it up at your leisure, I do not wish to stop to make the quotation now. The Aaronic priesthood is presided over by the presiding bishop. If we had a literal descendent of Aaron he would have a right to preside over the bishopric, and to operate and manage and direct these things without the aid of counselors. In the absence of such men the Lord has directed us to take men from the high priesthood and set them apart to be bishops to administer in temporal things. This Aaronic priesthood is an appendage to the Melchisedec priesthood, and its province is to administer in temporal affairs. One reason why we want men of this class to administer in temporal things is because there is a special provision made for it. Nevertheless a High Priest that is after the order of Melchisedec may be set apart to administer in temporal things, *having a knowledge of them by the spirit of truth*. And before a man attempts to administer in Zion in temporal things, he ought to obtain a knowledge of that spirit of truth to administer according to the intelligence which that spirit of truth imparts. Thus we have the Aaronic priesthood in its place; the Melchisedec priesthood in its place. And in all the various functions it is necessary to enter into all the various organizations. It is on one or two particular points that I wish to speak now.

In the first place the Lord requires certain things to be done to meet His approbation; and everything has to be done under the direction of the presidency of the Twelve, both temporal things and spiritual things. The bishops and the presidents of Stakes and all the officers in the Church of God are subject to this

authority and they cannot get around it. And when any officer of this Church who by virtue of his calling does things without counselling with the proper authorities of the Church, he takes upon himself things that he has no right to do, and such a course cannot be acceptable before God and the Priesthood.

Now then, we come to the Bishopric. Ought the bishops to be consulted in regard to temporal things? Yes, they ought. And as an example, let me tell you that for the last year Bishop Hunter has associated with the Council of the Twelve whenever they have met to consider temporal matters. And I may say we have been pleased to have his company, because it was his place to understand the position of temporal things that we may know his feelings, and counsel with him and he with us, that everything may be done according to the order and laws of God, that there may be perfect unanimity. With this view he was placed as one of the counselors to the Trustee-in-Trust—because the Trustee-in-Trust thought it belonged to him to hold that position, and thinks so to-day. But then, does he preside over the Melchisedec Priesthood? No, he does not. Who and what is he? A high priest ordained and set apart to the bishopric. By whom? The Presidency. Does he control the Presidency? No, he is set apart by them; as bishop he is an appendage to the higher priesthood, and does not control it. No man controls it. I remember a remark made on one occasion by Joseph Smith, in speaking with Bishop Partridge, who was then Bishop. He was a splendid good man, as Bishop Hunter is. But he got some crooked ideas into his head; he thought he ought to manage some things irrespective of Joseph, which caused Joseph to speak rather sharply to him. Joseph said, I wish you to understand that I am President of this Church, and I am your president, and I preside over you and all your affairs. Is that correct doctrine? Yes. It was true then and it is true to day.

Well, it is necessary that we should have an understanding of these things, that we may make no mistake in our administration. I want, then, in all our operations to confer with our bishops, and if this institution of ours is "Zion's Co-operative," then it should be under

the direction of Zion, under the direction of the Priesthood; and if it is not "Zion's" Co-operative, then it is a living lie. But do we wish to interfere with them? No, we do not. Do we wish to interrupt them in any of their operations? No, we want to help them; we want to unite them and all the people into one, with God at our head, and governed by the holy priesthood. Have they rights? Yes. Do we respect them? Yes. Have the people rights? Yes. Shall the people be respected in their rights? Yes, they shall, all the people in all the Stakes; and while we sustain them they must sustain us; and if they expect to have our support, they must give us theirs.

Having said so much, I will tell you that I believe sincerely that the men managing our Co-operative Institution are doing just as well as they know how. And I will state further, that I don't know of any persons in this community who know how better than they do. And I have been now for some time associated with them, and am acquainted with their proceedings.

There are other principles besides this; we want to learn to manufacture our own goods. And while on the one hand we use the best talent and financial ability we can get to attend to our mercantile institutions; on the other hand, we need to cherish a spirit to encourage home manufactures of every kind, and we want to get this institution to help us do it. If we manufacture cloths and boots and shoes or anything else, we want the institutions to dispose of our goods. If we need encouragement in regard to the introduction of any manufactures of any kind, we want them to help us, and we have a right to expect this of them so far as is wise, prudent and legitimate. I will state that the directors of Z. C. M. I. feel interested in the very things that I am talking about, and I say it to their credit and for your satisfaction. I do not think there is an institution in the United States in a better condition than that is to-day; and it is improving all the time, not after any fictitious manner, but on a solid, firm, reliable basis. Now then, I have proposed to these brethren, which they quite coincide with, that when they shall be able to pay a certain amount as dividends on the means invested, after reserving a sufficient amount

to preserve the institution *intact* against any sudden emergency that may arise, which is proper among all wise and intelligent men, that then the profits of the institution outside of this, should be appropriated for the development of the home manufactures, the making of machinery, the introduction of self-sustaining principles and the building up of the Territory generally, and they acquiesced in this feeling; and I say it to their honor and credit. And I will tell you again that the Church has got a large interest in that institution, consequently we wish to see everything go aright, not on any wild erratic principle, but on a solid, firm, reliable basis, that can be carried out and that will elicit the admiration and confidence of all good and honorable men.

Sometimes little difficulties have arisen outside through interested individuals who have resorted to a good deal of trickery; other times perhaps from just causes. And I will say too that complaints have been made that we have not sufficiently sustained our home manufactures. I will say, however, that the Institution has stood in a very delicate position. We have been struggling with this financial crisis that has cast a gloom over all this nation for the last number of years—since 1873. But we are now getting into a solid firm position, and when we declared three per cent. for the six months' dividend, it was because the Institution was able to do so. And when we are able to extend this a little farther we will be quite willing to do so.

Some of the complaints that have been made against the institution we have heard; and we have thought best to have a board and refer to that board any complaints that might be made from any part of the Territory. This board that has been temporarily organized has given us these various reports which have been read in your hearing, which indicate their views and feelings in regard to these things. We wish a board of that kind to be organized upon a correct basis according to the order of this Church and Kingdom of God; and then as the people throughout the Territory send to purchase their goods from them, let the people that make these purchases be represented; and if there is anything not straight in their operations, let them be made straight. And this is what this

committee is for, that the people may be protected as well as the Institution.

Then Stake organizations are recommended, with a representative from each Stake at the general or central board, and it will make it much more pleasant for the management of that Institution to have a criticism of that kind. And it will also tend to allay many of these foolish things which are frequently put in circulation in different parts of the Territory. The object, then, of this Board is that the people may be represented, and that Zion's Co-operative may also be properly represented, that it may serve as a balance wheel to adjust and correct any matters of difficulty that may arise.

I am happy to say that in many parts of the Territory they are introducing the manufacture of leather and boots and shoes and a variety of other articles. And suffice it to say that, according to these reports, the Parent Institution has sustained the manufacturers of these home-made articles quite liberally; and we want it to be in that position that everything we use can be bought there. This is, too, their feeling in relation to this matter. And when we get things into a proper fix we will pull with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together. We will strive to be one; and if we cannot go so far as to sustain co-operation in regard to these things, how in the name of common sense are we ever going into the United Order? But we will begin with this, and then co-operate in all the different Stakes, not only in your merchandising, but in your manufacturing affairs and in your producing affairs; and in everything it will be the duty of this general Board of Trade to regulate the interests of the whole community, honestly and faithfully, at least we will do it according to the best ability we have; and if there should be any mistakes arise, we will try to correct them; if they are on the part of the people, we will talk to them about it, if on the part of the institution, we will talk to its management about it. And we will keep working and operating until we succeed in introducing and establishing these things that God has desired, and until Zion shall be a united people and the glory of all the earth.

God bless you and lead you in the path of life, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

CHAPTER XV.

JOHN TAYLOR, THE THIRD ENUNCIATOR
OF THE ORDER OF ZION.

THE discourse of President Taylor upon the proper social economy of the Mormon people may justly be considered as one of the ablest efforts of his life. It fairly ranks him as an apostolic social reformer, for he not only shows a profound comprehension of the temporal and spiritual branches of Zion's government, but his discourse manifests the true aims of a pure co-operative social system. It goes deep down into the heart of Mormon social science, and presents a straightforward and complete exposition of the order and aims of a Zion on the co-operative plan. After the publication of such a manifesto from the President of the Church, stated with as much socialistic method as a Herbert Spencer might have put into one of his treatises on sociology, the Mormons need not be in the dark touching the social aims of their mission. It is, furthermore, worthy of historical note that John Taylor is the third President of the Latter-day Church who has made his solemn manifesto upon the communistic order of the people of Zion, an order, however, in this case, in which God is the Centre and Zion herself the circumference. The three chief apostolic architects, who have risen in the history of the "building up of Zion" in the last days, have now spoken upon the plan; and there is such a wondrous and prolonged harmony in their prophetic and apostolic utterances that both the historian and the sociologist might pause in admiration and ask, Are these marvelous utterances verily from the Voice Divine speaking to the age of a fitter order of society? The Voice is above the men and diviner than they; yet this Voice of God has been speaking in them and through them for fifty years; and whenever it has spoken upon the order of Zion its tones have been the same and its themes harmonious. Of Joseph and Brigham and John, it may be confessed that in their divine work and mission they have been even as the Prophet Esais—men of like passions and failings with ourselves; but we have heard the Voice in them! And when, as Apostles and Prophets of Zion, they have sat down to work, it has ever been in the true spirit of the plan. This discourse of President John Taylor is a re-

markable instance of the affirmation just made.

Touching this United Order of Zion, of which co-operation is the Alpha, there are but two just and discriminating questions to be raised. These are:

First.—Is not the Plan *too good* for us in our weakness, our selfishness, and our worldly mindedness?

Second.—Are the men and the times equal to this Divine performance?

In Joseph's case, the people of Zion believed that he was divine enough, unselfish enough and loving enough, not only to share all things in common with the people of Zion, but to lay down his life for Zion. In Joseph's day, however, when he attempted to found Zion and the "United Order," the times were not ripe nor the instruments fitted. The idea was in advance of the age when the Divine Voice in Kirtland proclaimed the new order of things; but since that initial utterance of Zion the best minds of many nations have quickly come up to the thought, as though an universal inspiration was giving the new impulse to the world. Neither had the Prophet around him such men as Jennings, Hooper, Eldredge, John Sharp and others of their class with temporal life-results—men who have founded the commerce of a State, built railroads, laid "Z. C. M. I." upon the corner-stones of success, and established the Deseret National Bank with a credit almost equal to that of any bank in America. Joseph's was the day of the prophecy, not of the fulfilment. It was sociologically impossible that the prophecy and the fulfilment should come together in the opening period of the new dispensation. Hence we have in Mormon history a "Kirtland Bank," while in Utah we have a Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution which, in 1873, during the time of a financial panic in America, simply asked for an extension of its credit, and within nine months redeemed its paper amounting to one million one hundred thousand dollars. We have also a Deseret National Bank which will compare with "Z. C. M. I." in its financial integrity and power.

Here then we have connected in one view the two financial periods of Zion,—the one represented by Joseph Smith, the other by Brigham Young. In Joseph's day, during the infancy of the Church and in the expulsions and destitution of

the community, it was impossible to build up a grand commercial and financial power to form the basework of a vast co-operative society. On the other hand, in Brigham's day it was possible, and "Z. C. M. I." is the monumental witness of the fact. But in this second period—which is the temporal one—the Mormon people themselves were not so *spiritually prepared* as they were in the period which Joseph ruled and inspired; Zion was not so firm in the hearts of the Saints; the god of this world had shaken her foundations. Yet Brigham Young is not to be held accountable for this. He was the temporal builder supremely, not the spiritual builder supremely. In the very nature of things, and by the sequence of his own successes, it became impossible for him to establish the *whole* and perfect order of Zion. And it was well that the "Order of Enoch" was not established before the Spirit of Zion ruled the hearts of the people of Zion. But Brigham Young faithfully fulfilled his part of Zion's mission; and had he been less the temporal builder and more the spiritual, the foundations of Zion would not have been as firm as they are to-day.

The third period is represented in President Taylor. History is exact; yet has it neither merit nor demerit in the fidelity of its recorded facts or sequential conclusions. John Taylor, in the history of Latter-day Zion, bears the horn of her anointing for the third period. He is the High Priest who will endow the future, though he might not live to see Zion built up in all her glory and in the beauty of her unselfishness. He wonderfully blends in himself the spiritual and the temporal. This is seen in his discourse, and hence it is of such historical value. He is at once what Joseph was and what Brigham was—the two halves in one whole! This is the very logic and fact of his period as well as the type of his character and mission. In some respects, perhaps, he is not as marked a founder of systems as either of his predecessors, nor can his life performances be as loudly pronounced, but he gives them in his uprightness and strength a wondrous balance, and his mission perpetuates their missions. Already this has been seen in his ministration in the Church in her spiritual and temporal affairs. It was manifested from the day the mantle of his calling and period fell upon him, which was at the death

of Brigham Young. He was Brigham's successor from that moment. This was illustrated in the Tabernacle when the corse of Brigham lay embalmed in the presence of the Apostles! The mantle had fallen on John Taylor! We are not now, however, writing this man's life: that is in preparation for the next number of this Magazine. We are simply here making the historical connection to give due significance to the famous discourse under review.

Take, then, the discourse as the proper type and manifesto of the third period of Zion from the Prophet and chief Apostle of the period! Mark its tones and themes, and notice that the date is the first annual Conference after the death of Brigham Young. The mantle had fallen! John Taylor re-enunciates the themes and order of Zion in all the fidelity of Joseph's own spirit, and he deals with "Z. C. M. I.," not as a merchant's scheme, but as Zion's own and proper preparatory work. With this view before us, again read his following extraordinary words:

Another thing, what did we do when President Young was among us, urging these things upon us? Did we not enter into covenant by re-baptism to be subject to the Priesthood in temporal as well as spiritual things, when we took upon ourselves the obligation of the United Order? Let me ask you, what do we mean by doing this? is it a mere form, a farce, or do we intend to carry out the covenants we made? *I tell you in the name of Israel's God they will be carried out, and no man can plow around these things, for God has decreed that they shall be accomplished; and any man who sets himself in opposition to these principles which God has established, He will root him out; but the principle itself will not be rooted out, for God will see that it is accomplished. And in the name of Israel's God we will help him to do it; and all who feel to do it, say amen.* (The large congregation responded with a loud, "Amen.")

There is in President Taylor's solemn affirmation the true ring of apostolic authority; and in those amens of the people there was the weight of a socialistic covenant which, if the Mormons fully keep, will bring them grateful acclamations from the people of all nations, for in keeping it they will teach the world how to establish a proper social economy.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE UPON THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT.

IT will be remembered in the history of "Z. C. M. I." that Kimball & Lawrence subscribed fifteen thousand dollars of their stock, and that Henry W. Lawrence was one of the first Directors of the Institution. It was designed, also, that Godbe & Mitchell should go into the co-operative movement. At this juncture Mr. Godbe, the patron of the *Utah Magazine*, with Mr. Harrison, visited the States, leaving the Magazine in the editorial charge of Edw. W. Tullidge. During their absence the co-operative movement culminated; and the *Daily Telegraph* and *Deseret News* having both expressed themselves on co-operation, the editor in charge deemed it the duty of the *Utah Magazine* to speak on these, the most vital problems of modern society, and he, therefore, published, with his own name attached, the following leading article in the *Utah Magazine* of date Oct. 24, 1868:

BRIGHAM AND HIS PROBLEM.

We have just struck upon one of the most important problems of the age. Our social and political *necessities* have driven Brigham upon it and those necessities will drive the people after him. But it makes no difference what is the cause, we are, be it repeated, upon one of the most important problems of the times. In reality that problem is the great commonwealth in its social and commercial forms.

Of old times the Commonwealth was made to signify the religious and national rights of a people in a very general sense, but after the Cromwellian struggle, followed by England's greatest revolution under the reign of that illustrious hero and statesman, William of Orange, the Commonwealth took in a larger conception of political rights; and in the American revolution there was the consummation of all the struggles of nationalities for the inalienable rights of man.

This of the problems of the past; but the philosophers of the present age have been conceptive with a new idea; it is that of a SOCIAL SYSTEM embracing Commercial combinations and Co-operative activities and interests all blended into the great commonwealth of a nation. So-

cial philosophers and advanced statesmen became conscious of a cardinal lacking in the constitutions of the world: It was the lacking of *social systems*. Even England was without a social system; England, which had been a thousand years the foremost nation in everything where social and commercial interests were concerned. Her commonwealth she could date back to Alfred the Great; but where was her social system? Her commerce was the world's commerce, but where some grand national institution taking it all in? Her manufactures and trade were almost like the life-blood of the world; but where the system that returned that life-blood to the social body that gave its source? Where, in fact, a social realization of a commonwealth?

It is true that it was such men as Robert Owen and the Idealistic class of Statesmen who at first began to entertain the conception of a grand social and commercial scheme to be incorporated into the commonwealth of a nation, and very justly they deemed the old miserable functions of politics unworthy national legislation. Why should not statesmen in the Congresses and Parliaments of the nations legislate for the social and commercial life and the weal of the great people instead of babbling over their politics and leaving the most cardinal interests of a nation in the hands of masters, capitalists, and speculators?

These were questions for consideration, and they afforded movements for public agitation. But at length the problem passed from the circle of mere idealists and the world saw born a Social Science Congress.

Russell and Brougham were its Presidents, Shaftesbury and Carlisle were its types of commoners—all the intellect of England formed the grand assembly; Robert Owen, the venerable apostle of the conception of a social science and legislation, was there to sanctify the birth of that Congress with his dying blessing. It was a grand sight! I witnessed the birth of that congress and that sight at Liverpool. Never shall I forget it, for it represents the final conception of our age and the world's good time coming.

But who shall solve this problem, was my question as I sat in that Social Science Congress on the night of the *People's* session, with one of the people's voices,—who shall solve this problem? Rob-

ert Owen, its English apostle, had lived to see it in the hands of England's most advanced statesmen, and from that congress he was carried away to gather up his feet and sleep with his forefathers. His friend Brougham had supported the illustrious social apostle while he made his tiny speech very suggestive of the grand second childhood which then spoke to the world the amen of a giant life. It was a glorious triumph to the man, but who, I asked myself, can *practically* solve his vast problem, spite of the fact that it is now in the hands of this galaxy of English statesmen, in spite of the fact that there is connected with this "Upper House" a "Commons" of the greatest minds of the realm, in spite of the fact that the *People* have been called in to make the congress worthy of a national acceptance?—yet who *shall*, who *can* solve this problem? I answered then as now: there is one man, and that man is Brigham Young!—one people and they are the Mormons.

We are now thrown upon the solution of this very problem. Brigham Young has taken it up. He *must* carry it through. It is now his mission, and in the line of the special mission of his life. A society builder is the type of his ministry, social systems are his offsprings. He is no father of political systems, no prophet of new dispensations, but he is the parent of social constitutions; he shall rank in history among the founders of empires. He *must* then take up this great problem of the age—aye, the crowning problem of all the ages! He *must* work out in his lifetime a grand Commonwealth for Israel that will take in all our social and commercial activities and interests. But the world has no social system, no *commercial nationality*. The Statesmen of England strikingly affirmed this fact when they left the halls of Parliament to sit in the Amphitheatre of Liverpool to hold their people's session of their "Social Science Congress" of the advanced minds of the world. And in our age that world must have given to it at least one commercial nationality, at least one completed commonwealth. I say Brigham Young must do it or he will die with an unaccomplished mission. That was his mission from the beginning—his special mission; all his past works prove it. He has been the father of social institutions, the fath-

er of a state, and he must complete his work. There is no playing with that work either on his part or on ours—the people's part. He has risen up to his part, now ours *must* come uppermost,—we must rise up to make it ours. We must have a commercial nationality, a combination of interests, a commonwealth that will embrace all and exacting from all in turn, give multiplied good to all.

Our *absolute necessities* force us out just as Brigham's absolute necessities in the case force him out. Unless grappled with, it can only be a question of time. Let that time be now; and let no man or woman buy or sell unless in the interest of our Commonwealth. He that will not go with Brigham and the people in this great issue shall be left out of doors; though that should come against myself, I amen it with all my heart, for this is a world-important problem we have before us now. It is the rock upon which we shall build or split. The matter is therefore no playing matter.

Providence, then, forces upon us for solution the world's greatest temporal problem; it is also our own, and that Providence comes in our necessities from the opposite side. If Brigham, with God above him and the people at his back, be equal to the task of solving it, the eyes of nations will be upon the issue. Our religion has never been understood, but our social and commercial weight has been felt on this continent and respected in spite of every censure of objectionable peculiarities. Here we have now a problem in which this community can make itself felt a hundred fold more than ever in the eventful past.

The Great East India Company has been instanced and its marvelous results from small beginnings brought up as an example suggestive of the proposed commercial combination. Brigham Young, the parent of a vast co-operative union of the Mormons in all the world,—Brigham Young, the Chief Director of that union! Is not that as suggestive as the East India Company? Ask Lord John Russell, the first president of the Social Science Congress, who in his speech has already, to his colleagues, pointed out Brigham Young and his social administration, as an example marked upon the age. If the thrice prime minister of England has thus cast him, surely it is not far fetched to strike off Brigham Young as the head

a commercial company that will bear comparison with that of East India in its beginning and may be one that shall bear comparison with it in its consummations.

Depend upon it, this problem can be made to grow into vast proportions, and wonderful results will come from its solution. More, very likely will come of the movement than is now designed. Know you not that the millions have been piled upon the pence, and how insatiable becomes the desire to pile up as the bulk increases? It has been thus in the laying up of all immense fortunes, and in the working out of every gigantic enterprise. The first penny gained gave not much zest; the first efforts of giant undertakings have made but little mark even in the projector's own mind, unless it has been a railroad kind of scheme with a George Stephenson blending the idealistic and practical in one great conception. Material wealth is an impulse almost like that of fanaticism. Now we have the one, so it is generally affirmed. Let us next be put into the way to get the mighty impulse of accumulating material resources and there will be vast results indeed. But will it result in the material good of all who take up with their means and efforts Brigham's great commercial problem? Most certainly it will, or the whole of the movement will fall to the ground a failure. Now, Brigham is no failure, but a successful man in everything, and in this matter his very success will consist in the *amount of individual* good disbursed. His work and mission hitherto has been to make the Mormons collectively. Has he not made out of a gathered mass of poor people a little nation in their social potency! His future work, then, seems to be a commercial commonwealth, and the very nature of that is *individual* as well as collective growth and good. The problem of his future will be as successful as that of his past and Lord John Russell will have the opportunity to point out the man Brigham and his policies to Europe again.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DIRECTORATE: THE MEN TO WHOM
THIS SOCIAL PROBLEM IS GIVEN FOR
SOLUTION.

THE social problems of Zion are now fairly before us as enunciated in the three Presidential periods of the Church;

and the subject resolves itself into two grand questions. The first question is, Are the men to whom this social problem is given for solution a proper combination as they stand represented to-day by the Directors and officers of "Z. C. M. I.?" The second question is, Are the times and circumstances propitious for the fulfilment of that which has been so markedly forecast? In this chapter we may properly deal with the first of these questions—namely, that which concerns the present Directorate and officers of the Institution. The group of persons given as our frontispiece presents to the eye of the reader this extraordinary combination of spiritual and temporal men in accord upon their great social work. On the side of the Church we have first in this co-partnership of Zion,

THE TRUSTEE-IN-TRUST.

He is one of the Directors of "Z. C. M. I." But he is by a superior office more than a Director in the combination. As President of the Church, he is the spiritual guardian of the Church and the temporal guardian of the commonwealth of Zion. In the very nature of things, therefore, the re-iterations which President Taylor made at the April Conference in 1878, will shape the course of the Mormon people for the next quarter of a century. As long as John Taylor lives, the Mormons must, by the very force of their own faith and systems, be a co-operative people. It is not possible, now, that they could either discontinue their co-operative movement or even suspend it for a more favorable season. The manifesto upon which we have dwelt has not only confirmed co-operation as a theory, but made it henceforth the imperative life-duty of the entire community. During the Presidency of Brigham Young, co-operation may have been considered somewhat as an experiment; but it is now no longer so. It is the established order of the Mormon community, and the success of "Z. C. M. I." has given to it its potency. This is the significance of the Mormon social problem as it stands to-day.

John Taylor has never yet been known to go back upon himself or the mission of his Church; and it will be a remarkable fact in the Mormon history, noticeable even in the next generation, that John Taylor made his Presidential enun-

ciation in his latter days. With him, therefore, as the spiritual head of the Church, Trustee-in-Trust, and a Director of "Z. C. M. I.," representing at once the Order of Zion and the vested interests of the entire community; in the very logic of the case, his manifesto endows the co-operative movement as a Divine work to be continued in the people of Zion and not a mere human performance. Hence he stands in the Directorate of "Z. C. M. I." not as its temporal founder, as was Brigham Young, but purely as the spiritual teacher inspiring the temporal affairs of the people of Zion—re-incarnating the spirit of the pure socialistic gospel of Joseph Smith in the matured temporal body which grew up under the administration of Brigham. Thus viewed, the spiritual and temporal combinations of the Mormon people to-day are, with John Taylor as the centre of unity, better than they were either in the life-time of Joseph Smith or of Brigham Young; and this is not only the case in the spiritual part of the combination, but also in the temporal part. John Taylor is the very embodiment of the will and spirit of the Church to-day, and he will leave co-operation to his successor as the Divine law and purpose to be fulfilled and perfected in the life-work of the Mormon people during the present century.

GEORGE Q. CANNON.

This apostle is not only the second man in the Church as the spiritual organizations stand to-day, but he is one of the original partners in the co-operative covenant, or the "Agreement" upon which "Z. C. M. I." was incorporated. There were three who apostolically represented the partnership of the Church—namely, Brigham Young, George A. Smith and George Q. Cannon, with the name of Brigham Young, Jun., as the repeater of his father. Idealistically considered, George A. Smith may be valued in the combination as the representative of his cousin, the Prophet and founder of the Church; Brigham Young, as the supreme temporal embodiment of Zion at the time this commercial covenant was entered into; and George Q. Cannon as the man who represented the future, and in whose life-time the grand co-operative problems of the Mormon community will be solved. Upon the very face of it, this seems to be

the prophecy of the communistic covenant made in behalf of the Mormon people. George Q. Cannon bears the burden of its prophecy! In his life-time it will be fulfilled! Thus we should judge the oracle upon the common methods of interpretation apart from any foresight of this man's destiny; yet we will venture to forecast a destiny for George Q. Cannon in connection with Utah as far-reaching as his own dreams and as high as his own aspirations. George Q. Cannon's life has defined his future work. His apostolic part is to establish the Mormon people as a pure Hebraic community evolved through co-operative methods and perfected by co-operative industrial unions. He has undertaken this work; and if he lives to the age of seventy-five to eighty he will accomplish the task. We affirm nothing concerning the Presidency of the Church, but simply that Destiny has given into George Q. Cannon's hands more than to any other man living the solution of the social and co-operative problems of the Mormon community during the next quarter of a century. It was George Q. Cannon who wrote the encyclical letter published by the Church upon co-operation which was given in a former chapter. Historically, it was a statement made by the Church relative to "Z. C. M. I." as an *established* success of the Mormon people in co-operation, and to stimulate the community to perpetuate its existence. But the superior view of this encyclical circular is that it offers the Hebraic plan of a commonwealth as the basis of the solution of the complex problems of modern society. The author of that circular showed that he understood his subject as would a sociological master promulgating the methods of the new order of things, and with a perfect realization that the Mormon people held the power in their own hands to re-construct society in themselves and thus set an example to all the world. There is more in his document than he dares to fully discuss as a present undertaking, though the social duty is made imperative and the consequences of neglect to the American nation herself pointed out. Mark the following passage, which is worthy of reiteration a thousand times:

"One of the great evils with which our own nation is menaced at the present time is the wonderful growth of wealth in

the hands of a comparatively few individuals. The very liberties for which our fathers contended so steadfastly and courageously, and which they bequeathed to us as a priceless legacy, are endangered by the monstrous power which this accumulation of wealth gives to a few individuals and a few powerful corporations. By its seductive influence results are accomplished which, were it more equally distributed, would be impossible under our form of government. It threatens to give shape to the legislature, both State and National, of the entire country. If this evil should not be checked, and measures not be taken to prevent the continued enormous growth of riches among the class already rich, and the painful increase of destitution and want among the poor, the nation is liable to be overtaken by disaster; for, according to history, such a tendency among nations once powerful was the sure precursor of ruin. The evidence of the restiveness of the people under this condition of affairs in our times is witnessed in the formation of societies of grangers, of patrons of husbandry, trades' unions, etc. etc., combinations of the productive and working classes against capital."

So George Q. Cannon would grapple with the greatest social problems of modern times—namely, a just distribution of the property and wealth of the nation. This was the aim of Robert Owen, and it has been the aim of all the great socialists of this re-constructing age. And there has proven to be a church in existence advanced enough to send out such a circular and bold enough to undertake such a work. Had the British Parliament or the American Congress promulgated a circular expressing thus plainly the will of the people and the authority of the nation, we might think indeed that the millennium were nigh. Nevertheless, the Mormon Apostles have promulgated it and they are fully bent upon accomplishing this all-including social re-construction so far as their own community is concerned; and no man has a deeper resolve in his life-work touching this matter than George Q. Cannon. He is, however, too much a man of the world to attempt to force the execution of a new social work by wild impractical methods. He will not advocate a general consecration of property, the laying down of men's own hard-earned money at the feet of the

apostles, and the reduction of the rich to the level of the poor;—that is to say, he will not advocate a wild communistic *disorganization* of society, but a general re-arrangement of the social system. The co-operative plan is the one purposed and which, by-and-by, will become the broad basework of the community in all their material interests and manifold industries as well as in their commercial relations. It is the Mormon society-work of the next quarter of a century. We may not expect it to be accomplished in the life-time of President John Taylor, though it will be greatly developed, but we may reasonably prophecy a splendid social consummation during the life-time of George Q. Cannon such as will attract the attention of all the world. He will not betray his mission and not prove false to the great social apostleship which the Mormon people have the opportunity of fulfilling to the American nation. It has been frequently confessed by Gentile writers that Brigham Young, in his life-time, held greater opportunities for the solution of the problems of society than any other man born since the days of the Founder of the Christian economy.

Abroad, where the vision of the great social work of the Mormons has been seen with a purer light, their wondrous opportunity has arisen like a morning star of promise in the age and not as a monument of their failure. Thus, Lord John Russell spoke of Brigham Young and his society-work; and Stephen Pearl Andrews—that extraordinary man with a Pantarch in his brain—has said in his writings that he was attempting in the science of his Pantarchy very much what Brigham Young and the Mormons were attempting in their theocracy. The significance of this review applied to apostle George Q. Cannon is that he is just the man to comprehend and appreciate that already the eyes of the nation have been attracted to the Mormons and their social problems; that already the foremost minds of the world have confessed that Brigham Young held in his hand the crowning opportunity of modern times. He knows, also, that the Mormons still hold this supreme opportunity, that the combinations of to-day are extraordinary, and that the social future of the community will not be unworthy the name of a Zion. Brigham Young and George A. Smith being dead, George Q. Cannon stands to

the future as the surviving one of the grand triune which, on behalf of Zion, entered into a covenant with Jennings, Hooper and Eldredge to set up for the Mormon people a co-operative commonwealth.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

This apostle is one of the Directors of the "Z. C. M. I.," and from many points of view he is a very important member of the combination. Since the death of George A. Smith, he has stood to the Mormons of Utah as the chief lineal representative of the founders of the Church. In a sense, he may be said to inherit the system, and he is, by his office as one of the First Presidency of the Church and his election as a Director of "Z. C. M. I.," a legitimate spiritual and temporal guardian of the community. As he grows older he will be even more the guardian of the people and their institutions. He is a man of marvelous force and uncompromising uprightness of character. To him, the integrity of Mormonism is the supreme consideration. That which was laid down by the Prophet in the plan of the spiritual and temporal superstructure of Zion, Joseph F. Smith will work to with a masonic fidelity. In this exactitude not even John Taylor surpasses him; and we have seen that President Taylor is just as fundamental in the closing period of his life in Utah as he was in Kirtland when working upon the plan of a Latter-day Zion under the Prophet. This work, Joseph F. Smith will continue with all the force of his character and the irresistibility of his convictions. In many respects, he is like his uncle, the Prophet—a man of almost superhuman force, a most unselfish nature and a single-mindedness seldom met in the men of this age. He is absolutely without guile and sound at heart as an oak. He would be a very unfit partner for a mere commercial scheme. "Z. C. M. I.," in his mind, signifies really and truly the co-operative unity of the Mormon people in fulfilment of a divine purpose and mission. It must not be expected that our commercial and financial men can always keep this in view in pure single-mindedness; but Joseph F. Smith does, and it is this fact, which is true also of others of his class, that makes the apostolic element of so much value in the Directorate. These apostles truly repre-

sent the community and their interests in the faithful carrying out of their co-operative movements and in the execution of the original design of "Z. C. M. I." to benefit the whole. There is no man that the Mormon people trust more unreservedly than they do Joseph F. Smith. He is just and honest between man and man and is, in fact, very severe in his sense of justice. He is only 43 years of age, without a single blemish in his constitution, and he will most likely live till he is eighty, so that we may look upon Joseph F. Smith as a mighty guardian of the Mormon community spiritually and temporally for nearly another generation.

In consideration of his comparative youthfulness, coupled with the uncommon strictness and integrity of his character, Joseph F. Smith is the best surety the Church has that her systems will be perpetuated and her principles maintained. The Mormon people would follow him in temporal and spiritual affairs with an absolute trust, for they know that not for the price of a world would he betray them. Were it possible or desirable for the social base-work to be reconstructed upon the plan of consecration, Joseph F. Smith would be the best man to execute the plan; and we may certainly expect during his life-time some very advanced society work to be constructed upon the co-operative system that shall be worthy of the name of United Order of Zion. Were it an Order to be established by the consecration of property, which we believe never will be the foundation upon which society will be re-constructed, even in such a case, Joseph F. Smith would first lay all his own earthly possessions upon the communistic altar ere he bade the people to consecrate their possessions for the world's good. The new order of society would certainly be an *honest* one if Joseph F. Smith was its soul; and this very view of his character shows how apostolically fit he is to inspire co-operation, seeing that it is a system that requires a pure unselfishness and the noblest social motives. The aims of a true co-operation are precisely those of consecration. The plan is simply better and more in accordance with the ordinary workings of human affairs. But in any view of the case, Joseph F. Smith is a proper apostle of a genuine co-operative community, and we may be assured that such men as he will never rest until the Mormons are

such, and so recognized as their peculiar social type in the family of American States.

MOSES THATCHER.

We now come the last and youngest of of the apostolic combination in the Directorate of "Z. C. M. I." The family of the Thatchers with Wm. B. Preston—a son of the family by marriage—are among the principal founders of Cache Valley. They are temporal managers as well as spiritual men—founders of cities, merchants and Presidents of the Stake. No young man in Utah has made a better defined and fairer mark than Moses Thatcher. Though young, he has risen altogether upon his own merits to the apostleship. He has been a Legislator for years, was the superintendent of the Utah Northern Railroad, afterwards the superintendent of the branch "Z. C. M. I." at Logan and President of the Cache Valley Stake. He is now on a mission to Mexico. Moses Thatcher is eminently fitted to represent the community as a Director in their co-operative plans and enterprises, for he blends a fine spiritual nature with much financial ability.

Moses Thatcher is to Cache Valley what Joseph F. Smith is to the Church. And relative to the subject now under historical review it may be observed that the cordial and unreserved support which Father Thatcher and his sons, and his son-in-law, Bishop W. B. Preston, gave to co-operation at its start did very much to make the movement popular and potent in Cache Valley. They, also, more than any others, gave a business and financial prosperity to the county from its beginning. The money which Father Thatcher brought into Utah from the gold fields of California has been munificently employed in nearly every enterprise in the county, besides the vast donations which he and his sons have made to the Church and for the emigrations of the people. But the part which the Thatchers have performed in the growth and material prosperity of our Territory will be fully treated in the history of Cache Valley; we now simply take a brief view of Moses Thatcher in his relations with the Directorate of "Z. C. M. I." and the fitness of his character for the true communistic purposes of a Zion. Father Thatcher being dead, his son Moses is now the chief representative of

his family. He is an important stockholder in "Z. C. M. I." as well as a Director. For many reasons he may be esteemed as a proper spiritual and temporal guardian of the co-operative interests of the community. Furthermore, Moses Thatcher is a man of advanced views and quick intelligence. He can comprehend social philosophy and is capable of devising methods for the better working of society. As a legislator of our Territory, he has been distinguished for advanced measures bearing upon the public weal, and for his intelligent and liberal speeches in the House. Indeed, it was his legislative ability, and statesman-like aims, that first impressed the public mind with the conviction that in Moses Thatcher our Territory had found a man of decided mark. Most certainly he would be one of the foremost, both in his intellectual support and monetary help, to carry out any great co-operative undertaking, whether for the development of the resources and industries of Utah, or the enlarged benefits of a co-operative commerce.

We are not undertaking to biographically sketch these apostles who constitute the spiritual partnership in behalf of the Church in the Directorate of "Z. C. M. I." This we shall do fully in some future numbers of this Magazine. The object here is simply to show that the combinations are good and reliable. And when to these Directors we add the whole of the apostles who stand at the back, we may be assured that all the co-operative movements of the Mormons will be carried to the completest issues. "Z. C. M. I." can never be a failure. The Church supports the pillars of the commercial and financial temple and in her own right owns over a one-third partnership in the whole concern.

We will now return to the Directors and executive affairs on the temporal side of Zion's superstructure; for on their fitness so much of the burden of the history and future of Zion's co-operative work rests. We continue our views of the life work and characters of these men and next present an autobiographic sketch of General Horace S. Eldredge as one of the founders of Utah's commerce, a superintendent of the emigrations of the Mormon people who have settled these valleys, and one of the seven Presidents of the Seventies in the spiritual organizations of

the Church, so it will be seen that Horace S. Eldredge, like others of the Institution, blends in himself the temporal and spiritual powers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HORACE S. ELDRIDGE.
SKETCHES FROM HIS LOG BOOK AND REMINISCENCES OF EARLIER DAYS.

FROM the records of our old family Bible,—which in those days was more frequently used than of late,—I learned that I was born on the 6th day of February, 1816, in the town of Brutus, Cayuga County, State of New York, where I was tenderly nurtured by kind and indulgent parents until I was eight years old, when death called my mother to another sphere. From early influences and moral training, both by precept and example, I began, at an early age, to reflect much and consider the necessity of preparing for a future state in order to again meet a pious mother who had gone before. The watchful care of my eldest sister and a pious aunt who, at this time, was one of our household—I well remember her frequently leading me to Sabbath school and Church,—still cultivated in me the principles of morality and a desire to be associated with good and honorable people; and at the age of sixteen, to the great satisfaction of many of my friends, I united myself with the Baptist Church. But after study and reflection, I found I could not subscribe fully to the Calvinistic doctrines of effectual calling, total depravity, the final perseverance of the Saints, etc. However, I continued my association with them until the Spring of 1836 when, for the first time, I heard a sermon from an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which prompted me to a further investigation, and I became convinced that it was the only *true* order of religion that existed; for it was the exact pattern of the Apostolic Church. In taking this step, it is needless for me to say that I was much opposed by real friends and persecuted by pretended ones; but disregarding both, I resolved to take the course that would best satisfy my own conscience—"Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the children of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

During the summer of 1836, I married and settled on a farm near Indianapolis, in

the State of Indiana, with every prospect before me of the enjoyment of a quiet and happy life. But feeling desirous of associating myself with the people with whom I had thus become identified, I sold my farm and in the Fall of 1838, started, with the most of my effects, for the State of Missouri. I wended my way towards the North Western portion of the State and stopped at Far West, then the County Seat of Caldwell County, where I purchased two hundred and thirty acres of land and a comfortable house and lot in town, trusting, by prudence, industry and economy, to secure a comfortable living and a permanent home. But it appears that my anticipations were not to be realized; for difficulties and jealousies, both in political and religious questions, soon arose between some of our people and other settlers; and the Mormons, in some settlements in Upper Missouri, were forbidden to vote or to come to the Polls to exercise their franchise. This finally resulted in a very serious quarrel on an election day in an adjoining County. Thus started, the difficulty was not easily quelled, as the feud was encouraged and the spark thus ignited fanned by hireling priests and political demagogues until it became very serious, and finally culminated in the exterminating order of L. W. Boggs, then Governor of the State of Missouri. Scores of our people were then ruthlessly murdered, women ravished and helpless women and children turned out of doors in the bleakness of a severe winter, and added to all, our prophet and several other leading men were incarcerated in prison. But these atrocities have been published to the world; and it is not a pleasant theme for me to write about; but I would mention that about twelve thousand of our people were banished the State to seek refuge in a more congenial clime.

I had purchased my land, secured my title and placed the same on record, having traced the title to a legitimate entry from the Government of the United States. I felt that I had a right to protection in life and property, never having violated any law that would deprive me of the same; but as it was frequently stated by some of the Missourians, there was no law for Mormons in that state, and no one that professed to be a Mormon was allowed to remain unless he would renounce his religion. I therefore left in the month of De-

ember, and returned to my friends in the state of Indiana. I will here state that I still hold the titles to my land in Missouri, having never received the first dollar for them. The most of our people moved into the state of Illinois, where they found a temporary asylum, while our Prophet, Joseph Smith, and several of his friends and brethren, were held in prisons in the State of Missouri. After his escape from prison, and during the Summer of 1839, he purchased a town site and a quantity of land on the Mississippi River at a point formally called Commerce—afterwards, Nauvoo—where our people commenced to gather, and in the Fall of 1840 proceeded to build a Temple. During the Fall, I with my little family, moved to Nauvoo to again unite my destiny with this persecuted people. I was present when the first ground was broken for the erection of the Temple in Nauvoo, and assisted in its erection until it was completed in the Spring of 1846.

I was in our exodus from Nauvoo in the Spring and Summer of 1846, and remained at "Winter Quarters" during that year, where we commenced building log cabins and rude huts to winter in; and on the 20th day of November I got my little family under the first and only roof that had sheltered them since the early Spring.

Much hardship, privation and suffering were also endured by our people during the two winters we remained at Winter Quarters. There I buried two of my children, and many others were called to mourn the loss of friends who fell victims to privation and want, for in that new and uncultivated country but few of the comforts of life could be obtained for either love or money.

In the Spring of 1848, I joined the company of President Brigham Young who, with about five hundred teams, and Heber C. Kimball with another company of about the same number, started on their second Pioneer trip for our new home in the mountains, hoping to enjoy a season of rest, at least for a short time, far from our persecutors. We arrived in Salt Lake Valley on the 22nd day of September, having been over four months on our way, living in tents and wagons. Many of the families that came in this season, were compelled to live in their tents and wagons during the long and tedious winter that followed; for the season being far

advanced when they arrived, they were not able to build. The timber and lumber for building had to be obtained from the mountains, which were early filled with snow, rendering it impossible, with our worn out teams, to penetrate them and obtain building material.

Notwithstanding the various difficulties and disadvantages labored under, however, and the trying circumstances that we were called to pass through, during the first season, in which the crickets came and destroyed our crops, we felt to take courage, relying upon the Lord, and believing that he would sustain us as he had hitherto done. Being nearly all on a level as to worldly goods, we could sympathize with each other and were willing to extend a helping hand to the weak; and as we divided with the destitute, none could perish with hunger; but if that selfishness which characterises many communities had been indulged in and encouraged, the suffering would have been great. During the Summer of 1849, our agricultural prospects were more encouraging, and on the 24th of July—the anniversary of the entrance of the Pioneers into the valley—we had a grand celebration and a general harvest feast at which all were invited to participate. Long tables being set in the bowery and loaded with the rich products of the valley, all were made welcome, and there being many strangers present who were on their way to the gold mines of California, it was a day to be remembered by those present. Being myself one of the Committee of Arrangements and Marshal of the Day, I had plenty to do; but it gave me pleasure to see so happy an assemblage of people after all we had passed through.

Now, in speaking of myself, the first winter after I arrived in this valley I was appointed Marshal of the Territory, and Assessor and Collector of taxes; and as it was necessary for us to effect and keep up a military organization for our protection, I was appointed to take charge of the 1st Brigade of Infantry and received there a commission of Brigadier General of the Militia.

Being desirous to encourage agriculture and taking great pleasure in that pursuit, I commenced a small farm in the country, which has since been a source of great pleasure as well as small profits, enabling me to better provide for the wants

of a family. I also built a comfortable residence in the city, and moved into it in the Spring of 1852, this being the first comfortable house we had enjoyed since we left Nauvoo in the Spring of 1846.

In the Fall of 1852, I was called upon and appointed by the General Conference of the Church to take a mission to St. Louis, Mo., to preside over the St. Louis Conference, to act as general Church agent for the immigration and as purchasing agent for the Church.

In the Spring of 1853, our immigration from Europe amounted to about three thousand souls and required over three hundred wagons and a thousand head of oxen to transport them. These, with what was termed the American Emigration swelled the number to over four hundred wagons and nearly two thousand head of cattle. It required an immense labor to deliver these at the overland starting point, besides purchasing the provisions, outfits and all the necessities for a three or more month's camp life. After seeing the last company started, I returned to St. Louis to enjoy the short season of rest which I very much needed; but about this time I received an extremely kind letter from President Brigham Young, suggesting that, as the heated and perhaps sickly season was coming on I had better not remain in St. Louis but take a trip north. This suggestion I accepted and went to New York State where I spent a few pleasant weeks with my relatives and friends in the place of my birth and early childhood. On my return to St. Louis, I had to look to some Church matters, and, after visiting several branches and giving them the necessary counsel, I began, by contracting for wagons, &c., to lay my plans and arrange for the coming season's immigration. Having formed many agreeable acquaintances, I spent the winter much pleasanter than I had the previous one. The following Spring brought its cares and responsibilities, as a large emigration from Europe as well as many from St. Louis and vicinity and different parts of the States were preparing to migrate to our mountain home, and all were more or less looking to me as agent to provide for them their outfit by the way of teams, provisions, and the various necessities for a trip across the plains. I also received orders from Salt Lake City to purchase a large quantity of merchandise, machin-

ery, agricultural implements, and to provide wagons, teams, teamsters &c., for their transportation. Having but little or no help that I could rely upon, nearly this whole labor devolved upon me, and I was compelled to give it my personal attention.

We must leave General Eldredge with the business and management of the emigration of this season, and take up his autobiographic narrative at a commercial point after his return to his mountain home. He continues:

During the winter of 1854-5, I remained home with my family, having been elected a member of the Legislative Assembly. Forty days of the time was employed in assisting to enact laws for our young and growing Territory.

In the fall of 1856, I entered into an arrangement with W. H. Hooper to take a stock of goods to Utah County. and on the 23rd of October started a train well loaded with merchandise, amounting to \$15,000. I proceeded to Provo, rented a store and opened our goods. Our adventure was tolerably successful, as I sold quite a quantity of goods and bought several hundred head of cattle. It was my first mercantile transaction with W. H. Hooper. In the month of February, I was notified that I was requested to return to St. Louis and to be ready to start the 1st of March to again resume the Presidency of the St. Louis Conference, and to act as a general church and emigration agent. I therefore commenced arranging my business, turned over my goods and cattle to W. H. Hooper, effected a satisfactory settlement and was ready to start at the appointed time.

During this season, great excitement prevailed throughout the United States regarding the "Mormon War"—or Prest. Buchanan's war upon the Mormons,—in which General Johnston was placed in command of two thousand five hundred men, who were called the "Flower of the American Army," and with all the necessary supplies, arrangements, arms, ammunition and implements of war, to march against and, as many supposed, to put to the sword and annihilate the Mormons. It was frequently remarked to me, while attending to business in St. Louis, that they would "use up" the Mormons and not even leave a "grease spot." One prem-

inent business gentleman expressed himself, in the kindest feeling, I believe,—"

"If I were you, I would immediately fetch my family away from Utah, for they are bound to use up your people."

I remarked that I considered my family safer in Utah than I would if they were in St. Louis. He seemed surprised and almost ridiculed the idea; but during the late war between the North and the South—if my memory serves me it was in 1864—I stood in St. Louis in company with the same gentleman, viewing a regiment of soldiers marching down to a steamer that was waiting to bear them to the battle-field. He said to me,

"I would to God that my family and effects were in Utah."

Circumstances had somewhat changed his feelings in the intervening six years.

I continued my labors as usual until July 31st, when I started for the Eastern cities, having business in Washington, Philadelphia and New York. On my way, I called at Indianapolis, Ia., where I had formerly resided, and called on several of my old acquaintances. On the 4th of August, at 8 P.M., I arrived in Washington, and as it is very difficult to hurry business in Washington and sometimes difficult to accomplish it at all, I was necessarily detained longer than I had anticipated. Having business with the Auditor of the U. S. Post Office Dept. and also with the Treasury Dept., Mr. Suter, of the firm of Suter, Lee & Co., rendered me what assistance he could and closing my business on the 8th, I left for Philadelphia, where I remained until the 10th, and I then proceeded to New York. On the 11th, I took the steamer *Isaac Newton*, for Albany, and landing there on the morning of the 12th, took the cars for the West and arrived in St. Louis on the 16th.

Before reaching St. Louis, I overtook the previous train, a perfect wreck,—several persons killed and many injured. I was expecting to have been on this train, but had been persuaded by some of my friends to remain over one train, otherwise I might have been one of the unfortunate. My business now required me to do a great amount of traveling. I received several remittances from Washington in compliance with arrangements made while there.

On Sept. 17th, I left St. Louis for Florence and other places up the Mis-

souri River, took the cars to Jefferson City, steamed from there to St. Joseph, and staged to Florence.

While in Florence, I enjoyed the hospitality of Bro. Alexander C. Pyper, who always welcomed me to his house, for which I ever felt grateful, as my business called me there frequently; and the kindness that I received from him and his family will ever be remembered with feelings of gratitude.—

Having been absent over a year, General Eldredge felt anxious to return to his mountain home. On his arrival in Salt Lake City he found that the community had removed South at the approach of Johnston's army. The autobiography continues:

Myself and animals were much fatigued with the long and tedious journey, and after resting a day I started for Provo to find my family, who, like the rest, had forsaken their home and taken to almost a camp life. My animals being so worn down, it took me nearly two days and a night to reach there.

About this time it was considered safe and advisable to return to our homes; and as the exodus had been general, there was now a general moving north, the roads being thronged with teams and stock.

After getting my family and effects moved back to our home, I began to make preparations for another trip to the States; and on the 14th of September, I took leave of my family and friends and started, being joined by several other parties that were going east. Our company included G. Q. Cannon, J. W. Young, H. D. Haight and F. Kesler, my wife and child forming a part of the company.

My trip to the States this time was for the purpose of purchasing merchandise and machinery and freighting the same the coming spring. I arrived in St. Louis Nov. 1st, and on the morning of the 2nd, I made my deposit in the bank of J. J. Anderson & Co., having brought with me \$26,000 in gold, and it being rather bulky and heavy to handle I was very glad to get it off my hands in a safe deposit; and in the evening I moved to private boarding.

I left on the 9th for Chicago, where I arrived on the 10th and put up at the "Briggs House." I called on Mr. P. Schuttler and settled with him for wagons that had been previously bought of him, and contracted with him to furnish me

nearly two hundred wagons for the next season, advancing him \$3,000 on the contract, and on the 12th, started on the return to St. Louis, arriving on the 13th.

Having a large amount of machinery and merchandise to purchase, I concluded to visit the Eastern cities and manufacturing districts, and accordingly left St. Louis per steamer *Shenango*, for Cincinnati, arriving on Dec. 3rd. After spending several days in Cincinnati, investigating and examining machinery, we proceeded to New York and other eastern cities. From New York I visited several manufacturing districts in the New England States, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and spent several days in Washington. While in New York, I made purchases of merchandise and settled considerable business for W. H. Hooper, soon leaving for the West, and arriving in St. Louis on the 23rd of February.

April 2nd, I again left St. Louis for Chicago to purchase more wagons, finding that I needed more than I had engaged. After settling with Mr. Schuttler for the wagons already engaged, I contracted for seventeen more for my own individual use, and returned to St. Louis.

On April 23rd, I left St. Louis for Parkville, Mo., to purchase more cattle. While on board the steamer, *John D. Parry*, on our way up the river, we came into collision with the steamer *Michigan* in which the latter and her freight were much damaged. I purchased seventy-five yoke of oxen and eight mules of Mr. Thomson, sent them on to Florence in charge of James Brown and James Lemmon, and returned to St. Louis on May 3rd.

Having completed purchases for my first train, I shipped the balance of my freight for this train and a number of passengers on the steamer *Isabella* for Florence, leaving St. Louis on May 18th.

On the 19th, I closed my business up to that time, and having negotiated a loan from J. J. Anderson & Co. for \$4,000 on my own account, I proceeded to Florence where I loaded my own wagons, and moved out into camp. It was the handsomest train that I ever saw on the plains. It consisted of seventy-two wagons, all of uniform style, each drawn by three yoke of oxen, and rolled out under the charge of Capt. Horton D. Haight, provided

with all the necessary outfit. It reached Salt Lake in seventy-two days, all in good trim, about the quickest trip that a freight train of that size ever made.

On June 12th, I visited James Brown's camp, a few miles from Florence, consisting of about 50 wagons of emigrants. Having organized them, on the 13th they also moved out and proceeded on their journey. After attending to the loading and starting of my own train, under the charge of Jas. Lemmon, with 17 wagons, loaded with my own merchandise, I returned to St. Louis, accompanied by F. Little and his son, James, to make further purchases and to load several mule teams that had been sent from the Valley by Prest. B. Young, H. C. Kimball and others.

July 5th, we closed the most of our purchases and settling our bills, shipped the goods and prepared to leave. On July 6th, I left for Florence and arrived on the 10th. I there commenced preparations for a start as soon as the steamer *Emigrant* arrived with our goods. Leaving the mule train in charge of F. Little, I left Florence with a light carriage and mules, taking with me J. W. Coward, accompanied by Joseph W. Young and a few others with light vehicles for making good time, intending to overtake the trains that had started.

We arrived in Salt Lake City August 15th, with tired teams and ourselves pretty well worn out.

On the arrival of my train, in charge of Jas. Lemmon, I sold to W. H. Hooper an interest in the goods and we opened them in a part of the building now occupied by the *Salt Lake Herald*. We were very successful in our business during the winter, George Cronyn and myself managing the business, for Hon. W. H. Hooper having been elected Delegate to Congress, proceeded to Washington.

In the spring of 1860, President Brigham Young desired me to go East again and purchase machinery for a paper mill, and other machinery and merchandise. We made preparations to replenish our stock, and I left my home again on the 2nd day of April: engaging H. D. Haight to accompany me to take charge of our train on the return.

I arrived in Florence May 9th, and leaving H. D. Haight in charge of the mules and wagon, proceeded on to Washington and called on W. H. Hooper. I

spent a day and a half looking around, visiting the Capitol and White House, had an introduction to Prest. Buchanan, and on the 23rd of May left Washington in company with W. H. Hooper for New York to make our purchases. After accomplishing these, I returned to Philadelphia and purchased and shipped the machinery for the paper mill, after which I left for the West.

Having purchased wagons from P. Schutler of Chicago, our arrangements were pretty well completed, and I proceeded on to Florence. On the arrival of our goods, we commenced loading the wagons and started our ox train in charge of Capt. H. D. Haight, and a mule train in charge of John Y. Green. In the meantime, Capt. Hooper had arrived to return with me to Utah, and having arranged for a baggage wagon, a driver and night watch together with a comfortable phaeton drawn by good mules for ourselves, we again set out for our mountain home.

On the arrival of the train, we opened our goods in a store then owned by W. H. Hooper, which has since been torn away to give place to the Deseret National Bank, and commenced a successful business under the firm name of Hooper, Eldredge & Co.—George Cronyn being the silent partner with a small interest in the firm. During the fall and winter our business was as successful as we could have expected, and I remained in Utah during the spring and summer of 1861.

There seemed to exist for some unknown cause, a degree of prejudice against merchants, particularly Mormon merchants, to that extent that we concluded to retire for a season at least. Hence, we wound up our business in the fall and divided our goods on hand, I concluding to store mine for the present.—

In the spring of 1862, after the close of the session of the legislature, of which he had been elected a member, General Horace S. Eldredge was again requested by Brigham Young to go to New York to superintend the emigration and to purchase machinery and merchandise. This year's mission was performed with the fidelity and executive ability which has ever characterized Horace S. Eldredge's missions and business journeys to the States. In the spring of 1863, he was again appointed to the same work for the Church, and at this point we reach an-

other link of our commercial history. H. says:

Having been called upon to go again to New York to superintend the emigration, I left by overland stage in company with F. Little and L. S. Hills—the two latter to remain at Florence on the frontiers to attend to the outfitting, and I proceeded to New York to attend to forwarding the immigrants from that point to Florence. Having some means of my own, I invested between \$8,000 and \$10,000 in machinery for a cotton factory which was got up under contract by Messrs. Danforth & Co. of Patterson, New Jersey, with the understanding that Prest. Brigham Young would have the same freighted to Salt Lake City and erect buildings for them.

While in New York, I was induced to purchase some small lots of staple goods which I considered would meet a ready sale on their arrival. I therefore invested a few thousand dollars, and on arriving home found that my friend Hooper had been doing the same as a similar adventure. On comparing invoices, we found we had a very fair assortment and including what I had in store of my original stock would justify us in opening a retail store which would give us employment during the approaching winter.

Having a very fair line of staple goods, we had a successful trade and realized fair returns for our investment. In the meantime, W. H. Hooper had invested between twelve and fifteen thousand dollars in woolen machinery for the sake of encouraging home manufacture, and President Brigham Young proposed purchasing our interests in the cotton and woolen machinery and to pay us in freighting merchandise from the Missouri River the coming season. This arrangement was entered into, and in the Spring of 1864, we proceeded to New York and other Eastern cities and purchased our goods amounting to over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars first cost, the freight on the same amounting to over eighty thousand dollars.

Our goods arrived in due time in the fall, and we opened them in the store then known as the Livingston & Bell building, since known as the "Old Constitution Building." We had a very successful trade during the winter, and in the Spring of 1865 W. H. Hooper sold out his interest to H. B. Clawson, and

the firm was changed from Hooper & Eldredge to Eldredge & Clawson.

In the Spring of 1865, H. B. Clawson went to New York to purchase goods for the firm and contracted with parties known at the time as the Butterfield Co. to freight our goods from the Missouri River to Salt Lake City. This company having inexperienced managers, and knowing but little about freighting over the plains, were late in starting, and the consequence was that the fall storms overtook them and much of their stock perished. Their trains were snowed in in the mountains and never reached here until the next spring. But our goods had to be paid for and were not received until twelve months after they were purchased; this very much embarrassed us, and the loss that we sustained by this delay could hardly be estimated. However, we were not discouraged, for in the Spring of 1866 Mr. Clawson went East and purchased a fine stock of goods and effected a settlement with the Butterfield Co. for our freight the previous year.

During this season, we were more successful in getting our goods freighted, being fortunate enough to find responsible parties for freighters; but the following year, in 1867, we met with another misfortune. Mr. Clawson purchased a fine stock of goods and shipped the same to the care of the U. P. R. R. at Omaha to be forwarded to Julesburg, or the terminus of the U. P. R. R. A train with about twenty thousand dollars worth of our goods was attacked by Indians near Plum Creek on the Platte River, and burned, and the goods destroyed. On learning of this, Mr. Clawson returned to New York and duplicated the purchases. The loss of these goods, and the delay in getting the second purchase were great drawbacks to us. The managers of the U. P. Road at that time refused to settle for our loss, and we were compelled to commence a suit against them and obtained a judgment for about \$19,500. They took an appeal and seemed disposed to keep us out of our money for an indefinite time, but we finally settled with them for \$16,500, and got our money in 1871—after waiting about four years.

Our second purchases arrived safe, but quite late in the season. During the season of 1868, we were more fortunate, and by a strict application to business suc-

ceeded in satisfying all our creditors. Notwithstanding our various reverses, no one ever lost a dollar by them except ourselves, we always paying principal and interest, and never asking a discount. Considerable business in merchandising was done here by men having no local interest, and liberal profits were made, and while they made their money here they would go elsewhere to spend it and do little or nothing to encourage or build up the Territory. It was therefore thought best to adopt a plan by which the profits of at least a portion of the business would be retained here and give the real settlers and consumers some of the benefits. Hence "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution" was organized in October 1868, and in the Spring of 1869 commenced business, and an opportunity was given for all who wished, to take stock in the Institution. Between four and five hundred persons availed themselves of this opportunity and thus became partners, as it were, and could purchase their own goods and share in the profits. Eldredge & Clawson sold out their stock of goods to the Institution, and I took twenty-five thousand dollars stock in the same to start on. I afterwards bought in and increased my stock to over sixty thousand dollars. I was elected one of the Directors in the first organization, and have held the position ever since, excepting six months in 1872, during which time I was President of the Institution.

In June, 1869, W. H. Hooper, H. S. Eldredge and L. S. Hills, opened a bank in a small adobe building under the name of Hooper, Eldredge & Co. with L. S. Hills, cashier, with a paid up capital of \$50,000. In 1870, we increased our capital and organized under the name of the "Bank of Deseret," and in 1872 we increased our capital to \$200,000, and organized as the "Deseret National Bank," deposited the necessary bonds and issued \$180,000 National Currency, with W. H. Hooper, President, myself Vice-Prest. and L. S. Hills Cashier.

In the fall of 1869, I made a trip to San Francisco, California, for business and pleasure combined. I spent a few weeks very pleasantly and profitably, and returned in December. On the morning of Jan. 27th, 1870, I received notice that I was wanted to start for New York on the 29th, in the interest of Z. C. M. I.



A. W. Lawrence

of young men who have since distinguished themselves, among whom was Charles W. Penrose. His history in connection with the Godbeite Movement has been very fully sketched as it must be understood that he ran through its entire record and action. Undoubtedly in character-strength, Elder Kelsey stood first among his compeers. Indeed, he is a strong Cromwellian type of man and, therefore, eminently one of Joseph Smith's Elders. Dominance and independence of character peculiarly marked all those Elders who took Joseph Smith as their pattern; and Kelsey also possessed quite a liberal endowment of those qualities by Nature. Those who think Mormon Elders are slaves, or that they are to be subdued for a long period by any human will, no matter how strong, even in their presiding men, have but a very poor conception of what Elder Kelsey's protest and action against President Young meant. The moral of the action meant that there are a thousand Mormon Elders almost as potent in their character force and will as Brigham himself, and this being the case they were not going to be for ever subdued by one dominant mind. Kelsey's philosophy as a Mormon Elder is that we bow to our own priesthood as the embodiment of our own wills as Mormon Elders and that the President took the advantage of this and absorbed our collective strength; and that the Mormon results, since the death of Joseph Smith, were not Brigham Young's, but of thousands of strong faithful Elders. This is precisely the opinion of John Taylor, Orson Pratt, Wilford Woodruff and the whole of the Mormon Priesthood. There has never been a difference of opinion between any of us in this, and nothing ever offended Mormon Elders so much as the Gentiles ascribing everything of Mormonism to Brigham Young. Kelsey was emphatically a rebel to President Young, and he means by this that all Mormon Elders are properly rebels to a One Man Power. What a view of Mormonism is this for the Gentile's astonishment! And yet it is strictly the Mormon view. The Elders never would *acknowledge* a One Man Power, even though they were bowing to it practically. Kelsey affirms that the Mormon Church is the most democratic Church in the world, and this is just what *all* the Mormons say. As will be seen by a review of

his protests and action, Elder Kelsey's point is that this is indentially what we are in genius and theory, but not quite in practice, hence our action itself. To nothing that Eli B. Kelsey does must be given an Anti-Mormon interpretation; he is emphatically a Protestant Mormon Elder.

Nor must it be thought that Elder Kelsey has a poor appreciation intellectually of the Mormon Church. With all its faults—the mere defect of its members—he thinks it head and shoulders above any Church in the world, while he further holds that Mormonism, outworked to its culminative excellence, is the grandest religious faith the world has ever possessed. Such are Eli B. Kelsey's views and such is the man.

HENRY W. LAWRENCE.

Henry W. Lawrence was born July 18th, 1835, near Toronto, Canada.

When Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, took his mission to Canada, he, with John Taylor, who had joined the Church in the British province, visited Toronto, and among their converts were Edward Lawrence and Margaret his wife, the parents of the subject of this sketch. In 1838 the Lawrences moved to Illinois to join the body of the Saints, but in 1840 the father died at Lima, from which place the family removed to Nauvoo. In 1850 the mother and children crossed the plains to Salt Lake City.

After having served as a clerk for several of the pioneer firms, Mr. Lawrence, in the spring of 1859, went into business with his brother-in-law, John B. Kimball, a Gentile, who was known as a prominent merchant of Salt Lake City before the period of the Utah war. Soon the firm of Kimball & Lawrence became famous both at "home and abroad," for its commercial integrity, solidity and prudence. John Kimball, though a Gentile merchant, had always been on the most friendly terms with the Mormon people, to whom he was so nearly related, and was as faithful as any brother in paying his tithing to the Church, and as liberal as a prince in his donations to the poor. Undoubtedly, however, it was Lawrence who gave to the firm its substantial influence with the community, for the strict moral life and uprightness of character of the young merchant,

coupled with his excellent commercial ability, established him at once in the public regard and in the confidence of President Young.

The record of Mr. Lawrence in connection with the Godbeite movement has been given in the general history, but this gentleman has since figured considerably in the political action of the Gentile "Liberal Party," being in this particular the exception from his compeers. Nevertheless, Henry W. Lawrence stands high in the public mind for his integrity, and he is still respected by the Mormon people who, however, regret his subsequent Anti-Mormon course, while they do not so much condemn his record as a Mormon Reformer.

But the course of Mr. Lawrence is altogether and pre-eminently acceptable to the Gentile portion of the community. He prides himself in being represented purely as an American citizen rather than by his early connection with the Mormon people. Loyalty to the Government and obedience to the laws of the Nation are supreme sentiments in his mind. If a decision is in question as to which shall prevail, the "Divine Will" of the Mormon Church or the Republican will of the United States, Mr. Lawrence immediately decides as an American without the least reference to his former allegiance to the Mormon Church or an atom of reservation in his mind upon the subject. This course of conduct and mood of mind render him very popular and influential with the Gentile party. Moreover, above all sectional judgment of his character and conduct, Mr. Henry W. Lawrence stands in the first rank of Utah's Representative Men.

ELIAS L. T. HARRISON.

Mr. Harrison was born at Barking, Essex, England, March 26th, 1830. His first religious impressions were derived from his mother at a very early age. Taking him on her knee, on one occasion, at that impressible period, she so fondly and persuasively instilled into his mind the superior beauties of goodness and virtue, and the delight and happiness it would confer on herself and his father to have him live a good and noble life, that the influence of her teachings never left him. Through all the temptations of youth and manhood, ever after, her

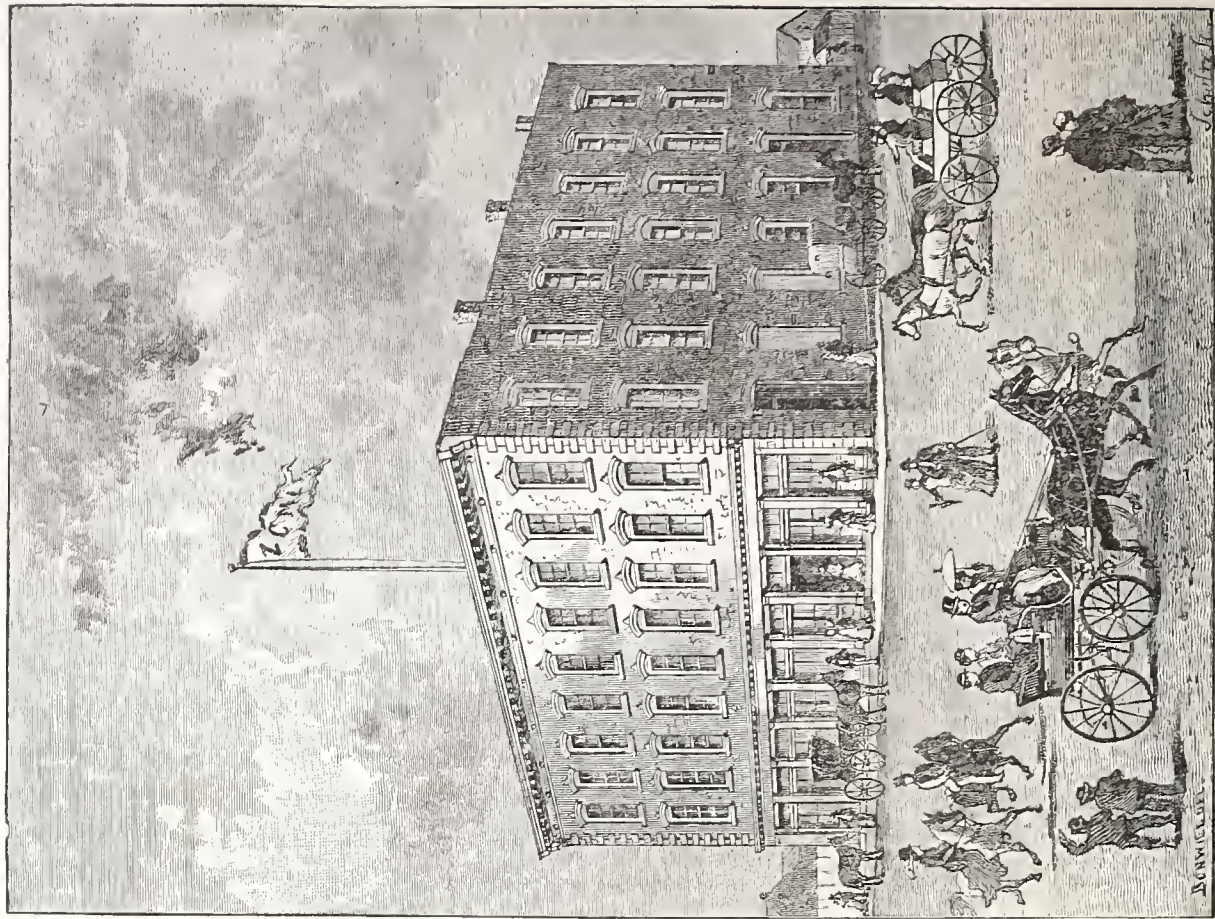
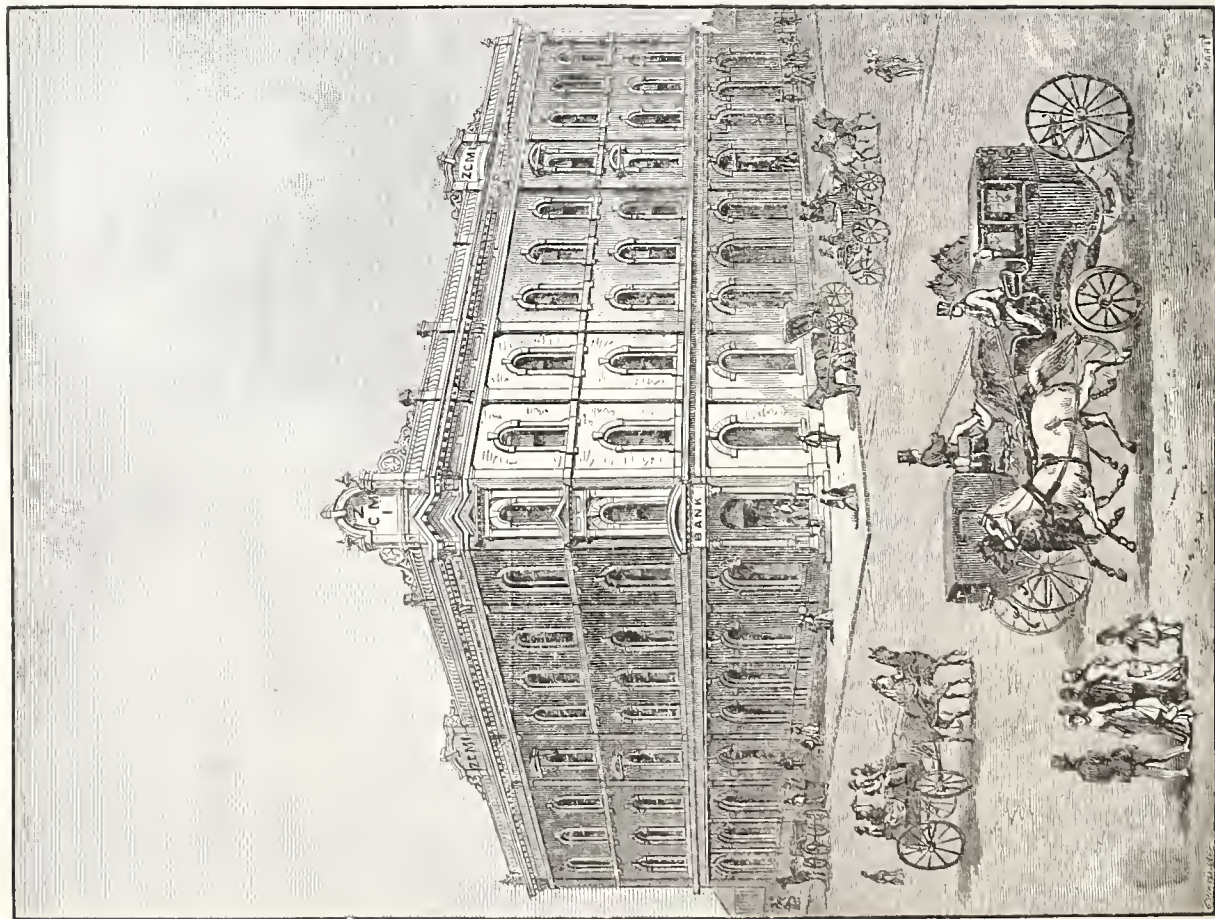
words acted as a restraining power. His mother died when he was only eight years of age, but never was a mother's memory more loved and worshipped. It is one of his cherished convictions that her presence and influence have been with him in every event of importance throughout his life.

Mr. Harrison's belief in the insufficiency of Christian creedalism to meet the wants of human nature, received its first bias at the same tender age in seeing that mother, so good and pure to his mind—so earnest in her love for truth, in an agony of distress over the question whether she really had come up to the Christian standard of faith or not; combined with the dreadful surmise whether her lack of faith in accepted Christian theology could possibly have been induced by "sinning against the Holy Ghost" in some unconscious moment.

Thus, even at this childish period, Mr. Harrison was unconsciously preparing for the life of an iconoclast and a Reformer. The all important questions, "Whence am I?—Whither am I going?—and what is the true religion of life?" were in his youthful days ever before him. Under the guidance of his father, a sincerely religious and an upright man, he attended Sunday School, devoured the Jewish Scriptures and began to reason for himself on their contents. "At the age of 12 years," he says, "I found myself, on one occasion, suddenly arrested by the question—After all, how do I know that Jesus *is* the Son of God? I believe it, but how do I know it? The question arrested me like an inspiration in one of my little wanderings through the by-ways and lanes of my native village. I well remember standing transfixed by that question, which seemed more spoken from without than within. The answer given back to my invisible questioner came to my mind almost as quickly as the question: 'I do not know that Jesus *is* the Christ. All I know is that he taught the most noble and Godlike principles of any man of whom I have ever heard. He must therefore have been nearer to God than any other man.' It was such an answer as I might have received from the lips of a Parker or a Channing, had I lived in a country where such men could be found. But I was in an atmosphere of religious thought, unpenetrated by such unorthodox methods of deter-



W. J. Harrison,
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Having accomplished my business in New York, I left on the evening of Feb. 24th for the West, and stopping over one day in Chicago, I arrived home on March 3rd., having had a very pleasant and prosperous trip.

Our fortieth annual conference met on the 6th of April and adjourned until the 6th of May to meet in the new Tabernacle, which was being completed. At this conference I was called and set apart to take a mission to England to preside over the European mission. Accordingly I made preparations and started on the 13th of May, accompanied by my wife, Chloe. There were about twenty-five missionaries accompanying us.—

It is not relevant to this history to follow Horace S. Eldredge on his mission to England, but we will simply observe that during his administration abroad he traveled considerably over the continent of Europe, and after an absence of fourteen months returned to Utah. We resume the narrative at its next commercial point. He continues:

In June, 1872, I made another trip to San Francisco. In January 1873 I was called upon to go to New York in the interest of Z. C. M. I. I left home in company with Hon. W. H. Hooper and Alexander Majors, Esq., the former gentleman returning to Washington as Delegate, and the latter on business of his own.

I returned in the early part of March, having been detained some time on account of the heavy blockade of snow on the Union Pacific R. R.

In April 1872 I was elected President of Z. C. M. I., and resigned the following October, at which time W. H. Hooper was elected superintendent and took charge of the Institution Nov. 1st. During the Summer and Fall of 1873, a general panic seemed to sweep over the land and affected more or less the commercial interest of the whole nation. Our Territory was not exempt from the effect of the same, and in November I was called upon to go again to the Eastern Cities in the interest of Z. C. M. I., visiting St. Louis, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York and Boston and returned Dec. 25th.

My health being very poor, and suffering from a severe cold that siezed upon me while traveling, I was under the necessity of remaining very quiet at home for some time.

In the early part of February, W. H. Hooper, Supt., requested me to go East and assist in purchasing goods for the Spring trade. Consequently, I left on the 10th for New York accompanied by O. S. Clawson. We were quite successful in making our purchases, and on the arrival of Joseph F. Smith and Wm. Sadler in New York, I concluded to visit Hon. G. Q. Cannon at Washington and left with them on the 6th of March for the Capitol. After having a very pleasant visit with Mr. Cannon, we returned to New York, and after laboring with O. S. Clawson very attentively for several days, purchasing and filling orders received from Supt. Hooper, we went to Philadelphia and purchased several bills of shoes and obtained samples, etc., and returned to New York. On April 10th, I received a telegram from W. H. Hooper intimating for me to return home, and I immediately closed my business and at 8 p. m. left for the West and arrived on the 17th, glad to once more enjoy a rest at my own home.

I now anticipated a little rest from the cares and responsibilities of public business, and had resolved not to take upon myself any further cares than those of one of the Directors of the Institution and Vice President of the Deseret National Bank, I remained in this quiet way until Oct. 1876, when I was solicited to take charge of the Institution and was elected Superintendent; and on the 1st of Nov. entered upon the duties thereof. Although at the time, I had no idea that I should continue over twelve months, I remained in charge of the Institution four years and three months, or until Feb. 1st 1881, when I retired, my resignation being accepted and Hon. Wm. Jennings succeeding me as Supt. During this time I made some improvements. In the Spring of 1879, the Directors authorized me to build an addition to the store in Salt Lake City, which was completed I believe to the satisfaction of all concerned—the addition being fifty by one hundred and fifty feet. In the Spring of 1880 the Directors authorized me to build a suitable building at Ogden for our business which was also satisfactorily completed. It is one hundred by one hundred and fifteen feet, three stories high exclusive of the basement, and contains a respectable Banking house and office.

I felt that the cares and responsibilities

of the position were wearing upon me, and the duty that I owed to myself and family prompting me to tender my resignation, I retired with kind feelings towards all, leaving the Institution in a prosperous and healthy condition. I hope it may continue in the same, and be a source of increased prosperity and profit to the Stockholders and a blessing to all the sons and daughters of Zion.

CHAPTER XIX.

BISHOP SHARP. THE BUILDER OF OUR RAILROADS. A PROMISE FOR OUR IRONWORKS.

JOHAN SHARP, the "Railroad Bishop," is not only a Scotchman by birth, but is of unmixed Scotch descent. He was born in the Devon Ironworks, Scotland, November 8th, 1820, and was sent into a coalpit to work when but eight years of age.

In 1847, Mormonism found him in Clackmannanshire, still engaged as a coal miner. The Mormon gospel was brought to this quarter by William Gibson, one of the first Scotch elders sent out,—a man who obtained notoriety in the British mission as an orator and an able disputant. This elder converted the Sharp brothers (there were three of them) to the faith, and in 1848 they left Scotland for America. They landed in New Orleans, came up the Mississippi to St. Louis, where they lived until the Spring of 1850, and then took up their line of march for Salt Lake City.

The date of his arrival, August 28th, 1850, makes John Sharp one of the earlier settlers of Utah, and the sphere that he has filled so many years, properly classes him among the "founders." He first went to work in the church quarry, getting out stone for the "Old Tabernacle" and Tithing Office, and next was made the superintendent of the quarry. Under his direction the stone for the public works, the foundation of the temple, and the massive wall around the temple block, was got out; and it must be understood that the quarrying and hauling of those huge blocks of granite was no indifferent undertaking. The church quarry is 18 miles from the city, and the rock, of course, had to be hauled by oxen, and the men employed directly or indirectly on tithing account. The numerous difficulties which the superin-

tendents of the Church works have had to grapple with in raising teams upon the tithing offerings, the employment of regular hands and the finding of means generally to carry on the public works, are not easily imagined, unless one can fancy what the national income would mean if paid in flour, molasses, potatoes, squashes, and the like, and distributed afterwards for the national service.

In 1854 he was ordained by President Young as the Bishop of the Twentieth Ward. It had been at its organization coupled with the Eighteenth Ward under Bishop Lorenzo Young; but substantially Bishop Sharp is the founder of the Twentieth Ward. It grew up under him, and soon became known as one of the most liberal and intellectual wards of the city.

In 1864 Bishop Sharp was appointed Assistant Superintendent of the Public Works, and when President Daniel H. Wells went to England to take charge of the European mission, he was the Acting Superintendent until his return. In '67 he became a sub-contractor under Brigham Young on the Union Pacific Railroad. Under this contract, Sharp and Young did the heavy stone work of the bridge abutments, and the cutting of the tunnels of Weber Canyon. In this work they employed from five to six hundred men, and the contract amounted to about a million of dollars. Afterwards, during the strike between the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific, the Bishop took another contract for Sharp and Young, on the Union Pacific, on which he employed four to five hundred men, the contract amounting to \$100,000. In the difficulties of the settlement between President Young and the U. P. Co., John Sharp, John Taylor and Joseph A. Young were chosen to go to Boston to bring the business to an issue. So vigorously, yet prudently did they press the matter with Durant and others that, in the lack of the company's funds, Brigham got 600,000 dollars worth of railroad material, iron and rolling stock, which was used in the construction of the Utah Central. After the building of that line, Joseph A. Young was made its superintendent, and he was followed by Feramorz Little, but Sharp succeeded them in 1871, and in 1873 was also appointed its president as well as superintendent. In the organization of the Utah Southern in 1870, he was elected Vice-President. He went east as the

purchasing agent for this company, and becoming extensively associated with the Union Pacific directors, was finally elected one of them and which office he still holds. He is a man of pronounced character, and of much capacity, particularly of the practical quality. This has been shown in his career. He has a very common-sense type of mind, is, in fact, a "man of the world," notwithstanding he is a bishop.

Coming from a coalpit in Scotland, and rising to his position as a bishop in the Church, a president and superintendent of railroads, and one of the directors of the Union Pacific, John Sharp may well be pronounced a "self-made man."

As a Director of "Z. C. M. I.," and a general promoter of the co-operative industries of the community, Bishop Sharp would naturally be interested in the railroad enterprises of the Territory, the development of its vast resources of coal and iron, and in the ultimate working of the whole upon the co-operative plan. A man of so much practical sagacity must possess a broad and solid comprehension of the vast opportunities of the Mormon people in utilizing our wonderful mineral resources, and in the construction of an industrial base upon which thousands of busy workers could be constantly employed. Born in the Devon Ironworks he inherits the instincts of an iron country; and holding his position as a director of railroads, of "Z. C. M. I.," of the "Board of Trade," and also of the Deseret National Bank, he bears in himself a burden of great promise concerning the Iron Era which is presently about to open under the auspices of "Zion's Central Board of Trade."

CHAPTER XX.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DAVID O. CALDER.

THE subject of this sketch was educated for business in the service of the Union Canal Company; and having risen rapidly, step by step, in the outdoor and office departments of this company's service he was appointed by the directors to the office of manager of the intermediate stations of the service between Edinburgh and Glasgow, with headquarters at Falkirk. He left Scotland for Utah in January 1851, accompanied by his mother and her family, in

the *George W. Bourne*, which sailed from Liverpool to New Orleans; and after two years detention in Cincinnati, in consequence of the sickness and death of his eldest sister, he arrived in Salt Lake City in 1853, and settled over Jordan. In 1855, he entered the service of the Trustee-in-Trust of the Church as book-keeper, was appointed Chief Clerk in May, 1857, and retained the office till December 1867.

The excellent business capacity of David O. Calder was early recognized by President Young, whose knowledge of men is proverbial; and the President's confidence in his integrity was equal to his estimate of the ability of his chief clerk. While in this service of the Trustee-in-Trust he organized the entire system of accounts and records in all the departments of the Church. He also held the office of Territorial Treasurer from 1859 to 1870.

After the close of his service in the office of the Trustee-in-Trust, Mr. Calder became connected with the railroad business, for which his early-training eminently qualified him. He was general freight and passenger agent of the Utah Central and Southern railroads for two years and he organized these departments and trained the employes.

The many years of constant business application at length wore greatly upon Mr. Calder's enduring constitution and for his relief as well as for his usefulness he was sent to labor in the British mission. his native Scotland being chosen as the field of his ministry. His former acquaintance with many of the principle business men of Edinburgh and Glasgow was now turned to good account in enlarging the public view of the Mormon people, and in correcting many misrepresentations of them which everywhere have prevailed.

On his return from Europe in 1873, Mr. Calder was appointed by President Young business manager and managing editor of the *Deseret News* Publishing Establishment. Under his administration, the publishing department of the Church obtained a financial prosperity and an efficient business system that entitled him to the full credit of a successful journalistic manager. He remained in this position for four years, during which time he published the standard works of the Church, and put the paper mill in a prosperous financial condition.

Mr. Calder was elected a Director of "Z. C. M. I.," October 5th, 1875, which office he still holds. By the appointment of President Brigham Young, he was elected Secretary and Treasurer of that Institution, October 5th, 1876, and he occupied that responsible position for several years, contributing not a little to the increased prosperity of that colossal establishment, and sustaining his character as a first class business officer. October 5th, 1878, he resigned as Secretary and Treasurer of "Z. C. M. I.," because his large music business demanded his personal attention.

In a former number of this Magazine we reviewed the history of the class-teaching movement of our Territory, which was inaugurated by David O. Calder, and vigorously sustained by him for several years, till the heavy stroke of the death of five of his children at one time deprived him of that enthusiasm so essential to the sustaining of a musical society; but he has continued in the musical business to this day. In 1860, he started the first music store in the Territory, and the business has steadily increased until it is now twenty times larger than at the commencement. He is general agent for Utah for Steinway and Sons; Chickering & Sons; Gabler; Guild; Church & Co.; J. P. Hale; Mason & Hamlin, etc.; and he keeps their instruments on stock. Eighteen months ago, he opened a branch store in Ogden, which is doing a good business. He imports some of his goods direct from Europe and expects to increase his importations in the future. He is by far the largest dealer in musical instruments, wholesale and retail, in the Territory.

Relative to the co-operative movement of the Mormon people and its ultimate social aims, Mr. David O. Calder may be esteemed as one of its most conscientious advocates and an earnest worker in its behalf. From his long administration in the business department of the Church as the chief clerk of the Trustee-in-Trust, he very naturally takes a deep and sterling interest in the establishment and perfecting of those systems most proper for the community. Indeed, Mr. Calder may still be considered in the service of the Church, and his life-work since his arrival in Utah, has been almost that of one of her apostles so far as faithful and efficient labors are concerned. He

has also served the public in an official capacity. He was a City Councilor from Nov. 23rd, 1875, to Feb. 1880, at which date he was elected to the office of an Alderman of the City. As one of the Directors of "Z. C. M. I.," he is a very proper and competent person who thoroughly understands the workings and aims of the co-operative system.

Mr. Calder has great organizing ability and he possesses the soundness of mind and farsight so characteristic of Scotland's business class of men wherever met. He is a firm believer in the Mormon mission in the age both religiously and socially, and therefore he is earnest for the perfection of the co-operative movements of our Territory; but Mr. Calder is the reverse of the fanatic, and is not a great enthusiast. Whatever he undertakes in life will be upon the solid basis of true principles, and by the measurement of the rule of sound common sense. David O. Calder, in fact, would be very useful in any community, and he is withal a decidedly progressive type of man.

CHAPTER XXI.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF COLONEL WEBBER, SECRETARY AND TREASURER OF "Z. C. M. I."

THOS. G. WEBBER was born at Exeter, England, Sept. 17th, 1836, the eldest son of Thos. B. Webber, by Charlotte his wife, who died at Exeter, December 12th, 1852. He comes from an old Devonshire family who for generations have lived at and in the vicinity of the celebrated old cathedral town on the Exe—Exeter.

Webber's father, a man of scientific attainments, an engineer, inventor and electrician, took a prominent part in introducing the electric telegraph at an early day in England. For upwards of thirty-five years past he has been connected with the telegraphic systems of the west of England, as engineer and superintendent. A scientific man himself and realizing the importance of educational training, Mr. Webber gave to his boy, the subject of this sketch, a good English education. An apt scholar, the boy made good progress, but mathematics and drawing were his especial likings, in which he became quite proficient.

But with his mother's death, home seemed to lose its charm, and at length

his father was induced to place him in an engineers' office. Here his mathematics and drawing served him well, and with a natural liking for the profession he made good progress.

One of his companions and a fellow student of engineering having about completed his studies, accepted a position on one of the railways then under construction by the Brazilian government and left England for America. Young Webber determined to follow at an early day to the New World, which appeared to offer a broad and promising field. Accordingly in the Fall of 1855, having formed the acquaintance of a German named Kraus, who was soon to start for America, he left England and sailed with Mr. and Mrs. Kraus for New York. Here Kraus and himself opened an engineer's and surveyor's office under the firm name of Kraus & Webber, and by dint of hard work and perseverance they managed to make a living. But the partnership did not last a great while. It was dissolved by mutual consent and in 1857 Colonel Webber entered the army. He served in Arizona and California, and in the Fall of 1861, with a squadron of his regiment, proceeded by way of the Isthmus of Panama to New York and Washington. Early in 1862 he went to Fortress Monroe with McClelland's army of the Potomac; shared in the Peninsular and other campaigns of that army; was present at Yorktown, Williamsburg, Gaines Mill, White Oak Swamp, Malvern, Fredericksburg, Kelly's Ford, Chancellorsville, Upperville, Gettysburg, Williamsport and Falling Waters, and after passing through the various grades, was commissary, quartermaster of the Cavalry Brigade, and subsequently adjutant of the 1st. Cavalry.

In the winter of 1863 he resigned to join his friend Mr. E. Miller, who some five years before had presented the principles of Mormonism to him, and who was then at Florence on his way to Utah. At St. Joseph he learned that Miller would proceed no further west that winter, so he started alone to Atchison and crossed the plains by stage to Salt Lake. Here he early made the acquaintance of business and commercial men, and he now numbers among his most intimate and valued friends very many, the date of whose acquaintance goes back to the early days of his arrival here.

In the following Spring, with T. B. H.

Stenhouse, he was busy preparing for the publication of the first daily newspaper in Utah, and on the morning of July 4th, 1864, the *Salt Lake Daily Telegraph* was issued.

In 1865, he was commissioned by Governor Doty, a Colonel of the Militia of Utah Territory, and appointed on the staff of the 2nd brigade, then commanded by Gen. Franklin D. Richards.

On May 25th, 1867, he married Mary Ellen Fox Richards, eldest daughter of Gen. F. D. Richards, by Charlotte Fox, his wife. In May, 1869, with his friend Stenhouse and his old-time associate, John Jaques, he went to Ogden to publish a daily paper, and on the morning after the last rail, connecting the Union and Central Pacific Railroads, was laid on the Promontory, they published the *Ogden Telegraph*. Thus Colonel Webber took an active part in giving to Utah her first daily papers: the *Telegraphs* of Salt Lake City and Ogden.

In June, 1869, he left Ogden and the newspaper business, and entered the service of Z. C. M. I. and in October 1870 was elected Secretary of that Institution. His old friend, Thomas Williams, was elected Treasurer at the same time. Subsequently the Secretary and Treasurerships were merged in one, and he was elected to the dual office.

In October, 1876, he resigned to go on a mission to Germany, and was succeeded as Secretary and Treasurer by David O. Calder, Esq. Early in the following November, with his friend, Gen. H. B. Clawson, he went East to Chicago, the Centennial exhibition and New York, whence he sailed in the *Dakota* for Liverpool.

After visiting relatives and friends in Devon, he again returned to Liverpool, where he met F. S. Richards and H. B. Clawson, Jr., and the three friends traveled through England, France and Switzerland together. From Bern, Switzerland, Webber went to Baden and Bavaria, remaining in the Rhine country until the winter of 1877, when he was telegraphed to come home.

Returning to Devonshire to say good-bye to relatives and friends, he crossed the Atlantic in November, meeting his wife, who under the kindly escort of Hon. John Sharp, reached New York City soon after he landed. After visiting friends in Eastern cities, he and his wife return-

ed by way of Niagara, reaching home in January, 1878. During the greater portion of 1878, he assisted in the settlement of the estate of the late President Young, and at the annual meeting of stockholders, in October of that year, he was again elected Secretary and Treasurer of Z. C. M. I.

From the above brief sketch, it will be seen that Col. Webber has been identified with the great Institution of which he is Secretary and Treasurer, almost from the very beginning. Possessing executive abilities of a high order; with a quick, almost intuitive perception, and a worker in the broadest acceptance of the term, he has labored diligently and well in the great cause of co-operation. Long association with Z. C. M. I. having familiarized him with every detail of its business, he is thus enabled to handle its complicated and vast transactions with readiness and care, and the Institution is not a little indebted to him for its complete organization and perfect business systems.

CHAPTER XXII.

ZION'S CENTRAL BOARD OF TRADE. PRESIDENTIAL CIRCULAR. VAST INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATIONS DESIGNED.

BEFORE reviewing the Executive Department of "Z. C. M. I.," we will introduce "Zion's Central Board of Trade," and forecast the splendid future of the Mormon community in working out the vast co-operative designs laid down for immediate execution. First in the order of presentation are the:

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION OF ZION'S CENTRAL BOARD OF TRADE.

Preamble.

The objects of this Association are; To maintain a Commercial Exchange; to promote uniformity in the customs and usages of producers, manufacturers, and merchants; to inculcate principles of justice and equity in trade; to facilitate the speedy adjustments of business disputes; to arrange for transportation; to seek remunerative markets for home products; to foster capital and protect labor, uniting them as friends rather than dividing them as enemies; to encourage manufacturing; to aid in placing imported articles in the hands of consumers as cheaply as possible; to acquire and to

disseminate valuable agricultural, manufacturing, commercial and economic information; and generally to secure to its members the benefits of co-operation in the furtherance of their legitimate pursuits, and to unite and harmonize the business relations of the Stake Board of Trade, now and hereafter to be organized throughout the territory, with those of the Central Association. Be it known:

That we, who have hereunto set our hands, do hereby associate ourselves for the purpose of establishing union of effort in our general business affairs, having in view the combination of the various home interests relating thereto; and we do mutually covenant and agree to perform and conform to the obligations and regulations in and consequent to the following articles, which we declare to be our

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

Article I.

The name of this Association shall be Zion's Central Board of Trade, and the period of its existence shall be twenty-five years, from and including this eighth day of April, 1879, and shall consist of not to exceed fifty members, representing the several stakes of Zion as follows: 17 from Salt Lake; 2 from St. George; 1 from Kanab; 1 from Parowan; 1 from Beaver; 1 from Panguitch; 1 from Millard; 1 from Sevier; 3 from Sanpete; 1 from Juab; 1 from Wasatch; 5 from Utah; 1 from Tooele; 2 from Davis; 1 from Morgan; 3 from Weber; 1 from Summit; 2 from Box Elder; 4 from Cache, and 1 from Bear Lake.

It is not necessary to give the articles of organization and government in full, the design and extent of the Association being the salient points of the view, but the history requires that we present the organic body:

MEMBERS OF ZION'S CENTRAL BOARD OF TRADE.

Salt Lake Stake:

John Taylor,	R. T. Burton,
William Jennings,	A. M. Cannon,
Edward Hunter,	H. B. Clawson,
W. H. Hooper,	T. G. Webber,
H. S. Eldredge,	J. R. Winder,
John Sharp,	J. P. Freeze,
Moses Thatcher,	J. E. Taylor,
H. Dinwoodey,	J. C. Cutler,
S. P. Teasdel.	

St. George Stake: . . . { Erastus Snow,
Henry Eyring.

Kanab Stake: L. John Nuttall.
Parowan Stake: . . . William H. Dame.
Beaver Stake: John R. Murdock.
Panguitch Stake: . . . Jesse W. Crosby, Jr.
Millard Stake: Ira N. Hinckley.
Sevier Stake: Franklin Spencer.

Sanpete Stake: . . . { C. Peterson,
 James A. Allred,
 John W. Irons.

Juab Stake: George Teasdale.
Wasatch Stake: Abram Hatch.

Utah Stake: . . . { A. O. Smoot,
 James Dunn,
 Thomas R. Cutler,
 Jos. S. Tanner,
 Myron Tanner.

Tooele Stake: F. M. Lyman.

Davis Stake: { W. R. Smith,
 C. Layton.

Morgan Stake: Willard G. Smith.

Weber Stake: . . . { D. H. Peery,
 Lorin Farr,
 Richard Ballantyne.

Summit Stake: Alma Eldredge.

Box Elder Stake: . . { Oliver G. Snow,
 William Horsley.

Cache Stake: . . . { W. B. Preston,
 R. S. Watson,
 M. D. Hammond,
 Henry Hughes.

Bear Lake Stake: . . . James H. Hart.

From the foregoing members were elected the following officers and directors, who constitute the Executive of Zion's Central Board of Trade:

President, John Taylor.
 Vice President, William Jennings.
 2nd Vice President, Edward Hunter.
 General Manager, H. S. Eldredge.
 Sect'y and Treas., T. G. Webber.

DIRECTORS:

W. H. Hooper, A. M. Cannon,
 H. S. Eldredge, J. R. Winder,
 John Sharp, T. G. Webber,
 Moses Thatcher, H. B. Clawson,
 H. Dinwoodey, J. P. Freeze,
 R. T. Burton, J. E. Taylor,
 A. O. Smoot, J. C. Cutler,

S. P. Teasdel.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

W. H. Hooper, John Taylor,
 H. S. Eldredge, W. Jennings,
 John Sharp.

ARBITRATION COMMITTEE.

H. Dinwoodey, H. B. Clawson,
 J. P. Freeze, J. R. Winder,
 J. C. Cutler.

The Association is now about to put forth its strength in the execution of the great work which it has undertaken for the community, as will be seen in the following Presidential circular:

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,

APRIL 15, 1881,

To the Stake Boards of Trade:

There will be a meeting of Zion's Central Board of Trade, on Tuesday, May 17, 1881, at 11 a. m., at the Council House, Salt Lake City, for the purpose of arriving at a better understanding of what is needed to more thoroughly develop and assist our home industries: to establish them on a better and firmer footing, and to utilize the natural resources of the Territory.

You will therefore please instruct the members who represent you in Zion's Central Board of Trade to meet with us on the above date, prepared not only with all the information possible on such subjects as may interest and benefit your section, but to discuss the following subjects, and suggest such plans for carrying them out as shall tend to the best interest of the Territory.

The following subjects will be taken up in the order mentioned:

First.—Manufacture of Iron and Coke. Our Iron Foundries.

The deposits of iron ore in Utah, are said to be the largest in the world, and the manufacture of the ore into iron would be the means of giving employment to hundreds of our people who, though skilled in its manipulation, are to-day engaged in less profitable and congenial employments.

Fuel being required in large quantities, the manufacture of coke would come under this heading, being a necessity for making finer grades of iron.

In connection with the iron ore beds of the Territory, red and yellow ochres abound. Samples of lead, iron and chrome pigments; venetian red, chrome red, yellow and green; and white and red lead are to be seen in our Deseret Museum in this city, yet none of these have been produced in quantity sufficient to even supply the home demand.

Second—Manufacture of White Lead, Lead Pipes, and Sheet Lead for roofing purposes, etc.

Pure lead is now being shipped to California, and manufactured into white

lead and re-shipped to Utah, thus costing the people freight both ways, and the labor and profit incident thereto are entirely lost to us.

Third.—Manufacture of Glass.

Fourth.—Wool and Woolen Manufactures.

Fifth.—Manufacture of Clothing.

Sixth.—Silk and Silk Manufactures.

Seventh.—Manufacture and Importation of Wagons, Carriages and Agricultural Machinery.

Eighth.—Hides; Manufacture of Leather and Boots and Shoes.

Ninth.—Manufacture of Paper.

Tenth.—Butter and Cheese.

Eleventh.—Flour, Corn, Meal, Starch, Etc.

Twelfth.—Soap.

Thirteenth.—Cultivation of Sugar Cane and Beets for Manufacturing Sugar.

The importance of our making an effort in this direction will readily be seen, when it is remembered that the people of Utah consume annually over half a million dollars worth of sugar.

Fourteenth.—Manufacture of Matches.

Fifteenth.—Salt.

Sixteenth.—Glue.

Seventeenth.—Hats and Caps.

Eighteenth.—To encourage planting and raising Forest, Fruit and Shade Trees, Shrubbery, Flowers and Bulbs suitable to our climate, and thus prevent thousands of dollars being annually sent out of the Territory.

Nineteenth.—To encourage the breeding and raising of fine Stock, and discourage the people from sending their means out of the Territory for such stock, when it can be obtained here at as reasonable rates.

By counselling together we hope to be able to see the way clearer for establishing some of the industries referred to; of devising methods for assisting those already started, and utilizing for the benefit of all, some, at least, of the many natural resources of our rich and growing Territory.

In behalf of

ZION'S CENTRAL BOARD OF TRADE.

JOHN TAYLOR, *President.*

T. G. WEBBER, *Secretary.*

This movement of the Board of Trade promises to be the greatest industrial event that has occurred in the settling and growth of our Territory. The Mormons

are eminently a manufacturing community and Utah is a mineral country with a great mining and manufacturing destiny before her. Hitherto, the community have not been engaged in their proper and special work. Natively they are a manufacturing people rather than an agricultural, and our Territory very much resembles Great Britain in its resources of iron and coal and the class of industries which properly belongs to her. The majority of the British Mormons are from the manufacturing and mining districts of England, Scotland and Wales. Thousands of them were workers in iron in the old country. They have delved in the mines; they have smelted the ore; they have worked in rolling mills and have manufactured the finest steel wares of Sheffield and Birmingham. And yet the British people in Utah have not been engaged in scarcely any of their native industries, but the Board of Trade proposes now to take up in their co-operative designs those branches which will give to the community their native specialties.

The development of our iron fields, and the manufacturing of our iron, constitute the most important clause of the Presidential Circular, insomuch as it forecasts truly gigantic undertakings for our wonderful mineral bearing Territory and promises employment to thousands of our own people. Within ninety days we shall doubtless have a powerful iron company organized, combining not merely capitalists but the men who are practically capable of executing the design; so that, at length, in a country that will compare with Great Britain herself in her iron and coal resources we are to have gigantic iron-works and a community of iron-workers. Let this design of "Zion's Central Board of Trade" be fairly carried out and the results will be so vast that in a few years the community will be nearly reconstructed. Not only will their industries be greatly extended and reformed but those industries will give the new social base upon which the Mormons can become a genuine co-operative community.

Up to the present time co-operation in Utah has been mercantile rather than industrial. It was perhaps all that could be attempted in 1868. With the limited opportunities of those times it was easier to combine a few sagacious merchants and financiers to control the commerce of the

Territory than it was to construct co-operative manufacturing industries for the whole people and to successfully grapple with the great problems of capital and labor. At the former date the immediate prospects of a great co-operative movement bearing the full burden of home-manufacturing industries were very unpropitious, whereas to-day they are very propitious. We needed first a successful "Z. C. M. I.;" we needed railroads everywhere in our Territory; we needed the development of our mineral resources and the extension of our commercial base; and we needed just such a Board of Trade as that to be convened in May to legislate for the industries of the whole Territory. Notice the names of the men who form this organization and then say if they are going to undertake anything which is not financially sound. They are successful men and the iron company which they will organize will be a successful company. Neither William Jennings nor William H. Hooper nor John Sharp would put a dollar into any enterprise which they foresaw was going to fail; and Bishop Saarp who was born in the Devon Ironworks knows just what can be accomplished with these iron industries of Utah.

This Presidential Circular and the work that it proposes for Zion's Central Board of Trade in the convention in May gives the only practical base of co-operative organization for the community at large yet devised. Co-operative buying and selling is at best but a limited system which though it has benefitted the whole community in the reduction of prices and especially in augmenting their financial importance in the world, yet it has not brought the community into an *individual* partnership increasing their property and individual wealth by the very process of co-operation. This greater result can only be accomplished by the organization of the community upon the base of co-operative industries. The iron company proposed gives a fine opportunity to bring thousands of workers in a few years into a co-operative partnership and that which is accomplished in one branch of manufactures will more or less be effected in other branches in proportion to the operative activities natural to each branch. The ironworkers will probably carry the sway, but there are other manufacturing interests such as the boot and shoe trade

that will admit of large communistic organizations which like the Board of Trade itself may be incorporated for a period of twenty-five years.

We presume one of the chief objects of the trade convention will be to unite capital and labor in an equitable co-partnership. Herein is certainly the social solution of the complex problems of capital and labor. Sooner or later such a co partnership will be effected in all civilized and industrial nations and as society advances that co-partnership between capital and labor will be declared perpetual and the property inalienable. Zion is the proper place where to try the problem, and she should set the example first.

Wealth shall increase in the hands of the people and not one class be dispoiled to build up another; and the workers shall be lifted up by their co-operative industries and unions and not the rich pulled down to their level. This is the proper work of the people of Zion and the one which this Board of Trade is undertaking in its adjustments between capital and labor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE EXECUTIVE OF "Z. C. M. I." HISTORICAL AND BUSINESS POINTS. CHARACTER SKETCHES OF THE MEN.

THE formation of "Zion's Central Board of Trade" and the far-reaching industrial aims laid before the community in the Presidential Circular, give an increased historical and business importance to the Executive of "Z. C. M. I." William H. Hooper is the President of the "Parent Institution;" William Jennings, Vice-President and Superintendent, and Thomas G. Webber, Secretary and Treasurer. Thus the organization of the Executive branch of the co-operative body stand at present; and it will be observed in the Association of Zion's Central Board of Trade that the organic and financial mind of the parent Institution constitutes largely the Executive of the Board of Trade: Bishop Edward Hunter and Hon. William Jennings are the Vice Presidents to President John Taylor; Hon. William H. Hooper and Colonel Webber are two of the Directors, Webber being also the Secretary.

In the opening chapters of our commercial history we reviewed the earlier period of Mr. Jennings' life, giving a gen-

eral glance at his business activities up to the date of the organization of "Z. C. M. I.," where we left the thread of his history. We have now in the culmination of these social and co-operative chapters to complete our views of William Jennings and present him in the greater character cast for him as

AN ORGANIZER OF UTAH INDUSTRIES.

We affirm that this is the greater cast of Mr. Jennings' life, and in the development of our Territory, his finest opportunities are yet to come. The industrial future of Utah will give to him his native specialties; and not only do the designs of the Board of Trade afford him the crowning opportunities of his life, but his earlier experience and the constitutional aptitudes of his mind eminently fit him for the great work immediately before the community. His position also as the Superintendent of "Z. C. M. I." and Vice-President of the Board of Trade gives a business centre of unity to the mercantile and industrial interests of the Territory.

William Jennings is a born manufacturer,—that is to say, one of those natural organizers of the operatives and industries of a nation for which England is pre-eminent. He is one of that class which has made England great in the modern sense of national greatness—made her the foremost industrial nation in the world,—the chief nation, in fact, of the industrial type of all history. Even in England and America, these great natural organizers of men and trade are rare, and they are a class which was scarcely known excepting in Holland two centuries and a half ago. Since the days of Queen Elizabeth, whose England was a nation of knights and yeomanry, this class of men have not only re-constructed England, but nearly all the world. Their period began with the reign of the Dutch William on the British throne and they made England the "nation of shopkeepers" which Napoleon affected to despise because his soldiers could not conquer this little nation which organized the industries of the world. They made the England of William Ewart Gladstone; John Bright, Richard Cobden and Sir Robert Peel,—the born manufacturers, the organizers of the operative classes and the constructors of the industries of the nation. Brigham Young himself was naturally one of this class and

the American mind always so viewed him—as an organizer of the masses and their executive brain. He most happily hit off his own type when he said, "If I am not a prophet, I have been *profitable* to the people." Brigham Young *was* profitable to Utah and the people, and therein was the providence of his life. Now William Jennings is of the same type of men, being a born manufacturer, a natural organizer of industries and an employer of the operative class. In his line, he has not his equal in Utah and very few superiors anywhere; and it will be found in the history of the future of our Territory, that if the Board of Trade accomplishes what it has undertaken, William Jennings will perform a large and most sagacious part. Of course this affirmation is made of him as one chief person in the concern and not weighing him as against the whole.

Mr. Jennings is known to day as the successful merchant and a millionaire of trade. This he has made of himself, but Nature, we have said, made him for a manufacturer and an employer of the operative classes. The circumstances of the country changed the bent of his life and threw him in the more profitable avenues of a mercantile commerce rather than that of manufactures—more profitable, however, only for a time, for the commerce of the future will be chiefly constructed upon our home industries and native resources.

At first, Mr. Jennings was the manufacturer. He was in Utah nearly ten years before he became the regular merchant. Dealing in cattle was a family vocation, but notice in his history how soon he constructed several branches of trade nearest to his primitive business. He established a successful tannery and manufactured leather. He prided himself in this and made the best leather in the Territory. The time was when Jennings' tannery was a great public good; next he became a large manufacturer of boots and shoes, and when he opened a merchant's store he placed his home-made stock side-by-side with his States goods and raised it to a cash value, competing in his own store with the imported article. None of the other merchants of Utah did as much. Neither Walkers nor even Godbe manufactured a dollar's worth of anything, or sold any of the products of home industries. This is by

no means said to their discredit, but to mark out Jennings' proper line of usefulness to the community. At one time he employed a hundred men, and stopped the importation of leather from the States. The co-operative organization of the "Big Boot" grew out of his original concern, as did also the Deseret Tannery & Manufacturing Association, which business is still carried on in Jennings' Emporium building and at the premises in the 19th Ward, under the auspices of "Z. C. M. I." Indeed, he was the original manufacturer of Utah and the only one worthy of that name in the earlier days, though others are now rising, like the hive of busy weavers of cloth in Provo.

To give greater weight to our views of William Jennings, and the part he is capable of playing in the future of the community, we will introduce a phrenological sketch of the man given by "Fowler & Wells" who knew him not at the time as the merchant prince of Utah, nor even knew his name. The phrenologist describes him thus:

"Your strong and warm temperament acting on your mental development would be likely to produce the following traits of character:

"In the social department you would be extremely fond of your friends, especially of women and children. You believe in the homestead, in the settlement, in the family circle; and out of the family circle you would be away from home. The only way for your feelings to take root downward, that they may spring upward, is to have the soil of home to plant them in.

"You have cultivated Self-Esteem. Originally you had but little. You are not overstocked with it now. You have a desire to please, a disposition to acquire the goodwill of all; are not satisfied to be neglected or ridiculed by anybody. You are persevering, thorough, steadfast, not obstinate.

"You have sufficient Conscientiousness to make you feel always the claims of duty. You have reverence for things sacred, for religious institutions and services. You sympathize warmly with those who are in trouble. You feel inclined to do good, to make others happy so far as you may.

"Your first impression of a stranger is generally sound. You read character

well. If you were a merchant you would know how to adapt yourself to customers; if a lawyer, you would read the jury while you were impaneling it and while trying the case. You would know whether every man on the witness-stand was telling the truth; and you have more confidence in your own judgment of a man than you have in his own judgment of facts: if he means to tell the truth, you would give him credit for honesty, though he may be mistaken.

"You have faith in things unseen.

"Your Language is sufficient to enable you to talk well, and you have memory enough to hold the topics of conversation to such an extent that you can call them up as occasion requires.

"You have good thinking power. You comprehend the principle involved in subjects; and you have capacity to investigate, compare, reason, comprehend. You can sift the wheat out of the chaff, can expel the uncertain and doubtful, and treasure that which is worth saving and practising. You would have made a good scholar under favorable conditions.

"You have fair mechanical talent; practice, however, would give you skill.

"Your sense of property is such that you financier well. You have more talent to make than to save, to get than to keep money. You sometimes have a streak of economy come over you, and you feel that from this day forward you are going to save nearly all you earn; but this and that come up and you patronize for this time, but are to be economical afterward; so from day to day subjects come up that seem worthy of special sympathy and aid, and each time you promise yourself to be penurious hereafter, and thus you keep doing.

"You are a good neighbor. You are inclined to lend your tools, your money, your advice, your assistance. People get more help from you than you get from others.

"You are a cautious man. In trouble or in trying relations you are careful and prudent.

"You are not sly or secretive. You are not rough and hard and quarrelsome and pugnacious, but genial, friendly, sympathetic and kind. You are not wanting, however, in spirit. You have the grit and the indignation, when aroused, that will enable you to repel aggression and make yourself respected and feared.

"As a merchant, as a physician, as a mechanic or manufacturer, or as a general business man you would get along quite well. You should not set yourself apart from the world of mankind. You should use men as one of the agents through which you accomplish that which you have to do. Some men can work on iron; some on other material. Some work on money, and are very powerful when they have money to wield. Others work on the human race, without money, without material; but they make money and make reputation, and ride onward to success. Your material is the human race rather than mere dead matter; and had you been trained to accomplish your purposes by working upon the minds of others, you would have done better there than anywhere else."

We have not given this character reading of William Jennings to flatter him but for the benefit of the industrial classes of Utah: that is to say, we publish Nature's exposition of him that it may provoke him to good deeds.

This is an exceedingly correct reading of Mr Jennings' traits of character,—much more correct than the phrenologist knew by afterwards learning his name as the great Utah merchant,—much more correct than even Mr. Jennings understands excepting from his inner sense that this chart is the *proper* book of his life. Any master of phrenology could tell you that William Jennings is one of the best men in the world to found an industrial community. Jennings, however, would not do it as an ideal sociologist like Robert Owen, but as a practical business organizer of men and their industries. Still less is he a "communist" but rather a natural hater of the communist. The *community*-man is a very different character. He is an organizer, *not a disorganizer* of the community—an employer, not a leveller—a creator of wealth, not a dispoiler. He is the soul of an industrial body. Such is Nature's intention expressed in William Jennings. Mark the sermon of the phrenologist to him:

"You should not set yourself apart from the world of mankind. You should use men as one of the agents through which you accomplish that which you have to do. Your material is the human race rather than mere dead matter."

Not to one man in ten thousand did

Fowler & Wells ever give such a character chart as that of Mr. Jennings. It is very complex in its traits. Here are the methods of the reading and a few signs of the character:

Look at William Jennings' face. In the centre of the forehead rising to the dome is large "Comparison." On either side is large "Causality"—the twin organs that grapple with cause and effects,—the great thinking and organizing powers in the human brain. Just above "Comparison"—the organ which reasons and works by analogies—see large "Human Nature" sweeping up over the forehead giving a full roundness to the centre line. At the pinnacle is large "Benevolence" forming the dome where a ruler is castled to force him to work for the public good. Some men have no such a dome to the front head at all and Nature herself with scorpion whips could not lash them to execute a great public benevolence. The organ of "Human Nature" noticed, is the one which prompted the phrenologist to sermonize this practical business organizer to use men as his means to accomplish his purposes in life: "Your material is the human race rather than mere dead matter!" The combination which constitutes the prevailing power of William Jennings' character and that for which he will be of value to the community, is: "Causality," the organizer; "Comparison," the analyzer and in the business brain a comparer of ways and means; "Human Nature," that understands the fitness of men and knows how to use them for the best business and industrial purposes; and ruling "Benevolence" that prompts him to be a dispenser of public good and which will *force* him to be a dispenser if he dares to say "Nay." William Jennings must live up to the Bible of his own organization for out of that which is therein written God will surely judge him.

But Mr. Jennings has large "Acquisitiveness." Go to the sides of his head and it will be found. This, the phrenologist tells him, holds a controversy with him every day: "From this day forward you are going to save nearly all you earn . . . but from day to day subjects come up that seem worthy of special sympathy and aid, and each time you promise yourself to be penurious hereafter, and thus you keep doing." "Benevolence" is the ruler. If the Board of Trade does its

duty to the community, Jennings is bound to do his by the law of his organization. If anything great is done for the employment of the masses, Jennings will invest more money in it than any other man in Utah, and his most useful and sagacious "Acquisitiveness" will see to it that money is made both for himself and the community. He can make more money in finding employment for the thousands and disposing of the products of their industries as one of the Presidents of the Board of Trade and Superintendent of "Z. C. M. I." than he can possibly do as a mere merchant, no matter how large were his mercantile opportunities: so says his phrenological chart. In the merchant's sphere there is no man who has so much power to do good to the Mormon community as Mr. Jennings. His life may be made a blessing to Utah that will give his name a place in the hearts of the people for generations. Moreover, he is so constituted that when he shall have reached another life the good works that he has performed in this life will make his heaven, and the approbations of a community blessed by his efforts and his wisely invested means will ascend to his better sphere as the incense of his rewards.

But we will pass from the idealities of a phrenological chart which makes him the one man in the ten thousand to establish a community of industrial human bees and challenge him as a business man upon his historical record. This to mere men of the world will seem the more practical business view of William Jennings in his position as Vice-President and Superintendent of "Z. C. M. I." and Vice-President of "Zion's Central Board of Trade." His well known general history would test his fitness, and every commercial house in America would confirm it, for Jennings has won nearly a national name already; and he has the power to rank himself through his future works by the side of the great financiers and philanthropists of the country. But as there is nothing so illustrative of a man as the anecdotes of his life, we will rest the general history and close the view of the present Superintendent of Co-operation with several anecdotal incidents. Here is one between William Jennings and the Overland Mail Company:

It was in the year 1861 when the Overland Mail was under the superintendence of Mr. Cook. A large quantity of grain

was needed by the Overland Co., and the Superintendent fixing upon Mr. Jennings as the most capable man to furnish the supplies, contracted with him for 75,000 bushels of grain. It was understood between the parties concerned that it would take about all the grain in the Territory to fill the contract, which was made binding on Mr. Jennings by a forfeiture of \$5,000 if not fulfilled, but the company itself was not placed under bonds. As soon as the merchant commenced to buy grain, the Overland Company set "Waddy Street" to buy grain, which he did along the Weber Valley, where the best part of the supplies for the contract lay, and the merchant at once realized that it was impossible for him to fill the contract with the company itself buying in opposition. So he delivered five or six thousand bushels of grain and asked the company to quit buying; but they refused and kept back several thousand dollars due on the grain delivered. Jennings saw that they meant to hold him to the written contract, not noticing the verbal agreement that they would keep out of the grain market till after the fulfilment of the said contract. He therefore rested his protest for the time being, and kept vigilantly buying the grain of the country and storing it away until all his bins and cellars were full. The O. M. Company called for more supplies, when again Mr. Jennings put the question to them about setting Street to buy; but they replied that the contract did not specify that they should not buy of any one else. The contract was produced, and when carefully read the sagacious merchant detected their weak point as well as realizing his own. His was the *forfeiture*; theirs was the *need of the supplies!* So he asked, if the \$5,000 forfeiture was paid would it satisfy the contract. They said "Yes" at once; and the forfeiture was paid with a good grace, which was the first and only forfeiture that has occurred in this merchant's life. The contract was cancelled and Jennings was free, with about 30,000 bushels of grain on hand and no market for it save that of the Overland Mail Company. But the company had not estimated the weight and grit constitutionally ascribed to your true English merchant, which is Jennings' type, nor the amount of reserve power which has so long enabled the British competitor

to hold his own in the commerce of nations. The company had merely calculated on their own monetary power to buy. But Jennings also kept on buying, and he, having the inside track as one of the community, and being a most sagacious and pushing trader, quickly beat the Overland Company, whose very competition daily strengthened his reserve. The price began to rise and kept rising so that every bushel now bought by either party enhanced the value of Jennings' well stored binns and cellars. At length the Overland Company were compelled to come and buy the merchant's grain at a much higher price than he gave for it. Referring to this incident in his life to the author who was hunting up the commercial narrative and its unique personal incidents, the merchant commented upon it thus :

"When a boy, father told me always to look for a thing where I had lost it. I had lost \$5,000 on that contract of grain. I had the grain of the country in my own hand. The O. M. Company had to have grain, and they could not get it without hauling it about 1,000 miles in ox or mule teams across the wild Plains. They had to buy my grain with compound interest on the \$5,000 which I paid them as a forfeiture; but it taught me when making a contract never to bind myself unless I bound the other party equally."

The foregoing anecdote is at once illustrative of the early commerce of Utah, as well as the native sagacity and resources of Mr. Jennings in grappling with the issues of trade and competition; for the advantage gained was clearly due to his shrewdness and ability; and it was one man against a powerful company with millions at its command. But the following anecdote is of a still higher cast, for it enters fairly into the domains of finance and direct competition with the monetary power :

It was in the year 1865; Mr. Halsey was superintending a banking house for Ben Halliday; Halsey bought a great deal of gold dust in those days that was brought down from Montana. Jennings had commenced buying in 1863, and he had bought as high as \$10,000 worth of gold dust in a day. Halsey went to him and asked him not to buy any more gold dust as it was not his legitimate business. The merchant told the banker that he was the oldest gold dust buyer in the

country, and had made too much money out of it to quit at so early a day. Halsey, angered, said, "If you do not quit buying, I will run you out of the business." The merchant asked him what he meant by his threat, and the banker replied that he carried the Express, and he Expressed for whom he chose. Jennings, now in turn provoked, retorted, "I don't care a D—for you or your Express either;" and added that if Halsey meant to "buck" he could commence at once not only against gold dust buying but against the grain trade. Ben Halliday wanted all the grain in the Territory, and so did he, Jennings. They parted mutually resolved on a financial fight; but the banker contemned the very idea that a simple merchant could hold his own against a "legitimate" gold buyer and seller, and also against the Overland Mail king. Jennings commenced "bucking" by paying 25 cents per ounce more for the "dust." Halsey went 25 cents better, and so they continued the gold competition until it was worth more in Salt Lake City than it was in New York. Then Jennings sent a man with his gold dust to Halsey. He then quit buying for a few days till it came down to the old legitimate price, when he re-commenced the competition, quickly running gold dust up again above New York figures. A second time he sold to Halsey through another man and so on till for the third time the gold fight was won by Jennings and lost by Halsey. At this point, Joseph Nounan, a banker of Salt Lake City, got scent of the merchant's advantage, and communicated the secret to his compeer, the banker. Halsey, realizing that he was fairly beaten, went to Jennings and cried "Quits!" and asked him to come to terms, signing an agreement between them, which Jennings refused; but he verbally agreed to close their financial hostilities.

There is a vein of subject in this latter incident of Mr. Jennings' financial performances that reminds one of the well known anecdotes of the controversy between Nathan Rothschild and the Bank of England. True it is not so colossal, but certainly of the same kind. In fact Jennings has native abilities rarely met. A controversy with a money power brings out his strength and a commercial competition furnishes him with opportunities. Any man who could so realize his own

native strength as to boldly close with Ben Halliday's banker and the Overland Mail Company and win the wrestle by this native strength is quite worthy to be considered a representative man of his class. Had William Jennings been educated among the great financiers of the world he would have shown this more abundantly. And as it is, this man has it in his range of abilities in his present position, with his vast moneyed means, of directing his native strength to the accomplishing of great good to a highly industrial people. He is still but in the middle age of his life and it is to be hoped that his best days for the community are yet to come.

WILLIAM H. HOOPER'S WORK.

Providence sent a certain class of men to this Zion of the West, not only for the needs of the country, but for its own mysterious purposes in the march of civilization. We recognize William H. Hooper as among this class; yet, though one of the chief of the founders of Utah commerce and successively a Director, Vice-President, Superintendent, and finally President of Z. C. M. I., and also the President of the Deseret National Bank, his special mission in behalf of the community has been in Congress. Following step by step, the record of this man's life, there is at least a providential fitness in his coming to Utah so close upon the tracks of the Pioneers to take part in the working out of the social destiny of "this strange people" and in the political shaping of the affairs of this wonderful Territory of ours. Nor must it be thought that we recognize a Providence only in the march of Brigham Young and the Pioneers westward, and in the coming of such men as Eldredge, Hooper and Jennings; for the Gentiles have been doing their proper part in this country, under the will and control of the same All-Wise and All-Disposing Power.

In following this Providential line in the life of William H. Hooper, we have distinguished him most in his Congressional career; and so, while anticipating for him his full share of work and financial direction in the co-operative and industrial future of our Territory to the end of his days, we will close his historical sketch by a summary view of what the man has done for Utah up to the present time in his special mission as her Delegate to Congress.

We have noticed the fact that, up to the sending of William H. Hooper to Congress after the close of the "Utah War," our Territory had really no political history. Previously, there was simply a Mormon Elder in Congress,—so looked upon by the members; at the same time, Dr. Bernhisel was respected as a good man. But William H. Hooper was in Washington not as the Mormon Elder but as the influential merchant from Utah,—the Delegate of the Territory,—the Representative of the Mormon people, who worked hard in their service, and was, withal, a sagacious political manager. The proper sustaining of such a character and part gave to Utah her first political status in Washington; and it is presumable that Hooper's presence at the Capitol, as the Representative of the Mormon community at that critical period, greatly enhanced the commercial credit of our Territory; for business men deem the affairs of State non-eruptive when their own class are among the principal managers; so that we may consider Hooper's first great service to Utah was in establishing for her this political and commercial assurance in the public mind.

The political troubles of the previous years, between our Territory and the United States Government under James Buchanan, left no ordinary amount of unsettled business on hand requiring prompt action. Among other monetary matters requiring Delegate Hooper's attention was the expenses of the second session of the Territorial Legislature which still remained unpaid. These accounts were satisfactorily settled by the Delegate; and a large appropriation, for the suppression of Indian hostilities which occurred some years previous, were obtained.

The first legislation in Congress having for its object the suppression of polygamy in Utah was attempted during this term. It passed the House in 1860, but failed in the Senate. No legislation of an inimical character was passed during that session or the four succeeding ones in which Hooper served as a Delegate.

In the 37th Congress, Utah was represented by Dr. Bernhisel, Mr. Hooper having been elected to the United States Senate with Hon. George Q. Cannon who together spent the most of the succeeding two years in Washington labor-

ing for the admission of Deseret into the Union as a State.

Judge Kinney was the next Delegate elected from Utah, Hooper at that time being engaged in mercantile pursuits; he was, however, again returned and served in the 40th, 41st, 42nd and 43rd Congresses of the United States. When he returned to Congress in 1865, he found the old accounts of Ex-Governor Young as ex-officio of Indian affairs still unpaid; but he succeeded in getting an appropriation for the amount due, aggregating from \$35,000 to \$40,000, a large portion of which was due to citizens of the commercial States, east and west. He also obtained liberal appropriation for Indian, Postal and other public services.

Up to the year of '68, there were neither town lots nor farming lands upon which the people had a fee simple. In '56, the Government made extensive surveys, but the preemption and homestead laws had never been extended to Utah; this Mr. Hooper succeeded in accomplishing, by procuring the passage of a bill in '68 whereby the people of Utah obtained equal rights under the land system, enabling them to secure the inheritances they had so faithfully earned.

Salt Lake City, with other towns over 20 years old, was without a remedy to obtain titles. Lots selling for thousands of dollars were held only by the tenure of occupancy, until what was known as the townsite law passed—with the consummation of which he had much to do, through his explanation of the situation of things and the wants of the people. No law perhaps could have been enacted more simple and just in its provisions, and surely none attended with less trouble and expense, clothing, as it did, the Legislature with authority to fill in the details for a proper and just execution of its powers, whereby the people were enabled to obtain titles to their possessions.

In this bill a proviso was enacted at the instance of those inimical to the interests of the people of Utah, which debarred Salt Lake City from accepting the act until further legislation could be obtained. A special law was subsequently enacted whereby all that could reasonably be desired was secured. In the Townsite-bill it was provided that only to the extent of a representation of 5000 people could land be entered. The special law referred to repealed that provision

and gave to Salt Lake City the power to enter land to the extent of her then population.

In former chapters we dwelt extensively upon the part which the Hon. Delegate played at the time of the introduction of the Cullom bill,—how he got up almost from his death bed in New York and went to Washington to defend his constituents; and for its intrinsic importance was given his "Plea for Religious Liberty" which was delivered in the House on the day of the passage of the Cullom bill. There is no doubt that Hooper's speech virtually defeated that bill: for, notwithstanding it passed the House, it was as a dead bill, so understood by the members and never designed to be prosecuted in the Senate. It was voted for by Cullom's colleagues simply to save General Cullom's political credit, as he was just about to appeal to his State—Illinois—for the renewal of its vote; and it need not be told the reader that the triumph of Cullom would have been received as self-justification by the State which drove the Mormons to the chambers of the Rocky Mountains.

The writer has some personal knowledge of the views of the members of Congress at that time, for he was in Washington immediately after and lectured in Dr. Newman's church upon the Mormon question, when General Cullom, Judge McKean, Dr. Sunderland and many others were present who have since figured in Utah affairs. The day after the lecture, the writer had an interview with General Cullom, when Delegate Hooper and "the Bill" were the subjects of conversation. The General spoke of Hooper as the Mormon Richelieu, and said he managed nearly all the members of Congress of both Houses and the Government also. Said the General, "there is not a measure mooted or a discussion on Utah affairs in the President's own Cabinet, *but that old man knows it within a quarter of an hour afterwards.*" The writer related to Dr. Newman these expressions of General Cullom's on the same day—William Scott of Utah was present—when the Doctor affected great indignation at the General's view and declared that the Cullom Bill should be taken up at the first sitting of the Senate of the next Congress, presented by Senator Cragin, and that it would be passed. But General Cullom was the better judge of the mind of Congress.

He knew that Hooper had killed his bill! The author's visit to Washington occupies three columns of the *New York Herald* of that date, in which the present statement will be found corroborated. It is a point of history that Hooper really did defeat the Cullom Bill!

But we consider the *chef-d'œuvre* of Delegate Hooper's life to be the endowment of Utah with female suffrage. The historical circumstances were related in No 1 of this Magazine, in the article on Female Suffrage and need not be repeated; but as the record of this grant of political power to the women of Utah is likely to be of some national importance long after the close of the Hon. William H. Hooper's life, it is due to him to reaffirm that it was originally his measure.

WEBBER AS AN EXECUTIVE OFFICER.

We have given a brief biographical sketch of the Secretary and Treasurer of the Institution; but it would be improper to close a chapter of the Executive branch without some further review of Thomas G. Webber as an executive officer, as it is very probable that this gentleman will have much to do in the construction of the co-operative and industrial business of our Territory in the future. A few points and incidents of his eventful life will sufficiently illustrate his capacity and solid character.

Possessing a liberal education, we have seen that he came to America when a very young man in search of honorable preferment in life which the new world offered, and that after struggling awhile in the profession of an engineer, he entered the army and served with distinction as a cavalry officer in several campaigns. Two causes at length drew him away from a military life: the one was the Mormon destiny which came into his life before the commencement of the war, and the other the realization that, destitute of political influence, it was impossible for him to rise to a superior distinction in the army. He left the service and came West, brought hither, it may be, to fulfill some fate in his life that connects him with the Mormon people, and for which his training and experiences qualify him.

Colonel Webber was first brought into public notice in our city by a lecture on the art of war delivered by him in the Seventies Hall at the solicitation of the committee on lectures. Though his subject was treated with the unostentation

of the cultivated gentleman which so markedly characterizes the Colonel, that large intelligent audience which listened to him with wrapt interest, quickly appreciated that a scientist was expounding to them military affairs. And what rendered his lecture so interesting and instructive was that he illustrated his discourse by examples of the great battles which had just been fought between the North and the South, in which he had personally taken a part. He also used the blackboard, and on it sketched the positions and movements of rival armies, reviewing their good points of generalship and sometimes suggesting corrected movements, thus displaying originality of mind and marked military ability. Without the slightest emphasis of the fact he showed that he was himself quite capable of moving large bodies of men, and original enough to contract a base of operations. In fact, military life is a passion with Colonel Webber, and he was only drawn from it by some superior inscrutable ruling of Providence which led him to the West. His love for military affairs, coupled with the constitutional executiveness of his mind, made him an excellent tactician and disciplinarian; and he has carried this executive ability and talent for organization into the various business concerns with which he has been associated since his arrival among us. He has risen altogether by this superior ability, coupled with integrity, and to these traits he owes his present important and responsible position in Z. C. M. I. He came to Utah an entire stranger, yet at once became a representative man of the country, a joint founder of the first daily paper of Utah, and for years he has held his present position in the Executive department of one of the greatest mercantile institutions in America.

There is considerable historical value in the fact that he was one of the projectors of the first daily papers of Utah. Mr. Stenhouse was ever frank to confess that as the business manager of the *Daily Telegraph*, Webber was its real founder and chief support in the business point of view, and it was not until he left the management of the *Telegraph*, to enter the service of Z. C. M. I., that this once famous Salt Lake newspaper, known while it lived to nearly every journalist in America, went out of existence, yet even as it was, the

Salt Lake *Telegraph* had created the opportunity for the rise of the Salt Lake *Herald*.

Thomas G. Webber is also fully equal to grapple with great social problems. He has not only studied the co-operative movements of England and Germany but he is well read in the works of that profound master of sociology, Herbert Spencer. He is indeed quite an expert in social science himself and his official duties in "Z. C. M. I." has given him the necessary experience to grapple with the great problems of a co-operative commerce and the organization of co-operative industries. The Honorable William H. Hooper, an excellent judge, once said in public that Thomas G. Webber was the best accountant and business manager that he had ever met. Both William Jennings and Horace S. Eldredge also highly esteem him, and Jennings, who is one of the most sagacious men of commerce in the west in his management leans upon him with the most perfect confidence. Two more fitting men than Jennings and Webber could scarcely be found associated together, for the one has the very genius of business in him and the other the rarest executive ability.

In view of the prospective undertakings of the Board of Trade, of which he is the Secretary and also one of the Directors; we may reasonably expect that the most useful period of Webber's life is immediately before him. We esteem him an important factor in the working out of the social destiny of the Mormon people, for to his remarkable executive quality of mind is added an earnest and intelligent sympathy towards every movement contemplating the employment and elevation of the industrial classes. His position as Secretary makes him the active instrument of the executive mind and purposes of the Board, and should any great community work be undertaken, Webber will have much to do with its performance. His practical constructiveness and intellectual culture will surely leave their impress upon our social commonwealth.

ELDRIDGE'S EXECUTIVE WORK.

In any city, state or nation Horace S. Eldredge would have been a pillar of society. He is indeed one of those structural embodiments of social weight and character that satisfies the eye at once and establishes confidence without a question.

No business man of even ordinary discernment meeting Eldredge abroad in a business transaction, though an entire stranger, would refuse to take his check at its face value, nor would any foreign banker require to have him identified as the Horace S. Eldredge of Utah, except from the merest form. Some men going abroad require a full budget of letters of recommendation and credit, yet they may be men of honesty and honor, besides of most substantial connections; but Eldredge carries his budget of recommendation and credit in his personal appearance.

It will have been noticed in his autobiography that Horace S. Eldredge was the great emigrational agent of the early period in the history of our Territory, and he was just the man to be appointed to superintend those immense emigrations which peopled these Valleys. His administration for the Church was at a time when both the financial credit and the business success of the Mormon emigration this side of the Atlantic largely rested upon the personal character of the agent in charge. Utah was in her infancy, and her emigration at best but a problematical enterprise of the Mormons as a community. It was so considered by the business world and also by the newspaper men who wrote of the periodical emigrations of this "strange sect." It was not till a later date that the far-seeing eye of some watchers of the strange social evolutions of modern times began to view these "Mormon gatherings" as a part of another extraordinary emigrational upheaval going on in our world, and this Mormon part from a new religious force which was moving in the age whose result was to be the peopling of one of our Pacific States. But such a view was not clearly taken even by far-seeing statesmen and social philosophers, until to the exodus of the Mormons under a Brigham Young was added their vast yearly emigrations under the superintendence of such men as Horace S. Eldredge. It was then that the full import of old "Zac Taylor's" exclamation was appreciated: "My God, the Mormons have got on to the backbone of the Continent!" Lincoln, at a later date, varied this thought of the Mormon occupation when he said "Utah will yet become the Treasure House of the Nation!" And the social idealist has gone

farther still, and exclaimed, "The stone which the builders rejected has suddenly become the head of the corner!"

It was the Mormon Exodus that first started such thoughts in the American mind, which so admires the wonderful in human performance, even when it affects to protest against forms and methods; but it was their successful emigrations which crowned modern Israel with their state-founding glory. Fifty years hence, when Utah shall be a great state with over a million people, these emigrations will be so considered as the crowning of Mormon history and destiny; and even the secular historian will point back to this tidal wave of people which swept across the great American Desert to expound the manifest destiny of the race in the West, rather than to the discovery of gold in California, or to the opening of silver mines in Utah. The one has a Divine causation, the other is simply in the sequence of human discoveries eventuating therefrom. Our emigrations, then, constitute a supreme subject of history, and while it may not appear quite so epical as the Exodus, it will be esteemed the most substantial and best sustained of the action in the growth and peopling of our Western States.

In this view of the subject, Horace S. Eldredge will be classed among the chief historical personages in the peopling of Utah; and it is worthy of special record that in the initial period, Eldredge was to the Mormon emigration just what Brigham Young was to the Mormon Exodus. He was the first man sent down from Utah to the States to preside as the superintendent of the Mormon emigrations; and this in his autobiography appeared as the chief executive business of his life. Historically considered, it is so; for his subsequent career as a successful merchant, a banker, and the late superintendent of Z. C. M. I., will neither overtop his emigrational work in the estimate of his service to the community, nor give him his chief place in history. His former work, however, was the basis of the latter, and his fitness for the one fully corresponds with his fitness for the other, and qualifies him for that to come as a life-long apostle of the community on the temporal side.

But we may, before closing the chapter on Zion's executive business men, briefly re-touch a few points suggested in

General Eldredge's autobiography. His headquarters was at St. Louis. To-day, St. Louis is one of the world's great centres of business; but when the Mormons moved westwards from Missouri and then from Illinois to the mountains, St. Louis was a stripling city. Some of the Mormons, in fact, may be considered as among the founders of St. Louis, and a number of our Utah merchants and representative men graduated there as already noticed. Now, it was just at the period when the West was rising so rapidly in the estimation of the nation, and Chicago and St. Louis began to rival the great business cities of the East, that Horace S. Eldredge was located at St. Louis as the business man of the Church, as well as being the spiritual head of the Mormons in the Western States. Upon this man's executive fitness and integrity of character, much of the reputation of the community in the mountains depended at a critical time when they greatly needed a proper representation to the American understanding. One presiding man at their grand emigrational point in the Western States had the power to make or mar them much. In critical times, and for the accomplishment of great purposes for the community, Brigham Young generally chose the right men if they were around him, and he knew how supremely important it was in the peopling of a young state by an emigrational tide from Europe to have a man like Horace S. Eldredge at St. Louis as the church authority and business agent. Next to the importance of himself at home, he appreciated the value of such a substantial man in the Western States to make the emigration a success and to establish the business credit of the community in the Mountains. This Eldredge did, and therein was at first his chief value in Mormon history. In this department, Eldredge was at St. Louis, as the business representative of the Mormon people, what Hooper afterwards was in Congress and Jennings in the establishing of the colossal reputation of Utah commerce. And in this emigrational mission often came into service for the community that substantial personality and character noticed in the opening of this review of the man and which the reader will see so strongly marked in his likeness in the frontispiece of this Magazine. Often he had to stand as personal security for the Church, cov-

ering the business of the Trustee-in-Trust and President of the Perpetual Emigration Company with his own personal notes. On one occasion, he assumed in his own name sixty thousand dollars of the Church indebtedness. And thus it will be seen in the history of the growth and peopling of Utah, how important has been the life-work of these temporal apostles of the Mormon community.

In the history of Z. C. M. I., there is one very representative incident that ought to be noticed. At the time of the panic in 1873, already referred to, it was Horace S. Eldredge who was sent down to the States to ask for the Institution an extension of time; H. B. Clawson was with him. Again was Eldredge's personal and financial weight tested in the great business cities of America. The time asked for was granted with absolute confidence, and repeatedly the creditors of Z. C. M. I. added "Why, Mr. Eldredge, you are solider than we are!" And this remark is very typical of the personal character and financial stability of Horace S. Eldredge himself. He is not one of the wealthiest men in America, but he is certainly one of the solidest, and when we find recorded in his diary penned simply at the time as a private note—"I never contracted the debt of a dollar in my life that I have not paid;" we all know that it is the man's commercial life epitomised in a conscientious memorandum.

In closing this article on the history of Utah's commerce and commercial men, we must call attention to this extraordinary group of men which form the frontispiece of this Number of our Magazine. We believe there is no Institution in America which could present such a group. There is character and integrity in every face. The group deserve to live for generations to show what Mormondom is in its spiritual and temporal combinations.

Mark first the face and structure of Horace S. Eldredge himself, the attention being now upon him. Such a face and physical structure we seldom see. The head measures twenty-three and a half-inches—which is reckoned to give the largest capacity of brain; the face is as massive as that of a statue; and the chest and body constitute one of Nature's colossal base-works of our race. Horace S. Eldredge is indeed a remarkable social

type. As we have already said, he would be a pillar of society in any city, state or nation.

Look at a portrait line of the ancient archbishops of England and you will find the proto-types of President John Taylor's face. But we defer a full character-reading of President Taylor to our next number, which will contain a complete biography of him accompanied by a magnificent steel-plate likeness of his full person and which will better reveal his type and character. George Q. Cannon approximates to a type. As he grows older he will mature it and it will be found in its character-significance to be a blending of the past and future of the Church. There is destiny in him! The face of Joseph F. Smith shows very strong character. His uncle, Joseph, the founder of the Church, was the Napoleon of Prophets, and Joseph F.'s face suggests what a mighty leader of men this uncle was who laid the foundations of our modern Zion. Moses Thatcher has a countenance which denotes spirituality and culture. John Sharp shows the representative Scotchman with a face of very strong mark. David O. Calder blends the professional with the business type of man. Webber has the military and executive type of face with a remarkable Wellingtonian nose. Our likeness of him is not equal to the original. The head on the medals struck by the Dutch for young William of Orange gives the type cast of Col. Webber's face.

But William H. Hooper is our subject now. Look at his face. The likeness is a rare one. Is not that a type? But what does it signify? The statesman! There was intuition in the members of Congress naming him the Mormon Richelieu. There is the real state genius in the man and its wizard-like fascination is seen in his face. There is something ancient in his cast, also, and hence his subtle intuitions, fascinations and far-sight. He has ancient blood and brain as well as the ancient form of countenance. He has a small head comparatively, but his brain is an essence distilled from a race; and his animal brain is as nothing while the perceptive, moral and spiritual is large. To William Jennings we have already given a character-reading and have pronounced him to be an extraordinary man.

HADASSAH, THE JEWESS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ISRAELITES IN THEIR REFUGE.

WE abruptly left the Jewish prince conducting the Marquis of Halifax into his palace to discover the horrible mysteries of his tribe, or to become guarantee to the excited mob without that no such mysteries existed within.

The keen eyed British statesman was satisfied at a glance. No suspicion was in his mind of Jewish plots or Jewish horrors; but rather a conviction that the Papists were setting a trap for the Israelites, and that the Protestant interests of the realm were deeply involved in the issue. This was indicated in his short but vigorous speech to the mob without. But had the Marquis been doubtful, the scene that met his gaze would have banished suspicion at once.

As related in the last chapter, the Jews had timely received intelligence of some iniquitous movements against their people headed by my Lord of Hawkley, with King James and Father Petre in covert. It was Halifax, himself, who had communicated to his friend, Baron De Leon, that a crusade was intended against the Hebrews, and he already knew that a large number of Israelitish families were gathered at the palace of Sir David for refuge. He also knew that De Leon had taken horse for his castle to collect a troop of bold men of his own tenantry to defend the palace of the Jewish prince. This checkmate to the Papist plot against the Hebrews was, moreover, prompted by the advice of Lord Halifax himself. He argued, like a true Englishman, that every British noble possessed the constitutional right to defend his own castle even against his king—if the king unlawfully assaulted it—and that the very home of the English peasant was sacred above the power and authority of the king. The Barons of old had won by their good swords this acknowledgment for their class; the Revolution of the Commonwealth under Cromwell and Hampton had won it equally for the English people.

“Thus it stands, then, Baron De Leon, in good British argument,” Halifax said to his friend urging his point of advice, “Your castle is your constitutional fortress. Well then, sir, the palace now styled Sir David’s Palace was built by

your wife. ’Tis her English home, though it bears the distinction of her father’s name given by her in filial honor—but ’tis your wife’s estate. As her husband and lord, you are bound by your duty and constitutional rights to protect your wife and her property. Take possession in your liege lady’s name. ’Tis an English home and not a Jewish palace. Defend it, Baron De Leon, as your ancestors would have done their own castle; and I will engage to defend your cause in the British Parliament if it comes to an issue with the king. Sir, our English homes must be held sacred, or we have no constitutional rights and liberties left us worth a farthing’s value!”

In this advice of the Marquis of Halifax, Sir Judah of Nassau perfectly coincided; and so the three agreeing, and with the approval of Sir David, Baron De Leon had hastened to his castle to gather a sturdy troop of his tenantry to take possession of the “Palace of Sir David” and defend it with all its inmates in the name of his wife—the Lady Hadassah. But Hawkley and the Papist king were too quickly upon them in their crusade against the Jews to give time for the arrival of Baron De Leon’s troop of defence. Deadly malice never sleeps on its path to destroy; and the Papist king and his confessor, with the Jew hater—Lord Hawkley—had started on their path of enmity before the Protestant defender of English rights gave his sagacious advice to the Jews that they defend themselves against the wicked crusade of his Most Catholic Majesty.

But these necessary explanations to the story will account for the presence of the Marquis of Halifax that night, and his bold English conduct in rebuking the mob. Being the popular leader at that time in England, and the most accomplished Parliamentary champion of English Constitutional rights since Sir Harry Vane led the Parliament, Halifax had no fear for himself receiving personal violence even from an English mob. He was also accompanied by a score of armed men who, however, kept in the reserve,—it being evidently the most prudent course to let their chief accompany Sir David alone into his palace.

In the great banquet room of Sir David’s palace there was gathered what

might have seemed a tribe of Israelites to one coming suddenly and unprepared upon the scene. Even as it was, Halifax was surprised to see such a multitude of Jewish families; but quickly remembering that he saw many flying before the mob, the scene was readily comprehended by him in all its features. Nothing to him would have been more preposterous than the thought that these Israelites had assembled for anti-Christian ceremonies such as had been charged against them that day at Charing Cross by the plotter Hawkley, even to their crucifying Christians in Sir David's palace. There was dire affright depicted on the anxious countenances of the hunted fugitives. Sir David's comrades alone were calm and self possessed, like veterans who had braved such storms of Christian violence before, for thus they had in other lands.

Lord Halifax was about to return to give assurance to the rabble without; but as he was issuing forth, the cry of "Fire! fire!" was raised. "The old Jew's palace is on fire!" Rushing back, he gave the alarm to the inmates and urged them to escape. Drawing his sword he exclaimed:

"Follow me, Sir David! To my side, Sir Judah! We will cut a pathway through the mob if they oppose us. Show a bold front. A score of my own men armed are waiting without. Hesitate not, for God's sake. The Jews to-night shall barrack in my own mansion. Hark! The cries of fire increase and the mob are rushing upon the palace!"

For a moment consternation paralyzed all efforts to escape beyond the wild and futile rushing to the windows, but presently the voice of Sir David rang out in command:

"Barricade all the outer doors. Let none enter and none depart. Israel, obey your prince. He will open to you a refuge!"

Scarcely was the command given ere order was restored. The magic voice and sublime presence of their prince inspired the Israelites with assurance of safety. A real leader is always calmest in times of greatest danger. He towers supreme amid the carnage of battle and holds his mastery in the face of the raging elements. It is this quality in man that makes the captain grandest when his ship is going down with himself on board but the rest saved.

So thought Lord Halifax of Sir David as he surveyed him and his comrades marshalling their people in small bands. At first he supposed that these soldierly men were thus forming their line for escape through the gardens of the palace; and he discerned that the prince was wiser than himself; who would have led them by the front through the multitude. He was not, however, apprehensive of danger from the malice of the mob, who were shouting to the inmates to escape. There is something so terrible in a fire that every human creature is instinctive with a desire to save another from its flames. True, religious history has shown the exception. Priests have made fiends of human beings. Priests who gave the stake to the heretic, lighted up the fires of hell for the everlasting torture of lost souls. There were some among those without, under Lord Hawkley, who would have rejoiced like fiends to have seen the whole tribe of Jews perish in the flames of that burning palace; but the multitude were not Papists, and hundreds of them were at work battering down the doors and windows to save the inmates. All this the Marquis of Halifax comprehended from the shouts and frantic efforts of the mob to rescue the Jews from the flames. Thus far, there was English humanity even in a Christian mob who had gathered in crusade against the hated tribe.

The great banquet room was soon cleared of the assembled Israelites—each band led by one of Sir David's comrades. Halifax looked now for the prince and his son to follow with himself in the retreat—but they moved not. Presently the comrades returned, and Ben Levi announced to his prince that Caleb had led their people to safety. Rapidly they began to carry away the costly furniture, and troops of young Jews did ready work with but little noise or excitement. This greatly surprised Lord Halifax, who fancied at the onset that it was an extraordinary spectacle of the ruling passion of the Jews to save their substance. Something of this perhaps it was, but the evident consciousness of the Elders that they had the power to save both their people and their substance soon impressed the Marquis with the conviction that there was a mystery in this retreat that he had yet to learn.

"Sir David," he observed, "your peo-

ple are going into a refuge beneath the palace? Do I conjecture rightly?"

"You have rightly divined our movement, my good lord. Have no concern for our present safety. A refuge is prepared."

Almost as quickly as the Marquis himself, the mob without had detected the order of the movements within. They missed the frightened women and children from the windows and had lost the sound of cries of alarm. It was at that moment when some shouted that the Jews were taking refuge beneath the palace by subterranean paths, and that Lord Halifax had fallen a victim of his own trust and the old Jew's vengeance. It was at that crisis, also, that Lord Hawkley regained his sway over the mob by persuading them to his view that Halifax was not betrayed, but was of his own free will in unholy consort with the Jewish tribe. Then raged their fury again unchecked until the flames cut them off from their work of violence upon the palace.

Quite an hour elapsed, and as yet the flames had not reached the inner apartments, so impervious to the fire was the outer part of the building which was mostly of stone and fine brick work. Few words were exchanged between Halifax, and Sir David and his son. At length the prince said with his grave courtesy:

"My good friend, it is our turn next. My son and ourselves alone are left. Think not we are unmindful of our gratitude in that our young men have worked with busy hands to save that which our thrift has gathered. Thou shalt with us to our refuge, and there thine own eyes shall behold all the mysteries of our hiding place. Yet I promise thee no sight of Jewish horrors or unholy rites such as the Bishop of Arundel charged against our people."

"Sir David of Nassau need give me no such assurance," replied the Marquis warmly, "I entered not his palace with doubtful mind nor watchful purpose. Were there other retreat for myself now that his people are in safe hiding place, I would not pry into the secrets of his home."

"Say not so, my generous friend. I regret not thy presence. Come, thou shalt find welcome to our refuge. Thou shalt see the Jew hath still a palace in which to entertain thee, not unworthy a crowned head; yet I boast it not to match our hos-

pitality against thy noble friendship toward the Jew to-night."

"Be it so, Sir David. I accept your welcome with real pleasure. Lead on, Sir. I will follow with your son and spend a few days with your people in their retreat."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SON OF CALEB BEFORE THE KING.

The morning after the burning of the palace of Sir David, Lord Hawkley sought the presence of the king.

The king was at prayers with his confessor.

It is one of the strangest facts of human history that kings have prayed themselves into the commission of the cruelest deeds. Priests have stimulated those deeds by holy invocations. What wonder, then, that the people in the days of kingcraft and priestcraft should have been no better than the kings in their Christian examples when both kings and people were just what their priests made them?

James came forth from his closet and his morning devotions, accompanied by Father Petre, and both king and confessor were strong in spirit for the inquisitorial work of that day.

James listened to Lord Hawkley's story of the events of the night preceding. He frowned darkly when the part of the Marquis of Halifax was related to him, and observed:

"Halifax had well beware as thou didst warn him. We have dismissed him from our Council. If he minds not, we may send him to the Tower."

"He is an atheist, your Majesty," observed the confessor, infusing into his royal master's mind additional malice against the popular Protestant Statesman.

"We will deal with these atheists, Father Petre."

Galileo was an atheist. The Church dealt with him. Had Benjamin Franklin caught the lightning in his hand in the blessed days when the Church ruled, he would have been dealt with, too, as Satan's minister. An atheist!

"But worst," suggested the Jesuit Father; "this Halifax is a heretic and a leader of the people, and now he leagues himself with the Jews. There is great danger in a compact between these heretic statesmen and these Jews who hold half the purse strings of Europe."

"We will deal with these heretics, Holy Father, not forgetting the accursed tribe and the chances of their loans of money to set our phlegmatic but ambitious son-in-law upon our throne. My Lord of Hawkley, the king listens."

The plotter continued his story to the end. James was both troubled and angered. Nothing had been disclosed against the Jews. They were, as matters now stood, simply the victims. The king rightly concluded that unless something more circumstantial was discovered against the Jews, the Marquis of Halifax would turn the public feeling in their favor and that a common cause would be made between them and the Protestants. He concluded, also, that Halifax was with the Hebrews in some safe retreat, and this fact would itself be a guarantee to the people of London that false accusations had been made. England was not likely to credit any unholy tale of horrors laid to the charge of the Jews with the testimony of the most enlightened and popular statesman of the realm refuting it.

"Holy Father," said the king after some moments of silence, "let the Jew, Caleb, be brought into my presence. If persuasion fail us, we must try the rack. 'Tis but a Jew. His blood be on his own head if he confesses not to the safety of holy church."

Without a word, the Father confessor left to do the king's bidding and soon returned with the young Jesuit, Francis, and the son of Caleb.

"Jew," said the king, after surveying the stern rigid countenance of his victim with doubt touching his power to make him speak; "Confess, and thou shalt find us merciful."

"King, I have nought to confess to thee except the Christian's treachery; yet let him speak for himself."

"Jew, beware!"

"The Jew hath nought to beware so much as Christian justice."

"Darest thou brave us, accursed Jew?"

"I dare to answer thee, though the Jew be accursed by Christian cruelty."

"Confess the unholy doing of thy tribe."

"I know of none."

"Thy tribe are in conspiracy with the heretics against the Crown; confess as much and thou shalt go free."

"King, thou bearest false witness!"

"Have they not loaned money to our subjects for rebellion?"

"I answer thee, nay."

"Hath not thy master's son, Sir Judah of Nassau, sought to stimulate William of Orange to invade our realm at the invitation of traitors?"

"I answer thee, nay, to that also."

"Jew, we bid thee again beware. His letter was taken from thine own body."

"I do confess as much. The treacherous hand of Sir Judah's servant seized his master's letter. There stands the traitor in the king's presence!"

"He is the servant of Holy Church!"

"Then hath the Christian Church vile servants."

"Thou hast the courage of fidelity. We can admire such, even in a Jew."

"Then bid me from thy presence and the Jew will say to thee—thou canst be just."

"Stay, thou shalt answer me. The letter found on thee was full of treasonable hopes of thy tribe. Dost thou confess it?"

"I will answer for the letter with my life. It hath no treason in it."

"Hast thou read it?"

"Nay; yet do I know Sir Judah of Nassau hath the soul of honor."

"Jew, thou *shalt* speak!"

"Christian and king, the Jew hath spoken."

"Then shall the rack force thy tongue to better confession."

"King, the Jew came not into thy presence expecting mercy. Thou hast already the truth from me. Thy instrument of torture will extort no better."

"Holy Father, bear the Jew hence. Let the Church deal with him."

The son of Caleb was conducted from the king's presence. As he said, he expected no mercy; and he received none. When did the Church give her victims mercy?

It will be remembered by the historical reader that James the Papist, during his short cruel reign, did something nearly akin to the work of the days of the inquisition. At that very moment, England was in daily dread of the recurrence of scenes to restore the Papal rule quite as dreadful as anything known in the reign of "Bloody Queen Mary." The King's council or High Commission, partly composed of Priests with the Jesuit Father Petre as its head, and the butcher, Chief

Justice Jeffries, as the executioner, was nothing better than the recent Star Chamber council. To the tender mercy of such a power the son of Caleb was consigned, but its work was to be all in secret.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LORD HALIFAX IN THE JEWISH SANCTUARY.

Lord Halifax had spent two days and nights with the Israelites in their subterranean palace; and so enchanted was he with everything he saw that he declared his intention of remaining with them a full week; for he discerned that his presence was heartily welcome to Sir David and his people. Indeed, the son of the Prince, with a statesman's policy, courted the presence of the popular Parliamentary leader of England, freely confessing that he desired him to tarry with them awhile for their own advantage.

"I own, friend Halifax," he said, with a smile, "that our Jewish cunning is levying a tax upon the British realm for making war upon us."

"How so, Sir Judah?"

"By seizing the prime minister and holding him for Jewish service."

"Thy knowledge is at fault, Sir Judah. George Saville is not prime minister of England."

"I stand corrected, my lord of Halifax. Yet will he be prime minister."

"In whose reign, Sir Oracle?"

"In William's."

"Ha! now, Sir, I discern thy Jewish cunning."

"But bantering aside, friend Halifax, your presence with us in our present time of need will disconcert the malice of our enemies. In Holland, as the cousin of William, and recognized as a member of the Nassau family rather than as a Jew, I could myself overmatch the enemies of my father's race; but in England I am powerless, while you are all-potent with the English Parliament. None would dare impeach the honor of the Marquis of Halifax—much less connect him with aught so monstrous as an un-Christian compact with the Jews, such as the Bishop of Arundel declared on his Christian oath was made in Spain between my father and his beloved friend old Baron De Leon. Were the noble Baron living, his peers would trust him and his love would shield those to whom his covenant of

friendship was given; but, being dead, the oath of his brother-in-law, himself a Christian Bishop, hath weight against our outcast race for, sir, the Jews are still outcast, as King James would have it understood to-day, even in England. But *you* are living, Lord Halifax, and can answer to all men for your consorting with our Jewish tribe; aye, even should you make with us a covenant of love as did the noble De Leon in Spain."

"My brother speaks wisely," observed the young De Leon, joining in the conversation. "The Marquis of Halifax is our best surety. I, the son of Baron De Leon, am as impotent as Sir Judah of Nassau in answer to this monstrous charge of un-Christian compact, which the malice of the Bishop—my mother's brother—hath preferred against us; nor would I disturb my honored father's peace in his grave by making his life a subject of debate in England. Besides, the monstrous charge is not a public one; but was insidiously laid before the Ecclesiastical court and the King's inquisitorial Council to justify this crusade against the Jews. The action is not against the family of Baron De Leon, and therefore I am not defendant. But my lord of Halifax is made a chief party in the case by his presence, which is truly most providential."

"My friendship and service is at your command, gentlemen," replied the Marquis; "I will tarry in the Jewish quarters for a week. Furthermore, it gives me pleasure to so tarry, for I would study the Hebrews so that should they need a champion in our Parliament I might better serve them."

This conversation was at the breakfast table in Sir David's room. The prince and his two lieutenants, Caleb and Ben Levi, being of the party—but as yet the venerable comrades had taken no part in the subject. At this point, however, the prince observed:

"If so thou tarriest with us, most generous friend, there shall be nothing concealed from thee. Thou hast heard from the Bishop of a Jewish Sanctuary and of a mysterious brotherhood of which the noble De Leon, when living, was a member?"

"I have, Sir David, and confess to thee expected to find such; but have merely discovered a refuge prepared for your people in time of need."

"And thou hast seen, my lord, that the Jews still hath need of refuge in Christian lands; yet do I hope, ere another generation has closed, the curse of outcasts will be removed by Heaven's good pleasure."

"Heaven grant it so, Sir David, at least in England."

"Thou shall see our Sanctuary, Lord Halifax."

"Have I not seen it, Sir David?"

"Thou shalt be present at the next chapter of our brotherhood. Caleb—Ben Levi, we have business at our next chapter of greater moment to our race than ought yet done between us these fifty years."

"Right, my prince," replied Caleb, to which also Ben Levi bowed his head in assent.

"The closing work of our life shall be deferred no longer, What say you, Caleb? and you, Ben Levi?"

Again the old men gave assent.

"The noble Lord of Halifax shall be witness? Say you so, comrades?"

"Our prince hath spoken well."

"Call a chapter then, good Caleb, to hold service three hours hence. Summon the children of the dead to answer for their fathers! Meantime, I will conduct the noble Halifax to our Sanctuary."

The Lord of Halifax was somewhat surprised with this mystery into which he perceived he was entering. Even Sir Judah seemed not quite to understand all the import of his father's words. Halifax was also struck with the thought that, after all, there was some groundwork to the stories told by the Bishop of Arundel. He was resolved to see the mystery out; and so, when the prince rose, he quickly made ready to follow him to the Sanctuary, for thither he felt Sir David was about to lead. He was not at fault in his surmise.

Silently the prince, accompanied by Ben Levi, led the way to the Jewish Sanctuary, and Baron De Leon followed with the Marquis of Halifax, Sir Judah of Nassau bringing up the rear. They soon reached the grand hall where the Knights of the Covenant were accustomed to hold their service. Ben Levi and Sir Judah lighted up the hall and the Sanctuary was illuminated as by the sun at noon day.

For awhile amazed, the Marquis of

Halifax surveyed the grand hall of ceremonies and examined the tombs around, for thus he interpreted the intent of the prince in conducting him thither. From tomb to tomb he went, and read the inscriptions of the departed comrades whose ashes slept in this sacred place. At length he observed,

"This is a sepulchre, Sir David, such as I have read the Kings of Egypt built for their race."

"'Tis the Palace of Israel's dead, Lord Halifax," replied the prince; "My comrades sleep around. And yet 'tis also the Sanctuary of the living."

"Yes, sir, I see erected an altar for service. This, then, is the mystic chamber of which the Bishop of Arundel hath made such strange unearthly reports."

"Be seated, my good lord, and thou shalt learn all the mystery concealed in the lives of David and his comrades."

The Marquis of Halifax obeyed, and then the prince told to him the story which long years ago he related to Baron De Leon. This closed, he briefly supplemented it with a relation of the covenant made between De Leon and the comrades and how faithfully it has been kept by the noble Englishman, even to the last when the Bishop anathematized him on his death bed with the awful curse of Rome.

"And now, my good lord," said the Hebrew prince, "You can comprehend the life work of David and his comrades to restore their people in Europe. Thou hast proof, moreover, that our work has not been in vain. Our people are in England where the God of our fathers hath led us, and hence the wrath of man shall not drive us out under a renewed curse. So hath the Angel of the Covenant decreed!"

The prince of the Captivity said this with an air of exalted enthusiasm which filled the British statesman with reverent thoughts altogether above the cold philosophy of statecraft.

"Say, now, my lord of Halifax," the prince continued after a moment's pause, "dost discern aught of unholy compacts and wicked deeds in the lives of David and his comrades such as the Bishop of Arundel hath preferred against us before the King and his cruel commissioners?"

"Nay, not a whit, Sir David; but much to excite my veneration. So will I testify in fit time and place."

“One explanation more, my dear lord, and David hath ended—for I see by the clock of the Sanctuary that it is three hours since I sent Caleb to summon our chapter. Doubtless thou didst notice that I bade him gather hither the ‘children of the dead;’ I meant the sons and daughters of my comrades who are sleeping around us. Many of these children called are with us to-day in our Refuge. Ha! They come!”

CHAPTER XXXII.

JUDAH ENDOWED AS PRINCE OF THE CAPTIVITY.

First came Caleb, David’s ancient Lieutenant, leading all that remained of the old band of comrades who, over sixty years before, had served in the closing wars of Maurice of Nassau with the Spaniard. They numbered but two score of the five hundred who left Babylonia with their prince on their great race-mission to re-establish their people in Europe. And these were the youngest of their heroic band. David himself was not more than twenty years of age when he first commanded them. Every comrade of this ancient remnant had seen his eightieth year.

Lord Halifax was greatly impressed by the appearance, which suggested a Masonic order of the days of Solomon, their Grand Master and King, rather than a knightly order of modern times. They styled themselves Knights of the Covenant, doubtless in consequence of the knightly rank of their prince, David of Nassau, and in commemoration of the career of their youth as soldiers. There was a half military form in their dress; but pervading them was an antique magnificence and a Hebrew toning both in costume and personal character. There was no mistaking the significance of their regalia. They were Hebrew, not Christian, Knights. The white beards of many flowing almost to their waists, they looked like the relic of a band of Ancients who had fought in the wars of Israel when their race was a nation of warriors, grander than the soldiers who had followed the conquering fleet of Alexander of Macedon.

As the Ancients entered, Ben Levi, who had retired during David’s recital, appeared in the robes of a High Priest of his tribe, for he was of priestly family.

He took his place at the head of the band of Ancients and with them slowly marched around the circuit of the Sanctuary, bowing reverently, ever and anon, to the tombs of their departed comrades. Then as each came to his niche in the inner Temple where service was held when the Knights of the Covenant assembled in chapter, he took his place, but remained standing, Ben Levi separating himself from the soldierly band as they entered the inner court, and with solemn steps approached the altar and bowed over it as in silent invocation, but he bent not the knee. There was neither door nor veil between the inner and outer courts so that the Sanctuary was at once a Temple of the living and the dead.

Next in the sacred procession, for such it was, came a company of young men and maidens singing and playing on Hebrew harps, some of which were fashioned in the olden times and preserved as family relics. And lastly came a company of elderly people who were nevertheless the sons and daughters of the dead, for those who were children when the story began were now growing old. Sir Judah had seen his fiftieth year, and “young Baron De Leon” was now as old as his father when the knightly sire and Sir David met in Spain and entered into their covenant between the Christian and the Jew.

The young men and maidens sang an anthem from the Psalms of David, the king. These were the inspired words which one of their musicians had set to harmonic forms:

“The King shall joy in thy strength, O Lord; and in thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice!

“Thou hast given him his heart’s desire, and hast not withholden the request of his lips.

“For thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness; thou settest a crown of pure gold on his head.

“He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days, forever and ever.”

This anthem, which was sung in the Hebrew tongue, was not understood by the Marquis of Halifax, but he sufficiently comprehended the subject of the glorious music to enjoy it supremely. Never had he heard anything from the genius of harmony so lofty and divinely exultant as this Hebrew anthem.

As the singers of Israel closed their glorious subject, Prince David, who had retired after his exclamation of their approach, came forth from his closet of the sanctuary robed as a descendant of the kings of Israel, and Lord Halifax further comprehended the scene before him. It was to his enraptured mind like a sacred Hebrew drama with the realism of the actual personages in the performance.

David took a seat which was exalted above his fellows, and, at least to those ancient men of Israel and to the children of the dead who were in congregation, the Prince of the captivity held still the waiting throne of royal Judah.

The congregation seated itself, and when Ben Levi, as High Priest, had ended his brief service, Prince David arose and explained the object of the Chapter extraordinary which he had called that day. It would be too lengthy to give the royal Hebrew's speech, but this its purport.

The prince touched first upon the reminiscences of their covenant and the life-work of himself and his comrades. With this the Hebrews present were all familiar, but it was necessary to briefly rehearse the story of the past to prepare for that to follow. Then he dwelt upon the fact that he and his comrades were fast passing from the scene of earthly action and the necessity that the remnant of the fathers left should endow their children to act in their father's stead and continue their great work to other generations. He enquired of the ancients if they would accept his son Judah in his father's stead as "Prince of the Captivity." To this enquiry they responded:

"Yea, let Judah be endowed with David's office and all Israel say, Amen!"

Then rose the confirming voice of Israel and the fathers and the children responded "Amen."

Sir Judah of Nassau now fully understood the significance of his father's words to Caleb when he bade him call the chapter; so also understood the Marquis of Halifax and young Baron De Leon. They had assembled that day to receive the last endowment of their covenant. The children were about to be endowed by the fathers to continue the work for their chosen race after the sires had departed hence.

Judah, the son of David, was called first to the altar of the High Priest, and his father, approaching from his royal seat,

kissed him; then, doffing the sacred mantle of his kingly house he threw it about his son and placed the magic jewel, handed down in his family from the ancient times, around his neck; he then again kissed him and proclaimed him the true Prince of the Captivity. This done, the High Priest blessed Judah, and his father led him to his own vacated seat and sat down by his side, full burdened with emotion of the deed just done.

Each of the remnant of the comrades excepting Caleb followed the example of his prince and in like manner endowed his eldest son. But the son of Caleb was in the hands of the Papist king and the merciless Jesuits. The fathers knew it not. But Caleb missed his son, and the disconsolate tear rolled down the old man's cheek.

After the endowment of the children by their fathers, who were to remain yet a little while, the oath of the covenant was administered in congregational manner to all the sons and daughters of the dead and the living that they would perpetuate the work of the sires to lift up their sacred people in their dispersion among the nations.

The High Priest proclaimed the blessing; and the congregation, led by the Lady Hadassah, swelled the closing anthem of praises to the God of Israel.

Even the Marquis of Halifax felt the subject of that day's service in the Jewish Sanctuary. "He asked life of thee and thou gavest him length of days, even length of days forever." There is no death to Israel. His days are everlasting.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A PRICE ON HIS HEAD.

The Marquis of Halifax resolved to remain with the Israelites in their refuge till after the third day of the installation of Sir Judah as Prince of the Captivity. On the third day of the reign of the son of David (if we may be permitted to borrow so princely a style of narrative in remembrance of the ancient royalty of the house of David) a grand chapter of the Knights of the Covenant was to be held at which Sir Judah was to preside in his office as Prince.

The Marquis of Halifax had been with them now for a full week; but so charmed was he by his novel relations with this interesting band of Israelities that he was in no hurry to revisit the outer world or

to take part in the troubled action of the politics of those times. Under the present charm of his feelings, he had been content, it almost seemed, to let James play out his Papist part to the end of his reign with himself absent, thus dwelling for awhile with his Hebrew friends. There was a sacred romance around him which carried his fancy back to the ancient days. He was made conscious that the great and solemn past of Israel was as a living and everlasting history in the Hebrew mind and not a sacred fable of their race perpetuated. Whatever the subject of this sacred past might be to the Christian he realized that to the Jew it was his veritable history. Moreover, Sir Judah had requested the Marquis to remain with them till after their next chapter.

"My good friend, Halifax," he said, with a smile of humor, "tarry with us till after the third day and you shall be eye witness and ear witness of the closing ceremony of our Jewish mysteries. Indeed, my dear Halifax, if your heart and thought agree with mine you shall take part with us. Will you tarry till after the third day?"

"Yea, surely, Sir Judah. 'Tis becoming of a prince newly installed to unfold the policy of his reign," he added, half bantering, "and I suppose Sir Judah of Nassau will treat us with his new Jewish policy!"

"Something as you say, Lord Halifax, I confess *is* my design."

"Then, Sir Judah, I shall surely stay to hear your Jewish measures formulated. This done, I must to the outer world. The gossips, doubtless, have sadly missed me about town. Most likely they have concluded that ere this I have been eaten by the Jews or met some equally calamitous fate."

"Thank heaven, my lord, our Jewish stomachs have not so sinned against thee," returned Judah, continuing their pleasantries.

Sir David of Nassau and his comrades were safe in their retreat, but Sir Judah was abroad and about town. The latter had taken up his abode at my lord of Halifax's and was protected by the covering of this popular English statesman. In them another bond of friendship was formed between the Jew and the Christian—if my lord of Halifax may be classed as the one and a Nassau as the other; yet

perhaps these statesmen fitly represented the outcoming and the meeting of the two races. Their friendship, indeed, was better in accord with our modern relations between the Jew and the Gentile than that of the unique and more solemn covenant which had existed between Sir David and Baron De Leon. After all, the relations which exist among broad minded men of the world is a better basis of human generousities than special covenants and masonic brotherhoods. The great world itself is a brotherhood; modern society emphasises this fact; and in this recognition we have promise of a civilization such as ancient times knew nothing of. Even at the date of our story the Jew and the Christian were scarcely of the same world. The friendship of Sir Judah and the Marquis of Halifax was a type of something then to come, but which in our day has been illustrated in the lives of the Earl of Derby and Benjamin Disraeli—a wondrous change in the world's affairs which placed the Jew at the head of the British Government and made him the chief personage in the last grand congress of nations!

The king had set a price upon the head of Sir Judah of Nassau under pretence that he was in England plotting revolution and preparing for an invasion of the Prince of Orange. When this was communicated to him by his friend, Sir Judah observed, with that exquisitely tempered but supreme audacity which so characterised his life, "Halifax, the king shall not be liar in this. I *will* invade England! The Jew and William are as one. 'Tis well for William that the Jew is with him. James of York is making his son-in-law king of England by setting a price on the Jew's head. Does he forget that I am a Nassau as well as Jew? I will teach these Stuarts what it is to set a price on my life. Yet I would I knew what had befallen the son of Caleb. His safety more concerns me than my own. I shall match the king and his Confessor. Halifax, we go about town to-day. What say you?"

"That you expose yourself, Sir Judah. Better hide awhile!"

"Nay, my friend; to hide is to expose oneself; I never hide for safety. Let all men see me, and they will hunt me not. If I meet them face to face at every corner, they will not see the price upon my head. Nay, sir, I hide best out of doors."

The character of Sir Judah as a mana-

ger of state affairs was soon strikingly displayed and his subtle audacity provoked admiration even from his enemies. He had no native taste for the system of espionage so familiar to the Jesuit; but he had not been at the head of diplomatic and foreign affairs under the Prince of Orange without being able to set at work and direct a thousand secret agencies. He was, indeed, more than a match for the Jesuits. His methods were even finer than theirs. He was proving what has been already affirmed, that the Jewish brain is deeper than the Italian, for though subtle it is conscientious. There is a unique native simplicity in Jewish cunning which renders it very complex and difficult to match. 'Tis the complexity which Jacob's life and character showed; and his children to this day are like their grand patriarch. The same typed the wisdom of Solomon and made him the Prince of Proverbs. There was a depth of Nature's cunning in his wisdom that not even Shakespeare has surpassed; and Sir Judah abounded in this conscientious cunning—so unlike the Machiavellian quality, yet deeper in its methods. Villany is tortuous and elaborate in its plots, but it is ever on the surface; while Wisdom lifts her countenance to light yet is she deep in the heart of all Nature.

Sir Judah, we say, had no native taste for espionage yet had he the instinct of watchfulness. Therefore, had he watchers set at the palace, in the King's council and in his very bed-chamber. Not a movement, nor scarcely a word or thought of James', but was daily reported to him. Father Petre, my lord of Hawkeley, the Duchess De Guise and young Francis, were all under a strict watch. Hence Sir Judah's greater concern to discover what had befallen the son of Caleb. He had traced him to the snare of the Jesuits and knew that he was in their cruel hands; but beyond that, all was hid in dark mystery. Mother Church was ever as secret as the grave. She has confessed all people but herself never confessed. Herein, is much of the philosophy of her cunning and an explanation of the awful and mysterious influence which she so long held over the most enlightened nations. Yet, after all, she has been as the ostrich which thinks itself hidden when its head is in the bush. When the world grew bold to look, her hideous body was all uncovered. Sir

Judah had not been able to find the Jesuit's head, and so the mystery of what had befallen the son of Caleb was not yet unravelled. Even James Stuart knew not as much. He had not questioned his Confessor, and Father Petre did not burden the king's conscience with the doings of his holy order. So the king had dismissed the son of Caleb from his thoughts and directed his malice towards Sir Judah of Nassau.

But the Jewish statesman perplexed the king and the Jesuits and distracted all their methods by the very simplicity of his own cunning. Their spies lost their vocation in following him. Sir Judah went abroad daily. He was never hid excepting after his own fashion—in everybody's presence and before all eyes. He was often seen in company with the first statesmen of the land. He visited great houses and frequently was conspicuous in a circle of diplomats, at grand fetes given in London during this winter's season. Sometimes he was in the presence of the king himself—or rather the king had been known to come unwittingly into his presence, much to the embarrassment of his majesty. Touching the price set upon his head, Sir Judah ignored it altogether. When, as on several occasions, the delicate matter was hinted in subdued tones with a kindly caution for his safety, he boldly made it the topic of conversation, with a crowd of aristocratic listeners noting his every word:

"Nay, my lord; it must be some monstrous mistake in the public mind. The king will not commit so grave a blunder as to pay for the head of a Nassau."

Such his reply on one occasion; on another, at the house of Lady Churchill, afterwards the great Duchess of Malborough, he answered with still finer diplomacy:

"Madam, I had forgotten the price upon my head, but not your ladyship's foresight that the Lady Ann may some day wear a crown."

Sir Judah had touched the most secret thought of the ambitious woman that moulded the mind of the Princess who was afterwards Queen Ann of England. So far, the ambitions of Lady Churchill ran in harmony with those of the adviser of the Prince of Orange. The triumph of the Papacy and the expected birth of an heir to the throne, which at that mo-

ment formed the theme of Court gossip, were to this remarkable woman as a death-blow more imminent than the execution of the confidant and kinsman of the prince of Orange. The lady remembered Sir Judah of Nassau's covert prompting, and the casket of diamonds which she hid in her bosom as they parted, suggested to her that the king's treasury was not rich enough to purchase the head of a Jew.

Still another occasion for note, when Sir Judah made a bolder hit at the secret thought of the statesmen of England concerning the Prince of Orange in the disposal of English affairs. It was at the house of the Marquis of Halifax. There were present Sir William Temple, so long the monitor of policy with the Dutch, the Earls of Danby and Rochester and others whom Sir Judah knew were in secret correspondence with his prince. Sir William Temple had just informed him, in the hearing of his compeers, that the king that day had given orders for his immediate arrest.

"You must quit England at once, Sir Judah," he said. "There is no longer safety for you in this land. James of York is fatal. He will stop at nothing."

"Excepting the arrest of the cousin of William;" quietly observed Sir Judah. "Tell James it would be cause of war with my prince. Every Nassau in Europe would fly to arms were James to hang me as he has threatened. Gentlemen, look this matter squarely in the face with the issue which we all know is before us. Half the aristocracy of England are as hostages to William for my safety here. If James Stuart is wilful, you must assure him of his own danger and of my safety. My Lord of Danby, will you so inform the king and show to him as proof, William's last letter to me? Read it, Sirs. You will see that I have stated the case much in my prince's own words."

Sir Judah handed the Earl of Danby the letter which he read in silence and then passed it to his compeers. When all had read it, the letter was returned to Sir Judah as he expected. They dared not show it to the king; but it served the purpose. They all resolved to hinder James by some means or other. They were compelled, as well as anxious, to do so, for the Prince of Orange declared in his letter in plain terms that he should hold them as hostages for Sir Judah of

Nassau. He had named personally several of them, who had already written to the Prince of Orange to come to England with an army to depose James, the Papist king, and save their Protestant realm.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE DUCATS AND THE MANAGER.

Sir Judah's next diplomatic move to match the king's order for his arrest was to engage the most princely mansion in Grosvenor's Square. The young Earl of Morton, before settling down to the dull Parliamentary life of the savage and gloomy reign of James II., and desiring to travel on the continent, found it convenient and greatly to his financial credit with the great banking houses of Europe to resign his town mansion and retinue of servants to Sir Judah of Nassau, with strict orders to his servants to obey Sir Judah and protect him at all hazards against the machinations of James and his Papists. The order was not thrown away on the retinue of the noble house of Morton, for they were all staunch Protestants and long tried servants of the family; so that the Jew statesman was surrounded with a Christian retinue as numerous as that of any noble in the land and all faithful to the death.

At Morton House, the Jew minister opened something very like a statesman's court. He was not at this time an accredited minister to the court of St. James; nor would he, under the then political aspect of affairs, have accepted such a diplomatic mission from his prince, nor would James of York have received him as the minister from Holland. In this respect there was a common agreement between the parties concerned. This had been ominous to the Stuart and his Confessor had they fully comprehended its meaning beyond their malice and the desperate resolve of Mother Church to rivet her chains again upon the neck of Protestant England. The very aims of James and the Papacy would have prevented Sir Judah's acceptance of a diplomatic mission to the English Court while it was under Jesuit dominance. As we have said, though supremely audacious and subtle as a statesman he was most scrupulous in the conscientiousness of his methods. He had, in fact, resolved to invade England for her good in the person of his prince, whose destiny, as King of England, Sir

Judah had foretold his cousin, William, before his marriage with the Princess Mary. As affairs now stood between the two nations, it was clear to the Dutch Prince that Sir Judah's prophecy was about to be fulfilled. The Prince of Orange would not have sent his Jew cousin to the court of James, nor would Sir Judah, as we know, have come to England—notwithstanding the longing desire of his fathers' comrades to see him once more before they closed their mortal eyes—had not the plots of the Papal power and the treachery of his Jesuit secretary—*young Francis*—reversed his intentions. A perverse fate, in fact, seems to have brought him to England at this time; and here he was now surrounded by the foremost British statesmen, acting very much the part of a prime minister in a national prologue. This Jew premier of the drama was an invader. He was conquering King James and the Papacy at his every move, giving suggestive examples that William of Orange was about to do the same when the play came on of which his was the prologue.

"You were altogether right, and wise as right, Sir Judah," observed the Marquis of Halifax. The king dared not touch your life and at length he has given up all intentions of arresting you."

"And all intentions of hanging the Jew, eh?" replied the statesman with an amused smile, expressive half of self complacency and half of contempt for his enemies.

"Yes, sir; you have beaten the king. The cousin of William of Orange is not to hang."

"I thought as much, friend Halifax. Yet am I not less grateful for the protection of your friendship, though I was quite assured that I should beat this king and his Jesuits in their own game."

"I appreciate your sentiment, Sir Judah. You are an uncommon man both in character and methods. At first I feared for your safety, but your very boldness has saved you."

"And I appreciate your friendship, lord Halifax,—and your methods of showing generosity to a Jew. If I have been bold, so have you, also, in giving me your countenance. Others have followed your example, and the king has taken the hint. I would I could discover the fate of the son of Caleb. His father thinks him still in Holland. I dare not undeceive the good old man."

Sir Judah's anxiety concerning his messenger was constantly uppermost in his conversation with Halifax; but neither of them had been able to find any clue to the missing man.

While thus conversing, Reuben, the son of Ben Levi, entered abruptly, evidently having some important matter to communicate.

"Ah, Reuben, have you at last discovered a trace of him?"

"Not of Ben Caleb, Sir Judah; but of some change of tactics among our enemies. Keeping close watch upon the movements of Lord Hawkley, I have tracked him in repeated visits to the famous actor, Betterton. To-day he was at the theatre closeted for an hour with the actor."

"Lord Hawkley's visit to the actor can have no reference either to your people or yourself, Sir Judah," observed, Lord Halifax.

"I am not sure of that, my good friend. Never look for a plotter where you most expect to find him; but follow his shadow where'er you see it. The villain is before us with his budget of plots. Go on, Reuben. You said Lord Hawkley was with the manager of Drury Lane?"

"Nay, Sir Judah; not with the manager but with the actor."

"Aye, so you did. But might you not be mistaken?"

"No doubt of it," remarked Lord Halifax. "Your servant is at fault; Hawkley is no playhouse patron nor is the king enchanted with private theatricals at court as was his pedantic grandfather, who played the patron to Ben Jonson. Most likely, Hawkley was merely with the manager to engage a private box for his fastidious Dutchess during the season."

"I do not agree with your view, friend Halifax. My seeming negative to Reuben's clue was but to draw it nearer. You are sure, Reuben, 'twas not the manager?"

"Quite sure."

"Halifax, what does this Betterton enact?"

"The plays of Shakespeare."

"I know as much. But what of late?"

"'Richard III.'; 'Hamlet'; 'Cardinal Wolsey' and 'King Lear'."

"I find no clue in them. Acts he no other?"

"Nay. Ha! I had forgot. I saw him once in 'Shylock'."

"The Jew?"

"Yes."

"Then I divine Lord Hawkley's business with the actor."

"I think I see the shadow, Sir Judah."

"Reuben, thinkest thou a bag of gold might reach the manager's hand?"

"If committed to my trust the manager would get the gold."

"Then shall the manager have the Jew's loan."

"On what security, my master."

"Mine, good Reuben."

"No sufficient interest and the principal squandered? 'Tis not the ways of our people."

The statesman paid no heed to Reuben's instinct of usury, but presently took a bag of gold from his escritoire and placed it in the hands of his agent.

Reuben, tell the manager of Drury Lane that Shylock sends to Antonio the loan of three thousand ducats. Bid him not to misplace it to the hand of Betterton. Tell him also that the Jew will bring his bond to-night to be signed in the manager's presence and in strict privacy."

Reuben took the bag of gold and went on his errand.

"Friend Halifax, wilt be a witness to the bond?"

"'Tis a strange freak, Sir Judah, yet do I see wisdom in it. Thy methods are most subtle."

"Say rather simple and therefore fitting. If your enemy's hammer drives the nail, is it not fit that yours should clinch it? Halifax, this Betterton is about to play 'Shylock' by the king's order!"

"Ay, I knew such was your thought. But might you not be mistaken?"

"No, Halifax. Villainy is a craft and state plots are as easily followed as moves on the checkerboard. The best player wins because he best discerns the game in forecasting his enemy's moves. Villainy is a construction, and being so it is liable to fall about the head of its builder."

"And state craft? I perceive it is your parallel."

"It is a science, sir, as constructive as villainy."

"And your lesson, Sir Judah, that sometimes the science of state *craft* fails?"

"Right, friend Halifax. When honest

men move with ability, I grant thee state craft fails. 'Tis poorly matched 'gainst simple wisdom and conscientious purposes. My lord, craft is an open book. Be it ever so intricate 'tis read most easily. My three thousand ducats on it that Betterton plays 'Shylock.'"

"Where is your relevance, Sir Judah?"

"In that I discern the *construction* of this villainy. If Betterton plays 'Shylock' then know I the motive of James of York. The Jews of England are in danger!"

That night, during the performance of "Richard III," two gentlemen were ushered into the presence of the manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, and the key of the manager's "den," as the actors styled his sanctum, was quickly turned.

"My lord of Halifax, you honor me. Ah! do I meet Sir Judah of Nassau? Your message and gift were alike mysterious. Honor me with your confidence. You may trust me."

"With the loan of three thousand ducats?"

"With the trust of your bag of gold, Sir Judah. I have not counted it. And seeing the pieces were good English guineas, and not ducats, I gave them not to Antonio."

"You did well, sir. I meant the gold for Antonio's manager."

"So did I interpret the intent of your bond, Sir Judah."

"You will play 'Shylock,' eh? I mean the manager of Drury Lane will permit Betterton to play him?"

"Betterton has importuned me for him."

"And Lord Hawkley for the king engages him?"

"Your surmise is correct, Sir Judah. But we shall not need the loan to Betterton. 'Tis not in the order of the play. 'Tis Antonio for the loan, not Betterton, and I perceive Sir Judah of Nassau wants not 'Shylock' at the Drury Lane. Very well. Yet Betterton demands him for his benefit. I will not have it so, however. I fear the rabble in the house. My excuse is good. I overheard Lord Hawkley tell Betterton to-day the house should be packed. I doubt it not, and with Jew haters. I say my excuse is good. 'Shylock' shall not be played."

"Wrong, Master Manager. Why, for

what hast thou the three thousand ducats?"

"I understand you not, Sir Judah. I thought the loan was to prevent 'Shylock's' coming on the boards."

"Nay, sir; I wish to see his performance. I have read the play but never saw it enacted."

"'Tis Betterton's masterpiece!"

"Thou but sharpenest my desire to see his 'Shylock.'"

"Sir Judah, the aim of Lord Hawkley is to stir up London against the Jews. I may confess to thee 'tis the king's order."

"So I have divined."

"Sir Judah would not further the design?"

"I would give the malice vent."

"So? I begin to see your aim. You would have the fury spend itself in the theatre?"

"Ay, Master Manager; better here than in the Jewish quarter. Shall 'Shylock' be played and this malice exposed?"

"I have the ducats."

"Thou hast the first installment."

"And your promise, Sir Judah, that should my theatre be burned your gold shall rebuild it."

"Yes."

"I am your servant, Sir Judah."

"So, Master Manager, 'Shylock' shall be played as the king has ordered?"

"Shylock' shall be played."

"And the motive of the Papist king given out to the public next morning?"

"If such be Sir Judah's wish."

"You may keep the ducats without further bond. Your house is honest. But Betterton?"

"Will play his best."

"Yet a caution for your house, my friend. See the outlets be easy to the people. I will be more merciful to them than is James of York, who cares not though his tools burn."

"The management will be watchful, Sir Judah."

"Reserve a select box for the Marquis of Halifax and myself. We shall be present to witness 'Shylock.'"

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE "POUND OF FLESH!"

"Whet thy knife, Shylock. Take thy pound of flesh. 'Tis thy just due."

The house was crowded. Boxes, pit and galleries were packed. Hundreds

stood in the aisles of the pit and around the borders of the galleries. Even the stairways were blocked by persistent men who found but little chance to hear or see the play except an occasional person who, with dexterous rudeness, hedged his way up the stairs and slid almost over the forest of heads to the front, running the risk of being thrown over into the pit.

The king and the Papist plotters were not mistaken in their calculations. The Jew in London was a sensation for a season; and the desire of his Most Christian Majesty was that the Jew should be shown to the public to-night as a very monster exacting his pound of Christian flesh. The king had honored Betterton with the gracious promise of his presence at the performance; and the celebrated actor was expected to do his best to please his royal patron.

The play opened to a listless audience. Boxes, pit and galleries were evidently reserving themselves. Several popular favorites were on the stage; but no applause greeted their appearance. Grati-ano played the classical fool to no purpose; Bassanio told the story of his dissipated fortune to uninterested ears; Antonio, who was about to lay himself upon the altar for a friend good for nothing in the world excepting a rich marriage and a lustful love, stirred not even the blood of the Damons in the audience; and Portia never before so clearly discovered the dramatic mistake of her first scene. Thus far, humanity was disgustingly dull that night. 'Twas, however, but as the calm preceding the storm.

When Betterton came on in the third scene, he was greeted with a storm of hisses. The celebrated actor was for a moment transfixed with amazement. Recovering himself in suppressed rage, he strode majestically to the footlights and was upon the point of indignantly rebuking the audience, when several cries from the galleries of "The Jew! Shylock! The pound of flesh!" quickly changed the temper of his mind. He glanced at his Jewish gabardine, and bowed profoundly to the audience. 'Twas an unexpected triumph to the actor "not set down in the bill."

Shylock.—Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bassanio.—Ay, sir, for three months.

Shylock.—For three months—well.

Bass.—For which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bond.

Shylock.—Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bond.

'Twas Shylock, not Betterton, now, upon the stage. The audience was savagely satisfied; yet was there no critical enthusiasm in the house to admire "the Jew whom Shakespeare drew" as a dramatic creation. He, to-night, was the race under the curse,—the Jew whom my lord of Hawkley had shown up to the mob at Charing Cross,—the hated tribe whom his Most Christian Majesty, James Stuart, would fain have driven from England's shores again.

In one of the secluded boxes were two gentlemen who had not thrown off the Spanish cloaks and beavers with which they entered. Whether they sought to conceal themselves from prying English eyes; or, coming from the warm south of Europe, were too sensitive to a London fog, or had only just arrived with the entrance of Shylock, might have been a matter for discussion, had any in the audience been disposed to notice them; but everybody seemed now absorbed in the interest of the play of Shakespeare's Jew.

No further mystery need there be concerning these two personages. The one was the Marquis of Halifax; the other Sir Judah of Nassau. They had duly noted all the signs of the occasion; they were present for that very purpose. My lord of Halifax's countenance bespoke the trouble of his thoughts. He was thinking of those grand old Jews in their refuge, so unlike this Shylock upon the stage before him; and yet in some of his idiosyncracies so very like him; and in this very fact he realized what a terrible promoter of Christian hate to the Jews of England this Shylock might prove at this critical moment. But Sir Judah of Nassau's countenance was calm and passionless. If it revealed anything in keeping with the play it was a certain sardonic expression ever familiar to his face when his intellect was provoked.

"Sir Judah, I like not the temper of the house; and I like not Shylock to-night."

"The temper of the house pleases me, friend Halifax; I like Shylock hugely to-night. I have often read this play, but never till now saw it performed. 'Tis a marvelous creation. I must confess that till to-night I did but half realize the depth of thy poet's insight of the Jew."

"You astonish me, Sir Judah. But perhaps you speak with a touch of bitterness?"

"Nay, rather with a critic's judgment."

"I see thou art in irony. Why, sir, between Sir David of Nassau and Shylock there is a gulf."

"And yet, Halifax, I have bridged the gulf. Till to-night I knew not how much I was the Jew."

"What this Jew before thee on the stage?"

"Ay, Shylock!"

"Nay, thou art in irony."

"Not so, Halifax. I have a fancy that James of York will deem me Jew enough ere he has done with us—which I perceive he has not yet."

"So far we are agreed, Sir Judah. The king and his Confessor have not done with your people yet. I am deeply troubled for your noble father and his comrades."

"Yet, friend Halifax, you have witnessed that they have trouble only for their people."

"And so, Sir Judah, knowing them, I see in them no Shylock."

"Nor do I, yet I feel him in myself, notwithstanding. My lord, attention. The curtain rises for the fifth act. Shylock comes to exact his bond. 'Tis his just due!"

"The pound of flesh, Sir Judah?"

"Fulfillment of the bond, my lord. 'We stand for judgment.' You see how much Betterton has put his Shylock into me to-night!"

"I doubt thee there, Sir Judah. It was Hawkley when he burnt thy noble father's palace."

"Ha! Whet thy knife, Shylock. Take thy pound of flesh! 'Tis thy just due!"

Our chapter on Shylock opens with Sir Judah's own words uttered during the trial scene of the "Merchant of Venice."

My lord of Halifax was somewhat shocked; but he excused his friend, remembering the cause and thinking of those good patriarchs hiding at that moment from Christian vengeance.

Sir Judah of Nassau had been half provoked to his exclamations of sympathy with Shylock by the storms of hisses which ever and anon interrupted the actor during the trial scene. But Betterton, comprehending now the flattering significance of those hisses, was nothing disconcerted. The outbursts were as fresh impulses to the character which he was personating with a horrible realistic earn-

estness. Never played he Shylock as he did that night. So entirely lost was the actor in his part, that he was made insane by the inspiring hisses of the audience.

When Antonio bared his breast to yield the forfeited pound of flesh, he bounded with such exultation that he seemed actually on the point of plunging the knife into the merchant to cut near enough the heart. Antonio, in alarm, started back; Bassanio crossed the path of Shylock to stay the deed; the Duke rose from his chair of state; while some in the pit rose as if to rush upon the stage to seize the actor: the whole made an extraordinary dramatic picture.

Shylock.—Most learned judge! a sentence; come prepare.
Portia.—Tarry a little,—there is something else.

There was a sensation of relief.

The illusion was dissolved; the picture fell to pieces; the Duke resumed his seat; the house was hushed to silence to hear the judgment of Christian Venice upon the Jew's suit.

Portia.—This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are a pound of flesh;
Take, then, thy bond; take thy pound of flesh;
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscated
Unto the State of Venice.

Now burst applause like the roaring of the ocean when the waves break upon a rock-girt shore. In vain did Gratiano repeat his shouts:

Oh upright judge!—Mark Jew;—O learned judge!

But there had been nice management in the "business" that night. That which occurred was not all from spontaneous impulse. My Lord of Hawkley's agents had been at work. It was they who started the hisses; they who sustained the applause at the right places. James and his Confessor understood it well and smiled grimly. The whole design was to rekindle the fury of the populace against the Jews and to provoke, if not the approval of the upper classes, at least their allowance of a crusade to drive the Jews again from England. In the present generation of universalian justice, both Jew and Christian can witness the performance of Shylock as a fine Shakespearean work, and give each other a friendly hand at the close, with no more malice between the races than would be produced by the performance of Iago or Sir Giles Overreach. But at that critical juncture of the return of the Jews to England, after a four hundred years banishment, very different was the case.

The audience did not quickly disperse. The uproar began again as soon as the performance closed.

"Bring out the Jew! 'A halter gratis; nothing else, for God sake!' Nay, give him baptism; an it be possible to save a Jew."

Such were the maniacal shouts of the excited audience.

"Sir Judah," observed the Marquis of Halifax, "thou art in danger."

Beshrew me, sir, I think Shylock hath need to-night of some safe keeping. So 'twould seem, the actors think. They put out the lights. Yet the audience refuses to disperse. Come, let us leave and push our way through the crowd."

"Conceal thyself well, Sir Judah, with thy cloak and beaver. Ay, wear thy gabardine to-night. Should Hawkley's spies catch sight of thee, deadly harm might come of it. I will not leave thee till thou art safely housed."

"Thou mean'st buried—tomed! Yet, friend Halifax, thou art better than a Christian. Come, let us begone. I accept thy escort and thank thee."

"What, Shylock?"

"Ay, Shylock!"

"And grateful?"

"To his friend; yes."

"I knew thou wouldst disown him, Sir Judah."

"Nay Halifax, I claim him."

"Shylock, then, in Sir Judah of Nassau is an enigma. Keep by my side. I'll make a way to tomb thee 'neath thy father's palace e'en if I have to cut it with my sword. 'Tis well we both are armed. Nay, I lead to-night. Sir Judah, I am with thee to the death."

"Have a care to thy words, for I will keep thee to thy bond."

"I see, Sir Judah, thou art bent on Shylock to the end of this business. Should Hawkley cross us thou mayst take thy pound. I saw his eye upon us. His eye of hate detected thee."

"Push on, my lord, the lights are out."

The final trick of the manager of the theatre brought the "house to order"—of retiring. Nothing more potent to scare than darkness. The crowd was now really in more danger than Shylock had been. They might tramp each other to death. The management knew this. Already had a rout commenced when quickly shot up a few lights. But the manager's

ruse had succeeded and the house was soon cleared.

The senseless obstinacy of the audience in refusing to disperse had perhaps saved both Sir Judah of Nassau and the Marquis of Halifax; for Hawkley, who had detected their presence, had left before the close to set his trap outside for them. As fortune would have it they were among the first out of the theatre. The aristocratic portion had wisely escaped as soon as possible. This class was of no service to Lord Hawkley; so that when Sir Judah and Halifax came out into the street they were rather protected by their class, for the dangerous rabble was still in the house. Hawkley spied his men and cursed the fools within. He quickly followed them, but no mob rushed out to aid him. At last, in desperation, seeing they were about to escape, he shouted to some passers by:

"Seize the Jew! 'Tis the king's order. A price is upon the head of the Jew."

With this, he crossed Sir Judah's path and tried to stay him; but Sir Judah drew his sword and with all his might dashed its pommel in the plotter's face and felled him to the ground, senseless.

"Papist dog, I have a mind to end thee, ere thou makest more mischief for us. Nay, I cannot run thee through, thou being thus senseless."

"Is he dead, Sir Judah?"

"I think not."

"I half wish thou hadst killed him."

"Out on me. I lack malice. I had not hate enough to kill him or I had hit him harder. 'Hate we anything we would not kill?'" he mused, quoting Shakespeare's Jew.

"Nay, Sir Judah. Thou art not Shylock."

"I am not quite, I fear me, or I had taken my pound and saved my people from his further mischief. Let him lay. If the mob tread on him, 'twill be Christian's foot not mine. Out on me I say, I am devoid of malice."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FRANCIS THE JESUIT MATCHES THE JEW STATESMAN.

We must leave the Marquis of Halifax and Sir Judah of Nassau to pursue their way to Grosvenor Square to presently meet further molestation and again introduce young Francis the Jesuit into the action.

It was Francis who, with a sagacity worthy the admiration of his patron, the Father General of his order, suggested to the king the timely performance of Shylock; and the matter pleased the king and his Confessor.

Francis had not studied under the Jewish statesman for three years without being thoroughly acquainted with Sir Judah's methods and the daring of all his policies. From the onset, when he discovered that the son of David of Nassau had separated himself from his father and his tribe, appearing everywhere about town, entering the doors of the first families in the land, finding a welcome among them as the trusted servant and prime minister of the Prince of Orange, Francis discerned that the king would be beaten in his war with the Jews. The young Jesuit explained as much to his superior, Father Petre, and urged reverse tactics to match Sir Judah's own peculiar methods; but the king's Confessor, like old men generally, better understood old methods than he did new ones, and also liked them better. He, therefore, permitted James to set a price upon Sir Judah's head as the chief of a Jewish power which was placing itself at the back of a Protestant revolution to aid it with money for uprooting again the supremacy of Mother Church which James was fast re-establishing. In the main, the Father Confessor and Francis were agreed. It was in their plans they differed. Francis assured his superior that he knew Sir Judah had long entertained the ambitious dream of his cousin and prince some day becoming king of England. He had heard the statesman confess as much, and he had studied Sir Judah with such profound intellectual sympathy that he could read his thoughts and penetrate his deepest purposes.

"Your Reverence"—observed Francis in his respectful argument with Father Petre—"Sir Judah of Nassau is the most remarkable statesman in all Europe. I confess profound admiration of him and wish he was, as the Monitor of William, a servant of Holy Church instead of her deadly enemy. Pardon me, your Reverence, but set no price upon his head; the king will surely fail in matching Sir Judah of Nassau with his present policy."

But Father Petre was fixed in his purpose and, as much as the king, bent upon getting Sir Judah within his power.

Mother Church has instigated a thousand crusades against the Jews. When, indeed, had she failed in one of the kind? If the Jesuits succeeded not in this attempt in England it would be an example without a precedent. The Confessor looked upon Sir Judah of Nassau—not his father David, whose days were nearly run—as the head and front of his people in Europe, and he was now in England, his very presence begetting strength to the cause of the heretics and to their hope in William as the head of the Protestant power in Europe and prospective king of England. Thus reasoned Father Petre, concluding his argument that if a price was set upon their great enemy's head upon a warrant of the king, as a Jew and a foreign agent engaged in aiding a revolution, none of the British statesmen would dare to give him countenance. Francis presumed not to urge his opinions further in argument against his superior's judgment, but he was well convinced that Sir Judah of Nassau was about to give to the king and his Confessor a series of strongly marked lessons. The young head was more sagacious than the elder head, as young heads generally are when they are of equal quality; for youth is intuitive and inspired with new methods better fitted than those of the past to present times and present issues. At length, the counsels of the young Jesuit prevailed and the king and the Confessor changed their tactics.

On this night of the performance of "Shylock," Francis as well as Lord Hawkley had been honored with a seat in the king's box. Father Petre needed him, for in these conduct of the affairs, he was the right hand of the Father Confessor; and, moreover, this new movement against the Jews properly belonged to Francis. He was its inspirer and manager, and the king agreed with his Confessor that Francis should be one of the members of their conclave that night, at once to direct the opening of the new crusade against the Jews as also to act under the royal counsel. The young Jesuit felt highly honored by this fresh mark of the king's favor and confidence—not so much from a gratification of his self esteem, which was beneath his intellect, but because it was as a promise to his ambition. The Cardinal's hat was in his mind's eye rather than the simple

favor of the king. But he perceived that the king's confidence was exciting the jealousy of my lord of Hawkley against him; for Hawkley appreciated that Francis was permitted to take the lead of the business and so far was supplanting himself. But the young Jesuit was too self-reliant and too fertile with resources to seriously regard my lord of Hawkley's jealousy. He was merely desirous to forestall his interference, lest there should be a miscarriage in their plans.

Francis, with much satisfaction, had observed Sir Judah and the Marquis of Halifax in their box. Whispering to Father Petre, he said:

"Your Reverence, do you observe the Jew in the box opposite?"

"Mean you him of Nassau?"

"Yes, Father."

"I see him."

"I shall attack him to-night."

"Not surely to arrest him."

"Nay, your Reverence, not yet; but I shall drive him to covert, if possible, before the morning."

"What, Francis, is it possible your tactics have so suddenly changed?"

"Good Father, our base hath changed; and therefore our tactics. To-night I will do what yesterday I would not have done;—I mean assault Sir Judah in my own person. His presence has given me the opportunity. I did not expect to find it so soon. For his own safety he ought not to have been at the theatre to-night. He trusts too much in himself."

"You mean, my son, he overlooks the fact that his former secretary is mating him, or that if he discerns as much he is underrating you?"

"With your gracious permission to confess my thoughts, I did so mean."

"I listen, my son."

"The people are provoked almost to madness against Shylock. Mark them, Father, at this moment as the Jew sharpens his knife upon the floor! To-night they shall meet their Shylock in the street."

"The rabble will tear him to pieces!"

"That, your reverence, I will prevent in the King's name. You know, father, my plan is to force Sir Judah to take refuge with the old men; track him there, and arrest him among the elders of the tribe. This, as I explained to your Reverence at the onset, will be the action of the infuriated populace, not of the king. But Sir Judah's presence has given us

the chance to-night of quicker work."

"Embrace it, then, my son. I have confidence in thine ability."

"The blessing of your Reverence! The play is over. I must begone."

"The blessing of Holy Church, my son, be on your good work!"

"Father Petre!" exclaimed the king in alarm.

"Sire?"

"Home at once, Father. There are signs of mischief. We would not be present to witness it."

The king and his Confessor quietly departed, and Francis became aware that he was in the box alone. My Lord of Hawkley had heard the conversation between the two Jesuits and resolved to be beforehand with them. We have seen how far he succeeded, and now we must follow Francis to observe his part more skilfully executed.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"OPEN, IN THE KING'S NAME!"

As Francis came into the street, he caught sight of Lord Hawkley starting in pursuit of two men, whom he readily conjectured were Sir Judah and the Marquis of Halifax. Quickly thereupon, he heard Hawkley's furious shout to the passers by to arrest the Jew. By this time, the pursued and the pursuer were at some distance; but the quiet night bore the voices clear enough to his ear to indicate the whereabouts of the principal personages; for the night was quiet outside the theatre though the furies had raged within. Francis was in no haste to follow to the help of Lord Hawkley, but rather disposed to let Sir Judah chastise him; as he perceived an attack was made and the men were very likely in deadly conflict.

He reached the spot in time to hear Sir Judah's parting words, but he had no thought of immediate pursuit alone: he waited for the coming of the crowd which was now, with shouts and oaths, pouring out of the theatre.

"Rash fool!" observed the young Jesuit in scorn, as he looked upon the form of the senseless man; "thou hast paid for thy folly. Thou art no match for Sir Judah of Nassau, or he had been no foil for me nor help to my ambitions. Ay, 'tis as I would have it. I wonder if he be dead? No, he breathes. His pulse is renewing its action. He will revive presently. Yet Sir Judah has left bloody

marks upon his face. The mob come. I must bring them quickly to a halt or they will trample us under foot. Help! Help! good people! A man is murdered. Help, sirs; a Christian has been murdered by the Jew!"

The mob was suddenly brought to a halt; and the cry was taken up by hundreds of excited voices that a Jew had murdered a Christian in the public street. The deed was in such timely keeping with the play just witnessed that it obtained credence at once.

"Where is the monster! Let him not escape! Hang the murderous Jew! Shylock! Give him his pound of flesh!"

With those and many similar cries of Christian vengeance against the Jew, the street rang for nearly a quarter of a mile.

The dense crowd around the prostrate form of Lord Hawkley and Francis, the latter, with much seeming concern, supporting Hawkley upon his knee, was as a solid wall of protection or they might have been trampled to death in consequence of the tremendous pressure from those in the rear. The cries of Francis for help had timely halted the front ranks; and as the majority were composed of the fierce brawny men whom my lord of Hawkley had himself packed into the house and paid for their service out of the king's treasury, they were equal to the resistance of the pressure from those behind. Moreover, they soon discovered who the wounded man was and several at once assisted Francis in supporting him, while others turned and beat back the crowd, shouting:

"Give his lordship air! The murderous Jews have set upon my Lord of Hawkley in their revenge! Keep the crowd back! Give his lordship breath! His lordship revives!"

Francis had taken an offered flask of brandy from one of those who came to his assistance and forced several draughts down my lord of Hawkley's throat. The fiery spirit did its work, and Hawkley revived and struggled to his feet. He was not a pleasant sight, for his face was smeared with clotted blood. Sir Judah, with astonishing rapidity, had struck him three or four blows on the forehead; as though, under the enraged feelings of the moment, he had put forth all his might to kill the enemy of his tribe. Perhaps, at the moment, Sir Judah really did intend as much; for he was not a man who

did half work nor one to repent a deed when done. The Jew, this time, came very nearly killing the Christian—such a Christian as my lord of Hawkley was—and those around comprehending as much, may be pardoned their fancy that this Jew that had so nearly killed my lord was a veritable Shylock who, after witnessing the play, had sought revenge in killing a Christian. But my lord of Hawkley's head was stout; and so, his brains keeping in, he was soon himself again, raging, if possible, with more than his chronic hate of the Jews.

Lord Hawkley met no difficulty in persuading the multitude to follow him for vengeance upon the Jew. He told them in a short fierce speech who the person was who, with several of his tribe, had assaulted him with murderous intent as he came from the theatre—thus perverting the story—and proclaiming the price which the king had set upon the head of this Dutch Shylock. He closed his brief vicious harangue by charging the loyal Christian people of London to follow him in the king's name and arrest this murderous plotting Jew from Holland, even if they had to pull his mansion about his head to reach him. Furthermore, my lord of Hawkley showed to those around the identical warrant which the king had issued for the arrest of Sir Judah of Nassau and which the Papist plotter had retained. The warrant was easily read under the luminous face of the full moon, which happened that night to have quartered thus favorably for the *impromptu* crusade against our Shylock of this after-piece, not calculated in the Drury Lane playbill; or, to be more exact, Betterton had wisely chosen a moonlight night for his benefit.

The king's warrant fully satisfied the multitude, and they marched without uproar to the mansion of Sir Judah in Grosvenor Square, like an authorized *posse* of loyal citizens executing a warrant from the king.

A king's warrant has always exercised a peculiar influence over the English mind. There is no humbug in the compliment so often passed upon the English people as supreme respecters of the law. The king's warrant has been potent enough—as on this occasion—to suddenly transform a mass of seemingly lawless men into a *posse* of the king's officers to execute the law. Every Englishman is

supposed to be under some awful sense of duty to obey an officer's call—"Assist, in the king's name!" and many a gallant highwayman, when the officer's hand has been laid upon his shoulder with the magic words—"I arrest you in the king's name!" has given in with the meekness of a lamb and allowed himself to be led to the gallows. English sovereigns and the English people have been so trained for ages. The Stuarts were the only ones who ever arrogated that any man in the British realm was above the law, and the Stuarts were not properly English sovereigns. One of the most immortal speeches of the noble Sir Philip Sidney was made when he boldly told Queen Elizabeth that the law of England was above her, and boasted with his English pride that her father, Henry VIII., like a true Englishman, had ever confessed the law superior to the king. We have been guilty of no digression here, for the subject explains the causes of the Stuarts repeatedly losing their heads and throne in England, as well as the conduct of this mob *posse* in executing the king's warrant against Sir Judah of Nassau.

The tramp of the multitude in Grosvenor Square startled the sleepers in those aristocratic mansions from their first rich sleep, for it was now one o'clock in the morning,—that mystic interval between midnight and morn when Nature sleeps most peacefully, as though some potent charm had been thrown over the earth to hold human life for awhile in oblivion. Those, however, thus awakened, were not in affright, for it rather seemed like a regiment of soldiers, returned from some service, marching through the square to their barracks than a mob gathering for an attack upon any of those lordly mansions. The inmates were again falling into the arms of Morpheus, their senses lulled by the mysterious movement without, when knocks were thundered upon the Earl of Morton's door and stentorian voices in stern authority shouted,

"Open in the king's name!"

Gentlemen in their dressing gowns quickly threw open their chamber windows and demanded what the matter was, while the ladies buried their heads fearfully in the bedclothes. But the mob *posse* answered nothing beyond shouting authoritatively with repeated knocks,

"Open in the king's name!"

Presently, lights danced excitedly in every room of the Earl of Morton's house; and the servants, not daring to resist the magic command in the king's name, threw open the doors and came forth in quite a troop of resolute men who were ready to defend Sir Judah with their lives against lawless violence but not to resist the majesty of the law itself. And then, for the first time since they began their march, a fierce cry burst from the multitude,

"Bring out the Jew! The Jew has attempted the murder of a Christian! Bring out the Jew in the king's name!"

At this juncture, Sir Judah of Nassau appeared, accompanied by the Marquis of Halifax. The Marquis had resolved to stay with Sir Judah that night, yet he had not anticipated such an assault as this. They had not retired, but were just commencing a conversation upon the events of that evening when they heard the footsteps of the multitude in the square.

Sir Judah of Nassau and my lord of Halifax were calm, but their manner was stern and rebuking. The mob was somewhat taken aback when they saw the Marquis of Halifax supporting, by his presence, that haughty intellectual looking statesman whose mass of chestnut locks the breeze beat gracefully about his clear white forehead. There was scarcely anything of the Jew in the appearance of the man, excepting in the depth and lighting of his eyes, which the multitude caught in the illumination of the hundreds of lamps which were now gleaming in the circle around. They had expected to see a cringing, terror stricken Shylock appear with his savagery subdued, but still a Shylock such as they had witnessed that night in the performance at Drury Lane theatre; but here, confronting them, was a fair son of the house of Nassau with the haughty dominant spirit of his mother's race antagonizing their own fierce temper with a cool phlegmatic will and a consciousness of self-power expressed in his whole manner. Already, the mob felt half subdued in his presence and many were more disposed to beg his pardon and retire home than to make a further attempt for his arrest. A mob is a fearful mass of fierce passions and brute force when the furies possess human forms; but one superior will and master mind meeting it in the front with a con-

scientious self-power and scorn; will quickly subdue it to the temper of a whipped cur. Perhaps the dissipating magnetism of a crowd, as seeking some superior control, is more sensitive than resistive to the dominant will that can grapple with it in a moment's mighty metaphysical antagonism. Scarcely ever can a multitude subdue one such a man as this would signify, but is almost always conquered by him in their antagonisms. So Sir Judah of Nassau now subdued this mob which had come to arrest him in the king's name,—mastered them by his manner ere he had spoken a word; for he surveyed them in silent scorn. His metaphysical power over them was greater at that moment than the magic of the law or the king's name.

"Shame on ye, citizens!" cried the Marquis of Halifax, in the ringing tones of a popular Parliamentary orator; "Shame on ye, citizens, to thus assault, in the dead of the night, this neighborhood whose respectability is guarantee that the king's majesty itself might sleep beneath any roof around without a thought of treason or violence. And shame on ye, also, I say, for this attack on the house of Sir Judah of Nassau, who is both cousin and friend of our good William, Prince of Orange."

"The cousin of the Prince of Orange! We knew not that he was the cousin of William of Orange! Is this a Papish plot against the house of Orange? We will have none of it in England, not even in the king's name."

Such were the joints of many exclamations from the people which told plainly that a revulsion of feeling had come, and that it was turning against those who had instigated this movement of the night. But Lord Hawkley fiercely advanced between the front of the mob and Sir Judah and Halifax who stood upon the step of the mansion, and charged the Jew with an attempt to murder him that night as he was quietly pursuing his way home from the theatre. This created a new sensation, for Lord Hawkley's face was still covered with clotted blood and in the glare of the lamps he looked a ghastly witness of the truth of his charge.

But when Lord Halifax explained to the mob that the Papist had first assaulted Sir Judah of Nassau and instanced the scene in the theatre that night, further explaining the Papish conspiracy against

the Jews, the people sent up a storm of hisses and groans for Hawkley, James Stuart and Father Petre, while for Sir Judah of Nassau they raised a right lusty English cheer. This done, the mob retired.

"Francis! Your master commands you to stay!"

'Twas the voice of Sir Judah, and it rang out with a strange subtle power that arrested the young Jesuit and made him quiver,—not with fear, however,—but with a sympathetic antagonism. He returned, but neither the master nor the secretary spoke till the mob, including Lord Hawkley, had left the square. Halifax and the servants also retired within; for though they were surprised, they perceived that Sir Judah wished to be alone awhile with this young man.

Sir Judah and Francis the Jesuit stood alone in the street; for the master descended the steps and met his secretary nearly foot to foot. For a few moments, they remained thus in silence, each looking the other steadily in the eye. Neither quailed. They were intellectually matched, and they felt as much. Sir Judah, however, was conscious that Francis had developed much character-strength since they parted. He was rather pleased with this. The young man was more worthy to be his antagonist.

"I see, boy, you have not quite forgotten that I *am* your master."

"Sir Judah seems to have forgotten that I own a higher service than his—that of holy church!"

"Boy, I have forgotten nothing. Your bond of service to me is not annulled."

"I will not argue with thee, to-night, Sir Judah."

"Nor I to-night, Francis, charge thee with treachery and breach of trust."

"By my priestly vow, you forget yourself, Sir Judah of Nassau!"

"I tell thee, sir, I forget nothing. Trifle not with me, Francis, unless thou wouldst have me despise thee."

"Nay, Sir Judah, I would not that. I forget not your trust in me and your kindness. Yet we meet now as enemies."

"Francis, I will meet thee in the morning as my equal. Be here at ten o'clock. 'Tis fit we end our relations as men of honor. You are still my secretary. I shall expect you to render to me an account of yourself. We meet as

enemies, as you say. I shall expect you, Francis, and to-morrow will dismiss you from your bond of service."

"I will meet you, Sir Judah—and then—"

"I understand, boy. You dare a life-controversy with me."

Francis bowed his head but answered not; and thus they parted. Their meeting to-morrow was to be the fair beginning of a life-duel of two master intellects. They both understood it so.

But the wisdom of Sir Judah in permitting the performance of 'Shylock' at Drury Lane to expose the malice of the king and the Jesuits, was thoroughly justified by the closing events of that night; and especially was it so the next morning, when the manager of the theatre cunningly circulated in every gossiping part of the city that the performance had been arranged by James of York, the Father Confessor and Lord Hawkley. Then came a reaction in the public mind in favor of the Jews, but the malice of their enemies was intensified.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TWO SATANS MET!

Ere we reach a perfect philosophy of the Divine and the human action as they enter into the world's grand issues, constituting the many-sided experiences of our race, we shall have to return to the primitive and simple Hebrew meaning of that now terrible name of Satan. Until we do so, our philosophy must remain in an inexplicable jumble, and our ideas be ever meeting in incomprehensible paradoxes which a false theology has wrought out of primitive thought and meanings, once so simple that a child could have found no bugbears in them to frighten it to bed. That terrible name of Satan in its Hebrew significance is merely "an adversary;" and to be Satanic is "to be adverse" and "to persecute." Similar is the meaning in the Greek and there can be no question that this primitive significance is most in accord with the entire systems of philosophy and religion, both of the Hebrew and the Greeks. But the splendid mysticism of the Christian Mother Church, in her mission to rule the world by priestcraft, has given us terrible meanings which have formed the very network of Christian theology;—a network, indeed, it has been!

"*Satan is the Grand Adversary of man !*"

"*Satan is the devil, or Prince of Darkness !*"

"*Satan is the Chief of the fallen angels, the Arch Fiend !*"

Such a personage Mother Church has found most essential to her blessed mission in the world !

Holy Father Satan ! Holy Mother Church !

What a history the blessed twain have made in the world !

But Francis the Jesuit and Sir Judah of Nassau must not be considered in the more terrible sense. Two Satans they truly were in their lives to be to each other,—two adversaries well matched, coming from rival powers at that moment in most deadly conflict with each other.

The dramatic interest of our story is, that one day in the past Francis the Jesuit and Judah the statesman met as Satans to each other. It was at that most critical moment when the fates of England and the world were thrown into the balances. Sir Judah leapt into the one and Francis the Jesuit into the other. They did it most presumptuously to prove in their life controversy which was the deciding weight in the world's destiny—the Jew or the Jesuit !

Yea, the Jew and the Jesuit thus met as Adversaries ! And thus are they to meet to the end of all things—meet as Satans to each other when the very name of Protestant shall have been forgotten. It was the oath and covenant which Sir Judah and Francis the Jesuit made with each other ere they closed their mortal lives, and they remember their oath and covenant and will keep it to the end. But we anticipate with too much emphasis.

The commencement of their story as adversaries we will repeat more circumstantially. One day in London, then, these two personages met. It was when James of York was moving heaven and hell to restore England to the Holy Mother's arms. It was when William of Orange was resolving on the landing of a Dutch army to *save* Protestant England from a return to Mother Church. This is the pith of the story of that period ; and therein we have at once illustrated both the original Hebrew idea of the adversary and the Romish Christian idea of Satan.

We must expect to find Sir Judah illustrating his Hebrew idea—a personage without malice, but traveling like the very genius of the adversary to the end of his purposes ;—we may expect Francis the Jesuit illustrating the idea of his order—a very Satan with malice traveling with an implacable spirit in the ways and methods of Mother Church. This may not have been Francis in his native self ; but it was Francis with the spirit of his order ruling him.

Francis kept his appointment. The adversaries are together in the Statesmen's cabinet.

"Begin thy story, boy" said the Jew statesman.

"Thou shalt have my story, Sir Judah, without much of justification. There needs none ; for thou knowest now that I was placed in thy service by an authority which is to me supreme ; yet this due explanation to thee will restore my self-respect and make us quits. Wilt thou accept it as such and acquit me of personal treachery to thee ?"

"I will, boy, and restore to thee my respect. 'Tis strange, Francis, that we begin our deadly conflict thus. But go on."

"Sir Judah, I come of a family—the Fitzallens—whose members have ever been faithful to the Catholic Church."

"Ah, boy, thy name ! I am to blame for overlooking it. In that thou didst not conceal thyself."

"The Fitzallens, Sir Judah, are among the highest and most ancient of the Norman aristocracy ; the Church also ranks many of them among her sons. A Fitzallen was once the Primate of England when our primates were colossal priests scarcely less than the Popes themselves."

"I see thee, boy ;" observed the statesman rather ambiguously. "I mean I listen to thee with interest."

"In extreme youth I took holy orders. Serving the Church with much enthusiasm, acquitting myself with distinction in several important political missions, I won the confidence of my superiors. Even the Pope commended me ; and I will confess to thee by his words aroused in me lofty ambitions. An agent was needed that moment at the Hague to digest and report the policy of William of Orange. I was chosen, and in turn I chose service with thee ; for I had heard Sir William Temple say that Sir Judah of Nassau was

the first statesman in Europe. I conceived the wish to be educated under thee, as well as to master thy policies and thy methods."

"Which thou hast done, boy, I know it well; and once did pride myself in my pupil."

"Right, Sir Judah, I studied thee till I could read thy very thoughts. At first, I watched thee, but my admiration gave me the true key to thy mind and purposes. I would have confessed myself, had I dared to betray my order. Once, in my shame at deceiving thee further, I was on the point of telling thee all, but—"

"But thou wast ambitious and held thy peace."

"Nay, I discovered that Sir Judah of Nassau was ambitious."

"I understand thee not, Francis."

"I discovered that Sir Judah aimed for the throne of England."

"That were impossible."

"For thyself, surely; but for William of Orange thou hast so aimed. The stake was the same to be won or lost by Rome. Canst thou wonder that I remained faithful to the Church and held my peace!"

"Shall I tell thee, boy, what I have discovered of thee?"

"That I have been faithful to the Church!"

"That Francis Fitzallen aims for more than the Primate See of England."

"More?"

"Aye, boy, the Papal throne?"

Francis the Jesuit turned pale and gasped for breath at the tremendous thought; for he was conscious it was true, though he had never dared to so word his ambitions.

"The Papal throne! Didst thou name this abroad it might end my life and ambitions."

"Fear not, Francis. That which passes between us to-day is sacred."

"I fear nothing, Sir Judah; not even thee."

"'Tis well, boy. Proceed."

"I have but little more to tell thee, Sir Judah, beyond what thou hast already surmised; nor had I met thee in friendly conference to gossip of my life and account to thee my deeds, hadst thou not trusted me as though I had been thy younger brother."

"I appreciate thy motive. And now,

Francis, dost think that thou canst henceforth be my adversary in fair honor?"

"Dost thou acquit me, Sir Judah, of intent of treachery to thee?"

"Yea, boy, most cordially I acquit thee. My reckoning is with the power that rules thy life."

"Which is Francis Fitzallen!" returned the Jesuit, haughtily.

"Even so, Francis, if it so pleases thee. Here is thy formal release from office as private secretary to William's minister."

The young Jesuit took the document eagerly and scanned it. A shadow of a smile passed over his pale countenance. When he ended its reading he gave a profound sigh, folded the document and carefully placed it in his bosom.

"Thou art satisfied, Francis?"

"Thine act, Sir Judah, is like thyself. Not a word in it that might reproach me hereafter even in mine own remembrance."

"Right, boy, that document would be thy passport to any prince or statesman in Europe. I know thou wilt not treacherously use it. I have given it on thine honor for thy conscience's sake. I have no more to say to thee, Francis."

The young Jesuit arose from his seat as about to depart without a word—for words were not adequate to interpret him. For a moment, he gazed upon the statesman with a yearning as upon a beloved elder brother from whom he was parting never in love to meet again. Indeed, this was exactly the case as expressed in the conflict of his feelings at that moment, and so, presently, his interpretation in words. There was something in Sir Judah's eye akin to the yearning in the young Jesuit's gaze. There was a love lingering in both, of love's final parting. Francis reseated himself.

"Speak on, boy. Yet 'tis better we prolong not a painful parting."

"It shall be quickly ended, Sir Judah, or we part never. Shall it be never? Thy last act to me is still the elder brother's."

"I loved thee, Francis; yet waste not thy gratitude upon the thought of it."

"Sir Judah it is possible that our love be everlasting."

"Boy, I fathom thee not, now."

"Sir Judah, thou saidst my aim would be the Papal throne. 'Till thou saidst it, I knew it not; but thy very prompt-

ing has inspired me to the thought."

"And I doubt not, Francis, that thou mayest reach the summit of thy ambitions."

"Remain my brother, then. With thine aid I *should* reach the Papal throne. 'Thou seest my confidence in thee is supreme.'"

"Yea, with Judah's help, as he could help thee, boy, thou wouldst be ruler of Christendom. I doubt it not."

"Then be it an everlasting bond of love between us. Give me thine hand upon it, Sir Judah. Under thy matchless counsel and thy people's gold on the side of Holy Church, England would be restored to the See of Rome. This consummation wrought through Francis Fitzallen, in due time, the college of Cardinals, of which I should be one, would deem me worthy to be the sovereign head of Christendom. The Church of Rome would rectify a fatal error of the past. I am an Englishman and know that England was not tempered to remain forever a vassal of Rome. Had Englishmen as often sat in the Pontiff's chair as England merited, perchance she had not broken off from Mother Church. Were I once Pope, the Church should be English, henceforth, more than Italian. Robust honest England would balance the world better than Italy in the coming time; for Italy is emaciated with besotted old age and corrupted by too long a dominance of the Italian priesthood."

"Ah, there spoke the Englishman and not the Jesuit! Francis, thy thought is worthy of my pupil. An Anglicized Church; yet Rome to remain the centre of Christendom, and so preserve her ancient grandeur and authority. Thy policy, Francis, is feasible."

"Wilt thou aid me, Sir Judah, by thy matchless intellect and statesmanship to restore England to Mother Church? Do this, and thy Jewish people shall be enfranchised in every nation in Christendom; for with the return of England to the holy allegiance, the Catholic Church would regain her lost supremacy over all nations."

"And the Jews have Pope Francis for their head?" observed the statesman, with a sardonic smile which brought a flush of anger to the young Jesuit's brow.

"What, Sir Judah, dost thou—thyself the son of a Christian mother—spurn a covenant with the Church of Rome, yet

believing what I have suggested possible?"

"Aye, boy, I hate the Romish Church. Elizabeth De Nassau, though Christian, was a Protestant. But her son hates the power of the Church of Rome with more than a Protestant's hate."

"And I, Sir Judah of Nassau, *now* hate the man who tells me so!"

The adversaries were meeting again.

"Mark me well, boy; for thou hast not yet read me to the depth. Thou wouldst henceforth have Judah at the feet of Rome—the Jew kissing the foot that for ages hath spurned him—my father David's people blessing the Church that for fourteen centuries, since the Emperor Julian sought to restore the ancient city, has cursed them. I tell thee, boy, there is eternal enmity between Rome and Jerusalem. 'Twas Rome who razed her sacred walls—Rome who massacred a million and a half of her sons and daughters—Rome who struck the name of our sacred nation from the world's list of nations,—and Popes and Priests of the Church which has borne Rome's name, have, with malice more terrible than the conquering wrath of old Rome's generals, pursued Israel to this day. Yet now, thou, in thy ambitious dream, which I grant thee might be realized, offerest the Jews covenant with Rome to requite us. Go to, boy; thou knowest thyself but not me; thou knowest the Church but understandest not the possibilities of my father David's race."

"I see thou, too, Sir Judah of Nassau, hast a hidden dream as well as Francis Fitzallen."

"Aye, boy, to see Jerusalem rebuilt on the fall of Rome!"

"Jerusalem as of old?"

"So dreams my father David. But his son would build Jerusalem among all nations. Francis, the time will come when the Jew shall hold the destiny of all nations in his hand! Dost ask me now to make a covenant with thee?"

"No, Sir Judah; knowing myself and thee, I tremble at the naming of it!"

"And well thou mightest. With such dreams between us we only can be adversaries. Go now, Francis. This parting has been prolonged and painful; yet I part not with thee in hate!"

"Nor I, Sir Judah, with thee in love! Would I had not tarried to know thy deeper thoughts. I see thou art resolved

to root the Catholic power from England!"

"Yes, boy."

"There is a gulf between us!"

"Beware, Francis. Touch not my father's people. Make not the gulf one of hate between thee and me."

"Would I had not heard thy dream, Sir Judah, it troubles me."

"Boy, heed the warning of thy present mood!"

"I fear thee not."

"Yet touch not my father's people."

"I promise nothing."

"Farewell then, boy."

"Farewell."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE SON OF CALEB BROKEN ON THE RACK.

The son of Caleb was thrown into the Tower by the king's order.

The Tower in the days past was the king's prison of convenience. The Royal will needed no law to send its victims to the Tower. 'Twas a Royal fortress not a jail,—a palace of the kings and queens of England into which kings and queens seldom went of their own free will. Uncle Gloster chose for the Dowager Queen and her sons, the Tower as their palace of State. It was a knell to the queen mother, though the order was gossiped by Gloster's tongue which could "wheedle the devil." Her princely boys were already murdered, ere Sir Richard Tirrill began his midnight assassination. To the popular mind such deeds are always done at midnight. But the Tower was an exception to the rule. To the English common people of former times such deeds were always being done in the Tower, both day and night. There was none to say to the king or his instruments, What doest thou in the Tower to-day?

To affirm that the son of Caleb was not shaken with an irresistible terror when Francis the Jesuit permitted him—with a purpose in the permission—to survey the frowning exterior of the Tower, would be to boast Jewish consistency above that physical dread which is common to all men. Francis led the Jew around the grim walls, under the guard who looked as grim and forbidding as the tower itself. He seemed wishful that the victim should comprehend all on the outside that he might better comprehend thereafter all to

be met within. The young Jesuit was one of those men who, when the necessity resolved him, preferred to torture the mind rather than the body upon the rack. The son of Caleb realized something of this already, and he shuddered at the thought that he was brought to the Tower, not for mere imprisonment—he was not of sufficient importance to the State for that—but for the express purpose of torture both to body and mind. His experience had begun; what would follow and what would be the end thereof? Death to the son of Caleb at that moment would have been a quick, welcome relief. But the blessing of death was not to be granted readily.

The king had left the business in the hands of his Confessor, and the Confessor had committed it to the execution of Francis. The young Jesuit was well aware that under James, the Tower was likely to become a veritable Inquisition before Mother Church regained her sway in England. Had James of York continued his Papist reign as long as that of the Protestant Elizabeth, even after Cromwell and Milton lived, we might have had a chapter of English history unsurpassed by the annals of former horrors. And the young Jesuit realized that, at the very opening of his ambitious career, his superior had left it to him to fill in the first page with deeds fitting the reign of James and commensurate with the needs of Holy Church.

For awhile the son of Caleb dwelt in the gloomy Tower without being subject to physical torture. It was even the design of Francis to save him from the rack if possible if the ends could be reached by other means; not however, for the sake of the betrayed man but for his former love for Sir Judah. And had the Jewish statesman accepted the offered covenant which Francis made to him in the name of the Church, doubtless Father Petre and the king would have readily ratified it. Anything would James have done to have restored England to the Papal power. But when Sir Judah and Francis the Jesuit parted as adversaries upon a challenge the doom of the son of Caleb was settled.

Next morning, Francis the Jesuit, with two forbidding-vizaged servants of the Tower, entered the dungeon where the son of Caleb was confined.

"Jew," he said, in a cold merciless

tone, "thy time hath come. Prepare for the ordeal. Have mercy on thyself for I have none for thee. Officers, conduct your prisoner to the torture-chamber."

"To the torture-chamber!" murmured the Jew, setting his teeth but obeying without further word.

In the torture-chamber at last and in the merciful hands of the Papal Church! The son of Caleb shivered as he crossed its threshold. Francis the Jesuit also shivered. He was in fearful sympathy with his victim. He would have taken the torture himself rather than have given it to this Jew. It was his first victim, and this one he had entrapped by an act of treachery at once to Sir Judah and to his messenger. He was thinking of the statesman more than of his victim. He was paying the penalty at that moment of his treachery. In submitting the son of Caleb to the rack it was almost like putting Sir Judah to the torture. 'Twas a dreadful and an ominous beginning of the controversy of hate between himself and the man who had been to him as an elder brother. This one terrible act performed and there was no retreat for him. He must consummate the work though in the sequel it would lead him to do as much for Sir Judah. The mental agony of the young Jesuit at that moment was greater than that of the son of Caleb.

"Jew, have mercy upon thyself!"

"Christian, begin thy work of torture!"

The eyes of the men met in deadly antagonism. Francis the Jesuit felt that the Jew, in his fidelity, was his superior; and the feeling hardened his heart. He was calm and merciless again.

"Prepare!"

"The Jew is prepared for death."

At a sign from the Jesuit the executioners stripped the son of Caleb and bound him naked to the rack.

"Jew, I have but a few words for thee, and then the ordeal."

The son of Caleb was silent.

"Reveal the hiding place of Sir David of Nassau and his comrades and thou shalt be unbound and given thy freedom."

"Go ask Sir Judah of Nassau and tell him that in the face of torture and death the son of Caleb hath refused to answer thee."

"Enough, Jew! I give thee to the ordeal."

The dreadful work began and the groans of the victim resounded through the torture-chamber; but there was no cry for mercy; nor in his dreadful agony did the son of Caleb lose the presence of his mind. No torture could wring from him the secret of the hiding place of his prince. At length, with a deep groan, he fainted.

"Give him respite," commanded Francis with a deep sigh of relief.

The command was obeyed and the son of Caleb presently returned to consciousness. The Jesuit forced a small vial of brandy between the victim's teeth. He was resolved to try the ordeal once more.

"Again, Jew, I ask thee to reveal the hiding place of Sir David of Nassau."

"That thou mayest give my prince and my father the mercy of thy church? Nay, I will drink my cup to its dregs."

"Son of Caleb—such I think they call thee—on my priestly vow, which I would not break were I in thy place on the rack, I swear to thee that not a hair of the heads of those old men shall be touched if thou but disclose their hiding place."

"What wouldst thou do with them if not as thou hast done with me?"

"I will answer thee; for I fain would save thee from further torture. The king will hold them as hostages to keep Sir Judah from meddling in English affairs."

"Thou wouldst conquer Sir Judah of Nassau through his love and fears for his father and comrades whom the king designs to imprison in the Tower?"

The word conquer applied to Sir Judah made the soul of Francis Fitzallen leap within him. A tempest of thought passed over his mind. The parting interview of last night was repeated in the delirium of fancy. Again he offered to the Statesmen a covenant between Mother Church and the Jews for the price of Sir Judah's help to restore England to Rome; again pledged his sacred oath that if, by the aid of Judah and his people, he—Francis Fitzallen—should reach the Pontifical throne, the Jews should be enfranchised throughout Christendom; again he waited in expectant exultation for the sealing of the compact by a word which would bind him to Sir Judah in everlasting love; but again the Jew dashed the offered covenant of the once all dominant Church of Rome in scorn at his feet.

"Aye, son of Caleb, I *will* conquer Sir Judah of Nassau!"

"Christian dog, thou shouldst know Sir Judah of Nassau better!"

For the moment the son of Caleb forgot the rack and the torture from which he was respited by the mercy of Francis. The spirit of the mighty struggle for mastery in the young Jesuit over the son of David, his prince, met answer in himself; and he responded as Sir Judah might have done in supreme scorn had he in person been upon the rack and Francis executioner. For the first time, the Jesuit was in a rage and now, cruel as my inquisitor General might have been, he gnashed his teeth at the epithet of "Christian dog."

"Quick, men! Break the Jew upon the rack; as proof how Francis Fitzallen will deal with the foes of Holy Church."

There needed no second order to end the work; for the executioners were tired with the parley of mercy and provoked by the obstinate fidelity of the Jew. Scarcely had a quarter of an hour more expired when the chief of the executioners observed, as he rested from his horrid work:

"Sir; the Jew is dead!"

"So perish the enemies of Mother Church!" replied the Jesuit as he looked upon his victim.

CHAPTER XL.

THE KING'S CONFESSOR AND HIS PROTEGE.

Father Petre was in his closet!

Is there aught then of consequence in a closet that it should provoke a record? Yes; much of consequence when the man of the closet is in, and such a man, too, as Father Petre.

Father Petre was in his closet! So was King James in his. But that was only of minor consequence. The State is not at home in the closet. We look for the king in the State-room on his great days, or at the council-board, or in the tented field, surrounded with his Generals. It is only the Church that can be historically closeted to advantage. When the Church is closeted, who shall reveal the depth of the secrets of her thoughts, or who mount to the pinnacle of her ambitions, or who circumscribe the invincible daring of her purposes?

Father Petre was seated at a small oak-table. But the table, though rude and small, was carved with an ecclesiastical importance. The artisan had evi-

dently sought in his way to fashion his work into the image of the Church; for there was something about the table that suggested the metaphysics of the Church. It was that something which we recognize from the highest-wrought to the rudest works of ecclesiastical times even to the stone cross on the king's highway. 'Tis the *presence* of the Church; and this presence was in the small oaken table at which Father Petre sat. There was a cross fastened on the table, or rather it was a part of it. The cross was simple, but it expressed the *ensemble* of the closet and the Father-General of the Jesuits pervading. The presence of the Church was in the cross with all her magnificence, notwithstanding the humility of the symbol.

The humility of the Church! She is never so magnificent as when she affects simplicity,—never so proud as when she seems most humble. The cowed Monk with his shaven crown is the most elaborately carved piece of humanity in existence.

Father Petre was counting his rosary, and mumbling his prayers, as his hour of prayer had come round and broke in upon the winding path of his thoughts, to pursue which, he was closeted this morning more than for his prayers; and he hurried through his devotions, lest he should lose his mental windings. He had scarcely ended, when a knock was heard at his closet door.

"Come in, Francis!" he responded; for he knew that none but Francis would dare intrude upon his privacy, excepting the king himself, whom he was not expecting; but it was appointed for the young Jesuit to meet him immediately after he left the torture chamber.

"Well, my son?"

"Holy Father, the Jew is dead!"

"With his secret unspoken?"

"Even so."

"I read thy failure in thy sombre look."

"Your Reverence, I never fail."

"What, hast succeeded in wringing the stubborn Jew's secret from him in his death cries for mercy?"

"Succeeded, your Reverence, in plucking mercy from my heart."

"So. I understand thee, Francis. Even I remember thy ordeal when at thy age. Francis, wouldst thou do as much for Sir Judah of Nassau to-morrow, as

thou hast done to-day for his messenger?"

The young Jesuit shuddered even as he had done when he crossed the threshold of the torture chamber with the son of Caleb. He had not expected the test so soon and so directly put. The Father Confessor frowned. For the moment, he fancied that the love of the young Jesuit toward the statesman still ruled him.

"False son of our order," he said, sternly, "confess that Holy Church is not supreme in thy heart, which this Jew has beguiled."

"I will not confess a lie, Holy Father, even at thy bidding. To-morrow I would do with Sir Judah of Nassau as to-day I have done with his messenger!"

There was such a malignant look in the young Jesuit's eye, yet withal, one of such conscious self power that the Father Confessor could scarcely refrain now from shuddering as visibly as Francis had shuddered at the question of torturing Sir Judah. The Confessor experienced a feeling that Francis would do as much for him did Holy Church need for himself the office-work of that day; but his feeling pleased him. He knew that Francis could now be trusted to execute the will of the Church without reserve. With a smile, he pointed the young Jesuit to a stool. 'Tis strange a priest can smile best when his intent is most deadly.

"Well, my son; dost think Sir Judah of Nassau will need the rack?"

"Your Reverence, the Church will not need to give it to him. Neither would the rack prevail. No torture could subdue that man. He is not only a Jew—but as I have often urged upon your Reverence to remember, he is also a true Nassau. I have told you my opinion that the renowned Maurice was his mother's natural father, and not a distant elder kinsman. If so, he is the great grandson of William the Silent, who rose against the Holy Inquisition in the Netherlands and overthrew at once the rule of Philip of Spain and the Pope in the Low Countries. Your Reverence, they are not a family to know fear or to be subdued."

"I had no thoughts of the rack for this Jew cousin of William's. I questioned but to try thy fidelity to our holy order."

"I am glad it meant no more, your Reverence; for I would *conquer* Sir Judah of Nassau, not torture him."

For several moments the Father Confessor was silent, reflecting; and then abruptly he said,

"Francis, thou hast not been honest with thy Superior."

"Your Reverence!"

"You did but relate a portion of that which passed between thyself and Sir Judah yesterday. I felt thy reserve of something. Thou wast embarrassed. Thou art not usually so. My son, tell me all."

For a moment Francis was in turn silent; but he presently answered as one quickly deciding that frankness was the wisest policy:

"I will tell your Reverence all, though it should offend."

Francis related the words of Sir Judah now without reserve, not only that he, Francis Fitzallen, would aim for the Pontifical throne, but also his own reply and at last the offer made of a compact with Sir Judah on behalf of Rome.

"Thy thoughts, my son, took a daring flight. Yet the plan was feasible as the Jew said. I would have confirmed it."

"Because your Reverence would be Pope first!"

"Hush, Francis! Think only of thyself. So this deep-minded audacious Jew believes thy dream within thy reach? And mine! Tut, tut, boy; 'tis thy young daring and not my thought. And yet the Jew confessed that England, once restored to the See of Rome, all Christendom would again be ruled by Mother Church? So far we are agreed. I'm glad he said as much to thee. It has resolved me more than before to prompt James to the issue. My son, what dost thou advise. I know thee too well not to see also that thou hast some daring scheme in thy brain."

"First, your Reverence, to get those old men lodged in the Tower. Then hold them as hostages to check Sir Judah."

"But will that hold William back, my son?"

"No, your Reverence. 'Twill prompt him to action. That action is invasion. But we must be beforehand in the action. Grapple with England at home, even if we have to force rebellion. 'Tis this covert treason of English statesmen inviting invasion that we have most to fear. War with William is better than this treacherous friendship of England with him. Provoke William of Holland to

show his purpose and then urge James to proclaim war to save his throne. Louis of France would be with him with his armies and his gold."

"It shall be done, Francis. England ours, my son"—

"And the Papal throne, Father, England's gift?"

"Let the work go on, Francis! Mother Church will give us benedictions if we win."

"And now, your Reverence, to grapple with Sir Judah of Nassau!"

CHAPTER XLI.

THE WAR OF THE ADVERSARIES.

It has been already remarked how blind even a far-seeing statesman might be in detecting such a rare character as that of the young Jesuit, and yet, when the clue was found, how like a flash of light the whole incognito might be discovered. Undoubtedly, that which blinded Sir Judah so long was the fact that a real bond of love and sympathy had grown up between the statesman and his secretary so that Francis was not an ordinary fraud.

Sir Judah's first discovery, however, was merely that Francis was an extraordinary young spy which the Jesuits had set upon him to watch and report his policies as William's confidential minister. The discovery was nothing like an adequate conception of the dominating character and capacity of Francis Fitzallen; but his last interview with him thoroughly revealed the man.

Sir Judah of Nassau was now in more concern than he had been since his arrival in England. He instinctively comprehended that between this young priest and himself there had fairly begun a virulent life-controversy which perhaps would soon develop into one of active deadly hate. With such deep purposes as they both entertained, and each knowing the other's purposes, Sir Judah foresaw that a war of hate between them was as inevitable as fate. True, his own aims would be to checkmate the maneuvers of the Papal power in its ambitions and to regain the supremacy of Christendom, without any reference to Francis or intent of a war of hate with him; but he discerned that Francis now could scarcely move without a direction of purpose and malice against himself and the Jew-

ish people. There was also in his mind, a sense of fear of the young Jesuit; not, however, as regarding himself, he being protected by his natural relations with the Nassau family and the political cousinship which exists between all leading statesmen; but a sense of fear that the Jesuit power would bring some great calamity upon his father's race in England. The Jews had not the guards of protection which surrounded himself as a natural prince of the house of Nassau despite the mixture with his Jewish blood. They were but new comers in the land, and esteemed by the common people as no better than the nomad gipsy—with nothing approaching the present hereditary right of the gipsy to a home in England. In their gold alone was their superiority, and in that was their present danger; for the Jesuits, as we know, feared the money power used in behalf of the Protestant cause. Sir Judah was deeply impressed with the idea that unless that cause under William of Orange speedily triumphed, England, during the reign of James, would see the restoration of the Papal rule and the Jews again be banished by the edict of a Christian king.

Such were the reflections of Sir Judah when one of the Earl of Morton's servants brought him a letter, the superscription of which told him it was from his ex-secretary. As soon as the servant retired, he broke its seal and read:

"Office of the Holy Order."

"Sir Judah of Nassau,—The son of Caleb is dead. He was broken upon the wheel in my presence and by my order. If it will be any satisfaction to thee, learn by this that the son of Caleb died as thou thyself would have died. I admired his fidelity and did myself suffer mental torture that equalled his physical pain; yet I showed him no mercy. I was resolved to conquer him or end him.

"Thou wilt comprehend, Sir Judah, why I tell thee this. It is to mark the gulf that is now between us. Furthermore, it was known to thee that the son of Caleb had fallen into my hands and I thus account of him to thee. 'Tis the last accounting I shall give thee of my deeds.

"I fain had loved thee ever; fain had made a compact with thee which should have wrought thy people good in every Christian land. Thou didst reject the

covenant with scorn. I hate thee and thy Jewish tribe, henceforth, for thy rejection of my continued love and the covenant which I offered to thy people.

Parted for ever from thee,

I remain thy adversary

FRANCIS FITZALLEN."

"Fearful boy! Thou hast yet to learn that Judah of Nassau can be more terrible than thou!"

For awhile, Sir Judah sat making no demonstration of any intended action. In this respect, his manner seemed to contradict his words. Francis, the Jesuit, was indeed a "fearful boy," but never so little as at that moment did the Jew seem a man who could be more terrible than a Jesuit. Presently he laid his hand upon his pen and wrote a few lines. Sealing and addressing his note, he rang a bell which was answered by the servant who had brought to him the letter of the Jesuit.

"Take this note to the Marquis of Halifax."

Without a word, the servant obeyed, for he knew that the statesman expected no words from him.

As soon as he was alone, Sir Judah rang another bell which was answered by Reuben.

"Reuben!"

"My prince!"

"I have news of our missing comrade."

"The God of our fathers be praised!"

"Yet will old Caleb mourn for his son."

"Did you not say, my prince, that you had news of the son of Caleb?"

"The son of Caleb has been broken on the rack."

"By the Christians?"

"By the Jesuits."

Reuben was about to vent his grief and wrath in imprecations upon the heads of all Christians alike; but the wise statesman checked him.

"Hold, Reuben; our people need succor—not curses upon their enemies."

"And from whence succor?"

"From William."

"He is a Christian."

"So was my mother."

"Ay, she was; but thou art a Jew and our prince."

"She was a Christian and my mother."

"I trust not the Christians."

"I blame thee not, Reuben. Hadasah's mother was thy sister."

"I can scarcely remember my murdered sister, Esther; but mine hate hath quicker memory."

"Thy hate, my Reuben, is not executive. Our people, I say, need succor."

"My playmate, Ben Caleb, hath been tortured to death by the Christian."

"By the Jesuit."

"I know not much of difference between them."

"Reuben, in three days I sail for Holland."

"What! Our prince leave his people to the Christian's mercy?"

"Dost doubt *me*, Reuben?"

There was a touch of reproach in the statesman's tone.

"Nay, Judah. Have I not known thee from boyhood. Reuben doubts not his prince; yet our people need thee most at this moment."

"Our people need William of Orange in England. I go, Reuben, to hasten him hither. Go you to our fathers and say, I will be with them to-night. Tell them naught of the murder of Ben Caleb. I will myself break the news to them. Meantime, I must see the Marquis of Halifax."

Reuben departed to call the fathers together, and Sir Judah went to communicate with Lord Halifax.

The British statesman was filled with indignation and horror when he read the letter of Francis Fitzallen. But Sir Judah still retained his terrible calmness. Francis Fitzallen, indeed, had to learn that the Jew was more terrible than the Jesuit.

"Lord Halifax, I go for the Prince of Orange."

"Be cautious, Sir Judah, or you may meet the fate of the son of Caleb."

"I shall return with William and an army and avenge Ben Caleb."

"'Tis treason in me to listen to thee, Sir Judah."

"Lord Halifax, this is a common cause; the power of the Jesuits in England must be destroyed."

"I grant it, Sir Judah."

"And the Marquis of Halifax will welcome the Prince of Orange to England?"

The British statesman was silent. He was not prepared to give such a pledge; but the sequel showed that Sir Judah read the mind of the Marquis correctly.

That night, there was lamentation in the Jewish Sanctuary when it was told to

the fathers that the son of Caleb was broken upon the rack. Caleb wept for his murdered son and would not be comforted. But the old men all agreed that Judah must escape to Holland, lest he, too, should fall a victim; but he thought not of his own safety. The execution of a statesman's vengeance was in his mind.

He had doomed the Stuart and the Jesuit power. Francis Fitzallen had aroused the temper of an adversary who had resolved to pluck out his sting. But the fathers were devoted to a tragedy greater than that of the son of Caleb.

CHAPTER XLII.

POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF THE TIMES.

From the time that Sir Judah of Nassau learned that the son of Caleb was broken on the wheel by the secret order of king James,—for he so interpreted the letter of the Jesuit though the king was not named,—his whole course of policy was changed. Like his astute and prudent master, William of Orange, he had, as before observed, eschewed all direct complicity in the revolutionary action of the British statesmen; preferring to let England herself fairly and boldly mature her own revolution. And this, on Sir Judah's part, was something of a reserve policy to keep his people out of the meshes of their enemies; but he now clearly perceived that their only safety, thenceforth, was in the quick action of the revolutionary movements in England and Scotland against the Popish rule of James, and the speedy landing of an army on British shores under William to redeem the sister kingdoms. Already were the Protestant people of England and Scotland ripe for this event, and many of the principle officers of the army and navy, with the dismissed ministers of the reign of Charles II., were concerned in this development of a grand constitutional revolution pointing to William of Orange as the soul and front of all their issues.

Reaching now the political part of our story, it will be necessary to give a brief general review of the religious and political affairs and complications of Europe at the period in which the Jews returned to England; for it will enable the reader to better appreciate the action of the controversy begun with such deadly animus

between Francis Fitzallen and Sir Judah of Nassau.

In a former chapter, the story touched upon the advent of the Dutch hero when he raised the drooping cause of the United Provinces and swept back the invading host of France. We have seen, also, something of the broad reaching statesman-like part of Sir Judah and know that the supreme hope of his life was to see William king of England and the Jews firmly established in the land at the back of the Protestant power; for inheriting a mixed reverence for the faith of his Christian mother, he was Judaic with a bias of attachment for the Protestant cause. Hence the zealous part which he took in the affair of his Prince, yet his aims to consummate in England a lofty destiny for his father's race. Thus far, William and Judah had prevailed, and a grand coalition of the Protestant nations had been gradually forming around the prince, with its issue at that moment in England. It was this fact which was now entering so deeply into the lives of the two adversaries in their conduct towards each other. They were in the balances of the rival powers; the Jew in one, the Jesuit in the other.

Here must also be reviewed the political and religious aspects of the case as it had stood between France, Spain and the Popedom for several centuries—the whole resolution of which was in the identical period when Louis XIV. sought to obtain the supremacy of Europe as a Catholic prince and James Stuart to restore England to the Papal rule. A conversation upon this very subject, which passed between Sir Judah and Francis at the Hague, at the time when the Statesman looked upon his secretary as a younger brother and pupil, will at once illustrate the political view and show the growth of the spirit of the adversary in the ambitious youth.

"Francis," said the statesman on the occasion referred to; "Louis Le Grand better appreciates the extraordinary opportunities of our times than does James Stuart. I find no fault with Louis, though I urge my prince to counter-match him at every move. Louis Le Grand aspires to the imperial dominance of Charlemagne. Could he do so much he would doubtless restore the Romish Church to her lost power in Christendom, and claim for France the voice to name the Popes

of Rome. 'Twas the right which Charlemagne won for France when his family gave to the Romish Church her temporal sovereignty. Since that time, France has ever prided herself in her style as Eldest Daughter of the Church. But France fell from her place as dictator; and long did Spain contest with her the right to the chief regard of the Catholic Church. In turn, Spain fell and with her Rome also. Thenceforth, it was a war between the Catholic and Protestant powers, which in your days and mine, boy, England will decide as she did before."

"I coincide with your view, Sir Judah."

"You are far-seeing, then. Have you read much history, Francis?"

"Yes, Sir Judah. It is my favorite study."

"You are wise, my boy, in your choice. No man can reasonably hope to become a great statesman unless he is well versed in the history of nations with whom he expects to consort in State policies."

"I study under Sir Judah of Nassau to acquit myself becomingly in my day."

The Jew Statesman smiled. He was evidently pleased with the delicate compliment.

"Well, then, my dear boy," he continued, affectionately, "call to mind the day when three great nations aspired in rivalry to name the popes of Rome."

"They were England, France and Spain? Am I not correct, Sir Judah?"

"Correct, my boy. The kings were: Francis, who had not quite lost the sceptre of Charlemagne; his rival, the emperor Charles V., of Spain; and Henry VIII, of England. Between Spain and England, France fell from her place; nor has she yet regained her lost rank: 'tis that for which Louis Le Grand aims in our day. But for William, Louis would have won the height of his ambitions. Thank Heaven, my boy, Louis of France will be beaten. Thy thoughts are absent, sir."

The boy was soaring in his ambitions as high as Louis Le Grand. It was the beginning of his supreme dream. Presently he said, recovering his manner of attention:

"Your pardon, Sir Judah; I was thinking of Wolsey. He was the Pope whom England named?"

"He was. Wolsey, the greatest Churchman after Gregory VII."

"Greater, Sir Judah, even than Hildebrand. Wolsey was more magnificent and quite as capable;" replied the youth, his face glowing with his newly awakened ambitions.

"Ah, in this opinion, my boy, I detect your English enthusiasm. But you are right, Francis. Wolsey *was* the grandest Churchman the world has ever seen."

"Had the Cardinals but made him pope, England would have remained faithful to Mother Church. Think you not so, Sir Judah?"

"Not unlikely, sir. 'Tis well for the world that Wolsey was not made Pope."

"Had I been Wolsey," responded the youth, with a swelling burst of his thought, "and Wolsey, Pope, I would have lifted England to the pinnacle."

"And Anglicised the Roman Church? Is that thy thought, Francis?"

"Something like it, Sir Judah."

"'Tis a daring thought, boy. But thou art a Protestant and my pupil."

"Sir Judah of Nassau!"

There was a tone in the boy's exclamation and a look that accompanied it which the statesman did not understand. He afterwards comprehended it when he discovered that Francis was a Jesuit, and quickly fathomed the ambitions which the suggestion of the great English Cardinal had aroused in the young Jesuit's mind.

"Well, my dear boy," continued the statesman, "the betrayal of Wolsey changed the whole course of human affairs—in the Church and in the State—in politics and religion alike. Betrayed by Charles V., who, with Henry VIII., could have made him Pope, Wolsey threw himself into the scale with France; and as you will remember would have accomplished the divorce between his Prince and the emperor's aunt and married him to the daughter of Francis. This would have continued with France the sceptre of Charlemagne, supposing the alliance had also made Wolsey Pope. The amorous king of England, however, chose a wife for himself in Anne Boleyn; and in the sequel, the Cardinal was also betrayed by the master whom he had served only too faithfully. In the meantime, Wolsey, in his august protection of Pope Clement VII. contrived to give to England the guardianship of the Church, which Henry VIII. in the end appropriated in his own person and established the rival power to Rome. You know what followed during

the next century, which brings the view to our own time. Both Rome and Spain fell before the marvellous destiny of England, yet France regained not her lost place. At length, my dear boy, Louis Le Grand appears and aims, as I have said, for the lost sceptre of Charlemagne; but William, my prince, is here to countermatch him."

"And yourself, Sir Judah!"

"Ay, and myself, boy! I confess it to thee: such is my meaning! Well Francis, the sum of all is, William of Holland will be king of England!"

"I felt, Sir Judah, ere you uttered it, that such was your thought; but—"

"Pause not Francis. Where leads your 'but'?"

"To Mother Church. If she regains lost England, William of Orange never will be king of England."

"The Roman Catholic Church never will regain her lost power over England."

"How know you that, Sir Judah?"

The Statesman gave the boy such a look of conscious power and determined will to prevent it, that it was like a sudden opening of a battery upon the whole order. There was also a look in the young Jesuit's eye that was a full answer to it; but the statesman took it as sympathetic with his own, so that the deadly antagonism in the young Jesuit at that moment was neither appreciated nor suspicion excited as to the boy's real character. Warmed up to the conclusions of his argument, the statesman continued:

"So you see, Francis, the issues of Christendom are once more to be decided in England. My Prince will soon be there. Yes, William will be king. Under his reign, England will bound forward in her constitutional liberties, and the balance of the Protestant power will be secured in Europe. What Cromwell and the commonwealth began, William will consummate in a better form. This done, it will be impossible for the Church of Rome to disturb the world's course for several centuries. Wars of great nations and political strifes we may expect, but the Romish Church, in the nature of events, cannot find her chance again within the next two hundred years. Should the opportunity ever re-occur, it could only be by an extraordinary change in the religious mind of the British aristocracy and the betrayal of the English

Church, and that would result in the greatest revolution England has ever seen and perchance be the overthrow of her monarchy."

"But what of to-day, Sir Judah?"

"To-day, my dear boy, Rome has a lost cause."

"Should a Wolsey, Sir Judah, be in England to-day?"

"I tell thee, young man, there is no Wolsey in England to-day nor is James Stuart a repentant Henry VIII."

The statesman said this with some severity in his tone and again the young Jesuit replied with his incomprehensible look. Sir Judah deemed it but the boy's daring intellect measuring the argument with him; yet this time it provoked him and he closed his subject with a touch of real Jewish arrogance.

"Now look ye, boy. I am a Jew. I scarcely need tell thee so. Well, sir, my father's race are established in England. Between the Romish Church and the Jews there can never be love. They are really the two rival powers of the world, for they embody two different geniuses which may yet struggle for the world's mastery. Sometimes I think that will be the end. My people will flourish in England. Under their inspiring energy and by the vast enterprises which their wealth will open up, England will become the greatest commercial and moneyed power on the earth. No such a nation could be priest-ridden. Commerce will destroy priestcraft. Boy, at least the Jews will redeem the world from priestcraft."

The statesman saw not the glance of enmity which the young Jesuit shot after him as he left his cabinet; yet the enmity was not directed personally to Sir Judah but against the emancipating power of Jewish gold which was destined to be thrown into the scales on the side of a Protestant England. That conversation brought Francis the Jesuit back to his duty to the Jesuit order, and he quickly thereafter betrayed the statesman as we have seen. With this explanatory episode of the past we may resume the thread of the story.

Thus the conflict stood fairly open now between the adversaries and this the political and religious aspect of the times. England was on the eve of her greatest constitutional revolution, and Francis the Jesuit and Sir Judah of Nassau were

matched against each other. Francis had no vindictive desire of a crusade against the Jews as my lord of Hawkley had, and no aim to exterminate them from England; but he had resolved to conquer Sir Judah of Nassau; and he knew that if Rome won the day, the Jews in England would be forced into a subservient attitude. Aye, more; the ambitious Jesuit even hoped yet to bring Sir Judah to the acceptance of his offered covenant of peace and friendship. Will he succeed? A question with a terrible answer and one which will try Jewish fortitude!

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE FRENCH SPY ON THE JEW'S TRACK.

Not far from the Jewish cemetery, in what was then a suburb of London, was one of those old-fashioned aristocratic inns which have nearly disappeared in this age of railroads and modern hotels. Here the London coach stopped and the country gentry put up on their visits to the metropolis; but no prince would have had cause to complain of the accommodations and style of the "Crown and Mitre"—for such were the name and emblems which the inn bore.

Whether said "Crown and Mitre" was Catholic or Protestant, was a matter on which the visitor was at liberty to speculate while indulging in his glass. In those days the crown and mitre were emblems loyal and orthodox on both sides—Catholic as well as Protestant—without being too pronounced for either. Mine host was a wise man who thus neither concealed nor exposed his orthodoxy.

For several days past the "Crown and Mitre" had been honored with the presence of a grand lady, who was occasionally visited by a young priest, with whom she held long consultations. Mine host, who secretly was a Catholic, was not a little proud of the honor of entertaining the grand lady from court, who was none other than the Duchess de Guise. The young priest who held frequent consultations with her, was Francis Fitzallen.

My lord of Hawkley, her husband, having failed in his crusade against the Jews,—excepting in the destruction of Sir David's palace,—and the rack also having failed in extorting the secret of the hiding place of Sir David and his comrades, Marie de Guise had undertaken the business.

Francis Fitzallen was rather pleased than offended with this change in the management of the crusade, for it promised now more certain success. Marie de Guise was one of Louis le Grand's best spies, and she had been sent to England by her royal master on purpose to stimulate dissensions between James and his Protestant daughters, Mary and Ann; for Louis was aiming to effect a great political and religious rupture throughout all Europe. This was precisely what Francis the Jesuit was aiming for, because in the accomplishment of that end were involved the supreme ambitions of his own life.

With that rare instinct which belongs to woman, Marie de Guise went direct to the very threshold of the discovery of the Jewish refuge. She could have given no logical reason for taking up her temporary abode at the "Crown and Mitre;" but her first remark to the young Jesuit illustrated the intuition of the accomplished French spy.

"Francis," she said, "I feel certain that we shall here find the clue which your rack could not extort from the Jew."

"The rack was not to my liking, Duchess," he returned, with a perceptible shudder. "I had not resorted to it but for the sake of Mother Church."

"And for the sake of your own ambitions, Francis. Be not offended at my thrust. I am half a churchman myself, and know the aims of men of your order: a cardinal's hat, eh? Oh, sir, blush not so like a girl, with one cheek red and the other white."

"No, lady, not the rack, even for the Cardinal's hat. It was to place a gulf between Sir Judah of Nassau and Francis Fitzallen."

"I perceive your motive, boy. Your order doubted you."

"Nay Duchess. The Father-General trusts me."

"Yet doubted your boy's heart. You could not rise with such a doubt."

"I know it, lady. Yet is my heart steel."

"So I thought till now, when you shuddered at the naming of the rack."

"Duchess, I killed the Jew that I might tell of my work to the master whom I loved more than a brother."

"Thy heart *is* steel, I see. Well, sir, thy love is a strange compound. I would not have thee love me as much."

"I am a priest."

"And I a woman, and married;" she retorted, with her courtly laugh. "Boy, I have no designs on thy heart, and will e'en help thee to thy Cardinal's hat, so thou but serve the aims of Louis."

"I shall serve the Church and England, Madame. Yet, if France serves the Church as faithfully as Francis Fitzallen, then will I aid Louis."

"Boy, thou art more ambitious than I deemed thee. Thou aimest high, young sir, to speak so patronizingly of Louis le Grand."

"I spoke not patronizingly of the king of France; yet Rome is still supreme."

"There is a conscious power in thee, Francis Fitzallen, beyond thy years. But a truce to this and let us to business. I say we have found the track of the Jews."

"What makes you think so, Madame?"

"A woman's instinct, I suppose. I know no saner reason. Well, my young friend, the Duchess de Guise is quartered. We will dispense with your further service to-day. To-morrow, at ten o'clock. Be punctual."

The young Jesuit bowed haughtily to the lady and retired. He was not the man to be patronized by the courtly spy of Louis. She felt the haughty spirit of the youth, and thereafter treated him as her equal. Had she not done so, Francis would have left her to work out her own plans, and pursued his own.

On the morrow, Francis returned and consulted with the Duchess.

"Well, Francis," she enquired, "what have you discovered?"

"Much. And yourself, madam."

"Nothing, sir, I confess. And yet last night I dreamt of the Jews."

"A woman's method. I never dream only in my closet."

"And then only of thy ambitions. A priest's method, sir. Never dream and so young?"

"Yes, lady, day and night, but 'tis a dream so constant it hath no sleep to break it. I dream of mastering Sir Judah of Nassau."

"What of him, sir? I see he is uppermost in thy mind."

"He was to have embarked for Holland to day."

"Has he sailed?"

"No, the king is alarmed. He has given orders to his officers to intercept Sir Judah. Father Petre is also alarmed. There is a vast conspiracy brewing in

England, of which Sir Judah is the soul."

"And the Jews?"

"Have nought to do with it outside Sir Judah. He must not leave England. The king has also forbidden Baron De Leon to leave the land. I wish Madame, we had discovered the hiding place of those old men."

"Know you nothing of the Jews?"

"Yes, Duchess. They are as usual quietly trading in the city." Francis was rightly informed. The sensation in London against the Jews had subsided. But little was known by the citizens of any attempt of a crusade to root them out of England; while the Israelites, on their part, with the prudence of their race, appeared of all parties concerned the most unconscious of any cause for alarm. The palace of Sir David was being repaired; the Marquis of Halifax was about town. There were none missing excepting Sir David and a few influential old men of the tribe, and the gossips around that quarter declared that they had gone with the Princess Hadassah in safety to De Leon castle till the palace of Sir David was restored. Francis was convinced that the bulk of the Jews had left their refuge and dispersed about the city.

"But I trace the marks of Sir Judah everywhere;" he added; "and the king feels his bold but cautious movements. If he leaves England, William will soon be here and then the hope of the church will be lost, perhaps forever. I have no fear of the Jews, only in their aid of William of Orange. Could I but lay my hand on Sir David and his comrades and prevail on James to seek a quick rupture with Holland, all would be secure. It would be war then and no invasion. The Church would win. Thus Louis advises in his last dispatch and proffers aid."

The Duchess and the Jesuit conversed for awhile and then both separated for their work. When next they met, the lady had found a clew to the Jewish sanctuary.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE CLEW TO THE SANCTUARY FOUND.

Now it happened that mine host of the "Crown and Mitre" was the father of an idiot son. The lad was a young Adonis in form but he was half witted; yet he possessed just that cunning to ferret out

a mystery that would have puzzled wiser heads. He was, moreover, educated in his imagination and memory; and while he was deficient in his reason, some of his perceptive faculties were largely endowed by Nature, who is sometimes thus capricious. His imagination had been wrought up by the assembling of the mob, the burning of the Hebrew palace and the frightful stories about the Jews crucifying Christians, and especially was he fascinated by the story of the crucifixion of the boy Hugh of Lincoln in the olden times, for which his devout Papist father told him good king Edward banished the Jews from his realm. The imaginative idiot Gabriel—such was his name—had the very romance which his wits could grapple with without much reason, and this had now become the subject of his day dreams. In fine, Gabriel having discovered the clew to the Jewish Sanctuary, his mutterings were overheard by the Duchess De Guise who soon penetrated into the heart of the mystery and communicated her discovery to the young Jesuit.

Mine host of the "Crown and Mitre" was delighted when the Duchess told him of the service he had rendered Mother Church in being father of such a son; and his parental pride was pardonable in drinking down the sweet flattery of the lady that his boy possessed bright wits. So mine host persuaded Gabriel to meet the "great Court lady" and the "good young priest" in the Jewish cemetery and show to them the secret of the tomb. At first the boy refused, for he had been frightened by his own discovery. The story that he told was of the ghosts of old Jews who came up out of their graves to spirit away Catholic children like poor Hugh of Lincoln; but, being at length persuaded by his father that the "good young priest" possessed the holy charm to "lay the ghosts," the appointment of the cemetery was made, with the proviso that the ceremony of laying the ghosts was to be performed in broad daylight.

It was arranged by the Duchess and the young Jesuit that Gabriel should steal away to the cemetery, as had been his wont before his fright over his own discovery, while they would follow to be near and guard him by the holy charms which the priest held against evil spirits. So, with his weak wits prompted to an ecstasy of courage, Gabriel bravely per-

formed his part, though he wisely kept outside the haunted ground, till he saw the lady and the priest stealing within from different points and meeting in one of the rude grottos of the cemetery. Then the idiot boy bounded into the haunted place with his ecstasy at its height, for the good priest was there to lay the ghosts and the great Court lady was not afraid to be present at the ceremony.

"You perceive I was right, Francis," said the lady; "the idiot has surely discovered the hiding place of the Jews. See how he dances around that grand mausoleum which so many have admired. Ha! there is more beneath that monument than vaults for the dead."

"Yes, your grace. My opinion is that there is a vast crypt to the tomb, doubtless with habitable chambers and subterranean passages."

"I know, Francis, such was your judgment immediately I told you of the mutterings of the idiot; but the escape of the Jews from within, when the palace of David was enveloped in flames, inclined us all at first to believe that the chambers were beneath the palace and that the tribe still found ingress and egress somewhere in the ruins."

"Which opinion, madam, I hope is by this time exploded."

"Yes, Francis, from my mind it is. The subterranean passages lead from thence; but the chambers of hiding are beneath that mausoleum which was built for the blind concealing of a grand refuge for the tribe in just such a time of their need as the present. These Jews are cunning. They spend not their gold in wasteful magnificence."

"Your grace has read their mystery so far, as I have read it myself. We have certainly found their refuge."

"Ha! still that idiot dances around the tomb. We must draw him away lest some one on the watch within should hear and the tribe yet escape by secret passages to the ruins of the palace. We must surprise and capture them. Lord Hawkey with his soldiers is by this time near and ready for the business."

Gliding stealthily as a cat towards its prey, Marie de Guise softly seized the idiot by the arm and spoke to him with seductive persuasion in her voice—lest she frighten the poor wretch.

"Aha!" he chuckled, with delight; "'Tis the lady, and the good priest is

with her. Come into the enchanted palace where the old men in dark robes go down to their tombs. Aha! Gabriel knows all about the secret of their graves."

Marie and Francis followed the imaginative idiot into the mausoleum, and then Gabriel explained in his rhapsody of fancy how the spirits of old men in black robes came in and wound up the clock, and vanished through the statue that opened and then they went down to their graves to sleep all day.

The Court spies comprehended enough. The secret of the machinery they neither expected nor sought to fathom; but that was of little consequence now they knew where the passage was that led to the subterranean chambers in which Sir David and his comrades had found refuge. So Marie de Guise hastened at once for her husband and the soldiers to whom the king had committed the execution of this special business.

Lord Hawkey and a company of fierce veterans were close by in one of the ravines of the cemetery impatiently waiting to begin the massacre of the Jews in their refuge. The soldiers had been detailed from "Kirk's Lambs," a regiment almost as famous in history as "Cromwell's Ironsides" so far as the distinction of name goes; but while one is synonymous with the supreme might of the Republican commonwealth, the other name—"Kirk's Lambs"—is the historical epitome in a military epithet of the character of the English army that flourished after the restoration, and especially under James II. No longer was the English soldier a hero as in the days of Elizabeth, when Sir Philip Sidney, Essex and Sir Walter Raleigh rendered chivalry as gorgeous as in the days of the crusaders; no longer the finely tempered cavalier of Charles I.; no longer a type of "the army of God-fearing men," who, at the taking of Dunkirk from the Spaniard, held Prince Conde and the French army spellbound with admiration at the fight till the action was over. "Kirk's Lambs" gave the type of the army now, and Sir George Jefferies the character of the judgment seat.

"Kirk's Lambs" had just returned from the west of England where they had stamped out in blood the ashes of the Monmouth rebellion, and assisted Jefferies—my Lord Chief Justice of Eng-

land—in the making of his Court's slaughterhouses worthy that most Christian King, James II., whose appetite could sacrifice half mankind for the blessed sake of Mother Church. Nor must that appetite be thought exclusively Catholic, for my Lord Chief Justice Jefferies was an exemplary Protestant—a high Churchman who abominated non-conformists—and Colonel Kirk had already sworn, since his return from the Chief Justice's Western circuit of evangelization, that he would "stick to Protestantism," he would "turn Turk before he would turn Papist." But this business of slaughtering a tribe of Jews which his most Christian Majesty had given him to-day, suited the appetite of Colonel Kirk as rarely as it did Father Petre or my Lord of Hawkey.

Like Christian lambs feeding in the rich pasture of the venerable churchyard, Kirk and his soldiers followed Marie De Guise up the walks of the Jewish cemetery to to the grand mausoleum.

CHAPTER XLV.

DEFENCE OF THE SANCTUARY.

But this invasion of the Jewish cemetery by the soldiers was not effected without some knowledge thereof reaching David and his comrades in their refuge. Night and day, Reuben and his vigilants kept watch in the mausoleum; so that as soon as the Captain of the Jewish guard became satisfied that an assault was meditated upon the tomb he hastened in person to give the alarm. Sir David was in his chamber in consultation with his lieutenants, Levi and Caleb, when Reuben, son of Levi and Captain of the guard, entered to communicate the threatened assault.

"How now, Reuben?" calmly enquired the chief, though his spirit was in deep trouble for his people. "Thy tidings? I see it is portentous in thy every look. What of the children? The fathers have no trembling in their joints. We are not old enough to fear the Christian. Speak, boy, is it the fathers alone that the evil threatens?"

"The Christian wolves have discovered our retreat!"

"Ah! I divined as much!" exclaimed the aged Knight, seizing his sword that had lain before him on the table bespeaking the warrior's foregone resolve.

"Levi, the day of action hath come again for us. By the God of Jacob, the Christian shall see that we are soldiers still. Reuben, who are they who come against us?"

"A troop of fighting men!"

"As I would have it. What sayest thou, Caleb?"

"Vengeance for my son broken on the wheel!" said the ancient.

"Thou shalt have it, good Caleb. If these Christian soldiers assault the sanctuary of our dead we will give them battle to-day."

"Right, David, we will give them battle as we did the Spaniard in our youth;" confirmed Levi Ben Levi with fearless resolution. The bones of our comrades would rise against us did we permit the foot of the Christian to desecrate our tomb."

"Quick, Levi, then. Summon a chapter of our comrades. Perchance, 'twill be our last. But we will make it glorious in our death. I will forthwith to Hadassah and our people to bid them keep within their chambers of refuge. Reuben, haste thou to strengthen the outer works. But keep thou thy men from danger. The wolves seek the fathers. By the God of Jacob they shall find Judah still a lion."

Aye, still was Judah a lion. Still was David a warrior.

The aged Knight sought his daughter and told her sufficiently of the danger which threatened, and of the fact that he had summoned his Knights to defend the tomb.

"Then is my place with them, my father," exclaimed the heroic lady, the martial spirit which she inherited kindled by the supreme crisis.

"Thou art but a woman?"

"I am David's daughter, sir."

"That art thou and with the metal of great deeds in thee; yet still art thou but a woman."

"I am young, sir, while my father and his comrades are but old men."

"They are soldiers, child. Hadassah, let not thy conduct to-day in the sight of Israel prove unworthy David's daughter."

"It shall not, O, my father!"

"Remain thou within, then. Gather our women and little ones in the chambers near the ruins of our palace. Let none pass the arch that leads to the crypt of the tomb. Hadassah, I would press my

lips upon thy brow in blessing as becomes the warrior sire when he goes to battle. Fie on my garrulous tongue. I did but mean defence of our subterranean citadel—not battle. Thou art not afraid? Nay, I see thou art not. I will embrace thee once again and then——

"Richard, my son! Richard. my baby hero! Richard De Leon come hither: thy grandsire would bless thee ere he goes to battle."

"Ah! shame on my old memory. I had forgotten my cub. Come hither, boy. Leap into thy grandsire's arms. By the sceptre of Shiloah, but thou hast leapt to my very heart, so rare thy baby strength. Be thou the buckler of our people in the coming time. There, there, boy! Take him, Hadassah. The God of Jacob bless ye both!"

With this the old warrior tore himself from the clinging arms of young Richard and abruptly left the presence of his daughter to join his comrades.

As Sir David passed the arch of the crypt concerning which he had charged his daughter, he paused:

"The maiden is supremely daring;" he mused. "I will not trust the key of this refuge to her hand lest hearing the noise of the assault she should sally forth. This will I lock. The outlet at the palace is in the hands of De Leon's men. Safety will be for our women and little ones in that direction even should they reveal their hiding place. There; thus do I cut off *our* retreat and secure them."

Sir David set the concealed machinery in motion and presently the keystone of the arch shot into its place. The crypt of the tomb was now cut off from the subterranean chambers of the palace, and Hadassah and the women and children with her were locked within the refuge.

Old Caleb had gathered the knights of the Covenant in their Sanctuary. They were waiting the coming of their chief with a stern resolve in every knightly heart and something of impatience for action in their manner, for several explosions above had already warned them that the assault from the soldiers had commenced to break the guardway to the crypt.

"To arms, comrades of David!" the old chief cried as he entered the Sanctuary. "The Christians assault us."

There was a ring in their chieftain's voice that his companions in arms re-

membered as familiar echoes from their past.

"Lead on, my Prince!" said Levi Ben Levi. "Thy comrades are ready to die with thee to-day!"

"Aye, Levi, our turn has come to die to-day," he answered, subduing himself to calmness as became the warrior leader. "But we will die as soldiers in harness. A price is on our heads. We will not give ourselves up to prisons and torture. Excepting Judah, we alone are accused. The slaughter of a few old men may save our people in England. Already, as ye know, the nobles of the realm are waiting to take up arms against this monster king. Ere long, William will be in England to the succor. Judah will hear of our strait and with De Leon will rescue our women and children. For ourselves, to die thus in arms will be to die well—so we but save our people."

"We are ready, David!" the Hebrew knights responded.

"My Prince," said Ben Levi, "thy comrades are ready!"

Caleb led the ancients out and marshalled them before their chief. They were ready for the sacrifice. Oh! these Hebrews in every age have shown a lofty consistency and an heroic fidelity to their faith and race that might well shame the Christian.

The eye of the warrior kindled as of yore as his lieutenant led out the brave old men; but a moment's survey showed to David that his veteran companions staggered under the very arms they bore. They were, moreover, all told, not more than two score nor half of these with strength left to bear the weight of an enemy's stroke, and yet had they all prepared for battle with a spirit of heroism lofty as their enthusiasm of other days.

Sir David had once more donned his knightly armor. In his hand was the self-same sword he wielded in the cause of Maurice. But even his royal strength was as nothing to what it was when De Leon beheld him contending against such odds in Spain and paused in knightly amaze at his prowess. Of this David himself was conscious now the supreme moment had come, and the lofty self-sacrifice of the Patriarch stood corrected before his experience as a commander.

"I am not what I once had been in thy defence, O Jacob!" observed the hero, mournfully.

But his comrades urged him to lead them once again to the face of the Christian foe; for David had paused at sight of their unfitness, regretting for a moment that he had bid them arm, and was about to reverse his command and go forth alone. This seeing, Levi Ben Levi solemnly adjured him:

"David, by our covenant, I charge thee; lead us forth to battle as thy great ancestor did Israel against the Philistine."

The hero shook his sword, as David his father tested his pebble by the brook.

"Ay, by the God of my father, with the sling and the stone be it again! Levi, tarry thou with my comrades. The God of David will give strength to my arm to-day."

"Nay, my Prince, you go not to battle without us. Hast thou forgotten that a price is set on our heads as well as thine!"

"Ay, I did forget me that. 'Twould be the warrior's death to me in your defence but to ye dungeons and torture. Yea, we will out together. Yet let my arm try its might first. The pass is narrow at the onslaught. Only one can meet the foe there. Thou shalt next, Levi."

"Lead on, my prince. I burn to avenge the murder of my daughter—thy wife!"

"Thou hast given me a giant's strength, Levi, in naming our murdered Esther; and by the God of Israel, Caleb, thou also shalt have vengeance for thy son this day even though the fathers perish in avenging the murder of their children."

"The fathers are ready to die!" exclaimed the ancients. "Let David our prince lead us out to battle!"

"Comrades, advance!"

Without further word, the venerable Hebrew Knight straightened his majestic form and with a warrior's tread advanced. His comrades followed—every one a hero going, as they all expected, to certain death. Yet would every one of those grand old men thus have chosen—to die in battle with their prince. The sacred presence of a descendant of their ancient kings had been the charm of their life. With him in battle they were thrilled with the lofty exultation that Israel was once a nation of warriors. Thus in their youth when they went forth to battle and victory in the wars of Maurice of Nassau

with Spain, and thus to-day when they went out to battle and the hero's death in defence of their sanctuary and their children.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MASSACRE OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE COVENANT

There was fighting in the passages above. Reuben and his men were defending the passes bravely, notwithstanding the order of David that they should not jeopardize their lives. The prince knew that the besiegers would meet several strongly barred iron doors before an entrance could be forced to the chambers, and he thought not that blows would come before he and his comrades were planted in the breach. But the hesitation of the old warrior had thrown those into the front whom he designed to preserve; yet was this as Reuben would have wished, for he and his men were as anxious to save the fathers as the fathers were to sacrifice themselves for the children. So, when the soldiers succeeded in bursting the guardway of the tomb, Reuben and his troop boldly sallied out and met the soldiers in the mausoleum and there ensued a desperate fight.

For awhile, the Hebrew guard held the mouth of the crypt, but at length were forced to the passage below. At this crisis, David and his comrades came into the action.

"To the rear, Reuben, with thy young men. The front of the battle to the fathers. Back, boy, David commands to-day. Comrades, advance and drive the spoiler from our sanctuary."

Reluctantly the younger men gave way, and the ancients charged with a fury of war that seemed superhuman in such old men.

Colonel Kirk had recognized the voice of a warrior leader as David issued his commands and encouraged his comrades, and the soldiers of the king soon realized that they were fighting with soldiers. In the darkness of the passages the Christian foe could not discern the character and number of the force, and little thought that this turn of battle had come from a few old men. Kirk realized, however, that the Hebrews were fighting at an advantage, being familiar with the passes, while his men were groping in the darkness and fighting blindly. So he gave

quick orders to his soldiers to retreat.

"Let the accursed tribe out of their holes that we may see their force!"

"Drive the Christian dogs from our sanctuary!" thundered David. "Smite, Levi, for thy daughter to-day. Caleb, avenge thy son. The might of David be in my sword. Ah, they fly! The god of Jacob giveth us the victory!"

Hadassah heard the noise of fighting above, and she felt that her father and his comrades had gone forth with the heroic resolve to die. There was the policy of sacrifice in these old men. They were laying down their lives for their children and people, and doing it with their eyes open. Hadassah comprehended their policy and motive, for she had overheard enough of the old men's plans discussed between them to know, now the supreme hour had come, that this sacrifice was resolved upon. She had noticed that her father was most anxious to keep her brother without, and this wish accorded with Sir Judah's own movements, for he was busy with the Protestant statesman in hurrying British affairs to their consummation. He thus hoped to effect the salvation of England and the Jews together; while as we have seen, Sir David, on his part, resolved to lay down his life with his comrades if this salvation came not in time, being certain that ere any further crusade could be made against the Jews, William of Orange would be in England.

But Hadassah was resolved to save her father and his comrades from the slaughter if possible. She well knew that they never would permit Christian feet to desecrate their sanctuary and tread upon the sacred ashes of their dead, and the fierce fighting without admonished her that if she would play the heroine that day she must do it quickly. Committing her boy and infant daughter to her Hebrew sisters, she hastened by the subterranean passage to the palace where she found the De Leon yeomanry on guard; but her husband was away with her brother Judah. Quickly she told them of the assault and bade them follow her by the other way to the cemetery to rescue Sir David and his comrades: with a bold, hearty Saxon cheer the De Leon troop followed their heroic lady.

Meantime, Sir David and his comrades fought the soldiers in the great chapel of

the mausoleum. They fought in close phalanx around the mouth of the sanctuary, and for a time the soldiers failed in the attempt to break the solid square of the ancient heroes; but soon the old men's strength was exhausted, and one by one they fell in defence of the tomb with scarcely the utterance of a word or dying groan. They had come forth to die and they were falling like grand old heroes. Kirk and his men assaulted with alternate vents of oaths and outbursts of admiration, for several times Colonel Kirk had ordered his men to stay, at each respite demanding Sir David to yield the passage to the chambers below, but each time he was answered with a calm refusal.

"Christian," said the old warrior, "neither thou nor thy soldiers shall enter the sanctuary of our dead."

And again the battle was renewed. Only half a score of the comrades now survived. The rest had fallen around their prince, and he was bleeding from several wounds. At this moment, Hadassah came with the De Leon troop shouting to the rescue. The soldiers turned to meet the new enemy and fierce fighting ensued without. Presently, Hadassah, with a part of her troop, penetrated to the presence of her father, the soldiers giving way in their admiration of her lofty spirit; for it was just such a surprise in the heat of action to provoke English soldiers to admiration. Hadassah was without a weapon, but there was that in her heroic presence which awed the soldiers, and the fighting ceased. Arraying her troop in front of her father and his surviving comrades, she cried;

"Back! Back! Lay not a finger on those sacred men whose majesty of soul rebukes this violence. God of Jacob, hath not enough blood of ours been already shed!"

"Lady, give way," said Colonel Kirk. "The king hath bidden us to force this tomb."

"O, man of blood, is not this heap of heroes slain around you a sufficient defence for their comrades who sleep beneath? Go, tell thy king how these died guarding this sacred sepulchre."

"Lady, give way."

"My sire hath answered thee to-day as will his daughter. Go, bid thy king hither to see thy bloody work!"

"Aye, go bid thy king hither and I

will answer for the house of Nassau."

"And I, De Leon, for England!"

And two men, sword in hand, dashed into the scene of massacre. They were Sir Judah of Nassau and Baron De Leon.

They were quickly followed by the Marquis of Halifax and Lord Churchill, the commander of the National guards.

This famous military captain—afterwards known in history as the great Duke of Marlborough—had in his official duties learned that king James had detailed a company of Kirk's men to assault the tomb. Lord Churchill being desirous to stand well with the Prince of Orange, not only communicated with Sir Judah of Nassau but ordered out a company of his guards and with Sir Judah and Halifax hastened to the scene.

"Colonel Kirk," said the General in chief, "withdraw thy soldiers. I will answer for my order to the king."

"Lord Churchill, this may cost thee thy command and perchance send thee to the Tower."

"Colonel Kirk, such deeds as these will cost James his crown. I care not if thou tellest him as much from me. Begone, sir."

There was nothing left for Colonel Kirk but to obey. He knew his soldiers would not strike a blow against the orders of Lord Churchill, the head of the army of England, backed by the Marquis of Halifax. 'Twas a sign to Kirk that England was almost ready to end the reign of the Papist king; so without further reply he withdrew his soldiers.

As soon as Kirk and his men were gone, Sir Judah, supporting his wounded father, advanced and thanked Lord Churchill for his timely interposition.

"This is a bloody sight," observed the General, "and the deed may cost James dearly. Sir David, art wounded to the death?"

"Aye, in the fall of these around me. What? have I wounds? I felt them not. David's wound is in the loss of his fallen comrades, yet died they as they did wish. Would I had fallen with them. Judah, begone. This king will seek thy life. Our people need thee, I will meet this cruel king. He can no more than this to me," he said, pointing to his slain comrades. "Go thou to William and tell him of this bloody deed to the comrades of his uncle Maurice."

(To be Continued.)

A STROLL THROUGH OGDEN.

WHAT Provo City is to the south, and Salt Lake City to the centre of Utah Territory, Ogden City is to the north. Indeed, the "Junction City" has a future almost certain to put in the shade that of any of her sister cities; she is likely to become the Chicago *en miniature* of the Inter-mountain region. Nature and man alike have contrived and contributed to make her the "hub" of the Great Salt Lake Basin. Salt Lake City may—and most likely will—remain the political capital of the future shade of Deseret and the religious Mecca of the Latter-day Saints—but Ogden City will eventually become the central node of the trade and commerce, the gathering focus of the agricultural and metallurgical enterprise of the vast domain between the gorges of the Rocky Mountains and the snow capped fastnesses of the Sierra Nevada.

Nestling under the mighty western shadows of the majestic Wasatch Range, flanked by the meandering courses of Ogden and Weber rivers, Ogden City, the country seat of Weber Co., is situated like most towns and cities in Utah. Ogden is laid out in blocks 40 rods square, separated by six rods wide streets which, all over town except in the business centre, are shaded by trees which transform the streets into lovely adumbrated promenades in summer. The townsite proper measures $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from north to south, and 3 miles from east to west, while the city itself extends 14 blocks (about 2 miles) from east to west, and a little less in the direction of the meridian. The altitude of Ogden is 4,340 feet above the sea level, giving the city a healthy climate and pure atmosphere, while the snow-fed streams from the rugged mountain bosom are able to furnish an abundant supply of the other chief ingredient of physical well-being: water.

The lack of a sufficient supply of water for domestic and mechanical purposes, but particularly for protection against destructive fires, has become more and more felt the last few years, during which the city has experienced a development and growth never before known. To supply this deficiency, several attempts have been made, but without lasting effect, until last year, when a party of citizens

associated and formed what is known as the "Ogden Water Company," a corporation to continue in existence for the period of 36 years, the object of the same being the construction and operation of water works for the supplying of Ogden City and its inhabitants with water for fire, domestic, mechanical and other purposes. The capital stock of this corporation is \$150,000, divided into fifteen hundred shares of \$100 each. These shares are at present held by the following gentlemen, who are also the officers of the company: E. H. Orth, Wm. W. Horton, Jos. A. West, L. M. Richards, Jos. Stanford, and Chas. C. Richards. These citizens incorporated on the 28th of Oct. 1880, and on Nov. 5th, the City Council granted Ogden Water Company the exclusive privilege and franchise for the term of 25 years, for providing and supplying the city and inhabitants with good, pure water. Work was stipulated to be commenced on or before May 1st, 1881, and at the time of this writing, the operations are in active prosecution. The original design was to take the water out of what is called "Waterfall" and "Taylor's Canyon," to the southeast of the city, where reservoirs are existing, but the actual chief supply will be derived from Ogden Canyon, whose narrow perpendicular rock walls hem in the ferociously rushing waves of Ogden River—form a most romantic scenery, besides being an attractive summer resort for disciples of Isaac Walton. In this canyon, about 4 miles from Main Street, is placed a receiving reservoir at an elevation of 350 feet above the level of the business part of the town. From here the water is to be conducted by pipes to the distributing reservoir for which a natural and proper location has been found in the extreme east streets. This reservoir has an elevation of 200 feet above Main Street, and is ultimately designed to measure 100 by 20 rods, with an average depth of ten feet. The principal main will take the water all along the eastern line of the town and transversal pipes are to conduct the indispensable liquid down as far as the depot, thus supplying all the aqueous fluid required in the inhabited part of town—for drinking, lavatory and mechanical purposes, as well as for protection from fires, of which the residents of Ogden have a wholesome dread, having been visited by such de-

structive agencies more than once in the last few years.

Just at this season, when the fertile bosom of Mother Earth begins to heave under the generous kisses of vernal Sol and the warm breath of spring, and the tiny shoots of grass give the ground a verdurous tinge; when the winged singers on the once snow-laden boughs, carol forth their rejoicings over the sprouting of blossom-promising buds and the breaking forth of timorous leaves—then indeed Ogden offers a fine sight, as you view the lower western part from the bluff, ("Bench") which rises in a smooth declivity towards the east. Your back towards the still snowclad mountain fastnesses, you send your glances over a beautiful and fruitful country, rich in farms and fields, gardens and orchards, dotted with thriving settlements all over, as far as the alkaline shores of America's Dead Sea, whose wide and placid expanse glitters with silvery sheen at the foot of hazy hills, and under the azure canopy of a cloudless sky. And nearer to you, just under your feet, your eyes wander with satisfaction over the peaceful homes of a population of 7,000 people, whose neat cottages and stately residences, well kept gardens and fruitful orchards betoken ease and prosperity, progress and happiness. Neither are all the buildings humble cottages, or lowly huts, "dug-outs," lumber shanties or adobe houses as they were two decades ago. Mighty three-story brick buildings of commanding dimensions, tower proudly over their less pretentious neighbors, and numerous church spires point heavenwards, while two proud educational structures—the Sacred Heart Academy and the Central School, the latter Utah's finest school edifice—captivate the roving eye, and give irrefutable evidence of the public spirit of Ogden City and their appreciation of the sacred cause of education.

And this idyllic picture is supplemented in the spirit of the nineteenth century by the shrill whistles and black smoke pillars arising from the western confines of the city where "many iron horses are stabled."

Ogden City owes its first—although now no longer its only—fame in the outside world to the great railroads which here have their busy connection. The oldest road that bound Ogden to the out-

side world with bands of iron is the Union Pacific, which reaches east 1,032 miles to Omaha, Nebraska, and thus brings Ogden in direct communication with the trade centers of the East.

On the 3rd of March, 1869, the first locomotive steamed into this city. We quote the following from a writer of that date who thus speaks of the celebration:

At 11 o'clock this a. m., the U. P. R. track layers hove in sight of this city, and from that time continued their march with great rapidity. The citizens exhibited the liveliest enthusiasm, and testified the liveliest joy, as, from the high bluffs and every commanding elevation, they feasted their eyes and ears with the sight and sound of the long expected and anxiously looked for fiery steed. Onward and still onward they came, and thousands and thousands of our citizens, both from here and the adjoining settlements, decked in their holiday attire, gave a hearty welcome to the advent of the nation's great highway into this city.

About half-past 2 p. m., they steamed into Ogden, when Col. Daniel Gamble, with true Hibernian enthusiasm, ran up the first flag, which, while gradually floating in the breeze, was soon followed by numerous others. And here let me observe that never, to my mind, did the flags of our Union wave more gracefully, or more proudly, than on this auspicious occasion. Our excellent military brass band was soon out, and, under the able leadership of Captain William Pugh, sent forth the soul-enlivening strains of rich music, which, with a salute from Captain T. S. Wadsworth's artillery, gave the preliminary welcome to the iron horse.

At four o'clock a public stand was erected alongside the track. At five o'clock a procession was formed under the direction of the committee of arrangements, which consisted of the Mayor, members of the City Council, the various schools, under the superintendence of their respective teachers, headed by the band, bearing banners, with numerous appropriate mottoes, among which the following was conspicuous: "Hail to the Highway of Nations! Utah bids you welcome!"

Pedestrians, equestrians, and crowded vehicles now thronged the festive scene. Wadsworth's artillery having arrived, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired, whose deafening echoes vibrated

through the mountains, hills and vales.

At half-past five o'clock the rails were laid to a point in a line with the Tithing office street, five blocks north into the city. On the stand were Hons. F. D. Richards, L. Farr, A. F. Farr, Colonels D. Gamble, W. Thompson, W. N. Fife, Major S. M. Blair, Captains Joseph Parry, William Clayton, Major Pike, A. Miner, F. S. Richards, Joseph Hall, Gilbert Belnap, J. McGaw, F. A. Brown, Esqrs., Colonel J. C. Little, D. B. Warren and ——— Johnson, Esqrs., and others who were invited but whose names I did not learn.

The vast audience being called to order by Hon. L. Farr, Mayor of Ogden City, Hon. F. D. Richards was introduced, who delivered an eloquent and soul-stirring address.

Three cheers for the great highway were then proposed and given, when the wildest enthusiasm and demonstrations of joy prevailed, and loud shouts rent the air. Amid the alternate pealings of the artillery's thunder, the music of the band and the long-continued shrill whistling of the three engines, the waving of hats, kerchiefs and other demonstrations of pleasure, rendered the occasion such as will not soon be forgotten by those present.

Addresses were also delivered by Hon. L. Farr, Colonel J. C. Little, Major Blair and A. Miner, Esq.

The nearest connection Utah has with the ocean is by the Central Pacific, which reaches San Francisco from Ogden at a distance of 895 miles. The immense trade carried by these two gigantic railroad systems from ocean to ocean, the exchange of the products of hoary Asia for the manufactures of youthful America, is transferred from one road to the other at the Ogden depot, and thus becomes a not inconsiderable source of revenue for the business men of the Junction City who learned with apprehension and dismay, some time ago, of the rumored consolidation of U. P. and C. P.

Besides these two national highways following the course of the setting sun, we have two roads of more local, but still considerable importance. The first is the Utah Central connecting Ogden with Salt Lake, 39 miles. On the 17th of May 1869, near the Weber River the ground was first broken for this road, a creation of Brigham Young.

There were present on the occasion,

the First Presidency, the officers of the company, President B. Young, President; W. Jennings, Vice President; John W. Young, Secretary; D. H. Wells, Treasurer; Jesse W. Fox, Chief Engineer; B. Young, W. Jennings, F. Little, C. Layton and D. H. Wells, Directors. Also Elders John Taylor, E. T. Benson, F. D. Richards, B. Young, Jr., President L. Farr, Bishop West, and a large concourse of people. Hon. Joseph A. Young, General Superintendent of the road, was absent on business in the East. President Geo. A. Smith dedicated the ground for the road by prayer. The President then removed the first sod, and was followed by Presidents Geo. A. Smith and D. H. Wells, W. Jennings, Esq. and citizens. The road was completed and opened for travel Jan. 12th, 1870.

Since that time the U. C. has found a continuation towards the southern portion of Utah, in the Utah Southern R. R. and its Extension by which the inexhaustible mineral fields of the south are brought in direct communication with Ogden.

The counterpart to the U. C. is the Utah & Northern, a narrow gauge from Ogden through the rich farming lands of Cache Valley, to the north into the mineral regions of Montana. This latter road has conferred almost incalculable benefits on Ogden commercial houses, as it gave them almost a monopoly of the trade to Idaho and Montana, making this city also the most advantageous outfitting station for northern-bound miners and prospectors.

Other roads having chief starting points in the vicinity of Ogden, afford the latter additional advantages for an extensive and active trade, and a stimulus for the development and utilization of its inexhaustible manufacturing and mining and farming facilities. For it must be added that Ogden City reaps great profits from the fertility of the surrounding farming region which produces—or could produce—anything that grows in the temperate zone, fruits, cereals, vegetables, etc., for which products ready and remunerative markets are easily found.

For the following historical sketch we are indebted to a publication of Messrs S. A. Kenner and Thos. Wallace of 1878:

Weber county was first visited (in the interest of the Church of Latter-day

Saints) by Captain James Brown on the 6th day of January, 1848, who found one Miles M. Goodyear with a few mountaineers and half-breed Indians, occupying a few log houses in a Picket Fort near the Weber River and about eighty rods northeast of the sand mound, which stands on the north side of said river. Captain Brown immediately entered into negotiations with Mr. Goodyear, purchased his land claims and improvements for the sum of three thousand dollars, and in the fall of the same years, with his family, located on the land. The first branch of the above Church, named the Weber branch, was organized in this County, March 5th, 1850 and Lorin Farr was appointed President. It was organized as a Ward the following day, and Isaac Clark was appointed Bishop, Daniel Burch, Teacher, and Bryan W. Nolan, Clerk. In February, 1850, the first military company was organized, with Cyrus C. Canfield, Captain, and Francello Durfee, First Lieutenant. On the 26th day of January, 1851, the "Weber Stake of Zion" was organized, with Lorin Farr, President, and Charles R. Dana and David B. Dillie, Counselors. At this time the Weber branch received the name of Ogden, and it was deemed necessary to organize it into two wards. Isaac Clark was made Bishop of the first, and James G. Browning and James Brown were appointed his Counselors: Erastus Bingham Sen., was appointed Bishop of the second Ward, and Chas. Hubbard and Stephen Parry, his Counselors.

On February 6th, 1851, the Territorial Legislature passed an ordinance incorporating Ogden City, and on the 23d day of October, 1852, an election was held which resulted in the election of Lorin Farr, Mayor; Charles R. Dana, Erastus Bingham, Francello Durfee and James G. Browning, Aldermen; Levi Murdock, Samuel Stickney, John Shaw, B. W. Nolan, D. B. Dillie, Ithamer Sprague, Daniel Burch, Jonathan Browning, James Lake, James Brown, Jos. Grover and F. Dempsey, Counselors.

In 1850, Lorin Farr, Esq., built the first grist mill and the first saw mill in this county. They were located on what is now known as the "Old Mill Site," northeast of the city proper, and about one and a half miles from Ogden canyon. The former now furnished facilities for flouring the grain, and saved the citizens

much time, labor and exposure in traveling to a greater distance to obtain grist, while the latter furnished them with lumber for building and other purposes. Mr. Farr continued in the Mayoralty of Ogden from the above-mentioned date to 1879, excepting three terms held by Mr. L. J. Herrick.

The population of Ogden had now swelled considerably, both by natural increase and by emigration from other parts. Many more farms were opened, some of them at a considerable distance from the dwellings of the owners. The male portion of the people being much of the time engaged in the field, while the females and children remained at home, it was determined to build a Spanish wall around the city, (as a defense) with a gate on each side, and port-holes at convenient distances. This work afforded a safeguard against any sudden surprise by the vigilant and still hostile Indian; it at the same time furnished labor and the means of procuring subsistence for many individuals who otherwise would, at that period, have been out of employ. The wall, being built by taxation, probably cost about \$40,000. The uniformly kind policy pursued by the old and new settlers towards the aborigines was not without its good effects on the minds of the latter; they became reconciled to their situation, and the former realized that it was better and cheaper to feed than to fight them, and it is now very rare that depredations are committed by the red man upon his white neighbor in this section of the country. In 1859 the Ogden canyon road was built, at an immense labor and expense, considering the limited population. It cost about \$50,000. It is about seven miles in length, and opens into another beautiful little valley, (Ogden) which is now becoming thickly settled by a thriving community. This road shortens the distance between Ogden and Bear Lake Valley about fifty miles. The Ogden river, which runs through the canyon, sometimes, in the spring of the year, rises very high, in consequence of which the company who own the road have at various times sustained heavy losses by their bridges and much of the road being swept away by floods. This canyon opens into a number of other smaller canyons and ravines, from which our citizens obtained wood for fuel when nearly every other resource seemed to be closed against

them. A number of saw mills have been built at different points up this road, and a great quantity of good lumber has been got out each year, which has aided materially to build up our city, and to bring it to its present thriving condition.

Other public buildings being too small to answer the requirements of public worship on the Sabbath, in 1857 the Tabernacle was built on the Public Square, on the west side of Main Street, near the north end of the city. It is 100 feet by 50 feet outside, and will comfortably seat two thousand people.

In the same year the canal on the bench was taken out of the Ogden river, for irrigation and other purposes. It is about two miles in length, and cost \$50,000. The canal for irrigating the lower part of the city was taken out of the Weber, in 1852, and is above seven miles in length.

On the 10th of March, 1858, the first brigade of the Weber County Militia was organized, with two regiments. C. W. West, Brigadier General; Daniel Gamble, Brigade-Adjutant; Col. W. Thompson, Quartermaster; David Moore, Col. 1st Regiment; B. F. Cummings, Col. 2d Regiment.

Mr. Farr's new grist mill was built in 1862, and the Weber mill, Gen. West & Co., in 1866. The latter is now in the hands of President D. H. Peery, who, with considerable outlay of money has fitted it up to make it equal to the best in the Territory. In 1867 the woolen mills of Randall, Pugsley & Co. were built, with an expense of \$60,000.

Among recent occurrences are some fires, the most disastrous in the summer of 1877 when two large furniture establishments, Boyle & Co., and James Gale, besides other properly, were burned down and great loss was entailed. It is, however, but justice to those gentleman to state that their establishments rose again, like Phoenix from his ashes, renewed and invigorated.

Owing to its position as terminus of the U. C. R. R., Ogden has also been honored with visits of several political celebrities of the day, whom curiosity took to Salt Lake City. Thus we have the brief visits of Ex-President Grant in 1875 and in 1879 also that of Mr. Hayes and party in 1880.

We will now invite our kind reader to a short stroll through the prominent por-

tions of the city. As the "Churches, Schools and Mines of Ogden and vicinity" will be the subject of a future sketch, we shall only cast cursory glances into a few leading business houses, by no means wishing to imply that those mentioned by us are the only ones. Ogden can boast of as many, if not more, first class commercial establishments as can few cities of its size. But our space is limited and much is left over to be said in our next.

The bulk of the Ogden business is concentrated on and around the central block bounded by Main Street, Fourth, Young and Fifth. In former years the latter thoroughfare held "the balance of power," it being the nearest and most convenient route to the depots. The most prominent establishment on Fifth Street was then, and still is, the commercial business of

SIDNEY STEVENS,

a merchant whose name has as good a ring in the mercantile centres of the East as among the farmers of Weber County. His business is very extensive and embraces three distinct branches: Machinery, Vehicles and Agricultural Implements; Building Material; and Produce and General Shipping. While the former two branches are carried on in the building on Fifth Street, the latter department is quartered in the spacious basement of the Stevens Block, a solid three story brick structure, 50 by 100 feet, situated on Main, near Fourth. This building is one of the principal edifices of Ogden City, alike a credit to its builder and an ornament to the city. Mr. Stevens is possessed of an indomitable business energy and undaunted enterprise, features inherited from his worthy father, once a prominent tanner and leather dealer in Nunney, near Bath, England, where Mr. S. first saw the light of this world in 1838. He followed business in "the old country," and not unsuccessfully, while keeping his mind directed at the same time to treasures that perish not. In 1863 Mr. S. joined the Mormon Church, and the following year he "gathered" to Utah where he first settled in Kaysville, but soon removed to the growing and substantial village of North Ogden. His strict way of doing business soon brought him in "large patronage and encouraged and enabled him to expand his commercial operations from a country

store to a vast concern." In the three departments together Mr. Stevens does at least a business of about a quarter of a million dollars a year. In his commercial branches Mr. Stevens has the assistance of about 15 persons and six teams, while in his saw mill, in Ogden Valley, he keeps 10 men and 6 teams busy the greater part of the years.

Besides these mercantile institutions, Mr. Stevens has a fine and productive farm of about 100 acres, situated at North Ogden, where his family residence is located.

Besides this house we have the photograph gallery of J. O. Stephens, a professional and very successful landscape and portrait photographer. All the juveniles know and like to frequent the Ogden Bazar, where Mr. F. H. Reeder keeps a first-class candy factory in full blast, which he has done in Ogden for eight years, steadily increasing his sweet business, as he uses only wholesome articles in the manufacture of his dainties.

Jos. Tyrrel, a born Englishman—like by the way, a majority of Ogden's business men—and another "old-timer," claims to have used in his shoe and boot factory, the first iron last, employed by a disciple of St. Crispin in Utah. He also lays claim to the merit of having planted the first currant bushes in Ogden, he having settled in Ogden in 1854.

Considerable produce is shipped by David Kay, situated in the only brick structure on the north side of this part of Fifth Street. It was the second brick building in Ogden, having been erected by E. J. Watkins, at a cost of \$2,700. From 1875 to 1877, it was occupied as Post Office, and the removal of the latter to the newly-erected fine and spacious brick block of Harkness & Co., on Fourth Street, gave Fifth Street the death blow. Near the Main Street corner of Fifth we find Mr. J. G. Chambers, the pioneer bookseller and stationer of Ogden, who has bidden adieu to his old love, the composing-stick, to hand out to a news-thirsty public the literature of the day. The corner is occupied by W. A. Wade & Co.'s. drug establishment, which in the four or five years of its existence, has gained a general reputation for the cheapness and reliability of its many goods.

Before we turn the back on Fifth Street we cannot but express our regret

that the owners of the ground are either unable or unwilling to hearken to the signs of the times and march forward with the progress of the hour. Had they taken counsel in due time, and pulled down the many tumble-down lumber shanties and "fire-traps," they would realize three and fourfold as much by rents from substantial brick structures, and would have prevented the removal of so much business over to the rival Fourth Street. A stitch in time might have saved nine. Now the current of business is rushing irresistably to the northern portion of town, and the landowners on Fifth Street are "left."

Similar remarks would have applied until lately to the west side of Main Street, where a lack of appreciation of the impending greatness of Ogden seems to have induced several property owners to tolerate their wormeaten lumber boxes and cracked plaster walls. But they are seeing it now.

The most imposing architectural pile on the west side of Main Street, between 4th and 5th is the establishment of

DRIVER & SON,

retail and wholesale druggists, and dealers in all the various lines of goods generally connected with a first-class drug establishment in the West. This solid and handsome three story brick structure was erected at a cost of \$22,500, in 1876, by Mr. Wm. Driver, one of the most popular and successful merchants of Ogden City and northern Utah in general. Mr. Driver is a native of Suffolk, England, where he was born in 1837, joined the "Mormon" Church at an early date, and emigrated to Utah in 1866. His first experience in the Valleys of the Mountains was made up of hardships, privations and assiduous toil. After having done successful service in Godbe's drug store, he engaged himself in the pharmacy business, in 1871, with Dr. Wellis, but no later than in 1873 he bought his partner out and started all alone, rapidly adding to his popularity, and increasing the extent of his house. In 1878 he took as a partner, his eldest son, George, and has ever since grown in prosperity and influence among the business circles of Northern Utah, Idaho and other adjoining regions. As his establishment is the oldest of the kind in town, so his present building has the credit of being one of the first brick edi-

fices in Ogden, a fact giving evidence of Mr. Driver's firm confidence in the ever brightening prospects of the Junction City. The only clouds that dimmed the bright life of Mr. D., have been the many family bereavements. Of the 16 children born to him by his estimable wife, Mrs. Charlotte M. Driver, a native of Sussex, England, only six survive, one having died in England, one at sea, and eight in Utah. The large business done by Mr. D. (about \$40,000 per annum, with a stock on hand of about \$12,000) requires all the attention of five men. In this building are also the headquarters of the Weber lodge of Masons.

Main Street, between Fourth and Fifth, contains more stores and shops than any other portion of town. And we are proud to state that they are, without any exception known to us, reliable, prosperous establishments, which are each enjoying a fair share of the rising tide of trade. This is true in an especial manner of the great furniture establishment of Boyle & Co., the leading furniture dealers, not only of Ogden and Northern Utah, but for that matter, of all the northern region tributary to Ogden trade. The senior partner, Mr. John Boyle, assisted by four brothers, keeps up—and rapidly disposes of—an immense stock, the annual sales averaging \$50,000. Twelve men are employed in their two new two story brick buildings of 44 feet by 100, to which they contemplate making an addition, as their present rooms are as full of furniture as an egg is of meat.

Of the three tailoring houses situated in this part of town we may safely mention Mr. Thos. W. Jones, a native of Canada, who came to Ogden in 1854, and after having faithfully plodded through the early settlers' hardships and privations, started his present business in 1870. His trade soon grew to large dimensions, so that at present he employs eight men and does about \$12,000 worth of business per year.

Near this house we find a great grocery establishment: Harris Bros., who in the eight months of their duration as business men, built up a trade in groceries, produce and fruit, worth \$4,000 a month, with a stock on hand of \$5,000.

Of merchants carrying general merchandise, we will mention Lamoni Grix, Wotherspoon & Co., Horrocks & Baxter,

W. G. Child & Co., W. H. Wright & Son, and Beers & Lafever, the three latter firms located in as many fine new brick structures.

Noteworthy is also the green grocery of John Chipp, our enterprising and successful florist and market gardener, who arrived in Ogden in the winter of 1870, and established the first market garden in town to which he has since added a floral and seed department.

For splendid watches and elegant jewelry, Mr. J. S. Lewis enjoys a first-rate reputation and remunerative patronage, this gentleman having built up a vast and ever expanding trade in the ten years of his business career in the Junction City. Diagonally across "Wade's Corner" is the "Junction City hotel," which, under many names and more managers has acquired a wide reputation as a first-class caravanserai, and is nobly justifying its good name under its present manager, Mr. A. D. Shakespeare. Behind this hotel rises the steam of the Ogden Steam Mills, by Clark, Porter & Co., which are always blockaded by a number of teams from city and country.

Mr. W. A. Hodgman carries on the leading harness business and saddler's shop in town, employing twelve men and being connected with branch shops in Butte, Blackfoot, and terminus U. & P.

On the northeast corner of Main and Fourth streets, we behold the massive pile of the three-story Dooly & Stevens block towering up. The latter we have already mentioned. Its upper stories were until lately occupied by the defunct *Ogden Junction*, a daily and semi-weekly journal which had to succumb to fate after eleven years' existence. It has been succeeded by the *Ogden Herald*, also a daily and semi-weekly newspaper for which the co-operation and support of the leading men in Ogden City and Weber County have been secured.

On the facade of this block we also notice the biggest sign in Utah: "Kuhn's." This firm, A. Kuhn & Bro., is one of the largest and oldest jobbing houses in Ogden. They are among the early merchant pioneers in the Far West, having commenced their western business career some 35 years ago, twenty of which they have spent in Utah. They occupy parts of three floors in the Stevens Block, and as you go from floor to floor, tremendous stocks of clothing, dry goods, boots and

shoes, hats, and everything that can be worn by man, woman or child, can be seen piled up on their counters. They carry a stock of \$100,000, and do a business of a quarter of a million annually. Besides their Ogden House, they have stores in Corinne, U. T., Blackfoot, I. T., and Sweetwater, Wyo., all of which are supplied from their headquarters in Ogden. They are also the largest hide and fur buyers west of the Missouri River.

In the same block a hardware store, embracing everything in that line, of the best quality, is carried on by L. D. Wilson & Co., who, since their establishment in 1878, have sold an immense lot of goods.

The so-called Dooly Block, which occupies the corner, is occupied by the Guthrie, Dooly & Co. bank, the Stanford House (see later), and the Western Union Telegraph office (inclusive of the Deseret Tel. Co.) The W. U. Tel. Co., under the management of Mr. A. J. Pattison, employs 19 male and 2 female operators, 2 line men, 1 battery man, and 4 boys. They work 16 wires, and have 1132 cells of battery. There is an enormous amount of business done in this office, as all the California and Eastern business dispatches, and the entire bulk of the press reports are repeated here. Circuits are worked directly with Chicago and San Francisco, by duplex instruments. The operators handle 35,000 messages and 900,000 to 1,500,000 words of press reports per month. This office was started on its present basis in 1878 being then moved up from Salt Lake City to Ogden—a testimony of the future greatness and present importance of our town. This same thing is evidenced by the remarkable fact that Ogden City was the first in Utah to have the telephone system in working order. A board of three gentlemen organized this business, viz; J. N. Keller, President; W. B. Hibbard, Vice-President; and A. J. Pattison, Gen. Manager, Secretary and Treasurer. The service was started on Sept. 20, 1880, 96 instruments being in use at date of this writing, with 33 wires, which embrace 15 miles of line and 5 miles of poles. The telephone is run all day and all night, in connection with the W. U. Tel. office. At present there are preparations being made to connect not only Utah's capital with our city on the Weber but also the thrifty and populous settlements of Hunts-

ville, up Ogden Canyon, and Plain City between the Lake and this city. With the telephone and the electric light now in active preparation, who will dispute Ogden's claim to be a live, go-ahead, progressive town?

In the same block we also find the extensive mercantile establishment of a gentleman who has climbed from humble beginnings to a position of comparative eminence in the commercial world, and who, moreover, has erected himself an imperishable monument of his rare devotion to the sacred cause of education. We are speaking of

JOSEPH STANFORD.

This esteemed citizen was born in Southwick, near Brighton, England, on the 16th day of Aug. 1834. His education was much over the average tuition then enjoyed in the rural districts of Albion, he being destined for service as a masters in National School, with an ultimate view towards the Established Church. But the mighty gospel wave that was then sweeping over the land of Cromwell and Wolsey with Rocky Mountain breezes caught the young pedagogue, and, abandoning cheerfully all the prosperity of worldly promotion and prospects he entered the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter day Saints, being placed in the active ministry of the Glad Tidings in the spring of 1852. In this position Mr. Stanford continued with evangelical zeal and great success, passing through the various ecclesiastical stages from Traveling Elder to Pastor, until the year 1861, when he emigrated to Utah. Before this, on May 20th, 1859, he had married Elizabeth Young, of which union eleven scions issued successively, the domestic happiness being marred only by the heavy loss of six children.

Arrived in the "Valleys of the Mountains," Elder Stanford first went to Salt Lake City, where he found opportunity to utilize the early education he had received in his native country. For seventeen months continuously he taught school, meeting with great success as far as the instruction was concerned, but only reaping mediocre compensation. His restless energetic mind drove him into the agricultural pursuits, but his "experiments," in that line did not prove satisfactory, and so he "sought refuge behind a counter." Wm. Jennings' mercantile establishment was his school of business,

where he soon mastered the rudiments and progressed rapidly up to graduation in the mystic lore of Dr. and Cr., Invoice and Balance Sheet. From 1863 to June 1870 Mr. Stanford was in the said employ, at various times conducting branch stores in Sanpete and Cache Valley. When, at the latter date, Mr. Jennings sold out to the newly established mammoth association of Z. C. M. I., our friend moved to Ogden, where he was employed in the branch of Z. C. M. I., creditably discharging responsible trusts until the spring of 1874 when he "struck a blow for himself," starting a commercial house on his own account, on Fifth Street. Launching into the perilous sea of business with little capital but much courage and knowledge, Mr. S. has ever since "paddled his own canoe" tiding over many cliffs and rocks, and finally landing in his present spacious establishment in the Dooly Block, where he keeps a stock of about \$40,000 worth of general merchandise, from a lady's necklace to a teamster's overalls, a baby's tiny hose to a ponderous gum boot. Five persons are in constant attendance on the public, Mr. Stanford's eldest son, Thomas, leading the junior staff.

It remains for us to say a few words of Mr. Stanford's activity in the tumultuous arena of public life. Besides several ecclesiastical positions of trust—holding at present the dignity of a High Counselor—Mr. Stanford was, in 1875, elected a member of the City Council, and again in 1879 and 1881 an Alderman. In these municipal offices Mr. Stanford has labored for the various interests of his constituents with a zeal, ability and integrity excelled by none, equalled by few. Especially in the compilation of the new City Ordinances he has taken active part, devoting a great portion of his time belonging to his business, to this public affair, as well as to the other municipal improvements.

But the chief merit of Mr. Stanford's public life is the inestimable, never-to-be-forgotten service he rendered the cause of popular education in this city.

At the fortunate consolidation of the former four school districts into one communal school district, Mr. Stanford was elected Trustee, with Messrs D. M. Stuart and Job Pingree. In this responsible body, Mr. S. was the very main spring and soul and to his indomitable energy

and unflagging enthusiasm Ogden City and Weber Co. owe in a great portion their greatest pride and most precious treasure: the Central School, on Young Str., between Fifth and Sixth, the grandest and finest educational edifice of Utah Territory.

We are afraid our kind companion is fatigued by this time. For a "little" town, we have certainly shown him big business. But look across the street, as we come out of the Dooly block. Isn't that one of the finest business structures in Utah? My friend, this is the new building of Z. C. M. I., the proudest pile of masonry far and wide, a credit to the corporation that put it up, a delight to all beholders, and an ornament to the whole city and county. We can't tell you much about it in this place, as you will learn elsewhere more about it. But look at the picture of the magnificent structure, and then you will respect the architect, Mr. Obed Taylor, of Salt Lake City, and the builder, Mr. N. C. Flygare, of this city.

But architecturally the whole of Fourth Street, at least the south side, is the finest part of town, and reflects due credit upon those men of means, foresight and enterprise who invested their money in erecting these fine and imposing structures which will eventually make this street the centre of gravity of Ogden City. Here we have Guthrie's new block, the Farr house, G. J. Wright's popular grocery and produce establishment, Greenwell & Son's champion meat market, the Peery block, G. H. Tribe, G. Goldberg, and Harkness and Co's. block, which latter contains bank, Post Office, the Union Opera Hall, (the only Thespian temple in town), and G. W. McNutt & Co's. extensive drug store, besides a great number of lawyer's and doctor's offices. The capital represented in this row of elegant and substantial buildings is equal, if not superior to any row of buildings twice as long in any other part of town. To complete our circuit round the block we turn the corner formerly occupied by Woodmansee's Theatre, but lately metamorphosed into a vast store where H. M. Bond & Co. display their almost inexhaustible stock of groceries, fruits and produce. Passing on a little farther, we find the road blockaded by a long train of teams loaded with grain, potatoes, butter, eggs, and

other farmer's produce, all of which is purchased in the large business of Wm. Van Dyke, who shipped during 1880, by Utah Central, 88 cars; by Union Pacific, 113 cars; Central Pacific, 7 cars; Utah & Northern, 11 cars; total 219 cars. As figures tell best, we need add no words of eulogy to our mention of Mr. W. Van Dyke's large shipping business.

Having thus completed the tour around the chief business block of Ogden, we will graciously dismiss our friend. Ere long we shall take another walk, when the flowers are in bloom and the fruits begin to ripen. We shall then point him out the remaining business houses, many of which are not inferior to any mentioned, and we shall peep into the places of worship and the halls of learning.

LEO HAEFELI.

OF THE CAUSE OF THE AXIAL ROTATION OF THE PLANETS.

INTRODUCTORY PRINCIPLES.

ELECTRICITY and magnetism are subtle agents that cause bodies to attract and repel one another when the bodies are impregnated by them.

Every magnet has two poles in itself, a positive pole and a negative. A negative pole is attracted by a positive, and a positive by a negative; but two positives or two negatives repel one another.

Different bodies impregnated with *electricity* are also found to be positive and negative towards each other; a positive body attracts a negative, and a negative a positive. Electricity and magnetism can be made to flow in or over the surface of bodies in what is called currents; the body in which the electric or magnetic fluid flows, is called the conductor.

By an electric current is meant, the mere transmission of the electric force in redistributing itself over a conductor where it passes. *An electric current can deflect or turn a magnetic needle, or any magnetic axis.* Let a compass needle swing freely in space, and let a current of electricity pass along a circular wire placed near the needle, say, horizontally and in the direction of its length; the poles of the magnet will be made to move around the current by a force called *tangential*,—or, which is exerted in a direction rectangular to that of the current, or line

joining the poles of the magnet. If you now revert the current, the positive pole of the magnet will deviate to the other hand.

One electric current can induce another in a conductor near it. For, suppose you have a conductor capable of conveying an electric current and a magnet *in motion* in its vicinity or else a wire containing an electric current, either will do; for each of which will cause a current to flow in the conductor. Or, let a conducting substance be made to move in presence of an electric current, or of a magnet, the effect on the conductor will be the same.

The induced current in the conductor will move in opposite direction to that in the movable wire, or in the magnet. So the induced current tends to diminish the strength of the inducing current in proportion to the inductive capacity of the conductor. The induced current, therefore, is of opposite nature to the inducing current,—if the inducing current is positive, the induced is negative, and the reverse.

Continual motion may be produced by currents. Electricity can be made to produce regular motion by an electro-magnetic force, as for example: Let two currents be supposed to be at your disposal, let one of them be flowing in a circular wire around a moving rod. Now the moveable rod in which the current flows from the centre of the wire to the circumference, will be continually impelled to rotate around the centre, and in directions opposite to that of the current in the circumference. Or instead of a moveable wire a magnet be fixed, the magnet will rotate as well.

What is a solenoid? A solenoid is a cylinder, or mass of circular wires, all laid parallel to each other, and since electric currents can be made to rotate by magnets, and magnets by electric currents, hence, if a fixed current of electricity circulate around these wires, or the surface of the cylinder in any direction, and another current flowing from the centre to circumference, or, if the radii of the circular wire were magnets, then a force would act between each of the solenoids and its magnet, or the current going from centre to circumference; then, by the last principle the solenoid would rotate about the axis of the cylinder in direction opposite to that of the current flowing in the circumference of the cylinder.

A magnet is similar to a solenoid. In a cylindrical, or spherical magnet, we must consider its *lines of force* as a current always flowing from axis to circumference, and magnetism may be considered as electricity in motion, but, there seems to be a contrast between electric and magnetic forces,—like electric currents attract each other; but like magnetic lines of force repel each other; but yet, there is a similarity, as the two axes of power stand at right angles to one another. The direction of the rotation of the magnetic cylinder or globe, depends on the direction of the surrounding current which acts at right angles to the radii.

It has been experimentally proved, that if circular wires conducting electricity be placed over the poles of a magnet in the direction of its equator, the wires being free to move, the wires will rotate about the poles or axis of the magnet. These preliminaries being premised, I shall proceed.

The sun a great magnet. Professor Hansteen was the first to conceive the sun to be a great magnet, and be the existing cause of the storms and changes in the magnetic condition of the earth and planets. General Sabine invented a method by which he proves the sun to be a magnetic body, having the poles and polarity of a common magnet, but the most clear evidence of the magnetic and electric power of the sun, and of the dependence of our planet on him for its supply, is found from the observations of Professor Carrington on spots on the surface of the sun, of the disturbance there, and the consequent magnetic storms in the earth, a full account of which may be seen in my *NOVA THORIA ASTRONOMIAE* now about to be published.

Now, not only that electric currents are found in the sun, but also the direction in which they move has been determined from the motion of the solar spots, which are evidently moving on the sun's surface in the direction of his rotation, or from west to east, as reason would direct, see Lockyer's *Astronomy*, page 59. This also accords with the fact Professor Barlow discovered by experimenting with his iron globe, and his terrella. If you make a globe containing or composed of the elements found in the sun, or the earth, and place a copper wire around the globe in the manner of an equator,

then pass a current of electricity through the wire, it will give polarity to the globe, that is; it will convert it into a magnet having a positive and a negative pole, also a current of magnetism will be aroused in it, which will flow around transversely to the electric, that is; if the positive electric current passes from east to west, the positive magnetic will pass from north to south; and the reverse of the positive electric current passes from west to east as that of the sun does; so the positive magnetic pole of the sun is his south pole.

Now, one will ask,—Since the sun rotates on his axis from west to east, how can the electric current on him pass from west to east also? does not your observations on sun spots and the experiment of Mr. Barlow, contradict the principle on which the solenoid or magnet is made to rotate, where you said above, that they rotate in direction opposite to that of the surrounding current? In answer it must be noted that the solenoid or magnet does not rotate by virtue of its own electric current, but by that of the current of some other body outside of it, in whose magnetic field the magnet is placed.

From the researches of La Place and others, we may gather that the sun does not rotate on his axis by the power of the electric current that surrounds him, but that he got his rotation from the motion, condensation and contraction of the original nebula of which he was formed; for the phenomenon consists in a flow of the nebulous matter from all sides towards a central spot, where they intermingle like water in a whirlpool where it rotates about a central point; this, therefore, is the accepted theory of rotation in the sun.

It has been also proved that not only the sun, but our earth is also a great magnet, and that its south pole also is its positive pole, as it attracts the negative pole of the needle.

Now, as the earth's polarity is precisely similar to that of the sun, we have reason to suspect that both the electric and magnetic currents of the earth are induced currents,—induced by the earth from the powerful current of the sun which sweeps around him through the planetary space. Now, if the current of the earth is induced from that of the sun, hence by the principle above premised, it must flow about the earth from east to

west along the magnetic equator; and experience proves that this is exactly the case. Professor Barlow, alluded to above, has detected in the wires of the electric telegraph which were connected with the earth, electric currents circulating from *east to west* along the wires. From this he deduced that the earth and planets are electro-magnetic bodies.

Also, if the electric current that surrounds the earth were an induced current, being induced from the positive current of the sun, then by the principle laid down above, the current of the earth must be a negative current. This also has been found true from observations. Lately Sir Wm. Thomson, by experimenting on the distribution of electricity on the surface of the earth, found it to be analagous to that which would be produced if the earth's surface were charged with negative electricity held as a charge on the inner armature, the outer armature of a condenser being in the upper region of the atmosphere; the lower part of which acts as a dielectric.

The earth is a great magnet, and rotates on its axis from west to east.

A magnet can be made to rotate by an electric current surrounding it, for, as said above, a magnet is similar to a solenoid, which is a bunch of circular wires laid all parallel to each other around an axis, from which a current of electricity passes up to the circumference of each wire of which the cylinder is made up. Hence, if another current be made to pass transversely to that over the cylinder in the direction of its equator, the cylinder, or globe, as it may be, will rotate on its axis. If both currents be positive, or negative, the cylinder or globe, like Barlow's sphere, will rotate in the direction of the surrounding current, but if the inner current be positive and the surrounding one negative, the rotation will be against the surrounding current. The magnetic current of the earth is positive and so enters at the south pole, but the electric that flows from east to west is negative, hence, the earth—being a magnet—must rotate from west to east, even as the phenomenon is found to exist.

OF THE AXIAL OF THE EARTH'S ROTATION.

In my article in No. 1 of this Magazine, I showed that the axial velocity of the earth and planets depends on the inclination of their equators to the equator of

the sun, and in my article in No. 2, that the axis of the sun is in the plane of the magnetic axis of the earth, and in my above article here, I showed that the earth rotates by virtue of an electric current flowing around it in the direction of its magnetic equator. Now, the next, and great question is, why not the earth rotate on its magnetic axis; instead of on some other line at 15 or 16 degrees of declination from it? Which question, in the next place I shall engage to solve.

If the intensity of the magnetic force of the earth were in every part uniform, and the materials of the earth's constitution in every region of equal density, then, most certainly, the earth would rotate on its magnetic axis, but the plane of the magnetic axis does not divide the bulk of the earth equally, neither is its magnetism found to be uniformly distributed; so the earth cannot poise itself equibrously on its magnetic axis, but has to sift its rotating axis to the nearest line of equilibrium, which, observation shows, cuts the magnetic axis at about an angle of 16 degrees. But to the proof.

In this I shall submit to the authority of Professor A. M. Mayer P. D. see his Lecture "The Earth a Great Magnet," page 30-36, where he says: "When in June 1831, the celebrated Sir James Ross reached the western coast of Boothia, and found the magnet needle pointing almost directly towards the centre of the earth, he inferred that he stood on the termination of a line drawn from the earth's centre through its magnetic pole to his feet"

"Thus rewarded for his hardihood, this bold mariner undertook another voyage of discovery in search of a similar point in the southern hemisphere, and in 1841 succeeded in reaching south latitude $76^{\circ} 12'$, on Victoria Land, where the needle made an angle of $88^{\circ} 40'$ with the horizon, and he concluded from this and other observations, that the position where the needle would be vertical was about 160 nautical miles distant. From these and other discoveries in the Antarctic regions, it is supposed the pole of the southern hemisphere must be somewhere about south latitude 70° , and near the meridian 125 degrees east of Greenwich."

"Placing the pole of the northern hemisphere at latitude 70° , and longitude 95° west, and the other pole at south latitude 70° , and longitude 125° east; one of

these points will be removed from the end of a diameter drawn from the other by 30° in longitude, which, on a parallel of 70° , only equals about 600 miles, so that if the southern pole should be moved by this quantity to the west, it would be exactly opposite the pole on the Isthmus of Boathia."

Speaking of the magnetic needle, Professor Mayer observes: "We have now in our possession a most valuable instrument for exploring the magnetic condition of the earth, and with similar needles, explorers have traveled over all the accessible regions of the earth, and have carefully noted how its inclination to the horizon changed with various stations. At New York, the north end of the needle dips 73° , carrying it to the Hudson, we find that at Catskill it has increased to 74° , and at Saratoga 75° . Proceeding north and west, we find the needle dipping more and more, until we reach the latitude 70 , and a longitude that will bring us to the centre of the North American Continent, where the needle points in the direction of the plumb line. Retracing our path to the south, when we reach Washington it is at 71° , its north end gradually rising, we pass over the end of Florida where it dips 55° . At the mouth of the Amazon, directly on the equator, it is yet 25° below the horizontal line; but when we have reached latitude 17° south of the equator, and are about 12° in longitude west of the coast of Brazil, we see the dipping needle with its length parallel to the horizon.

I again take the terrestrial globe and on it I draw a circumference of the sphere, which I pass from this point west of Brazil through the North American magnetic pole, and extending this circle beyond, I pass it around on the other side, until it has girded the sphere. It very nearly cuts through the other pole whose position we marked on Wilkie's Land. I now take a string and stretch it along the line from the Boathia pole to the point off the coast of Brazil, where the dipping needle is horizontal. I then apply this same length from the southern pole towards the same point off Brazil, and I find that this point is only 1° too far south to be exactly mid-way between the two magnetic poles of the earth. The coincidence is as near as we can expect with a sphere composed, like our earth, of such varying materials; standing on the

coast of Brazil, at Porto Seguro, in latitude 16° the dipping needle is horizontal."

Now I thank Dr. Mayer for this observed fact, for it exactly agrees with my theory in the article in No. 2 of this Magazine, for this point at Porto Seguro is at the greatest declination of the magnetic equator to the terrestrial.

Here Dr. Mayer clearly tells us that the southern magnetic pole, before it can be opposite to that in the Isthmus of Boathia; must be moved 30° to the west,—against the reckoning from Greenwich, so we see that the magnetic axis in the southern hemisphere takes quite a different direction from what it does in the northern; and even if moved to a right line with the northern part, this axis would not be at right angles with the magnetic equator,—which seems to take a more direct course than the magnetic axis. This discrepancy made many scientific men to think, with Drs. Halley and Hanstein, that the earth has four magnetic poles. two in the northern, and two in the southern hemispheres. But if we were to properly equate the difference of the position of the two poles, that of the mean magnetic axis would agree very well with that of the magnetic equator.

The northern magnetic poles, Sir James Ross placed about longitude 95° west of Greenwich, 90° taken from this gives 5° more than a quadrant, this lacks about 10° of being at right angles with the magnetic equator. Again $30^\circ - 10^\circ = 20^\circ$ from this take again the 5° , to bring the southern part to a right line with the northern, and we will again have 15° as expected—the inclination of the two equators.

Thus the axis of rotation is, in reality, the magnetic axis sifting itself about to find an equilibril line to rotate the earth on. For the magnetic axis so called, in its present position does not pass through the centre of gravity of the earth, and consequently the earth cannot rotate on it; the reason is, as stated before, *the inequality in the distribution of the earth's magnetism*. The time may again come, when land and water take different positions with regard to each other on the earth's surface, that the earth will rotate on its magnetic axis.

THOMAS JOB, Salt Lake City.

A SILENT SORROW.

I have a silent sorrow here,
 A grief I'll ne'er impart ;
 It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
 Yet it consumes my heart.—SHERIDAN.

I knew a maiden, fair and faultless,
 Chaste as the moonlight's silver stream ;
 Sweet as the fragrant blooms of summer,
 Mild as the music of a dream.

Her form so lovely, lithe and slender,
 And like a flute her voice's tone,
 From eyes as soft as heaven's azure,
 Starlike, the soul in beauty shone.

And star she beamed, in splendor primal,
 Mid circling lights of lesser flame ;
 Her soul's sweet radiance shared by many,
 But only one her heart could claim.

He was a youth, and loved the maiden
 With passion pure, and deep and strong ;
 A love whose name was adoration,
 For he had known and loved her long.

Her image fair he fondly cherished,
 His every thought was her control,
 His lightest look a wooing lover—
 She was the idol of his soul.

A soul of depth, that flowed with feeling,
 A mind of Nature's classic mould—
 Her frequent gift to lowly station,
 Withheld, as oft, from rank and gold.

In him, she knew her mind's companion ;
 In her, he found an imaged fate ;
 Each recognized congenial spirit,
 Each spirit clasped its chosen mate,

'Twas union such as poets vision,
 And limn along the living line ;
 Two arcs that formed a faultless circle,
 Cohering 'neath a will divine.

But when did ever love's pure planet
 Beam forth upon a cloudless sky ?
 Or kindred hearts hold sweet communion,
 But envious spirits hovered nigh ?

With oily Slander's artful weapons,
 His spotless name was straight assailed—
 In vain ! she knew his nobler merit,
 And nourished still the love she veiled.

And still they vainly strove to sever
 What God, through nature, sought to join

Then tore the tender arms asunder,
Whose hearts they could not disentwine.

I knew them next, when Ocean's billows
A liquid wall dividing rolled ;
She, sad mid mirthful scenes and faces,
He, rambling far 'mid realms of old.

For she was doomed to wed another,
In whom her soul took no delight,
Albeit of goodly name and nature,
Of worldly weal and seemly sight.

But ne'er to her so fairly favored,
As one whose absence now she wept ;
Her thoughts as constant to him, waking,
As dreams were his, whene'er she slept.

What recked she of a stranger's wooing?
Or heard her heart what his might say?
Her mind was with a nearer lover—
Nearer, though wandering far away.

Long, long she mourned his lingering absence,
And oft her plighted faith renewed,
In words by trembling hand indited,
With burning tear-drops fast bedewed.

She vowed naught e'er their fates should sever ;
That Slander's barbs had sped in vain ;
Or wealth might woo, or kin might censure,
Unaltered would her trust remain.

But age will dull the brightest metal,
And words of venom have their weight,
And love, when absence dims its lustre,
May perish by the hand of hate.

I knew them next, when lowly bending,
His lip received her latest breath ;
One kiss of love, of past forgiveness,
And she was slumbering soft in death.

A dew-drop, from the brow of Nature,
Rose to the fountain whence it came ;
A ray of light from earth had vanished,
To mingle with its mother flame ;

A peerless pearl, long lost to heaven,
On earth well deemed the brightest gem,
Reset, with joy, 'mong Christ's crown jewels,
Now sparkled in God's diadem.

Still many wept and loud lamented
When soared that spirit pure away,
Nor deemed that death were mildest mercy
To life that lingers in decay.

For where the light hath been and vanished,
Sinks not the darkness sevenfold?
Can hope quite seal the eye of sadness,
Or bid the tale remain untold?

No marvel there were loud lamentings,
Fast flowing tears that fatal day,
She was the life of scenes and circles
Whose life hath long since passed away.

But streams that run with loudest ripple,
Are not the deepest streams that flow,
Nor trickling eyes nor lips that murmur
Feel, always, what they fain would show.

As rains that cool the breath of summer,
Relieve the thunder-stricken cloud,
So pain is reft of half its burden,
When weeping sorrow mourns aloud.

There is a grave near yonder mountain,
Holds in its breast a secret deep,
Where oft a sorrow's seen to linger,
Whose eyes are never known to weep.

There is a grief that chokes expression,
Sad eyes whence tears may never fall,
God pity him whose grief is inward,
For this, the greatest grief of all.

IWAITE.

ST. GEORGE, JANUARY, 1881.

THE SELF-MADE CHEMIST.

BY JOHN LYON.

EDWARD S. WOODS, the subject of the following sketch, was the son of a poor, but respectable Irishman, who immigrated to Scotland in the year 1816.

At the time I first became acquainted with him, he was what is called a day laborer; and was generally occupied serving masons, or breaking stones to macadamize the highway. In this way he found it a hard matter to earn as much as was necessary to procure a scanty living for his wife and child. Fortune, however, turned the scales in his favor, and he was engaged to assist as a laborer to a color maker in a calico printing establishment, purely on account of his ignorance of letters.

I gained for him a recommendation, color making at that time being a secret business, and controlled as a monopoly by those who held the recipes for discharging and producing bright shades of

color, in finishing worsted and silk shawls. Poor Ned's ignorance, consequently, was a good recommend, as he could neither read nor write at the time he was engaged. And as he had only to do the drudging work of cleaning tubs, skimming the liquor boilers, and stirring the liquidized chemicals, he felt comfortable in his new employment.

I was then at school, and as he lived on the same "flat" with me, I had an opportunity of reading to him portions of my primer, and recited my lessons to him of an evening, in which he took great pleasure, and intense interest. One evening, after reading to him the autobiography of a poor mechanic who had learned to read and write, and who ultimately became an author, and editor of a public journal; he felt at once inspired with the belief that he might also be somebody if he would apply himself as diligently as the mechanic in question.

I warmly advised him to begin immediately, and proffered him the loan of

my first spelling book, and my help also as a teacher.

That evening he commenced his A, B, C, and every moment he had, during meal-times and evenings to the latest, even far in the morning, he was employed for several months, until he could put letters and monosyllables together. Then to the large spelling book (called in those days the big spell) when he blundered away at words of two or three syllables unweariedly. Then to the New Testament, which he read to his wife, making his comments like an apostle.

I believe that Sir Humphrey Davy never was more surprised in his long and studious discoveries leading to the ultimate invention of his *safety lamp*, than was poor Ned, in not only learning to read, but in the knowledge he acquired of the doctrines and precepts of the gospel, all of which were as *new* to him as the letters and syllables he could now put together, as they were also to his wife, who was as ignorant as himself.

Many laborious hours I spent with him before he could read, in spelling with him every word two or three times, ere he could master the meaning of it. However, after a time he improved rapidly, and gave me considerable annoyance in asking questions in relation to his faith, which was not the same, as he thought, which was told him by his father, compared with the New Testament statements. In fact, I was quite ignorant on many of those subjects myself—and while he thought I knew everything in relation to principles and doctrine, as well as I knew letters and words, I was greatly puzzled to keep him in the dark as to my own ignorance.

I now began to think him an exceedingly expert scholar, and often wished I had never incited him to take lessons, such is the pride of being thought learned, when nonplussed by those we esteem ignorant, and who may go beyond us in intellectual research, although we may have been their teacher.

Moreover, by the time our intimacy dropped off, which might be two years, he could read the newspapers, and was quite a book-worm.

At this time I left for another part of the country, and heard no more of my pupil from 1820 to 1840, leaving a blank of twenty years in his history.

Many were the ups and downs of my

own checkered life during this long period; and the remembrance of poor Ned Woods, the untaught laborer, had entirely left my memory, among other incidents of neglected worth.

I had just returned from Edinburgh, on a special mission from *The Witness* newspaper office, when I was abruptly stopped on the street by an elderly genteel-looking man, catching me by the arm and saying,—“Sir, pray excuse me thus rudely introducing myself, but is your name Mr. Forest King?” to which I replied in the affirmative, rather taken by his abrupt question, and rumaging every corner of my memory, and calling up every phiz in my recollection in the vain effort to discover in the portly figure before me the *fac simile* of the interrogator—but I could not. “Why, Mr. King,” said he, “don’t you recollect your great dunce of a pupil who learned, when a married man, his A, B, C, by your help?” “Me, sir, you certainly are mistaken!” I replied, still working away in the cranial copy of my poor brain to find out some one to the figure before me. Still I insisted in the negative, and he kept me in suspense until another gentleman stopped and accosted him by the familiar congratulation, “Good evening, Mr. Woods.” “Woods, Woods, Woods,” I repeated, mentally, when all in a moment twenty years dwindled into the short space of yesterday, and there stood before me the same high brow, dark grey eyes, hooked nose, high cheek bones, large mouth, and broad chin that I knew in my pupil; but from the meagre form of poverty now changed to a clear, red, healthy-looking man just past the meridian of life—from a poor laborer, changed to a well-dressed, well-to-do, good-looking gentleman, put me in a quandary.

“Why,” said I, “sir, are you Edward S. Woods, who lived at Barrowfield bar, twenty years ago?” “The same man,” he replied, laughing, “only a little altered; rather lustier, richer, and more intelligent than when we first became acquainted.” Here he made a pause, as if seeking for words to communicate his ideas, and raising himself up to his full stature, said—“Mr. King, I am happy to inform you that I am now an independent man, so far as money and property can make a man so. I am,” he continued, “but lately come down from

London, where I make my home, with my family—and where most of my business is transacted. You have often been the subject of my reflections, and several times I have tried to find out where you had gone to, but those who knew you and myself, twenty years ago, could give me no information. This very day I was informed that you were on business here, from Edinburgh. Good gracious! King," said he, catching my hand, and shaking me so forcibly that I felt my bones doubling over each other in his sinewy grasp; "How glad I am to see you so respectable looking, and so intellectually engaged in your native city. But I am losing time in common-place street conversation. Come let us go to Strawberry Hill cottage."

"I beg the favor of another opportunity, Mr. Woods, if you please," said I, "my business requires immediate dispatch; but two hours from this will leave me entirely at your service."

With this request he reluctantly let go my hand, which felt us if crushed to a jelly. "Well," said he, "we meet at two o'clock, this afternoon opposite the Tontine." I nodded assent. The other gentleman took his arm, and I walked off in an opposite direction; when I posted on to the office, with my scraps of travel for the following day's issue.

Every day brings forth something or another to feed the cravings of a morbid appetite, such as murder, fires, suicides, or elopements; these formed the stamina of my present research, but this was a new discovery in the line of my reporting. An acquaintance with a new face. A pupil, grown an independent gentleman. A poor laborer unlearned, now an intelligent, well educated man. How will it all turn out? How can it be? But so it appears at present. But we shall see. 'Tis twelve, and in two hours I shall know more of my old pupil.

Two o'clock found me according to appointment, waiting beneath the commodious porch of the great town hall, where Mr. Woods soon joined me, and in a few minutes we were seated in an omnibus crowded with passengers. Soon we drove along Trongate, and rapidly passed scattered dwellings, terraces, and gentleman's villas, on to a thinly built portion of the suburbs, where we were put out at Strawberry Hill.

On our journey, I had anticipated a

beautiful orchard, flowery lawns, etc. But to my surprise we halted opposite a large gate, seven or eight feet high, fenced on each side with a high brick wall, enclosing half an acre in front. Mr. Woods soon gained admission by drawing a bell-wire at a small door, which an old man opened. But guess my astonishment, instead of a cottage and strawberries, as I had contemplated on my way out, there was everything in juxtaposition to the scenery we had just passed. A two-story brick building faced the entrance, and further up the lot on a rising ground, rose a large stack or chimney, two hundred feet high, around the base of which were a circle of sheds, as black as charcoal. All around lay large vitrol bottles, barrels, and boxes of every size and description; and an innumerable quantity of bones, bark, and sea weed, the stench of which was so intolerable that I could scarcely breathe. Mr. Woods, perceiving this, took me by the arm, led me back to his office, and prepared what he called a restorative for me. "Ah! Mr. King," he said, "I perceive you are much affected with the smell of our chemicals, but this will soon dispel the effects of your sickness, and rid you of that coughing; we drug-manufacturers never feel it,—usage is everything." Having recovered from my sickness, and and being left to myself, as Mr. Woods had gone out with his foreman, I had time to look about the office. The room was furnished with a large desk, tables, chairs and a bookcase, reaching from floor to ceiling, and around the walls hung retorts, blow-pipes, worms for distillation, and various other instruments of which I had no conception of their use. On the shelves were bottles filled with blue, red, and yellow liquids labelled, Iodine, Sulphuric acid, Arsenic, Opium, Oxalic acid, Strychnine, Citric acid, and a variety of other poisons.

Observing the great quantity of these deathly ingredients, I fell into a strange reverie of thought, and was musing on the number of beings that were daily passing into eternity from the use of such drugs, when my reflections were put a stop to by the entrance of Mr. Woods and his foreman, who would have me go with them through the works, to which I reluctantly consented.

My curiosity being much excited respecting the bones and kelp lying around,

I asked Mr. Woods what use he made of them. "Sir," said he, "these bones are the most useful, and I may say, the best paying article in the works. We purchase all the worn-out horses in the country, the skins of which we sell to the tanners, the bones we grind for manure, and the marrow in them we preserve for making salve." "Salve," I repeated, with a slight convulsion. "Yes, sir, this salve has done more for the ease and comfort of rheumatic patients than any other medicine discovered since the days of Aristotle." "Friend Woods," said I, in a complimentary way, "I should like to know what led you first to study chemistry." "Why, I thought I had told you." "No, sir," I replied. "Well, then, I have to add a laurel to your acquaintance and friendship. I learned chemistry, sir, from my employer, the color-maker, the man you persuaded to take me as a laborer, who would as soon have given me the hair of his head, had he known it, but relying on my entire ignorance of letters, he told me how to make up compounds, the quantity, the names of the liquors for brightening and reducing shades, in imitation of the great Papillon, from whom he stole the secret; in fact, he was greatly indebted to my industry—often I've done his work when he was stretched beneath his bench, more like a corpse than a color-maker, dead with the effects of alcohol. In this way I have to thank you and John Barleycorn for my knowledge of chemistry."

Pointing my finger at a large heap of something like blubber; "And what is this for?" I inquired, holding my nose firmly with my other hand. "That, sir," he responded, "is another invaluable marine substance called kelp, which when distilled, is one of the most inveterate poisons extracted from the vegetable creation; when calcined to ashes we sell it to glass manufacturers to purify as a refiner of their wares. In fact, it is used in a variety of medicines; we boil, burn, and distil it, to produce salts, corrosives, sublimates, and other medicinal substances." Here he left me in quite a mist, embellishing his descriptions with a great many Latin phrases with a pompous use of names, to illustrate their combination with other bodies, respecting all of which I had not the smallest idea. Of this, however, I felt assured that my pupil was as far ahead of

myself scientifically, as I was of him when I taught him to conjugate the letters of his own name.

"Chemistry, Mr. King," he continued, "is the greatest science under heaven." To this I nodded assent, as one often does when he feels himself unqualified to speak one word, lest his ignorance on the subject spoken of, might be discovered. At this juncture, I believe he saw in my looks the effect of his florid exclamation, as I really felt my inferiority, and to break off its influence, he burst out with; "Ha, bye the bye, King, I often think of your instructions, when I was your pupil long ago, showing me how to understand the meaning and connection of syllables forming a word, such as geography, geology, monarch, polyanthes, etc., by giving me what you called the roots of the words, which to me then, was as great a mystery as to know the roots of a tree in the earth; but I remember the words to this day, and this instruction led me to find out many words afterwards, which laid the foundation of my intelligence in chemistry." "Why sir, I don't recollect of that circumstance," I replied. "You don't?" said he, looking somewhat surprised; "Don't you remember showing me how the ancients believed that the Mediterranean sea was in the middle of the earth, and that it had its name from their ignorance of geography; *medi*, you said, was the middle, *terra*, the earth, and *can*, the ocean? The ocean in the middle of the earth. Ha, ha, ha, King, you have a bad memory, but I suspect it is because of my description of these bones and blubber, that have rather confused your intellect." As an excuse, he said, "Mr. King, you follow an intellectual avocation. You doubtless know more of Science, Literature and the fine Arts than I do, and consequently know how miserably far short we are of knowing any thing as yet of chemistry, comparatively speaking." Another nod of my head closed up this interesting detail for which I felt exceedingly thankful.

"Bye the bye," he continued on another subject, giving me an excruciating squeeze and knowing wink, "I am much indebted to you gentlemen of the press, for publishing advertisements, such as:—Wood's never failing stomach specific! Wood's digestion promoting bitters!! Wood's blood cleansing essence!!!

Wood's spine-supporting plaster!!!! Wood's sure and certain remedial salve for Rheumatics!!!! But," said he, "I am cutting off time. You shall have my catalogue before you leave, all of which will make you stare. What do you think, Mr. King, of paying, as I have done, three hundred pound sterling for advertising in one year,—money well laid out for puffing, too, as you would call it. My wonderful remedies effected by chemical processes would be little better than a block of my own name, made out of the raw material, without the medium of the press. As somebody says in the play, Educate! Educate! so I say, Publish! Publish! This is the secret of success next to the invention of drugs."

"But," said he, suddenly, "I had quite forgotten my promise to Mr. Quicksilver, the gentleman who saluted me at the Tontine when we first met; but you shall go with me. The omnibus passes in fifteen minutes."

So saying, he took my arm and hastened out of his cess-pool of dirt, bones and blubber-kelp, to his office at the gate, where he regaled me with a glass of good Isla whisky, and took one himself; commemorating me with a toast to the welfare of the man who laid the foundation of Wood's prosperity, by imparting to him the complicated knowledge of the alphabet.

"My ignorance of useful knowledge," said he, "has led me to see after the education of my two sons, who have received in Oxford and Cambridge a sound commercial and classical education.

"I am sorry to say, however, that they have not the disposition and spirit of their father; they care no more for chemistry than I do for the mysteries of Swedenborg. They are gentlemen, to be sure, and can read Hebrew, Greek and Latin, and know more of high life than I do; but had I not studied how to turn horse-bones and marrow into manure and salve, and make bark and seaweed a needful commodity in the medicinal category of drugs, where would they have been today? Scholastic learning! the classics!" he exclaimed, "What use to the great working world is the knowledge of the dead languages, except to physicians in all countries, who in England, France, Germany, Spain and America, may *know* by the Latin language the discoveries of medicines for all kinds of diseases

throughout the world. This is necessary and right, but to store the students' minds with the philosophy and poetry of the dark ages, is to me incomprehensible."

Infinitely to my relief, the omnibus made a halt, and we stepped into the conveyance.

The time Mr. Woods took to tell me of his sons' want of industrial habits, and his opinion of classical learning, I thought we had lost our conveyance, but soon we left the dreary-looking brick wall, which lessened in the distance like its withering smoke, to the inexpressible relief of myself and the beautiful gardens that would have soon been burnt up by its smoke and stench.

At our landing at the Red Lion, Mr. Woods would have me to accompany him to his wholesale warehouse, but by soliciting and pleading the necessity of attending to my business, I left with the promise to meet him at noon next day beneath the pillar of the Tontine; where he met me accordingly. He conducted me through several streets, to what is called the New Town, opposite to the monument erected to the memory of John Moore, Bart. Pointing to a large house, "This," said he, "is Wood's Medical Dispensary and Apothecary Hall. The largest and most complete establishment in Glasgow." It was indeed a spacious building, occupying what in Scotland is called three-flats. It was devoted to every species of chemicals, drugs, paints and dye stuffs. The barrels, boxes and jars lying at the door for export, told that an immense wholesale business was going on under the cognomen of "Wood's Wholesale and Retail Drug Warehouse" which I observed in large gold letters above the entry. He also kept two physicians and several licensed apothecaries, who gave advice, made up recipes and orders to all parts of Great Britain and the continent.

In this establishment he showed me many natural curiosities, of what he called, "abortive subjects," preserved in vials of liquor. Khan's Museum in London was no comparison to it. Skeletons of two murderers that had been hung in Glasgow were there with their names, crimes and characters attached; specimens of dissected subjects of all ages, with their bones, sinews, muscles and blood vessels, pitched over with some kind of black glue; they were kept for private lectures

given gratis to poor students during the winter season, through the generosity of Mr. Woods. He offered me a handsome salary if I would go into the warehouse; in fact, he did all he could to better my condition, as he thought, but the knowledge of my inability kept me from accepting such a situation.

We parted, on this my first day's visitation to his chemical works and Medical Hall, with the promise, that whilst he remained in Glasgow I should be no stranger at his place of residence. He called often at "*The Witness*" office, and we would stroll away to the public green, and there converse together for hours on any subject that might happen to present itself.

"I am more than surprised," I said one day, while engaged in one of our familiar confabs, "when looking at your extensive business, and reflecting on the many hundreds of such places throughout the United Kingdom, that they can all be supported, when we know that it is among the poor where disease is most prevalent." "Ah," he rejoined, "the use of medicine is like the use of alcohol, the more it is used, the more it is in demand. Stimulants of all kinds have the same effect on the human constitution. In fact, the most deadly poisons when taken as medicine, by frequent use, become as necessary as common food; and while the patient is satisfying his unnatural appetite, and at the very time he is exhilarated by it, he knows that it is poison, and that to quit would be certain death—just as much as he knows that the article will give him temporary relief. The weaker the patient grows through disease, the more must the exhilarating potion be increased, to keep pace with his growing maladies. Thus, you perceive, Mr. King, that though medicines of all kinds when taken into the human system for a long period must be injurious; still the growth of disease is the cause. Medicine, to use a simile, is like wax in a tallow candle, which makes it last longer, but must in the end burn out. From this you will perceive not only the necessity of drugs as stimulants, but that the demand is always growing with the increase of disease."

Although I believed that all kinds of drugs were not detrimental when used to break up disease, by the direction of a skillful physician, yet I had never thought

of them creating an appetite for *habitual use*, and to become a necessity like *common food*, as Mr. Wood's ideas suggested as arguments to prove the continued necessity of arsenic, opium, and many other less powerful yet destructive ingredients to create an appetite, or to reduce a fever, or any other complaint whatever.

Although cautious to oppose his self-satisfying opinions, I ventured to say, "Mr. Woods, might not the advice of professing quacks increase the sale of drugs?" "Yes," said he, "but I hate, and hold them in the greatest detestation; they are the scum of society, ignorant, idle vagabonds, vampires who suck the life blood of their ignorant patients,—Doctors! why they know no more of the human system than a cat knows of its father. It is for this reason that I have kept two learned professors, to advance poor students in the knowledge of Physic, Anatomy and Surgery at my own expense preparatory to their future progress at college, where by instruction and practice and ultimately walking, or attending infirmity patients, and finishing their university curriculum, they might enter practise with an honorable Diploma! I am thankful, however, that the faculty have power to punish such miscreants, when found practising their murderous self-made vocation."

At this peroration we were both silent for a time, both looking at the majestic Clyde as it rolls around the curve of the peat-bog, where we were seated,—"Here," he exclaimed, "twenty-five years ago when the river was high, I have stood with a rope and hook attached, drawing out trees brought down by the flood, wet all over, out in the dead of winter, too, to support my father and mother. What do you think I thought then, King? Why that I would be somebody in the future, and so I have persevered until now."

I saw he felt an inward pleasure in contrasting his former poverty with his present opulence. Many were the tales recited of his misery, before he came to Scotland, where the green isle of his native country seemed a paradise of beauty, though cursed with the landed-monopoly of an idle aristocracy, who kept the peasantry in abject misery and starvation.

Mr. Woods left for his home in London, three months after our first meeting. I may just mention that he very warmly invited me to call at his residence, if chance

should send me in that direction ; which I accordingly did some 13 years after. In 1853, I went up to London to have my portrait taken, for a frontispiece to a book I was then publishing. While leisurely walking over Ludgate hill one morning, I remembered the place and residence of my first scholar, to which I walked with an expectant heart, anticipating his warm and friendly reception. But how shall I point out in words the disappointment I met with ! My old friend was dead. His son, a haughty self-conceited coxcomb, invited me into his drawing-room and there interrogated me as to where I came from, what my business was in London, how I became acquainted with his father, and what my profession or calling was. To all of which questions I answered promptly, with a frown, and in a tone indicative of my displeasure. I saw he was ashamed of his father's mean parentage, and meaner circumstances in life, and of all those who knew any thing of his early history. I left in disgust, without using the formality of good-bye, and with a vexed heart—as much so as ever I had exulted at his father's success in the world, and at his great natural attainments and genius.

The above tale I have kept in my scrap-book for many years, with a determination to publish it some day as an illustration of what energy and labor will accomplish for the humblest in life, and also as a brief memorial of the ingratitude of his proud despicable son, who had not a fragment of his father's wisdom or intelligence.

GOVERNOR MURRAY AND FAMILY.

BEFORE the middle of the last century, a widow named Allen, whose husband had been killed in Ireland, emigrated with her children to this country, expecting to find a home upon some land in Pennsylvania, to purchase which she had sent the money. Her agent, however, proved unfaithful, and on her arrival she found herself without money and with a young family on her hands. The Allens were Protestants, of good family but of narrow fortune. They did not succumb to adverse circumstances, but with brave hearts and stout arms set in to win a home in place of that they had lost.

One of the widow's sons was named James Allen and from him on the moth-

er's side descended General Eli H. Murray, the present Governor of Utah. The early manhood of James Allen was spent in the West Indies in quest of fortune ; but returning he migrated with his family into Kentucky. About the year 1784, he bought a large body of land near the present town of Bloomfield, in the county of Nelson, and after building upon it a comfortable house, returned to his cabin in Lincoln for his family. When he reached his new home with his wife and children, he found it in ashes, the Indians during his absence having burned it and the Fort near which it was built. With indomitable courage and will, another home soon occupied the site of the one destroyed—a commodious residence which stands to this day, and is owned by his great grandson, who bears his name. "Here," says his biographer, "he lived the rest of his days, and died at an extreme old age, in the midst of broad acres his rifle had helped to redeem from the Indians, his labor had converted from a cane brake into a garden, blessed with abundance far beyond the brightest dreams of the young Irish boy, who had crossed the ocean with his widowed mother nearly a century before, respected by all for his courage, strong sense and incorruptible integrity, and with the fame of his offspring making sweet music for his ear."

But the distinguished position of the family seems to have been won by Col. John Allen, the eldest son of the pioneer and grandfather of General Murray. This son spent several years under the instruction of the celebrated Dr. Priestly—the most noted scholar of his day in Kentucky. After finishing his education with Dr. Priestly, young Allen paid a visit to relatives in Virginia and there formed the acquaintances of Judge Archibald Stuart of Staunton, under whom he prosecuted the study of the law and the classics until 1795 when he returned to Kentucky and commenced his practice. He was associated with Henry Clay in the defense of Aaron Burr. He was a member of his State Legislature and in 1808 he became a candidate for Governor against the veteran, Gen. Charles Scott. The traditions concerning Allen's canvass represent it to have been one of remarkable brilliancy and power, but he could not carry the State against one of the great generals of the Revolution.

In Shelby, John Allen met and married Jane, the daughter of the old pioneer and soldier, Gen. Ben Logan, who was one of the most noted Indian fighters in the founding of the State of Kentucky.

In 1812, John Allen was commissioned by his successful opponent, Gen. Scott, as Colonel of the First regiment of the Kentucky Riflemen—believed to be the first regiment raised in Kentucky for service against the British in the war of that year. Concerning his fall in battle his biographer says:

The last letter ever written by Col. Allen was to his old friend and preceptor, Judge Archibald Stuart, on the night of January 21st, 1813, which is now in possession of Gen. A. H. H. Stuart, of Staunton. In it, after detailing the relative positions of the opposing forces, and dwelling on the certainty of an engagement on the ensuing day, he concluded in these words: "We meet the enemy to-morrow. I trust we will render a good account of ourselves, or that I will never live to bear the tale of our disgrace." The particulars of the disaster which occurred the following day, and clothed all Kentucky in mourning for the flower of the State, are too well known to require recapitulation here. Allen was not disappointed in the fate he wished for in case of defeat. The details of his end are given by Gen. McAfee in his history. Colonel Allen, though wounded in the thigh, attempted to rally his men several times—entreating them to halt and sell their lives as dearly as possible. He had escaped about two miles, when at length, wearied and exhausted, and disdaining, perhaps, to survive a defeat, he sat down on a log, determining to meet his fate. An Indian Chief, observing him to be an officer of distinction, was anxious to take him prisoner. As soon as he came near the Colonel he threw his rifle across his lap and told him in Indian language to surrender and he should be safe. Another savage, having at the same time advanced with a hostile appearance, Col. Allen by one stroke of his sword laid him dead at his feet. A third Indian, who was near him, shot him through the heart, and thus fell one of Kentucky's first and greatest citizens. Col. Allen was more than six feet in height, slender but compactly built, with sandy hair, blue eyes, and florid complexion, his appearance indicating his Irish extraction. The only portrait

of him known to be in existence is in the possession of his grand-daughter, the wife of Judge Wm. M. Dickson, of Avondale, Ohio.

Thus fell the heroic grandfather of General Murray, Governor of Utah, who probably partakes largely of the chivalrous nature and leonine courage of his maternal grandfather. Colonel Allen left no son to bear his name but four daughters were left the heritage of his fame, and the eldest of these daughters was the mother of our General Murray, whose paternal line we will now follow.

Colonel David Rodman Murray in his early life moved from Washington Co., Ky., to Hardinsbury, Breckinridge Co., Ky. He engaged in merchandise and at this time was the only merchant in that part of the State. Early in 1800, before the days of railroads and steamboats, Col. Murray made trips by land to Philadelphia, transporting the goods purchased there across the mountains by teams to Pittsburg.

He moved from Hardinsbury and founded the town of Cloverport at the mouth of Clover Creek on the Ohio River, 110 miles below Louisville, Ky., at which place he spent all the days of his active life as a merchant and tobacco dealer, and at which place he died. The impress of his life and enterprises were distinctly marked upon several generations of that section of the State. He was a man of marked intelligence and great purity of life, and his influence in his county was quite patriarchal. About the years 1819-20 he represented his county in the Legislature. The great and special labor of his legislative life was in founding the common school system of Kentucky. This to him was a work of love and his pride as a citizen. He married an Eliza Huston who was his cousin and a sister of Eli Huston, a distinguished lawyer, and of Gen. Felix Huston. From Eli Huston's office, S. S. Prentiss, coming from New England without name or fortune, grew into national reputation as an orator and lawyer. Governor Murray is named after this Eli Huston. The other brother, Felix, has quite a national name as a military man. He is the General who in Texas fought the famous duel with Albert Sidney Johnston, he having been promised the supreme command of the Texan Army by President Houston who broke his promise and conferred the command upon General Johnston.

By his first wife, David R. Murray had several daughters but she dying, he married the eldest daughter of Col. John Allen. She was the widow of Henry Crittenden, who was a brother of Senator John J. Crittenden of Ky. By her first husband she had five children. Her sons are John Allen Crittenden now of Frankfort Ky., William Logan, whose adventurous life formed one of the military romances of his time; Henry Crittenden was clerk of Carrol Co. Court of Ky., and Thomas T. C. Crittenden, is the present Governor of Missouri: these were the half-brothers of our Governor Murray. The Murray branch of her children are: Judge John Allen Murray of Breckinridge; Eli H. Murray, present Governor of Utah; Logan C. Murray, many years the President of the Ky. National Bank which was founded and built up by his efforts, and who is now the cashier of the U. S. National Bank at New York, and the fourth and youngest son is the Hon. David R. Murray, a lawyer by profession. At the time of his leaving Kentucky he was a Senator; he is now a lawyer and operating in mines in Colorado. But the romantic and tragic career of General Murray's half-brother, William Logan Crittenden, is the most thrilling part of the family history of the present generation, though it possesses not so high a national character as that expressed in the life of General Eli H. Murray. This half-brother William L. Crittenden, was a graduate of West Point; he served in the Mexican war and afterward lost his life in the Lopez expedition into Cuba. He was a man of noted adventure. He was captured at Cardenas and shot by the Spanish musquetry, refusing to kneel or to have his eyes bandaged. When ordered to kneel he replied with the lofty and fearless spirit of his country—"Americans kneel to none but God!"

We next come to Governor Murray himself and present the following sketch of him from the biographical Encyclopedia of Kentucky:

"Gen. Eli Huston Murray, lawyer and soldier, was born February 10th, 1843, at Cloverport, Breckinridge County, Kentucky, and is the son of the well-known and wealthy tobacco merchant, Col. Murray, of that place. He received a thorough education, under private tutors, at his father's home. In 1861, at the age of eighteen, he raised a company, and,

as its commander, entered the Third Kentucky Union Cavalry, under Gen. James S. Jackson. In November of that year, he was promoted major; and, August 13th, 1863, was promoted colonel, continuing in the army, without leave of absence, during the entire war. He engaged in all the campaigns under Buell, Rosecrans, and Thomas; and commanded half of the cavalry force in Sherman's celebrated march to the sea. He commanded his own regiment at Corinth; and, in 1863, was ordered to Western Kentucky, where he engaged, with his regiment, in a short and active campaign. He commanded a brigade at Chattanooga, and fought gallantly in the battles of Dalton, Resaca, Iuka, and Shiloh; and, after having accomplished the famous march through the Southern States to the Atlantic coast, received his commission as brigadier-general, and closed his military career as commander of the south-western district of Kentucky. In 1865, he studied law in Missouri, with his half-brother, Hon. T. T. Crittenden; attended lectures in Louisville Law School; and graduated with honor, in 1866. At the close of the war, he identified himself with the Republican party, and took an active part in the election of President Grant, being a delegate to the National Convention in Philadelphia, and subsequently made public addresses and participated actively in the campaign. Under the new administration, he was appointed United States Marshal for the State of Kentucky, and held the position until 1877. His military career was a most remarkable and successful one, serving throughout the war in many of the most desperate pitched battles and exciting campaigns; yet he was never seriously wounded; and, at the close of the great conflict, was probably the youngest brigadier-general in the service. Raised in affluent circumstances, with his friendships largely in the South, he entered the service of the Government out of pure motives of patriotism; and few men served the country better, and made a more honorable record. He is a man of fine natural ability, possessing those traits of mind and person which would insure him success in any pursuit, and give him prominence as a leader among men. He is a man of stately bearing, over six feet in height; attractive in countenance; winning and accom-

plished in his manners; and probably few men are more favorably endowed, and enjoy more flattering prospects of social preferment. Gen. Murray was married, January 18th, 1876, to Miss Evelyn Neale, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Edward P. Neale, of Louisville, Kentucky."

To the above general sketch of his life we give the reader a few interesting cul-
lings from

GENERAL MURRAY'S WAR EPISODES.

At the age of eighteen, when he would have taken his Collegiate course, young Murray entered into the war for the Union. He quickly caught the enthusiasm of loyalty to save the Union from the threatening dissolution, and when two or three of the States had seceded he made a stirring loyal speech entitled, "Where will the rolling years land us?" It was pronounced by the men of his State to be a passionate appeal for the Union; and young Murray was immediately distinguished in the mind of the Kentuckians as one who was about to make his mark in the great National struggle.

As a boy, Eli H. Murray was a lieutenant in an independent military company of which James T. Morehead, a son of ex-Governor Morehead, was Captain. The war coming on, there was found to be about an equal number of Southern sympathisers and Union men. For quite a time, by common consent, the feeling was not allowed to intrude itself into the affairs of the company; but as the feeling of the national controversy intensified in the State, it broke into the company's ranks, Morehead organizing a nucleus of Kentuckians for the service of the South and Murray for the Union. This division was brought about at the assembling of the company one morning, as they were going out to make a drill encampment for several days. The place of rendezvous was to have been Harden's Mill, several miles outside the town. Part of the company not being very prompt at an early hour, Morehead, who was naturally irritable and quick tempered, and who was by this time imbued with the ardor of secession, remarked that he could get men who would go farther South than Harden's Mill; Lieut. Murray replied, "I will find men who will march to the South in defence of the Union." Thus abruptly terminated the proposed excursion and the career of these two young men as

amateur soldiers. They at once commenced recruiting, Morehead taking his company to the South, joining Gen. Buckner's forces, then threatening Kentucky from Tennessee, and afterwards Lieut. Murray with his company joined the 3rd Kentucky Cavalry—under Gen. James S. Jackson—who were organizing to confront the force under General Buckner. Both Morehead and Murray were engaged in the different campaigns in the respective armies from that time up to the battle of Stone River. In the meantime, Murray had distinguished himself and been made Colonel of his regiment. At this battle of Stone River he was among the first to take possession of the public square in the town of Murfreesboro which had been so persistently held by the Confederates. After the battle, Colonel Murray, with a feeling of deep solicitude, inquired after the wounded of Breckinridge's Division in which the Kentuckians were; for among the dead and wounded he knew too well that he should find some of the companions of his boyhood's days. He was correct in this reasonable presentiment, for he was about to meet one of those affecting scenes of our civil war which can never be forgotten. Among the prisoners and wounded was his old Captain and friend, Colonel Morehead, who had been in command of the 9th Kentucky rebel regiment. Morehead was dying. Then came the interview between these two young soldiers who, before the war divided them, had been as brothers. It was a most touching interview, for both knew that death was soon to complete the parting which the war had begun. The condition of the dying rebel commander was low and nervous, but the warm generous nature of Colonel Murray quickly made Colonel Morehead realize that the friend of his youth stood by his death-couch and not a victorious enemy. Their conversation was frank and friendly, and as full as the feeble condition of Morehead would admit of. At that touching moment the speech of young Murray at the opening of the war was applied in his own experience—"Where will the rolling years land us?" and something of the burden of this thought pervaded their closing conversation of the mortal life of the young amateur captain, who told his Lieutenant that he could raise men who would follow him "farther South than Harden's Mill." Yet was

there no self-reproach in the hearts of these young officers in that dark hour of death, for each had but followed the conscientious convictions which had divided the representative men of the nation everywhere. It was this war between brothers, with its consequences, that was to be deplored; and not the individual parts of the actors in the national strife. Thus it stood between these two soldier friends; and it was in Colonel Murray's power to care for Colonel Morehead as well as though he had been with his own people, contributing to his comfort while life remained, and giving to him sympathetic burial when he was no longer one of earth.

But we must go back from this victorious battle of Stone River to Murray's first fight. It was early in 1861. The engagement was between Murray and Gen. Forrest, and singularly enough, it was Forrest's first fight. Murray at that time was a major, and he had with him 150 men. Forrest, who bore the rank of general, had his own regiment and a part of Stearns' regiment numbering together more than 700 men. In this unequal fight Murray was defeated, and after a loss of over a third of his men in killed, wounded and prisoners, he was driven with his remaining force from the field. He had his horse shot under him and he escaped on the horse of a Confederate soldier who had been killed. In his flight he was minus his cap which an unfriendly bullet had taken from his head. In this engagement his company was very poorly armed, having French pistols, which his men said would not penetrate the bark of a tree, their sabres and twenty-nine Enfield rifles. Yet General Forrest, in speaking of this fight after the war, said it was one of the liveliest and most stubborn little fights he was ever in.

Murray entered the army at the time General Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, had command of the Department of Kentucky, who was succeeded by Sherman, Buell, Rosecrans and Thomas. When his old Col., General Jackson, was killed in the battle of Perryville, Murray received his commission as Col. on that battle-field. He was through the campaigns of Georgia with Generals Sherman and McPherson. On Kilpatrick's being wounded, he had command of a cavalry brigade, and he afterwards

commanded half of the cavalry force in Sherman's march to the sea. At the battle of Stone River in 1863, he was specially mentioned in the commanding General's official report, as having done some unusually good fighting with extraordinary good results in the capture of prisoners, and the recapture of artillery. At this time, also, there was presented to him a beautiful sabre, set in jewels, with the following inscription: "Presented to Col. Eli H. Murray, 3rd Ky. Cav. by the officers and men of his regiment, for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Stone River." This sabre is preserved by him as a souvenir of the battle-field, and a token of the attachment of his regiment towards him as its commanding officer.

Before leaving the war topic, it is due to the father of General Murray to give a further notice of him. Col. David R. Murray was in the war with Great Britain, in 1812. Throughout his life he was a devoted Whig, and a warm personal and political friend of Henry Clay. Although a large slave-holder, he was an ardent friend of the Union, and during the war was an active supporter of the Government. He died at the age of 82, and the loyal delight of the old veteran's closing days was that he had lived to see the Union restored. His wife, the mother of General Murray, died some years since. She was distinguished throughout her life as a woman of superior intellect and marked character.

Here for the present we must leave Governor Murray's biographical thread, to be resumed when the Utah chapter of his life has reached a rounded completeness. Into that chapter, which will properly constitute a part of the history of our own Territory, two other important personages must be introduced, namely, the Hon. George Q. Cannon and the Hon. Allen G. Campbell. We design to write the political history of Utah, and therein the present subject of interest between the Governor and the two distinguished gentlemen who claim the people of Utah as their constituents shall be reviewed with historical integrity. Meantime, we present as an interesting chapter in the line of our biographical subjects, the honorable and heroic record of a family that has done rare service to the American nation during a well-defined period of more than a cen-

ture. Surely Utah may take some reasonable pride in having a Governor who is himself esteemed as a hero by his native State, and who is so clearly descended from a family of heroes and patriots.

MOHAMMED.

CHAPTER I.

THE STATE OF THE WORLD AT HIS ADVENT.

THE empire of the Cæsars was in a state of dissolution, the world in the passage of death, human society a chaos, the Christian churches an anarchy. At such a time the great Mohammed arose.

At a death, there is ever a new birth; out of anarchy and dissolution, new empires spring.

The East and the West are two pronounced halves;—Constantinople and Rome two irreconcilable facts; but both were a chaos, and Christendom itself a problem of the future.

Christian churches, such as they were, survived; the faith of the Cross extended its influence over the barbaric nations that poured into Europe from the North; but the very face and nationalities of the west were undergoing a remodeling.

Before the death of Constantine the Great, the Gothic nations began to make inroads upon the empire; but after his day, while his son, Constantius, was wasting his reign in disputes on doctrinal theology with the bishops of the Christian churches, a fierce tide of emigration of the rude conquerors from the North devastated the empire and laid it waste. It lashed its surges first upon the West, but the East next felt its resistless fury. Gaul, Spain, and lastly Italy itself was overrun. The Franks, Saxons, Goths, and Alemanni devastated the countries of the Rhine and wholly separated them from the empire, while the Sarmatians, Persians, Scythians and others made resistless incursions on the East. In vain the successors of Constantine attempted to stem the tide of barbaric conquest. Says Dr Robertson:—

“If a man were called to fix upon the period in the history of the world, during which the condition of the human race was most calamitous and afflicted, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Theodosius the Great (A. D. 395) to the estab-

lishment of the Lombards in Italy (A. D. 571.) The contemporary authors, who beheld that scene of desolation, labor and are at a loss for expression to describe the horror of it. *The scourge of God, the destroyer of nations* are the dreadful epithets by which they distinguish the most noted barbarous leaders; and they compare the ruin which they had brought on the world, to the havoc occasioned by earthquake, conflagrations, or deluges, the most formidable and fatal calamities the imagination of man can conceive.

“But no expression can convey so perfect an idea of the destructive progress of the barbarians as that which must strike an attentive observer, when he contemplates the total change which he will discover in the state of Europe, after it began to recover some degree of tranquility, towards the close of the sixth century. The Saxons were by that time masters of the southern and more fertile provinces of Britain; the Franks of Gaul; the Huns of Pannonia; the Goths of Spain; the Goths and Lombards of Italy and the adjacent provinces. Very faint vestiges of the Roman policy, jurisprudence, arts, or literature remained. New forms of government, new laws, new manners, new dresses, new languages, and new names of men and countries were everywhere introduced. To make a great and sudden alteration with respect to any of these, unless where the ancient inhabitants of a country have been almost totally exterminated, has proved an undertaking beyond the greatest conquerors. The Great change which the settlement of the barbarous nations occasioned in the state of Europe, may therefore, be considered as a more decisive proof, than even the testimony of contemporary historians, of the destructive violence with which these invaders carried their conquests, and of the havoc which they made from one extremity of this quarter of the globe to the other.”

It was just in this universal anarchy of nations—this chaos of a world, that Mohammed came!

Europe in that age was as much the “new world” as America has been in the nineteenth century; and for centuries it was in travail with young empires. A virgin soil was needed for the remodeling of humanity and modern states of society. Worn out with antique institutions, its life of civilizations which the

Pharaohs had infused well nigh exhausted, and the economy of Moses a dispensation of the past, the *old* earth required modern phases and fresh infusions of national life. We speak of the things of the present as modern, but what is a few hundred years in a series of thousands? Those barbaric nations, from which we have sprung, were modern and rude enough eight hundred years ago. How many thousand years must elapse before America will be as ancient as the world was when our ancestors poured their resistless tides of emigration into Europe, to rejuvenile the earth and give to nationalities new life!

During the first phases of this grand re-making up of human society, Mohammed came!

But the East required a generation of the old economies, not a new birth—the Abrahamic genius, not the modern or Christ genius. The former was most suited to its necessities and conditions. The East was behind the West; and, therefore, it had to be brought up to the *modern* state, which it has not even yet reached, though it will pass into that state when the West, with its fresh impulses, goes round to help its new birth. But that is the problem of this age; it was an impossible one when Mohammed came. The East was the cradle of empires but it was also their sepulchre! Yet a solution was needed for the great bulk of the race, who have not even yet come into the new dispensation of civilizations. Christ was traveling westward! Still the East demanded the solution of *its* problem, and that solution was coming not then from Him. The East was crowded with dead nations, and crowded with living nations of the past formations, who were as much sepulchered in the ancient institutions and states as were their mummied forefathers in the Egyptian catacombs. Still again, the philosophy of Providence declares that the *East also demanded its solution*.

Mohammed came! God raised up the Prophet of Ishmael for his solution of the Eastern problem. He regenerated nations with the grand conception of the UNITY OF GOD! Herein was the philosophy of his mission—the providence of his advent. Heathen nations were to be brought up to the first phases of a universal truth,—brought up to the potent conception of Abraham's God, in whom is the *world's unity*.

So wonderful was this regeneration, which took place among the great bulk of the race, through the mission of Islamism and the inspiration of the Abrahamic genius, which ruled the Prophet of Ishmael, that for centuries the East struggled with the West for the mastery of the earth. And even Napoleon, in the present age, indulged in the idea of another regenerating in the "cradle of empires." The Mohammedan problem was before him in history as an example; and, in his grand ambitions, he would have repeated the solution, and having restored the Mohammedan empire to its ancient glory have battled with the West again for the world's dominion. The great dreams of Napoleon's youth all pointed to the founding of empires in the East. After the erasure of his name from the list of general officers in which he ranked after the siege of Toulon, Napoleon, seeing a field worthy of his genius, petitioned the French government to sanction the offer of his services to Turkey in the name of France and to take a few select companions, among whom would have been young Junot and Marmont. He had, at that early date of his career, the same grand programme in his mind which in the sixth century occupied Mohammed. It was that of the resuscitation of the East, and the rebuilding of empires in the land where empires first began. After he became the conqueror of Italy he still pursued his glorious phantom, and when he drew toward the close of his voyage to Egypt he dictated to his secretary, Bourrienne, his famous proclamation to his soldiers in which he said to them:

"The people with whom we are about to be connected are Mahometans. The first article of their faith is this: 'There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet!' Do not gainsay them; live with them as you have lived with the Jews—with the Italians, paying the same deference to their muftis and their imaums as you have paid to the rabbins and bishops; show to the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran and to the mosques the same tolerance as you have shown to the convents and the synagogues—to the religions of Moses and Jesus Christ."

*We see here this wonderful man of modern times laying himself out for the same work which Mohammed undertook in the sixth century. Then, as now, the East was dying and these two empire-founders

attempted its regeneration. Mohammed succeeded, Napoleon failed. The latter after his great battle of the Pyramids turned his attention to the civil and military organization of the country, appointed provisional governments in the cities and provinces, played the part of a deliverer as well as that of a conqueror, and sought to prepare the East for his new empire, and by a gradual transformation to a state more in harmony with European civilization—that is to modernize it. Even at St. Helena, Napoleon held to his dream. “If Acre had fallen,” the prisoner said, “I would have changed the face of the world!”

But in the sixth century, though Mohammed and his successors had precisely the same programme as that of Napoleon, touching the resuscitation of the East, the rebuilding of empires, and the “changing the face of the world,” they traveled towards that object through very different methods. They succeeded in the East, but failed in the West, while Napoleon succeeded in the West, but failed in the East, and from reversed relative causes. The Prophet and his successors aimed nothing at innovations. They dreamt not of *new* creations in modern forms: it was all resuscitation and restoration. They conceived not the idea of an endless progress of society and humanity traveling far away from ancient economies and barbaric patriarchal civilizations into a grand civilization which has culminated from all ages. To the Prophet, the dispensation of his father Abraham constituted the perfect condition of his race. All departure from the patriarchal faith and social institutions belonging to the dispensation of his great forefather, was considered a fall from the proper state of man. Mohammed came to *restore* all things to the place where they were in ages past—to take the world back to his father Abraham. Hence, in the due method of this regeneration, the Koran opens with an inspired manifesto from the prophet:

“We follow,” says the Koran, “the orthodox, who was no idolater. We believe in God, and that which was sent down to Abraham and Ishmael and Isaac and Jacob and the tribes, and that which was delivered unto Moses and Jesus, and that which was delivered unto the prophets from the Lord. We make no distinction between any

of them, and to God we are resigned”

Mohammed then regenerated the East with the Abrahamic genius, and the potent unity of Abraham’s God, and in that regeneration is the philosophy of his mission. The God of his father Abraham sent him to sweep idolatry from the earth. “There is but *one* God—or God is God, and Mohammed is his prophet,” is the manifesto of his divine mission, and the might of the Gospel of the sword confirmed the testimony. His mission was that of an iconoclast or an image-smasher and his message to the fierce warrior tribes of Arabia. Martial divinity only could have converted the East. In Mohammed’s hands the sword was the sword of the Lord.

CHAPTER II.

HIS YOUTH, LOVE AND VISIONS.

Mohammed was born in Mecca, the sacred city of Arabia, in 569 of the Christian era; and he came of the illustrious tribe of Koreish, of which there were two branches descended from two brothers. We are told by the Moslem writers that, at the moment of his coming into the world, he raised his eyes to heaven, exclaiming, “God is great! There is no God but God, and I am His prophet.”

When the prophet was scarcely two months old, his father died, leaving him no other inheritance than five camels, a few sheep and a female slave. The grief of the young mother, at the loss of her beloved, robbed her child of nature’s nourishment, and he was given to a Saadite shepherdess to nurse, who, out of compassion, took the helpless infant to her home in one of the pastoral valleys of the mountains.

When at the age of four years, while playing in the fields with a foster-brother, Moslem traditions inform us, two angels appeared to Mohammed, and the angel Gabriel laying him upon the ground, took out his heart and cleansed it, and having filled it with prophetic gifts, replaced it. Gabriel, we are told, also stamped between the child’s shoulders the seal of prophecy. These traditions are akin to fables concerning the child, Jesus. When the vision was told to the nurse, she and her husband became alarmed, fearing these angels were evil spirits. So she carried the youthful pro-

phet back to Mecca and delivered him to his mother.

The mother of Mohammed died when he was six years of age and left him to the guardianship of his illustrious grandfather, who, at his death, two years later, committed the boy to the special care of his oldest son, Abu Taleb.

At the age of twelve, with his daring imagination wrought up to the highest pitch by the romances of the deserts, the youth clung to Abu Taleb, who was preparing to mount his camel to start with his caravan, and implored his indulgent kinsman to be permitted to go with him to Syria. "For who, my uncle, will take care of me when thou art gone?" pleaded the boy. Abu Taleb granted the prayer of his nephew, and the caravan started on its route, to return in due time loaded with its merchandise, and the mind of the future prophet more abundantly laden with the superstitions of the desert, a knowledge of the sacred Hebrew writings and of the mission of Christ.

At a Nestorian convent, where Abu Taleb and his nephew were entertained with great hospitality, one of the monks, surprised at the precocious intellect of young Mohammed, and his astonishing capacity for a religious mission, held frequent conversations with him upon the sacred scriptures. The subjects which engrossed the ardent mind of the future prophet were those relating to his forefather Abraham, Moses, and the new dispensation opened in the ministry of Christ. One has only to read the Koran to trace the early inception of the germs of Islamism, and how much the daring and capacious mind of Mohammed became pregnant with the ideas of new dispensations in an Abrahamic succession. In that Nestorian convent, in an ancient city of the Levites, Ishmael's prophet was born for the mission, and from that hour the new dispensation was nascent in Mohammed's soul.

The youth returned with his uncle to Mecca, the seeds of a great religious mission deeply planted in his mind. The son of Ishmael had been to the land in which Abraham sojourned when he departed out of Chaldea and out of the house of his idolatrous father, leaving his denunciation against idolatry and carrying with him a knowledge of the true religion. It was a grand example for his descendant.

When Mohammed reached the age of twenty five, an important event occurred in his life. It was that of love! The romance is somewhat similar to that between Josephine and her hero.

There lived in Mecca a noble lady of the tribe of Koreish. Twice had she been married; her last husband, a wealthy merchant, had recently died. The extensive business of the fair widow required an efficient manager, and her nephew recommended to her young Mohammed as a fit person to be her factor. Cadijah, (the name of the lady) was so eager to secure his services that she offered him double wages to conduct her caravan to Syria. As he is extolled for his manly beauty and engaging manners, it is thought that the fair widow's heart was her counselor. Mohammed, by the advice of Abu Taleb, accepted her offer, and so well pleased was his patroness on his return that she gave him double the stipulated wages. Similar expeditions brought to him like results. On one occasion on his return from Syria with her caravan, as she watched him from the house-top, with her maid-servant, she saw two angels conducting the "favorite of God" into Mecca. This extraordinary circumstance which, no doubt, to her love-inspired mind was real, increased her affections for Mohammed; and forthwith, through her trusty maid-servant, who was with her when her woman's heart gave to her the miraculous vision of the angels, she proposed marriage to the handsome fellow, whom Heaven, as well as herself, had condescended to love.

Mohammed now ranked among the most wealthy of the city, and his excellent conduct obtained for him the name of Al Amin, or the Faithful. For several years he continued in the sphere of commerce, but his heart was not in his vocation, and his enterprises were not as successful as before. It is supposed that in his subsequent journeys into Syria after the age of twenty-five, Mohammed renewed his intercourse with those versed in the sacred writings and the history and religions of the Jews and Christians. Waraka, a cousin of Mohammed's wife, was instrumental in developing his latent energy and starting him in his great career. This Waraka himself was a remarkable character. He was a learned man of a bold, speculative mind, who

had cast off the idolatrous religion of the East, and held Arian opinions. He was also progressive and innovative in his tendencies. First he was a Jew, and then he advanced to the Christian, and perhaps more fully than his pupil, he had already conceived the necessity of a new dispensation, for the Christian churches generally at that period had fallen much from their primitive apostolic state, as the old Eastern empires had into the grossest idolatry. In the Koran, which so emphatically endorses the divine missions of Moses and Jesus, the apostacy of both the Jews and Christians is repeatedly marked. It is more than probable that much of Waraka's mature views and speculations became absorbed by the insipid and forceful Mohammed.

At length (in the fortieth year of his age) came the annunciation of his apostleship by the personal administration of the angel, Gabriel. The following is the substance of Washington Irving's account of this circumstance: "He was passing, as was his wont, the holy month in the cavern of Mount Hara, fasting and praying. It was the night called *Al Kader*, or the Divine Decree, a night in which, according to the Koran, angels descend to the earth and Gabriel brings down the decrees of God. As Mohammed, in the silent watches of the night, lay wrapped in his mantle, he heard a voice calling him; uncovering his head, a flood of light broke upon him of such intolerable splendor that he swooned away. On regaining his senses, he beheld an angel in human form, which, approaching from a distance, displayed a silken cloth covered with written characters. 'Read,' said the angel. 'I know not how to read,' replied Mohammed. 'Read,' repeated the angel, 'in the name of the Lord who has created man from a clot of blood. Read, in the name of the Most High, who taught man the use of the pen, who sheds on his soul the rays of knowledge, and teaches him what before he knew not.' Upon this Mohammed instantly felt his understanding illumined with celestial light, and what was written upon the cloth, which contained the decrees of God as afterwards promulgated in the Koran. When he had finished the perusal, the heavenly messenger announced, 'Oh, Mohammed, of a verity thou art the prophet of God, and I am his angel, Gabriel.' Mohammed, in the

morning, came trembling and agitated to Cadijah, not knowing whether what he had seen was indeed true, a mere vision or a delusion of his senses, or the mere apparition of an evil spirit. His wife said 'Joyful tidings dost thou bring! By Him in whose hand is the soul of Cadijah, I will henceforth regard thee as the prophet of our nation. Rejoice,' added she, seeing him cast down, 'Allah will not suffer thee to fall to shame. Hast not thou been loving to thy kinsfolk, kind to thy neighbors, charitable to the poor, hospitable to the stranger, faithful to thy word, and ever a defender of the truth?'

The loving wife then hastened to communicate the intelligence to her cousin, Waraka. 'By Him in whose hand is the soul of Waraka,' exclaimed the learned man, 'thou speakest true, oh Cadijah. The angel who has appeared to thy husband is the same, who, in the days of old was sent to Moses, the son of Amram. His annunciation is true. Thy husband is a prophet.'"

Thus it will be seen that his fond wife and her learned cousin were the first to rejoice and proclaim Mohammed the Prophet of their nation.

CHAPTER III.

MOHAMMED'S CHAMPIONS.

For a time Mohammed confided his revelations to his own household, but at length the rumor got abroad that he pretended to be a prophet. This stirred up, at the very opening of his career, hostility from every side. His immediate kinsmen, of the line of Haschem, were powerful, prosperous, and identified with idolatry. They therefore considered their family disgraced in the person of Mohammed, and that he was placing them in humiliation at the feet of the rival branch of their tribe; while the rival line of *Abd Schems* took advantage of the opportunity, and raised the cry of heresy and impiety, to depose the line of Haschem from the guardianship of the sacred shrine of Arabia and the governorship of Mecca. Thus the matter became an issue of rival family interests, as well as one of a radical conflict between idolatry and the mission of this earnest image-smasher.

During the first three years of his prophetic career, the number of Moham-

med's converts did not exceed forty, and most of these were young persons, strangers and slaves; and so thoroughly were the new sect outlawed, that its meetings were held in secret, either at the house of one of the disciples or in a cave near Mecca. Their meetings at length were discovered, a mob broke into the cavern, and a scuffle ensued, in which one of the assailants was wounded in the head by Saad, an armorer, who thenceforth became renowned as the first of the disciples who shed blood in the cause of Islam.

Mohammed afterwards had a second vision, in which the angel, Gabriel, commanded him to arise and preach and magnify the Lord. Accordingly, in the fourth year of his religious or fanatical activity, he summoned the line of Haschem to meet him on the hill of Safa, in the vicinity of Mecca, that he might unfold to them matters of importance concerning their welfare. They assembled, and with them came his uncle, Abu Lahab, a man of proud spirit, who held his nephew in reproach for bringing disgrace upon his family. As soon as Mohammed commenced to make known to them his revelations, Abu Lahab started up in a great rage, reviling him for calling them on so idle an errand. Catching up a stone, he would have cast it at his nephew, but the Prophet turned upon him a withering glance, cursed the hand raised against him, and predicted his doom to the fire of Jehennam, with the assurance that his scoffing wife should bear the burden of thorns with which the fire would be kindled. This woman was the sister of Abu Sofian, the great rival of the line of Haschem, and though the son of Abu Lahab had doubly united him to his nephew by a marriage with Mohammed's youngest daughter, Abu Lahab betrayed his family and united with its rival. Enraged by the curse pronounced upon them, they immediately compelled their son to divorce his wife, who came weeping to her father; but she was soon consoled by becoming the wife of her father's zealous disciple, Othman, who, in the number of Mohammed's successors ranks as the third Caliph in the rise of the vast Mohammedan empire.

Not discouraged, the Prophet called a second meeting of the Haschemites, and at this time announced in full the revelations which he had received, and the

divine command to impart them to the chosen line of Haschem. "Oh, children of Abd al Montaleb," cried the Prophet, "to you of all men has Allah vouchsafed these precious gifts. In His name I offer you the blessings of this world, and endless joys hereafter. Who among you will share the burden of my offer? Who will be my brother, my lieutenant, my vizier?" For a space of time the assembled Haschemites were silent, some wondering, others smiling in derision, until the youthful Ali, starting up with enthusiasm, offered himself to his great cousin, who caught the generous youth in his arms, and pressing him to his bosom, cried out to the assembly, "Behold my brother, my vizier, my vicegerent! Let all listen to his words and obey him." The outburst of the stripling Ali was received with a shout of derision, and the Haschemites scoffingly told Abu Taleb that he must now pay obedience to his son; but notwithstanding their scorn, the youthful Ali afterward became one of the mightiest of men, and fourth Caliph of the Mohammedan empire.

Mohammed now began to preach in public. The hills of Safa and Kubeis were his chosen audience chambers, from which he thundered against the reign of idolatry. These places were well chosen, for they were sanctified in the minds of the children of Abraham's first-born, by traditions of Ishmael and his mother, Hagar; and from these holy hills he sent forth a mighty proclamation that God had sent him to restore the "religion of Abraham." The Koreishites, enraged by his denunciation of their idolatry, and the stiff-neckedness of themselves and their fathers in "the days of ignorance"—as the period prior to the Islam era is denominated—and, moreover, much alarmed by the spread of the new faith, urged Abu Taleb to silence his nephew, and at length threatened to exterminate Mohammed and his disciples. Abu Taleb hastened to entreat his nephew to forego his work. "Oh, my uncle," exclaimed this grand fanatic or prophet, "though they should array the sun against me on my right hand and the moon on my left, yet until God shall command me, or take me hence, would I not depart from my purpose." Mohammed was retiring from the presence of his uncle with a dejected countenance,

When Abu Taleb, struck with admiration, called him back, and declared that, preach what he might, he would never abandon him to his enemies; and Abu Taleb, as the representative of his line, forthwith bound the descendants of Haschem and Abd al Montaleb to aid him in protecting him against the rest of the tribe of Koreish. They considered the new religion of their kinsman a dangerous heresy, but the strong family instinct of the Arabs prevailed, and the descendants—excepting his uncle, Abu Lahab—of Haschem and Abd al Montaleb, consented to protect him.

About this time, Mohammed was assailed and nearly strangled in the Caaba, but he was rescued by Abu Beker. He therefore deemed it wisdom to counsel those of his disciples, who were not protected by powerful friends, to fly from Mecca, for their lives were now in danger. He advised such to take refuge among the Nestorian Christians, and Othman Ibu Affan led a little band of the persecuted out of Mecca. The refugees were kindly received by the Nestorians, and others soon followed them. Meantime the Koreishites, finding Mohammed persistent in his work, and daily making converts, passed a law of banishment against all who should embrace his faith, while he himself was forced to take refuge in the house of one of his disciples. Here he remained for a month. But his fame had spread abroad, and men from all parts of Arabia sought him in his retreat.

His powerful enemy, Abu Jahl, sought him and insulted and outraged him by personal violence. This was, however, avenged, and the circumstance was the indirect cause of bringing into the faith of Islam two of its mightiest champions. This outrage was told to his uncle Hamza, as he was returning from hunting, whereupon, in great ire, he marched with his bow unstrung into an assembly of Koreishites, where he found Abu Jahl boasting of his exploit; and Hamza smote him with a blow, wounding him in his head. The friends of the smitten man were in their turn about to avenge him, but Abu Jahl, fearing the warlike Hamza, himself pacified them, and apologized for his conduct, urging as his excuse the apostacy of his nephew. "Well," retorted Hamza, fiercely, "I also do not believe in your gods of stone;

can you compel me?" Forthwith he declared himself a believer in his nephew's mission, and took the oath of allegiance. Yet more important a convert than even the warlike Hamza, was Abu Jahl's own nephew, Omar, whose very walking-stick, it is said, struck more terror into beholders than any other man's sword. Omar, instigated by his uncle to avenge the blow dealt him by Hamza, promised to penetrate to the retreat of the Prophet, and strike a poniard to his heart. He was on the way to execute his purpose, when he met a Koreishite friend to whom he imparted his design. "Before you slay Mohammed, and draw upon yourself the vengeance of his relatives, see that your own are free from heresy," cautioned his friend, who had himself secretly embraced the faith. "Are any of mine guilty of backsliding?" demanded Omar. "Even so," was the reply. "Thy sister, and her husband, Seid." Omar, overwhelmed with astonishment, and beside himself with wrath, hastened to his sister's house, and surprised her and her husband reading the Koran. In his rage he struck Seid to the earth, and would have plunged his sword into his heart, but the wife interposed, and received a fierce blow in her face, which bathed it in blood. "Enemy of Allah," sobbed his sister, "dost thou strike me for believing in the only true God? In spite of thee and thy violence, I will persevere in the true faith. Yes, there is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet. And now, Omar, finish thy work." But Omar, struck by his sister's spirit, relented, and took his foot from her husband's breast. "Show me the writing," he said; but his sister refused to let him touch the sacred scroll until he had washed his hands. He opened the 20th chapter of the Koran, and read: "In the name of the most merciful God! We have not sent down the Koran to inflict misery on mankind, but as a monitor, to teach him to believe in the true God, the creator of the earth and the lofty heavens.

"The All-Merciful is enthroned on high; to Him belongeth whatsoever is in the heavens above and in the regions under the earth.

"Dost thou utter thy prayers with a loud voice? Know that there is no need. God knoweth the secrets of thy heart; yea, and that which is most hidden.

"Verily I am God ; and there is none beside Me. Serve Me ; serve none other. Offer up thy prayers to none but Me."

Omar, greatly moved by the new revelations, continued to read, and before he left his sister's house this fierce man of war was a penitent and firm believer in the Prophet, to whose retreat he hastened, and knocking, humbly craved admittance. "Come in, son of Khattab," answered the Prophet. "What bringest thee hither?" "I come to enroll my name among the believers of God and His Prophet," reverently replied the new convert.

No half-hearted manifestation of faith satisfied this proselyte. He desired to make his conversion most public, and prevailed on Mohammed to accompany him to the Caaba, to perform openly the rites of Islamism. A procession of the faithful forthwith paraded the streets of Mecca, Hamza walking on the right hand, and Omar on the left hand of the Prophet, to protect him from violence ; and though the Koreishites viewed this demonstration with astonishment and dismay, none dared to interrupt it, for Hamza and Omar glared upon their enemies "like two lions that had been robbed of their young." Next day, also, the fierce nephew of Abu Jahl went up to the holy shrine to pray, in defiance of the Koreishites, who, though they dared not to interfere with his worship, fell on another of the disciples, who also went up to worship. Wrathful at this, Omar immediately sought his powerful uncle. "I renounce," said he, "thy protection. I will not be better off than my fellow-believers." This terrible military apostle of the Arabian prophet became the third successor of Mohammed, and under him the conquests of Egypt, Syria and Persia were added to that of all Arabia.

CHAPTER IV.

OPENING OF THE MOHAMMEDAN DISPENSATION.

IN the twelfth year of Mohammed's prophetship he published the revelation of his famous night journey to the seven heavens. At first, it was too much even for the credulity of his disciples, and some of them left him ; but Abu Becker timely vouched for the Prophet's veracity ; and his prompt testimony to the truth of the night vision turned again the waver-

ing faith, and raised the credit of Mohammed as the favorite Apostle of God to a towering pinnacle. It is thought that this hit of the Prophet was a bold stroke of policy. Says Mr. Sale, in his preliminary discourse to his translation of the Koran, "I am apt to think this fiction, notwithstanding its extravagance, was one of the most artful contrivances Mohammed ever put in practice, and what chiefly contributed to the raising of his reputation to that great height to which it afterward attained."

The star of Mohammed's mission was now rising ; his enemies by their very warfare against the faithful, were fast rolling the wheel of empire toward him ; and their rejection of the new revelation was but preparing the way for the epoch of his military apostleship ! He had reached the period of his prophetic career most famous for its results. It is called the "Accepted Year," in which, among other notable events, stands foremost the immortalized "Hegira," or the Flight, whence dates the Mohammedan era. First in the order of remarkable events, came twelve citizens of Medina on pilgrimage to Mecca, who, hearing the prophet preach, received the word and swore allegiance and obedience to him. These were honored with the title of "The Defenders." Returning to Medina, they brought others into the faith, and soon after seventy-three more converts from that city came to enroll themselves under his banner ; and these on Mount Akaba took the oath pertaining to the gospel of the sword. "If," said they, "we be slain in thy cause, what shall be our reward?" "Paradise!" answered the Prophet. "Then," said they, "stretch forth thy right hand," and he did so. They then took the oath, and swore that they would defend and uphold the Prophet and his cause. Thus began that mighty military organization which in its growth built up a vast empire, and for centuries, against the chivalry of Christendom, contended even for the dominion of the world.

Up to this important period the "Kingdom of God," as represented in Mohammed's mission, had not received its perfect organization, for according to the very genius of Islamism, the apostleship is the power of God ordained to bear off the Kingdom. Notwithstanding, therefore, that unto the Christ of Ishmael's

seed it was given to build it up by the might of the sword, he, like the Christ from the chosen seed of Isaac, now called twelve apostles; and thus endowed, Mohammed's dispensation was fairly opened.

Mohammed's "kingdom of God," being now once more perfectly set up upon the earth, by the choosing of twelve apostles, the Prophet sent away "The Defenders," and counseled the residue of his disciples to take their flight to Medina; but the Prophet, with Abu Becker and Ali, remained behind in his beloved native city, not having, he said, as yet divine permission to leave Mecca. This exodus of his followers alarmed the rival branch of the Koreishites; for since the day that the twelve pilgrims took the oath on Mount Akaba, so great had been the success of Islamism in Medina, that this chosen city was now ready to welcome the Prophet as its divine lawgiver and sovereign. His enemies in Mecca, fearful lest his new allies should proselyte other powerful tribes, and return to avenge the cause of their prophet, resolved to interrupt the flight of Mohammed and at once put him to death. They accordingly held a council, in which his assassination was formally arranged by the chief men of the city; but scarcely was the conspiracy against him conceived ere it was known to the Prophet, professedly revealed to him by the angel Gabriel, who now ordered him to take flight to Medina.

Thereupon, "to amuse his enemies," he directed Ali to lie down in his place, and wrap himself in his green cloak, which he did; and Mohammed escaped miraculously, as they pretend, to Abu Beker's house, unperceived by the conspirators, who had already assembled at the Prophet's door. They, in the meantime, looking through the crevice, and seeing Ali, whom they took to be the Prophet himself, asleep, continued watching there until morning, thus giving Mohammed the advantage of escape. At length, bursting in the door, they rushed toward the sleeper, when Ali started up and confronted them. Amazed, they demanded, "Where is Mohammed?" "I know not," replied Ali, sternly, and walked forth, none venturing to molest him.

Abu Beker and the Prophet took refuge in a cave at Mount Thor, where they arrived at dawn of day. Scarce were

they in when they heard the sound of pursuit. "Our pursuers," said the apprehensive Abu Beker, "are many, and we are but two." "Be not grieved," replied the grand enthusiast, "there is a third, even God himself. He will defend us." In this cave they remained three days, according to tradition, preserved by another miracle, after which they set out for Medina, taking a by-road. But they had not journeyed far before they were overtaken by a troop of horse, and Abu Beker was again dismayed. The comforting word was still, "Be not troubled; God is with us!" As the Koreishite leader overtook Mohammed, his horse fell, and the Prophet taking advantage of the incident, spoke to him with such words of power and authority that the stern warrior was awed, and entreating forgiveness turned back his troop. The fugitives continued their journey until they arrived at a little village two miles from Medina, where they remained four days, in which time were gathered to him the refugees of Mecca, and a little host of auxiliaries, among whom was a warrior chief with seventy followers of the tribe of Salram, who forthwith made profession of faith.

On the morning of the Moslem Sabbath, after the service of prayers and a sermon from the prophet, he mounted his camel and set forth for the chosen city, the troop of horse attending him as guards, and his disciples from Mecca took turns in holding a canopy of palm leaves over his head. By his side rode Abu Beker. "Oh, apostle of God!" cried the chief, "thou shalt not enter Medina without a standard." So he unfolded his turban, and, tying it to the point of his lance, bore it aloft before the Prophet. "Thus," says Washington Irving, "did Mohammed enter Medina more as a conqueror than an exile seeking an asylum."

New dispensations have ever found their crowning opportunities made by the force of the action against them, as though an overruling power worked in harmony from opposite sides. The Egyptian bondage brought forth the exodus of the chosen people—the exodus the nationality of Israel. So also from the flight of the Arabian Prophet grew up the Mohammedan empire.

He now boldly proclaimed his military apostleship, and empowered his followers

to make war upon the idolaters, and build up the kingdom of God by the sword. There was a new revelation—a second seal of his dispensation opened. “The sword,” exclaimed the Prophet, “is the key of heaven and of hell; *a drop of blood shed in the cause of God, a night spent under arms*, is of more avail than two months of fasting and prayer. Whosoever falls in battle, his sins are forgiven; at the day of judgment his wounds shall be resplendent as vermilion and odoriferous as musk; the loss of his limbs shall be replaced by the wings of angels and of cherubim.”

The first of Mohammed's victories was won in the second year of the Hegira, in the Valley of Beder, over the idolatrous Meccans, headed by his enemy, Abu Sofian. The force of the Prophet consisted of only 319 men, while that of the enemy numbered nearly 1,000; notwithstanding, he put them to flight, killing seventy of the principal Koreish, and taking as many prisoners, with the loss of only fourteen of his own men.

In the Koran this battle is immortalized, and the victory of the band of the faithful ascribed to the presence of the angel Gabriel. Nor less fortunate was the spoil taken from the enemy of the whole caravan, consisting of 6,000 camels, richly laden, from Syria. With this spoil he possessed the means of present reward for his followers, while to the warlike tribes of Arabia the promise of the future was most fascinating, and soon a formidable host flocked to his standard.

CHAPTER V.

TRIUMPHANT DEATH OF MOHAMMED.

The career of Mohammed was henceforth one of conquest. The pagan tribes, who would not peacefully be converted from their idolatry, he subdued with the sword, and they in their turn became valiant in the “cause of the Lord,” proving that the military gospel was the one most adapted to the character of the children of Ishmael, and even consonant with the patriarchal blessing and covenant pertaining to Abraham's firstborn.

In the seventh year of the Hegira, Mohammed assumed the state of a sovereign, and sent embassies to the monarchs around. The emperor of Persia treated the embassy sent to him with supreme contempt, for which the prophet launched

against him the divine wrath, predicting the overthrow of the haughty Persian empire by the conquering arms of the faithful. In the next year, Mohammed appeared suddenly at the gates of Mecca with 10,000 men, before the troops of that city had even been apprised of his departure from Medina. They had no choice left but immediate surrender or destruction; and thus at length was humbled the powerful race from whence the Prophet himself had sprung, and the city of his nativity, which had rejected his message and cast him out. The capture of Mecca, and the submission of the great tribe of the Koreish, was rapidly followed by the conversion to Islamism of most of the remote tribes, until he became master of all Arabia. Having brought all the tribes into one powerful union, and given birth to an Arabian empire, he made gigantic preparations for the conquest of Syria and Persia; but his vast purposes were destined to be fulfilled by his successors, for his own life was now drawing to a close.

In the tenth year of the Hegira, Mohammed set forth on a solemn pilgrimage to Mecca, as the last act of his life and ministry upon earth. He was accompanied by all his wives, and 90,000 pilgrims. With his own hand he sacrificed sixty-three victims, and liberated sixty-three slaves, in thanksgiving for each year of his life. He also shaved his head and scattered the hair among the multitude, which they piously gathered up, to the smallest hair, and treasured as holy relics. He closed the solemnity with his last revelation, pronounced by the “Spirit of the Lord” through the medium of his prophet. Henceforth, “wretched and miserable shall they be who deny your religion. Fear not them, but fear me; this day I have perfected your religion, and completed my grace toward you. I have willed that Islamism be your religion.” Finally, as supreme pontiff or Imam, Mohammed dismissed the people with a farewell, the last, as he declared, that he should give them; whence the pilgrimage is called “The Farewell.”

Mohammed returned to Medina, and died, in the eleventh year of the Hegira, and in the sixty-third year of his age, having accomplished during his lifetime, in the work of religious empire-founding, more than any before him; and in less than ten years after his death, under

Omar, his second successor, was completed the conquest of Egypt, Syria, and Persia, the vast Mohammedan empire established, and Islamism dominant over nearly all the Eastern Hemisphere.

It has been the habit of Christian writers to stigmatize Mohammed as "the great false prophet" and as an anti-Christ; but in this age of liberal views, even sound believers in the divine mission of the Christ, from chosen Isaac's seed, can afford to do justice to the great prophet who sprang from the loins of his brother, Ishmael. Heterodox philosophers, on their side, will class the whole race of prophets and apostles together, and view them simply as marvelous psychological and sociological problems. They will treat the genuine of this peculiar order as rare types of beings whose visionary and inspirative natures saw empires in their own fervid minds. Out of such as these, new civilizations and empires have grown; and it has ever been found in the course of nations that when the old empires have been rapidly passing through their states of decay, and the world needed a new impulse, then human giants have risen with their peculiar dispensations.

What shall we say of this wonderful man and his mission? This: if there be a God, then must that God, of *necessity*, be in all the world's great issues. Surely, then, into the hands of Mohammed, Providence committed one of the greatest of those issues.

In Mohammed and his mission, there is a genuine assumption of the Abrahamic covenant claimed by a descendant of the eldest son of the "Father of the Faithful;" and unless we give due weight to this fact and its workings in the mind of this great representative of the line of Abraham's first-born, we shall make discordant that which is in itself grandly harmonious. "In thee, and in thy seed, shall all the kindreds of the earth be blessed," was the covenant made to the "Father of the Faithful;" and Mohammed claimed his portion thereof. Yet did the Arabian prophet magnanimously give unto the seed of Isaac the principal succession in the sacred prophetic line, affirming that, though it was latent in the race of Ishmael, the gift of prophecy, with the holy apostleship, was not vouchsafed to any of his seed until he (Mohammed), the last of the Prophets, came, while from Isaac had sprung a long suc-

cession of prophets to carry on the Abrahamic dispensations.

Mr. Carlyle's philosophy of the life of the man utterly rejects the popular notions of Mohammed. He believes that "the rude message he delivered was a real one withal—an earnest, confused voice from the unknown deep. The man's words were not false, nor his workings here below; no inanity and simulacrum; a fiery mass of life cast up from the great bosom of nature herself." He discerns in him a rugged, deep-hearted son of the wilderness—"one of those who can not but be in earnest—whom nature herself has appointed to be sincere." "From of old a thousand thoughts, in his pilgrimings and wanderings, had been in this man; What am I? What is this unfathomable thing I live in, which men name universe? What is life—what is death? What am I to believe? What am I to do? The grim rocks of Mount Hara, of Mount Sinai, the stern, sandy solitudes answered not. The great heaven, rolling silent overhead, with its blue, glancing stars, answered not. There was no answer. The man's soul, and what of God's inspiration dwelt there, had to answer." At length, Carlyle thinks, the answer came in his own grand conception, that "there is one God in and over all."

With this annunciation, made by his own soul, he became possessed with the spirit of a mission to establish in Arabia the truth that there is but one God. That there was a deity in Mohammed's life working out one of the world-issues seems to be Mr. Carlyle's opinion. "Are we to suppose," he asks, "that it was a miserable spiritual legerdemain, this, which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died! I, for my part, can not form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this great world at all, if quackery so grew and were sanctioned here." Accordingly, he holds that Mohammed's dispensation was legitimate and successful, advancing the nations which received it from their state of idolatry to a higher stage of civilization, and to the faith of One God.

We will close our article with a description of the Prophet, from Washington Irving:

"Mohammed, according to accounts handed down by tradition from his co-

temporaries, was of middle stature, square built, and sinewy, with large hands and feet. In his youth, he was uncommonly strong and vigorous: in the latter part of his life he inclined to corpulency. His head was capacious, well shaped, and well set on a neck which rose like a pillar from his ample chest. His forehead was high, broad at the temples, and crossed by veins extending down to the eyebrows, which swelled whenever he was angry or excited. He had an oval face, marked and expressive features, an aquiline nose, black eyes, arched eyebrows which nearly met, a mouth large and flexible, indicating eloquence; very white teeth, somewhat parted and irregular; black hair, which waved without a curl on his shoulders, and a long and very full beard.

"His deportment in general was calm and equable; he sometimes indulged in pleasantry, but more commonly was grave and dignified, though he is said to have possessed a smile of captivating sweetness. His complexion was more ruddy than is usual with Arabs, and in his excited and enthusiastic moments there was a glow and radiance in his countenance which his disciples magnified into the supernatural light of prophecy.

"His intellectual qualities were undoubtedly of an extraordinary kind. He had a quick apprehension, a retentive memory, a vivid imagination, and an attentive genius. Owing but little to education, he had quickened and informed his mind by close observation, and stored it with a great variety of knowledge concerning the systems of religion current in his day or handed down by tradition from antiquity. His ordinary discourse was grave and sententious, abounding with those aphorisms and apologues so popular among the Arabs; at times he was excited and eloquent, and this was aided by a voice musical and sonorous. He was sober and abstemious in his diet, and a rigorous observer of fasts. He indulged in no magnificence of apparel—the ostentation of a petty mind; neither was his simplicity affected, but the result of a real disregard to distinction from so trivial a source. His garments were sometimes of wool, sometimes of a striped cotton of Yemen, and were often patched. He wore a turban, for he said turbans were worn by the angels, and in arranging it he let one end hang down his shoulder, which he said was the way they wore it.

* * He wore a seal ring of silver, the engraved part under his finger close to the palm of his hand, bearing the inscription, 'Mohammed the messenger of God.' He was scrupulous as to personal cleanliness, and observed frequent ablutions. * * 'There are two things in this world,' he would say, 'which delight me, women and perfumes. These two things delight my eyes and render me more fervent in devotion.' It is said that when in the presence of a beautiful female, he was continually smoothing his brow and adjusting his hair as if anxious to appear to advantage. In his private dealings he was just. He treated friends and strangers, the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak with equity, and was beloved by the common people."

AN ART COLLECTION.

THE broad features of the West, particularly of the Rocky Mountain region and the Great Basin, inspire strength of character, breadth of purpose, vigor and accomplishment. Other regions are equally inspirational for attempt—but the bold and effective West accomplishes; otherwise it could not have forced upon the desert its present development. The fundamental pioneer work having been performed, the future is suggestive of an equally energetic growth of refinement. The most obvious characteristic of this region is the artistic stimulus of its vigorous effects and grand scenic combinations. Such art-force and purpose being here latent, its expression rightfully demands stimulation; for its development will exhibit the country's capabilities as much as that of the mines or any other of its resources. It is pleasant to note that there are numbered among our citizens some real art patrons who realize this fact and are endeavoring to render the necessary stimulus to high art. Among these, one of the most prominent is D. F. Walker, Esq., the fortunate possessor of an art collection well worthy of a description.

At his home in this city are a number of pictures, an accumulation of years of careful and kindly purchase, yet chosen with a distinct view of promoting the development of art at home, while beautifying at the same time his own walls. True, not a few of the works have been painted away from here by artists not at all indented with the West, but these

are specimens of the best work of America's best artists, and their existence in Utah is a matter of congratulation, as they tend so far to supply an otherwise lamentable lack of fine pictures in our midst. They are also effective teachers to art students, a fact which their owner has already realized in their influence on the tastes of his own family.

In getting together the works that adorn his home, Mr. Walker has thoughtfully directed his purchases to the encouragement of originality and individual talent among our local painters. In so doing, he has shown a purpose uncommon among picture buyers here or elsewhere; yet it is this course that alone will foster worthy attainments in art. It requires some strength of purpose for an art patron to encourage originality above all other considerations, because it is not often the case that an original work is in every particular excellent. It is difficult for him to reject a glowing and beautiful copy for an original in which excellence is less apparent. Yet the patron must remember the divine spark that he is fostering by its acceptance or quenching by its rejection. From the point of view of a real art patron, one touch of original genius is worth all the copies in existence; for in making that touch, the artist is increasing, by just that much, the world's aggregate of beauty. Mr. Walker has shown in his labor of collection an appreciation of these ideas, and has been ever ready with an open hand to reward the legitimate pursuit of excellence. There is scarcely a Utah artist—high or low—who has not received encouragement from him, although their responses to his proffered aid have not always shown a proper acknowledgment; for in his efforts to bring out their best abilities he has become the unenvied possessor of several works which he—in common with any other man of sense—would not have the self-sacrifice to place upon his walls. Indeed, we believe Mr. Walker's interest in the development of Utah art is such, that let a local artist bring him a picture identified with this region and containing the essential requisites of originality, beauty and skill, and he would find in him a ready purchaser at a fair price. But he would reserve to himself the right to judge of those points, and his criticisms on such matters would not easily mislead him. Such practical en-

couragement as this is real art patronage; but without good taste and judgment in the award it would be ineffective in fostering the growth of real art.

Mr. D. F. Walker's art gatherings began with the purchase, many years ago, of an Autumn River subject by a painter named Boyde, and led on, without any definite intention on his part of making a collection, until he now possesses about sixty pictures—many of them of considerable value.

As above stated, our local artists are well represented, and we will attempt a description of their principal pictures here found:

GEORGE M. OTTINGER.—A tender water-color drawing, "Lochleven," represents one of the few landscapes of any merit that we have known our artists to produce in water-colors. Even in this specimen, the lack of vigor suggests some technical inexperience in the handling of those colors, but it is decidedly meritorious for all that.

A little gem, a female Aztec figure, shows no such dubiety of treatment, however, and tells that the artist was at home in a realm in which he has no peer. This is only a little picture, but it is a chip from the monument that will the longest mark Ottinger's existence in the world of art—a pebble from the new path he has marked out to the region of American Antiquities. The mate to this is a sleeping figure, very neatly done—but a copy.

The "Last Overland Stage" is just such a subject as Western painters ought to choose. Mr. Ottinger chose it and made a good thing out of it. There was only one *last* overland stage, and its coming down Weber Canyon marked an era in Utah history—indeed, in the World's progress—that well deserved perpetuation on canvas. There is an admirable foreshortening of the noted six white horses that used to make that stage, and the artist has brought out good character points in the persons on the coach.

JOHN TULLIDGE.—Mr. Walker owns what is undoubtedly one of Mr. Tullidge's best works, that entitled, "Sunshine, a Composition." The January number of this magazine contained an engraving from this picture, but it conveyed no sufficient idea of its merit. It is strictly classic and in harmony throughout. In its middle and extreme distances the feeling is especially fine, the tender grays

blending beautifully in land, sea and sky.

Tullidge's "Lake Martha" brings us back with a bound from sunny Italian skies and legendary ruins to our own loved Cottonwoods and their beautiful lakes. If it is right to think that a painter can be too true to his subject, "Lake Martha" seems open to that objection. To our mind, there is not enough of the ideal in the picture, the composition is too complex and the treatment suggestive of photographic exactness; but what our taste suffers in this regard is partially compensated by the technical fidelity with which the parts are treated.

In a charming "Moonlight" adapted from a drawing by Enneking, Tullidge again finds his sphere in the handling of tender grays and soft browns. "On the Nile" is another pleasing picture that lends variety to the contributions of this talented artist and gives him a claim to versatility.

ALFRED LAMBOURNE.—Mr. D. F. Walker shares in the popular impression that Lambourne has made a well-defined mark as a gifted painter of our Western scenery, and the collection contains, therefore, some half-dozen specimens of his best work. More than one of these have been in his possession for several years, and by comparison with recent efforts, give evidence of the rapid strides to eminence which this young artist is now making. Lambourne's methods show breadth and daring, and he excels in the grander effects of Nature. In such fields he has already achieved a lasting reputation. When an artist shows extreme force without crudeness, he is great. Mr. Lambourne has either acquired the force, or it was inherent in him; but he has not yet overcome his crudeness. He has striven hard and faithfully for years against this fault, with a definite idea of what he has to accomplish, and has made most encouraging progress; but in cases where he has entirely rid himself of it, his pictures have sometimes shown a consequent weakness. He has set himself the difficult task of acquiring harmony and grace without losing force and spirit. It is the only upward path in art; it is the road that has been traveled by every painter of note; and Mr. Lambourne is well on the way to its accomplishment.

Meanwhile, his pictures, especially

those of the last year, are truly works of high art, and could be exhibited in any metropolitan art centre with confidence.

Without dwelling on the smaller pictures, "Devil's Gate," "Scott's Bluffs," "Old Santa Cruz Mission," etc.,—all strictly original—we come at once to the pair which best indicate this progressive artist's present status and from which it is the fairest to judge him. These are recently from his brush and are entitled, "Looking Seaward, Golden Gate," and "Evening, Golden Gate." They are California coast scenes and not, therefore, identified with our own scenery; but Mr. Lambourne's remarkable individuality is still strikingly apparent in them. From the point of view marked out above, "Evening, Golden Gate" is the best picture he ever painted, for it is full of force and vigor and yet in excellent harmony. Although some portions of the immediate foreground are not without crudeness, the remainder is full of grace, and in the whole picture a strikingly vivid effect is attained; indeed, we have never before seen him combine such power with such refinement.

In leaving the subject of Mr. Lambourne, we feel that he has entered, in the last year or two, on a new stage of his professional career; and we see him now as an artist of achieved success, yet with a wide field of usefulness before him in which he is destined to secure much credit and perhaps fame.

The remaining subjects by local artists in Mr. Walker's collection consist of a small winter scene by Carl Dahlgreen—now no longer of this city—and a very graphic painting in oil of the D. F. Walker residence by the same artist. There are also a couple of small pictures by Mr. Reuben Kirkham, now of Logan, which, like nearly everything else that he has done, suggest far greater latent ability than he has ever been able to bring out. Mr. Weggeland is represented by a neat copy of a Hamilton marine, said to bear excellent resemblance to the original from which it was taken direct.

Leaving out the interest that accrues to the works of artists with whom we are all familiar, admiration centres in the other pictures of this collection gathered from some of America's best artists. Most conspicuous are a valuable pair by W. Bradford, the noted painter of Arctic

scenery. One is entitled the "Midnight Sun," the other "Off the Coast of Labrador." The former is the most characteristic of Mr. Bradford's peculiar genius, representing iceberg forms of the extreme North, under the strange glow of an Arctic sun's slanting rays; those icebergs,

Far down whose icy sides the azure waters roar
And whose white walls rise glistening on Greenland's frost-bound shore.

Mr. Bradford, in crossing the continent, visited Salt Lake City a few months ago, and having with him some specimens of his work, was persuaded by the Walker Brothers to exhibit them for a few hours to the public gaze. It was a rare treat to our citizens, who so seldom have an opportunity to examine any fine pictures. Those who are familiar with his productions claim that the pair in Mr. D. F. Walker's collection rank among Bradford's best efforts.

One of the most valuable of all the pictures is a California Coast scene by James Hamilton of Philadelphia, who has been considered the ablest marine painter that America has produced. The composition of this picture is very simple, but the treatment is effective and full of vigor, without being in the least sensational.

Two gems by Julian Ricks add beauty to the many others. "Head Waters of the Columbia," is one. The source of that mighty river is shown to be a tiny stream falling from a rock among the pines of Oregon. There is a beautiful effect of sifted light streaming through the dense forest and striking on the thin line of water. The mate to this is entitled "Early Autumn in Vermont" and has delicious feeling. There is a delicate blending of violet and rose tints in the middle and extreme distances and excellent work among the foliages—in which Ricks excels. Together, they make a fine pair and are a charming sight to any Western connoisseur. Another small but excellent painting is that called "Abbey by Moonlight." It is by Frenzeny, the prominent artist in *genre*, whose pictures in conjunction with Tavernier are familiar to the readers of *Harper's Weekly*. We have a partiality for tender browns in moonlight scenes, and therefore enjoy the tone of this picture, which is also something of a study in the cunning arrangement of its light.

With the exception of a pair, "Jungfrau" and "On the Hudson," by an unknown painter, this completes the list of

paintings worthy of notice in this excellent collection. It would not do, however, to omit mention of a magnificent pair of copper-plate engravings of which Mr. Walker is the fortunate possessor. These are entitled "Napoleon le Grand" and "Louis XVIII.—1819." They are from designs by the Court painter, Gerard, "Napoleon" being engraved by Boucher Desnoyers, the other by Massard. Mr. Walker made a shrewd purchase of these engravings from a New York virtuoso and afterwards had them mounted under his own direction. It would be a difficult matter to judge of their present value, but it is certain that they are worth no inconsiderable price and far in excess of the figure originally given for them, although that would appear high to a novice.

SUPERNATURAL CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE.

DR. Samuel Johnson, in his review of the play of Macbeth, says:

"This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fiction, and the solemnity, grandeur and variety of its action; but it has no nice discriminations of character; the events are too great to admit of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents."

This is partially correct, and the only part of the Doctor's remarks upon the play worthy a masterly reviewer. How meagre and wide of the mark is his next paragraph:

"The danger of ambition is well described; and I know not whether it may not be said in defense of some parts, which now seem improbable, that in Shakespeare's time, it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions."

Is this, then, the subject of the play of Macbeth—the danger of ambition? Has all its splendid fiction, solemn grandeur, and variety of action merely evolved this as the great illustration of Shakspeare's masterpiece? To say that Macbeth was ambitious, is critically next to nothing; or that a wicked ambition is dangerous, is still more puerile in nice discrimination of review. Now, in Richard, the ambition of a very incarnate Satan, and his greatness of character in the likeness of his physical malformation, with the weaving of circumstances in keeping there with, form the subject and shaping of the

play. Othello, again (at his very mention) brings up to us the most famous illustrated character of jealousy ; while Lear is the rarest gem of tragedy set in the ingratitude of daughters. "The danger of ambition is well described," is the Doctor's remark upon the complex theme of the play of Macbeth. If all the splendid efforts of that noble work were merely to illustrate ambition, then Richard has stolen from Macbeth his subject.

The grand subject of the tragedy of Macbeth is the illustration of the evil agencies of the world working out their dramas among mortals. This is an epic theme. In it we have something more than a gorgeous dramatic portraiture of character ; and it is this epic subject, so masterly handled, that constitutes the play before us a masterpiece.

It is not Macbeth ; it is the supernatural agencies that hold the drama. This shows the epic quality and method ; a play superior in its essence and theme to the character and action of its chief human personages ! The evil agencies of the world leading a soul, great in its twinship of good and evil, to its ruin through ambition—a ruling passion in great men—was the theme that Shakespeare was about to illustrate when he gave his supernatural powers the opening of the play, and made them call up Macbeth into the body of their drama. But this is not all. The subject has a vast bearing beyond the individual, Macbeth. It takes in all mankind ; and we have a grand illustration of the mighty theme of supernatural powers working out their dramas among nations and mortals in general. The view of the *dark* side of this stupendous subject—the blended drama of our mortality and immortality—successfully illustrated in actual performance, constitutes the whole. The sun-side is the other half which, though not brought out, is in the prophecy of the theme. We have the whole in substance. Night illustrates Day as much as Day does itself ; and more strikingly are we impressed with the two great ordinances of nature when Night reigns.

The human mind is pregnant from the very birth with the twin ordinances of Day and Night in our mortal-immortal drama of life. Another moment and the twin shall be born, and the Day and Night of two worlds—which are but two halves of one birth—shall be fairly revealed before us. Thus it has been for

six thousand years, and we are never more than that one brief moment from the delivery. Divines and poets have, in a long illustrious train, taken their turns at the bed-side of mother Mortality, to help on the other birth ; and Shakespeare is chief among them there—and among poets none has helped the birth as much as he. At last he reaches the culmination of the capacity of genius, and gives us in an *acting* play the great drama, performed between the beings of two worlds. All is made literal to the audience, and the natural and supernatural blended into the harmony of one great action—that harmony made more sonorous and unique by the very demoniac discords of the play. Yet Dr. Johnson saw in this matchless dramatic achievement no grander design than the necessity which Shakespeare felt "to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions." Dr. Johnson did not understand Shakespeare's great work, nor was his robust but rude mind capable of appreciating so fine and subtle a composition in which the metaphysics of our two worlds are crowded. The Doctor has brought down a very epic fiction into his circle of a ghost story, or the telling of fortunes by the tea-cup.

The subject of supernatural beings manifesting themselves in human affairs is most fascinating to genius. In the grand epic poems of the ancients, the human and superhuman divide the field ; Milton made the action of his celestial and infernal powers the very body of his immortal poem ; and even our atheistic Shelleys and Byrons can not keep out of the charmed circle. The subject of the metaphysical agencies of the world—the good and evil—incarnating themselves in the action of human life, gives to the poet at once such a vast field for his capacities, and such a unique character to his work. Hence it is a favorite with genius ; but it requires the greatest masters to handle it, or it will fall into contempt. And it is vastly more difficult to give the supernatural an extensive treatment in an *acting* drama than it is in the epic poem.

Shakespeare in several of his plays, such as Hamlet, trod on the boundaries of the metaphysical world and introduced a ghost. He also in the "Tempest" still made further inroads upon it, and introduced the magician, Prospero, with his familiar spirit Ariel, and others of the spirit class ; but this was only a drama of

magic on an uninhabited island. Even Shakespeare did not fully succeed in reaching the great epic theme of supernatural powers manifesting themselves in the affairs of nations, until he embodied them in his play of Macbeth, which as a dramatic composition is his masterpiece.

Mankind ever has been, and ever will be, deeply interested in the real or fancied visitations of beings spiritual, whose existence is prophetic of our hereafter life, and whose continuation in the drama of mortals foreshadows our own continuation. Nor does the evil quality of the superhuman lessen the intensity of the interest, for wicked and direful plays are ever performed in real life, and it is a certain explanation, ay, even satisfaction, to believe them to be inspired and worked up by evil spirits, who are taking part with us and managing the issues against human good. The Arch Tempter ever has been, and ever will be, a potent center of interest and terror, not because he was once as a god in light, and now "Archangel Fallen," but because he was cast down into the very heart of human affairs, and is the great Tempter with his agents leading mankind to their perdition. As long as this state remains, he will share the dominion of the world with God, and be ever a personage of more fascinating interest, for the dark and terrible in life is always the most bewitching. In Milton, Satan is the hero, and his wing is broader to overshadow us, because it has night as its fringing. So it is in the great drama of practical life. It was not Milton's design to make Satan his hero; but splendid genius finds its greatest triumphs on the dark sides of Nature. Thus with Shakespeare, and in showing us, with all the strength of his matchless genius, a soul, big in its twinning of good and evil, drawn by this fascination native in us, intensified by the potency of fiends, into the whirlpool of a drama worked up around him by infernal powers, he enters deeply into our human sympathies. In much we are all Macbeths, and like him we have not only to fight against ourselves, but the fiends also, and upon their own ground. The sun-tipt Michael himself can not hold the field on earth, though he did in heaven, against the Power of Darkness. Jude tells us that when these two great archangels were contending over the body of Moses,

Michael was *himself* worsted, and he dared not bring a railing accusation against his sable antagonist, but resigned the field of strife with "the Lord rebuke thee, Satan." How would it have stood had it been Macbeth, instead of Moses, that Michael and Satan were contending for? There is suggestiveness here that brings the interest directly home to ourselves; and hence Shakespeare in his Macbeth seizes strongly hold of our theological faith and our superstitious fears. As we are not chiefly interested in "Archangel Fallen" because he was once as a god in light, neither are we in Shakespeare's superhuman beings because they melt into thin air, but that, like the Arch Tempter, they are concerned with us and are working themselves out through our dramas. Herein was Shakespeare most happy in choosing a supernatural subject having so much reference to all mankind, and in creating beings like the souls of the weird dead, who when in life were potent enough to call up by their charms the spirit of a Samuel. Macbeth is Shakespeare's Saul, who, finding himself outside the circle of the Power of Good, seeks unto *his* Witches of Endor to know his destiny, and they call up spirits, not like the faithful Samuel, who will rebuke him, but those who will

"Palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope."

Shakespeare's Witches are not mere hags, but supernatural beings; yet the subject is so nicely managed that these unreal things not only originate the theme and shape the action, but they themselves form so much of the body of the play. They are as much realities upon the stage as Macbeth and Banquo. Thus our dramatist has brought into palpable relation, performing before the audience, the beings of two worlds. Herein is Shakespeare's triumph, that he has given his spirits a dramatic *substance*.

There are other pieces put upon the stage in which the deities of mythology are introduced, but they never impress the audience with the feeling of reality. We see in them nothing but old classical references. They are more of the fairy class of pieces, suitable only for the Christmas holidays, and are not presentable as solid dramatic performances. This is somewhat the case with Shakespeare's play of the "Tempest," which, if presented at all with due effect, requires all

that a Charles Kean can do for it in fairy-like embellishments. In this drama of magic, Shakespeare has not evolved a legitimate subject of supernatural beings entered into the action of human life. They smack too much of a defunct mythology. They are Homeric in their class and references, without, to us, the reality of personages, which made them to the Greeks much what the God of Israel and his angels were to the Hebrews—at once a part of their religion and their history. Iris, Ceres, Juno, nymphs, etc., are introduced, but they are too remote from the class of spirits, either good or evil, who will harmonize with the Hebrew or Christian theology, and they take too little hold of the superstitions of modern times. A fiction of supernatural beings brought into a modern play must be in harmony with the theology and superstitions of the times. It must be decidedly of Hebrew or Christian origin. Our poet evidently felt much of this when composing the “*Tempest*,” which called forth from Prospero, as an apology for the creatures of his magic charms, one of Shakespeare’s most splendid passages, in which we here get a deep vein of *our own* metaphysics:

These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

But in the play of *Macbeth*, though the witches also melt into thin air, yet we have *substance* in effects. Between its supernatural beings and action and our own spiritual essence and drama of life, there is both a metaphysical and common harmony. The audience has almost as intense a relation with the superhuman of the play as *Macbeth* himself. In it, we have the souls of evil incarnating themselves in the drama of human affairs, and the duplex subject held between the beings of two worlds move together in the unity of a common action. They are not far removed from our own race, but seem like the spirits of evil beings who once were mortals, now continuing their wicked parts in the other world, manifesting themselves through the mediums of this. They are still taking part with us on earth; and there is a fiendish attachment in them towards mortal existence

and acts, as though the drama of this life was also theirs in its relations and issues. They are neither the offspring of heaven nor hell, but as the incorporeal evil powers of the earth. The weird sisters are typed more from the Witch of Endor than from the heathen dieties; and they are made more modern in their character and tone. Indeed, this famous Witch of Israel, who was potent enough to call up the spirit of Samuel, might very consistently, in the supernatural fiction of *Macbeth*, be given a leading character among the weird sisters. They also remind us of the evil spirits who of old are said to have possessed people, and who, up to this day, are believed to have often insinuated themselves into human tabernacles, and more frequently, in fact generally, to have influenced human action. These seem to have such a predisposition for the tabernacles of flesh, that, when they were cast out of men, they implored Jesus to let them enter into the herd of swine, which, doubtless, was in our poet’s mind, for he makes one of the sisters answer to the other that she had been

“Killing swine.”

Moreover, in the present day, in this age of Spiritualism, when millions upon millions of people firmly believe that departed spirits take part in our affairs, and manifest themselves through various ways and many mediums, Shakespeare’s dramatic fiction, bringing into the play of *Macbeth* a class of spirits of the type of the Witch of Endor, is very effective and matter-of-fact-like.

It is just this taking hold of the religious faith and superstitions of the people that makes the supernatural part of *Macbeth* so effective upon the stage; for, in all ages, the belief has obtained that the evil powers do work up the direful events among mortals, and that the agencies of darkness have the mission to tempt souls to their ruin. In thus giving his supernatural beings a semi-human character, and making them so intensely a part, though the evil part, of the spiritual agencies of our own world—in making them so tangibly related to our witches of Endor, and surrounding them with so much reference to our theology and superstition, our great poet has been most happy.

This supernatural fiction of the play of *Macbeth* is most consistent, and, therefore, most happy.

Had Shakespeare in this play brought on the stage the gods and goddesses of a defunct mythology, he would have failed, and more so because of the nature of the subject which he had chosen, and yet it is this subject which has given birth not only to a splendid drama, but also to the type of character of Macbeth. He might let these old classic deities take part in his "Tempest"—a play of magic—but dared not let them take part in the great drama of humanity. Christian nations could not accept Pluto as the Arch Fiend, nor allow any of the Greek deities to meddle in our affairs. They might do it among the ancient Greeks, but not among modern Christians. It is true that Shakespeare brings on Hecate as the mistress of all the witches, and she is the goddess of the moon; but it is the weird sisters who fill our mind from first to last, and Hecate is but one of them with a classical name. They have all the Hebrew or Christian type of witches. Moreover, the moon is religiously believed by many to have some direful influence over the earth, and to affect people as a ruling power in their fits of insanity and madness. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad;" and Hecate, the most potent spirit of night, and her subordinate spirits of darkness, make Macbeth mad, and draw him down to perdition.

But this happy choice of subject and typing of his superhuman powers would not have realized such great and manifold effects, both dramatic and metaphysical, had not Shakespeare, in his play of Macbeth, given all its weird *tone* and tangibility *in effects*, at the same time so masterly weaving the action of supernatural beings in the unity of a literal drama. There is more dramatic *science* unfolded by Shakespeare in his play of Macbeth than in any other of his works. Metaphysical *methods* wonderfully abound in this play, and its dramatic machinery is most elaborate and well fitted. As a musical theorist testing the *Messiah* can see in it not only Handel's power of genius, but also his profound knowledge of counterpoint, so the critic can see in Macbeth that Shakespeare has put there all the might of his genius and all his dramatic science and skill. Here is the *master* as well as the matchless mind. All the effects which Shakespeare has put in this play he has done with design, and his methods are traceable. Let us analyze

some of its supernatural portions, which is the most difficult part of his subject in treatment, and upon the effects of which all the rest hang, and we shall at once see the great dramatic *master* evolving his science, as well as the capacity of his genius. We have the prophecy of both at the very opening.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.—*An Open Place. Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again—
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath;

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls: Anon.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches vanish.]

Here is *preparation* and then the quality and tone of that preparation! The scene is brief and abrupt, but it is a great prophecy of the drama and issues to come. Take it away and the play will not be perfect in dramatic art. And yet the action has not begun; it is the overture to the supernatural, and at once gives the subject into the hands of those designed to hold it and to work up the action. Had they come on in the second scene instead of the first, the *method* would not have been perfect nor the *preparation* there, neither in dramatic nor metaphysical effects. Again, that the weird sisters should meet in thunder and lightning, any writer of plays might conceive, but that brief scene has all the quality of Shakespeare's dramatic genius. There are the unique *forms* and weird tone in it, and in its very brevity there is *quantity*. Had the scene been ten times as long, but destitute of those forms and tone, it would not have been as much, either in quality or quantity for dramatic development; and even with both, it would have been less artistic, for the play must *grow* upon us—the greater must come hereafter. A less masterly dramatist, even though a great poet, would most likely have produced something more splendid and elaborately infernal, and then he would have failed in an *acting* play. It is more than probable that this would have been the case with Milton. Out of that bit of supernatural subject the rest has been developed. The critic analyzing the whole will find in it the same quality and tone. Development always proves the master's science.

The second scene is held between the humans, in which the wounded soldier tells of the victory of Macbeth. Here we see more unfolded of the method of treatment, and that Shakespeare is, very properly, giving the management into the hands of his superhuman powers; for that battle and its issue were worked up by them; so was the defeat of Norway and the rebel Thane of Cawdor, and also the arrival of this news, directly upon that of the victory, that from Duncan might come the command—

Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

And not only had they in their programme of performance the issue of that battle, which was to be "lost and won" "ere set of sun," with the defeat of Norway and the uprooting of the Thane of Cawdor to plant Macbeth, but they have also Duncan's own seat for him, and much more premanaged in their programme. Hence they must have the opening scene to *foreshadow* the action, and prepare the movements; and they time and shape the second scene, for they are immediately going to give in the next a dramatic surprise. We see them in the play throughout, even when they do not appear on the stage.

Scene third, the witches hold on the heath, according to appointment, to meet Macbeth. And here we have another rich illustration of Shakespeare's nice treatment of his most difficult subject. He first gives the weird tone to the scene, before he brings about the meeting, and yet the witches' dialogue has but very little reference to the action of the play; it is to stamp their *type*, and give the supernatural quality. See the character and unique forms of it:

A Heath. Thunder. Enter three Witches.

1 Witch. Where hast thou heen, sister?

2 Witch. Killing swine.

3 Witch. Sister, where thou?

1 Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd.

"Give me," quoth I:

"Avoind thee, witch!" the rump-ed ronyon
cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the
Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll hither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 Witch. I'll give thee wind.

1 Witch. Thou art kind.

3 Witch. And I another.

1 Witch. And I myself have all the other.

* * * *

Look what I have.

2 Witch. Show me, show me.

1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb.
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

Witch. A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

That bit of composition shows more of dramatic genius and art than would fifty great soliloquies. This will surprise many who will see not much in it, and that of a very common quality. But there is more painting in two touches—seeming daubs—given by the brush of a great master, than in many a *large* picture which would delight the eye of the crowd, but which would not have on its yards of canvas *enough* even to provoke the contempt of an artist, much less draw out his admiration, and yet, perchance, he would give his left hand to purchase the power for his right hand to give those two touches on the master painter's canvas. What a witchy picture of *type* of character there is in the two daubs the sisters give:

1 Witch. Look what I have.

2 Witch. Show me, show me.

It takes us in its *performance* with its eagerness and wicked simplicity. It is like a group of innocent girls running together, the leader with the burden of interest, "Look what I have!" to be followed with the eager exclamation of desire from every tongue, "Show me, show me!" But then there is in this simplicity and eagerness such a volume of fiendish subject, that its very suggestiveness of something related to a group of innocent maidens is a master-touch of weird painting; two more daubs of the same character immediately (*animate in the action*)—"Here I have a pilot's thumb, wreck'd as homeward he did come," and our minds are filled at once with a thousand wicked dramas of the fiends, while the quick breaking off, by the 3rd Witch—"A drum, a drum; Macbeth doth come," hurries on, with weird music in the rhythm, the soul of the drama of Macbeth, even before he has made his *entree* in the action of the play. The physical picture of direful wrecks of home-bound mariners, and the metaphysical picture of the wreck of the soul of Macbeth, home-bound from victorious wars, leap together into the scene to strike our mental vision.

All through the verse of the witches' parts there can be detected a weird harmony, not only in the rhythm, but in the very *tone* of its metaphysics. This doubt-

less suggested to Locke the design of composing to those parts his celebrated music. He saw that he could imitate the peculiar metaphysical chords and forms which Shakespeare had given to his supernatural theme, and that he could embody in harmony the weird subtilty of its qualities, and, by making palpable to the ear the strain of subject to bring out in the performance its rare effects. Had the magician Beethoven elaborately worked upon every bit of Shakespeare's supernatural subject, by way of testing what quantity and quality was in it, he might have given a still grander illustration, in a more extensive form, and composed a great weird musical drama, strictly imitating Shakespeare's subject and treatment. All that can be done to make palpable in the performance the demoniac theme, of the play of the witches, whether of musical accompaniment, scenic effects, or dramatic rendering, can not more than illustrate Shakespeare. Our matchless dramatist has not only given so much metaphysical theme to be embodied in harmonic effects, but he has incarnated his supernatural influences in every conceivable form of the drama, as though he was aiming everywhere to make his weird chords tell. Sometimes it is his peculiar preparation and sudden resolution of the action and plot that catches us with a charmed power, and throws us into the demoniac interest of the play, and Macbeth it draws down as though he was in a whirlpool of infernal influences. See the example of this in Macbeth's first meeting with the witches. We have noticed their typing of themselves, the preparation, and the bringing on of Macbeth. Banquo describes them, but it is to Macbeth's "Speak if you can:—What are you?" that they answer:

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

This he knows, but it is to intensify a surprise burdened with wicked design in their programme.

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

He is in the whirlpool now, and the climax drowns him in his perdition.

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter.

Their "Hail" to Banquo is but to sink Macbeth deeper, and there is much development to come of it in the play hereafter. The result reached, they van-

ish. No tarrying now, for the subject is working in.

Macbeth. Your children shall be kings.
Banquo. You shall be king.

Macbeth. And thane of Cawdor, too; went it not so?

All is timed in the management of the fiends, and now their evil drama comes on with a rush.

(*Rosse and Angus enter.*)

Rosse. And, for an earnest of great honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor!
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!

The rush of the fulfillment is overwhelming. But mark, this not like the mere stage-manager's *denouements*. It is strongly dramatic in *metaphysical* effects, which only genius can produce. See how in that quality it immediately fills Macbeth's mind:

Glamis, and thane of Cawdor.
The greatest is behind.

* * * * *

Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.

* * * * *

This supernatural soliciting
Can not be ill; can not be good. If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor;
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings;
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not.

The play moves on, and all its direful issues grow into a great drama; but though the supernatural powers have been "behind the scenes," moving the whole along, yet they do not appear in the play again until the 5th. scene of the Third Act, when Hecate, their mistress, comes into the action rebuking them.

The Heath. Thunder. Enter Hecate, meeting the Three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angrily.
Hecate. Have I not reason, beldames as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?

[The "art" of the Evil Powers to lead mankind to their perdition; another proof that this was Shakespeare's principal subject.]

But make amends now; Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny;
Your vessels, and your spells provide,
Your charms, and everything beside.

There is so much of the semi human in this—so much of our ancient and modern Witch of Endor class and matter. They are as wicked spirits going to

practice professionally, as when in mortality. But, as before dwelt upon, it is these human references, and their seeming kindred to the spirits of human beings, that catches such a deep hold of our interest, and gives to the whole the character of a legitimate play, and not that of a mere dramatic phantasmagoria. But there is a dignity directly added to the *caste* of these supernatural beings, by the rank of Hecate as mistress, or Spirit of the Moon:

I'm for the air ; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound ;
I'll catch it ere it comes to ground ;
And that, distilled by magic slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.

Here we have reference to the supposed evil influences of the moon, and the fiction that brings Hecate into the play is thus nicely sustained, by this shaping toward modern superstition and popular belief.

The principal witch scene is at the opening of the Fourth Act. Every one who has seen Macbeth performed will remember the scene at the "Pit of Acheron" around the magic cauldron. The performance is not more striking than the text. In fact, the critic would revel more in the text. Read it again to test its witchy tone ; mark its dramatic weird subject and coloring, and then fancy what "hell-broth" was ever mixed with such acceptable ingredients—what witches could offer such a drink-offering to the infernal deities, as did Shakespeare's witches?

*A Dark Cave. In the middle a Cauldron Boiling.
Thunder. Enter the Three Witches.*

- 1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd—
2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd
3 *Witch.* Harper cries—"Tis time, 'tis time.
2 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go ;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under coldest stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one.
Swelter'd venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!
All. Double, double, toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owl's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy ; maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew ;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse ;

Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab ;
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate and the other Three Witches.

Hecate. O, well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' the gains ;
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

Then their characteristic revelry song:

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray ;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

The charms are complete. Macbeth is drawn on to his destiny, which he comes to them to have revealed, and he is further entrapped into the meshes of the drama of the Evil Powers among mortals. Having, by his deeds, sold to the fiends his "eternal jewel," and run his chosen course, he closes the tragic action of his life with the burden of the moral of the play :

And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope.

The play of Macbeth is a great sermon.
EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

THE DESERET NATIONAL BANK.

THE bank known now under the above denomination commenced business as the banking firm of Hooper, Eldredge & Co. The firm was composed of William H. Hooper, Horace S. Eldredge & Lewis S. Hills; and it started with a paid up capital of \$40,000. On the 1st. of Sept. 1871, the firm of Hooper, Eldredge & Co. was succeeded by the Bank of Deseret, organized under the Territorial laws with \$100,000 capital stock and a Board of Directors as follows :

Brigham Young, (President) ; William H. Hooper; Horace S. Eldredge, (Vice-President); William Jennings, John Sharp, Feramor Little, Lewis S. Hills, (Cashier.)

On Nov. 1st, 1872, the Bank of Deseret was succeeded by the Deseret National Bank organized under the National Bank act of the U. S., with a capital stock of \$200,000: the officers and Board of Directors were the same as in the old organization. April 1st, 1873,



DESERET NATIONAL BANK,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Brigham Young resigned the Presidency of the Bank, retaining his Directorship. He was succeeded in the Presidency by William H. Hooper. On the 1st of January, 1878, George Q. Cannon was elected Director to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Brigham Young. January 13th, 1880, Nicholas Groesbeck was elected Director to succeed the Hon. George Q. Cannon, who was absent from the Territory filling his public duties as the Utah Delegate to Congress. The present Board and officials are as follows:

William H. Hooper, (President); Horace S. Eldredge, (Vice-President); William Jennings, John Sharp, Feramor Little, Nicholas Groesbeck, Lewis S. Hills, (Cashier).

Financial statement:

Capital \$200,000, Surplus Fund \$100,000. Deposits average \$600,000. Dividends 12 per cent per annum.

There is no necessity to dwell lengthily upon the financial stability of the Deseret National Bank nor upon the efficiency of its Directors and Executive department. The names of the Directors and officers personally represent probably five million dollars of very rare capital, for none of the men are speculators and their means are nearly as available as ready money. This banking institution of Zion, therefore, may be esteemed as one of the solidest in the United States. So far as its name—*Deseret* National Bank—signifies, it represents the community; and although it is not the direct offspring of the Church like Z. C. M. I., it may be considered as its financial handmaiden.

Having elsewhere in this number biographically sketched the majority of the men who constitute this Bank we shall simply add the following brief review of its cashier and practical manager:

LEWIS S. HILLS.

He was born March 8th, 1836, in the village of South Amherst, Hampshire Co. Mass. His parents died when he was an infant. In 1840 an uncle took him under his guardianship and he went to live with him at Springfield, Mass.; and he received an education at the Grammar and High Schools of Springfield.

He removed to Iowa in 1853, keeping mercantile books at Chariton and Burlington one year; and he was afterwards

clerk in the U. S. Land Office at Chariton one year. He removed to Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1855. Here he was chief clerk of the U. S. Land Office for four years; and in 1859 he was appointed Register of the same office by President Buchanan, in which capacity he served two years. He also served a portion of a term as an Alderman of Council Bluffs City.

In 1862, Mr. Hills removed to Utah, and in 1863 he assisted Feramor Little in forwarding the Mormon emigration from Florence, Nebraska. He was next a bookkeeper for Hooper & Eldredge and Eldredge & Clawson. He was afterwards Assistant Assessor of Internal Revenue (in 1867-1868) under General Chetlain, Assessor. On the opening of the Land Office in Salt Lake City, by Congress, in 1868, Mr. Hills was appointed by President Johnson Receiver of the Public Moneys, in which office he served one year. He was a member of the City Council of Salt Lake two terms, 1870 to 1874, and was a commissioner to locate University lands for the Territory; and as we have seen he was one of the founders of the Bank of Deseret. He is also treasurer of the U. C. and U. S. R. R's. In 1866, he married the daughter of Gen. R. T. Burton.

MRS. STEARNS AND MORMONISM.

IT would seem to be a cardinal, all-pervading conception with this remarkable speaker, Mrs. H. F. Stearns, that Mormonism, while in many aspects foolish and reactionary, really means and implies radical, sexual Reform: in other words, that "out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety."

Grant polygamy to be indefensible and, if permitted to continue insinuating itself unchallenged as the divine and eternal and consequently as the really *natural* order, grant its danger to society in Utah and beyond; grant that polygamy is a looking-back and down, and not a looking-forward and upward; grant that it is false and reactionary; still the matter is to be viewed from all points, and in its fullest and largest bearing; grant, further as a (consolatory reflection) that polygamy contains within itself the seeds of its own dissolution; still it is not yet dissolved, nor is it likely to be while the great sexual problem of this age, and

of all ages and all climes, while the "pith and marrow" of the question of conjugal relation, remains. That question is more imperative, more clamorous for fair and equitable solution and adjustment than it has ever been. Up to the present half-century all the vital reforms have been inaugurated and have been mainly carried on by man. Up to a quite recent period, Woman has scarce made herself *directly* heard, *directly* felt. But when, adding "the still small voice," Woman said, "No more negro slavery in our land," slavery ceased to be. Her voice now is heard, above all wranglings of party and cabals of faction, above the tempest of domestic and political discord and above religious and non-religious strife, proclaiming *peace on earth*. Her voice is now heard against the use of intoxicating liquors, dwarfing, decimating, desolating the race. Her voice is now heard for equal physical purity between the sexes. So woman's voice is coming to be, at last, the very arbiter of human destiny; and our nation, and the whole world of sin-stained mankind, may yet read in woman's adherence to and defense of polygamy, though it be a sign in our heavens no bigger than a *woman's* hand, an ominous sign—one that even now covers a deep and pregnant moral. Grant that woman has been betrayed into polygamy. Still, out of that betrayal, out of that fierce conflict and utter crucifixion, good must come—good to either sex, and good to all.

A clear writer upon Mormonism (and especially upon this, the vital portion of it), has characterized polygamy as the second *fall*. Analyze the matter closely, and the full propriety of this ingenious and startling designation will become apparent. But the second fall, like the first, has been a *fall upward*, not downward: this second fall has opened woman's eyes, as the first fall opened man's. And it is among the natural, inevitable sequences of events, that here, right here in Utah, woman's government—or, at least, government in which the power and influence of woman will become most pronounced, most effective and most salutary—is to be first established among men, is to be inaugurated on the earth, in practical working shape.

However passionate, venal and selfish, however shuffling and time-serving, however arrogant and cruel, in fine, however

short-sighted man may have been (and certainly has been) in working out the problems and developing the inner genius of Mormonism, in woman, who has found (but not sought) in Mormondom her Gethsemane, and been nailed to the cross of polygamy, in the Mormon polygamous wife we may discern the rejected and despised savior of social purity; of conjugal affection, of sexual honor, and of a final pure and *practical* equality between the sexes. This Mormon polygamous wife has not been classed with Publicans and sinners, she has not been rated as little better than the shameless, conscienceless prostitute (because, forsooth, her large woman's heart has felt out and gone out to all of "Eve's family" as one with them all, and has dared to rise up and take her part, albeit not otherwise than *God himself*, the God of Love himself, takes her part as against man's cruel lusts, and "against the world's successes, virtues, fames,") this woman of Mormondom has not been thus misconceived, has not been thus outcast, *for nought*. The day of reckoning, and of a better and fuller understanding is at hand for her.

Such seems to be the burthen of the mission to Utah of this remarkable "spirit-medium," Mrs. H. T. Stearns, at the present juncture of affairs.

Mrs. Stearns has a work of supreme difficulty and delicacy before her. She is not tainted with "free-love;" she is no apologist for polygamy. But she evidently sees, as some few more have seen, that right here in Utah—the Massachusetts of the West—is to be settled the one overshadowing question, that of inter-sexual relation, in which the odious distinction between Mormon and Gentile will be at length happily submerged, and in which all minor issues, whether political, or religious, or social, will be resolved into their primitive elements, Man and Woman. Spite of its peculiar institution, Mormonism and Puritanism are closely akin; which of itself suggests that we have a new and generic issue in "Deseret;" and Mrs. Stearns appears to be possessed of the moral and mental aplomb, together with the rare psychological power—whether assisted by spirits, or not, that point need not now be mooted—to grapple with this transcendent problem.

JAMES T. COBB.

Editor's Department.

THE SPEAKERS AT THE INSTITUTE.—The Liberal Institute was built by William S. Godbe and his co-peers to fill a mission to our city as an intellectual seminary where æsthetic culture obtains and a spiritual evolution is induced. Sometimes the Institute has lived up to its mission with as much fidelity as that of the Tabernacle, and if it was not quite in a God-fearing mood, it was at least intellectually conscientious; and moreover, there was written in the genesis of its being that the Institute was created without malice. But there have been times when the Institute has outraged every man of us who had contributed to its existence, speaking not so much about the money which it cost to build it, as of the intellectual travail, out of which it came into the world. It was the child of our Gethsemane.

When our Providence has brought around to us such apostles of Spiritualism as Emma Hardinge-Britten or a Mrs. Stearns, then the Institute for awhile has honored its origin and lived up to its mission. This brings us to a review of the lady who, during the present season, has inaugurated quite a new ministry in the spiritual history of Salt Lake City.

Mrs. Stearns not only manifests that impassioned genius of oratory which is styled the Ciceronian, but she possesses the most wonderful power of brain analysis possible to conceive. Her brain is a laboratory and the familiar spirit that dwells there is a chemist. This gives her chief value as a tester of spiritual experiences and an analyser of the realities of another world and the inner life into which we are constantly going blindfolded and returning the same; we only resume our eyes in the outer world. But Mrs. Stearns is an exception. She goes into the inner life with her eyes open and returns with the power to tell us what she has discovered. This is not the mere clairvoyant; for merely as such her value would not be great. The power to *see* a ghost is not of any scientific value; it is the power to analyse the ghost and to discover whether he or she who has become an inhabitant of another life is one of us or not. Mrs. Stearns has this power to analyse her ghost, for we have said she is a spiritual chemist as well as a clairvoyant. Her mediumship is of some scien-

tific value and so is her testimony. You have but to listen for an hour to one of her great extemporaneous speeches—and the deeper the subject the better—to realize that she is out-thinking her audience, and the very subtilty of her thought is worthy to be taken as the full equivalent of scientific date. And there is suggested in her methods and subtilties of thought a power beyond that of merely being able to find out another life and other folks' immortality. She seems to be capable of disembodiment her own soul and showing it to the audience as proof that we have souls and that they can exist out of the body. It is the power that we recognize as Shakespeare's who gave to airy nothings a local habitation and a name. It is quite an intellectual conclusion to affirm when she sits down, "That woman has a soul and is immortal, whether Darwin or Tyndall have souls or not."

It is noticeable, also, in her lectures, that Mrs. Stearns sweeps up above her subject and beneath it and takes a great breadth of circuit around it as though aiming to expand it to its fullest capacity; and this is especially the case if the audience chooses for her the subject. On her first night, a committee selected as the subject "What is Life and its purposes?" Her discourse upon that subtle question was the most extraordinary spontaneous efforts of intellect that we ever listened to, and if even the committee was up to the level of her answer, they have rare intellects. She showed herself the spiritual chemist supremely. It was as though she took up the earth in her hand and analysed it before the audience to reveal *its* life and ours, proving the continuance of life from its own evolutions and often suggesting the thought that *Mind was the parent of matter rather than that the soul is the offspring of matter*. Now we have only to prove that Mind *is* the parent and the antecedent cause, to logically know that we are immortal and that we shall exist as souls when this body of mortality is dissolved.

Mrs. Stearns is also a very earnest speaker. Her mission in spiritualism is purely of a scientific character. She is aiming to solve it for the benefit of the public as well as for her own satisfaction. The audience is impressed with this fact.

And this earnestness and conscientiousness not only give an intellectual charm to her lectures, but its passion of genius carries her along as upon a rushing torrent of spiritual power. Mrs. Stearns, without the aid of any spirit, is quite equal to say and do all that she does. That, however, may be about the equivalent of saying that she has daily walked and talked with her familiar spirits for a long time. Mrs. Stearns' inspiring angel has genius in him. We see that it is a masculine genius, not only by the tone of her thought but by the intellectual gestures of his medium, both of her head and body, which we never saw so strongly marked in a woman before.

There is a novelty also promised the public by this profound inspiring guide of the lady's which is not only interesting but quite up to the needs of the times. Her "Control" has announced that Brigham Young has a great mission given him, in spirit life, for the good and the destiny of the people of Utah and that this will be fully manifested. In fine, Mrs. Stearns, under the inspiration promised, is to give at an early date, an exposition of Brigham Young's work in spirit life. Doubtless, it will be both a great and an unlooked for exposition that will much surprise many who have never yet understood the man Brigham either in the body or out. If she succeeds, which we think she will, Mrs. Stearns will do the Mormons good service, for they themselves do not fully understand that wonderful man who made them a power in the age. The lady is entitled to a hearing from the Mormon community. She comes to them without prejudice, and is ready not only to appreciate their earnestness and sincerity, but to recognize the existence of the spiritual forces which have played so great a part in their history.

AN HISTORICAL MILITARY DOCUMENT.—As the mission of this Magazine is to preserve and compile in a classified form the history of the territory, we give the following military document, as a supplement to the history of General Connor contained in our last number.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF UTAH, }
Camp Douglas U. T. Feb. 6th. 1863. }
COLONEL :

I have the honor to report that from information received from various sources of the encampment of a large body of Indians on Bear River, in Washington

Territory, one hundred and forty miles north of this point, who had murdered several miners, during the winter, passing to and from the settlements in this valley to the Beaver Head mines, east of the Rocky Mountains, and being satisfied that they were part of the same band who had been murdering emigrants on the overland mail route for the past fifteen years and the principal actors and leaders in the horrid massacres of the past summer, I determined, although the season was unfavorable to an expedition, in consequence of the cold weather and deep snow, to chastise them if possible. Feeling that secrecy was the surest way to success, I determined to deceive the Indians by sending a small force in advance, judging, and rightly, that they would not fear a small number.

The chiefs, Pocotello and Sanpitch, with their bands of murderers, are still at large. I hope to be able to kill or capture them before spring.

If I succeed, the overland route west of the Rocky Mountains will be rid of the Bedouins who have harassed and murdered emigrants on that route for a series of years.

In consequence of the number of men left on the route with frozen feet and those with the train and howitzers and guarding the cavalry horses, I did not have to exceed two hundred men engaged.

On the 22d. ultimo, I ordered Co. K. 3rd. California Volunteers, Capt Hoyt; two howitzers under command of Lieut. Honeyman and twelve men of the 2d. California Cavalry with a train of fifteen wagons, conveying twelve days' supplies, to proceed in that direction. On the 24th. ultimo, I proceeded with detachments from companies A. H. K. and M. Second California Cavalry, numbering two hundred and twenty men, accompanied by Major McGarry, 2nd. Cal. Cavalry; Surgeon Reid, 3rd. Cal. Volunteers; Captains McLean and Price, and Lieutenants Chase, Clark, Quinn and Conrad, 2d. Cal. Cavalry. Major Gallagher 3rd. Cal. Volunteers and Capt. Berry, 2d. Cal. Cavalry, who were present at this post attending general court martial as volunteers.

I marched the first night to Brigham City about sixty-eight miles distant; and the second night's march from Camp Douglas, I overtook the infantry and artillery at the town of Mendon and or-

dered them to march again that night. I resumed my march with the cavalry and overtook the infantry at Franklin, W. T., about twelve miles from the Indian encampment. I ordered Capt. Hoyt, with the infantry, howitzers and train not to move until after 3 o'clock a. m., I moved the cavalry in about an hour afterward, passing the infantry, artillery and wagons about four miles from the Indian encampment. As daylight was approaching I was apprehensive that the Indians would discover the strength of my force and make their escape. I therefore made a rapid march with the cavalry and reached the bank of the ravine shortly after daylight, in full view of the Indian encampment, and about one mile distant, I immediately order Major McGarry to advance with the cavalry and surround, before attacking them, while I remained a few minutes in the rear to give orders to the infantry and artillery. On my arrival on the field I found that Major McGarry had dismounted the cavalry and was engaged with the Indians, who had sallied out of their hiding places on foot and horseback and, with fiendish malignity, waved the scalps of white women, and challenged the troops to battle, at the same time attacking them. Finding it impossible to surround them, in consequence of the nature of the ground, he accepted their challenge.

The position of the Indians was one of strong natural defence, and almost inaccessible to the troops, being in a deep dry ravine from six to twelve feet deep, and from thirty to forty feet wide, with very abrupt banks and running across level table land, along which they had constructed steps from which they could deliver their fire without being themselves exposed. Under the embankment they had constructed artificial courses of willows, thickly wove together, from behind which they could fire without being observed.

After being engaged about twenty minutes, I found it was impossible to dislodge them without great loss of life. I accordingly ordered Major McGarry, with twenty men, to turn their left flank which was in the ravine where it entered the mountain. Shortly afterward Capt. Hoyt reached the ford, three-fourths of a mile distant, but found it impossible to cross footmen, some of whom tried it, however, rushing into the river but find-

ing it deep and rapid, retired. I immediately ordered a detachment of cavalry, with led horses, to cross the infantry, which was done accordingly and upon their arrival on the field I ordered them to the support of Major McGarry's flanking party who shortly afterward succeeded in turning the enemy's flank.

Up to this time, in consequence of being exposed on a level and open plain, while the Indians were under cover they had every advantage of us, fighting with the ferocity of demons. My men fell thick and fast around me, but after flanking them we had the advantage and made good use of it. I ordered a flanking party to advance down the ravine on either side, which gave us the advantage of an enfilading fire and caused some of the Indians to give way and run towards the mouth of the ravine. At this point I had a company stationed who shot them as they run out. I also ordered a detachment of cavalry across the ravine to cut off the retreat of any fugitives who might escape the company (Capt. Price) at the mouth of the ravine. But few, however, tried to escape, but continued fighting with unyielding obstinacy, frequently engaging hand to hand with the troops until killed in their hiding-places. The most of those who did escape from the ravine were afterward shot in attempting to swim the river or killed while desperately fighting under cover of the dense willow thicket which lined the river banks. To give you an idea of the desperate character of the fight, you are respectfully referred to the list of killed and wounded transmitted herewith. The fight commenced about 6 o'clock in the morning and continued until ten. At the commencement of the battle the hands of some of the men were so benumbed with cold that it was with difficulty that they could load their pieces. Their suffering during the march was awful beyond description, but they steadily continued without regard to hunger, cold or thirst, not a murmur escaping them to indicate their sensibilities to pain or fatigue. Their uncomplaining endurance during their four nights march from Camp Douglas to the battle field is worthy the highest praise. The weather was intensely cold and not less than seventy-five had their feet frozen and some of them, I fear, will be crippled for life.

I should mention here that in my

march from this post no assistance was rendered by the Mormons, who seemed indisposed to divulge any information regarding the Indians and charged enormous prices for every article furnished my command. I have also to report to the General commanding, that previous to my departure, Chief Justice Kinney, of Salt Lake City, made a requisition for troops for the purpose of arresting the Indian chiefs, Bear Hunter, Sanpitch and Sagwitch. I informed the Marshal that my arrangements for an expedition against the Indians were made and that it was not my intention to take any prisoners, but that he could accompany me. Marshal Gibbs accordingly accompanied me and rendered efficient aid in caring for the wounded.

I have great pleasure in awarding to Major McGarry, Major Gallagher and Surgeon A. K. Reid the highest praise for their skill, gallantry and bravery throughout the engagement. And to the company officers the highest praise is due, without invidious distinction for their courage and determination evinced throughout the engagement; their obedience to orders, attention, kindness and care for the wounded are no less worthy of notice. Of the good conduct and bravery of both officers and men, California has reason to be proud.

We found 224 bodies in the field, among which were those of the chiefs Bear Hunter, Sagwitch and Lehi. How many more were killed than stated I am unable to say; as the condition of the wounded rendered their immediate removal a necessity, I was unable to examine the field. I captured 175 horses, some arms, destroyed over seventy lodges, and a large quantity of wheat and other provisions which had been furnished them by the Mormons. I left a supply of provisions for the sustenance of 160 captive squaws and children who were released by me on the field.

The enemy had about three hundred warriors, mostly all armed with rifles and having plenty of ammunition, which rumor says they received from the inhabitants of this territory in exchange for property of massacred emigrants. The position of the Indians was one of great natural strength and had I not succeeded in flanking them the mortality of my command would have been terrible. In consequence of the deep snow the howitzers did not reach the field in time to be used in the action.

I have the honor of remaining, very respectfully, Your obedient Servant,

(Signed) P. ED. CONNOR.

Colonel 3rd. Cal. Vol. Com'd. District.

To LT. COL. R. C. DRUM,

Asst. Adjt. Gen. U. S. A.

Department of the Pacific.

HEADQUARTER OF THE ARMY, }

Washington D.C. March, 29th, 1863. }

BRIG. GENERAL GEO. WRIGHT,

Comd'g Dep't of the Pacific,

San Francisco, Cal.

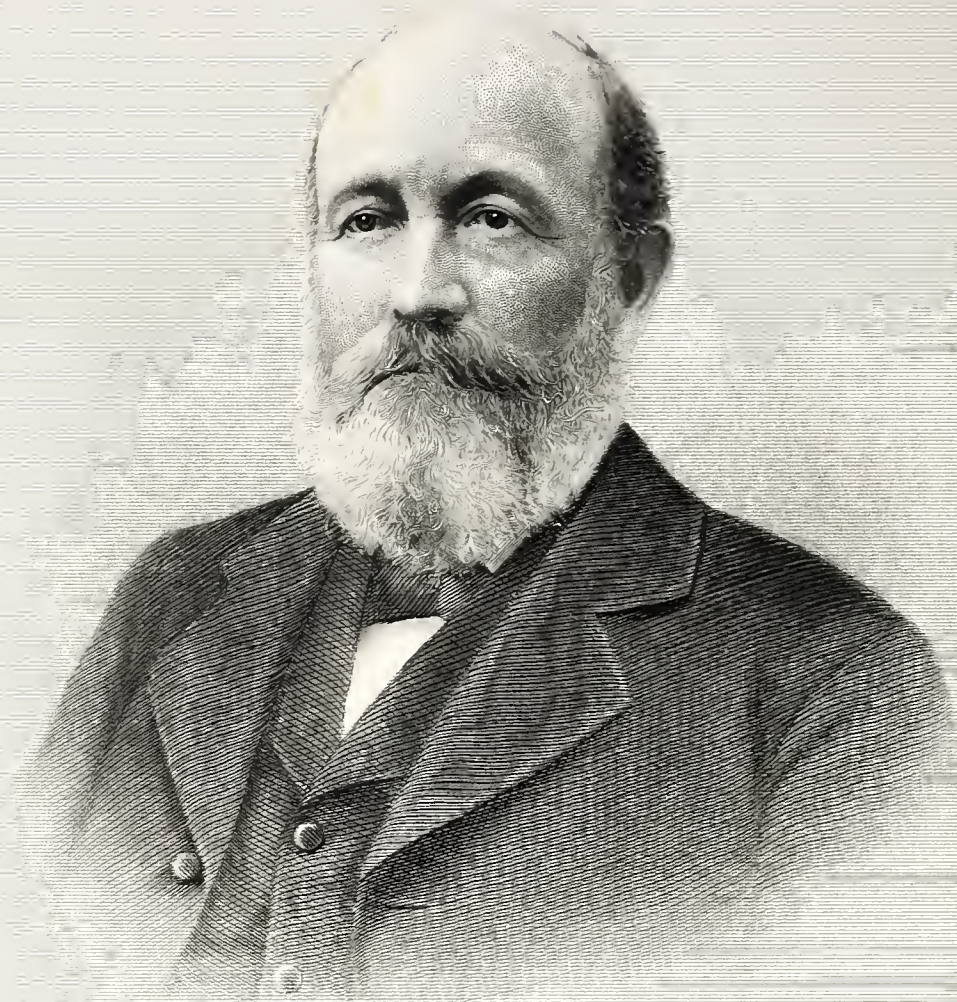
GENERAL :

I have this day received your letter of February 20th, inclosing Col. P. Ed. Connor's report of his severe battle and splendid victory on Bear River, Washington Territory. After a forced march of one hundred and forty miles in mid-winter and through deep snows, in which seven-six of his men were disabled by frozen feet, he and his gallant band of only two hundred, attacked three hundred warriors in their stronghold and after a hard fought battle of four hours, destroyed the entire band, leaving 224 dead upon the field. Our loss in the battle was fourteen killed and forty-nine wounded. Colonel Conner and the brave Californians deserve the highest praise for their gallant and heroic conduct. Very respectfully, Your obedient Servant,

(Signed) H. W. HALLECK,

General-in-chief.

THE HISTORY OF CACHE VALLEY AND GENERAL CONNOR.—The above military document is an excellent proof of the necessity of possessing the published history of our Territory, so that the genuine records may be compared one with the other. The above will show General Connor's views of the Mormon people at the time of the writing of his official letter, and of the sympathy of the people of Cache Valley with the Indians. The records of Cache Valley, which we have recently worked upon, speak of the absolute sympathy of the entire people of Cache with the California Volunteers, and their gratitude to them for redeeming them from Indian depredations. Says the records of the City of Logan, "We believe General Connor's coming to Cache Valley to be a providence of the Almighty!" We named this fact to General Connor months ago. It will by-and-by be seen that the best record of Gen. Connor's service to this country will be found in the history of Cache Valley.



Mr. B. Preston

TULLIDGE'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

No. IV.—JULY, 1881—Vol I.

THE CITIES OF CACHE VALLEY AND THEIR FOUNDERS.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.—THE TEMPLE CITY OF THE NORTH.

IN the history of nations and civilizations, a certain manifest destiny has attended the founding of Temple Cities on every part of our globe. They are as the finger marks of all the ancient civilizations. Even their ruins to-day give us revelations of the history and culture of nations which existed thousands of years ago.

The only Temple builders of modern times are the Mormons,—the only Temple builders, in fact, who have risen within the last two thousand years. But cathedrals have been built in Europe, somewhat corresponding to the temple idea and importance, and they have marked the growth of the great cities of Europe as Temples did the cities of the ancient world. In England, the cathedral constituted the city and gave rise to its Bishoprick. The rest of the large incorporations were but towns which, though they have in the present age risen to great importance, through the wonderful activities of commerce, still acknowledge the classical supremacy of the cities.

Confining the view now to the Temple class it may be affirmed that the founders of Temple cities are the superior peoples. It would be an error to believe that a Temple city is an accident in history, or the upshot of the caprice of a priesthood; for the Temple is not as the foundation of a city, but as the pinnacle of its glory. The very existence of a Temple tells much of the mental capacity and indomitable force of character of the founders of the particular city, which has invited the Temple to come and endow it with a destiny—to endow it, in fact, with that magnificent dignity which in all civilizations has been attached to the Temple cities. The Tem-

ple, moreover, as well as being a revealer of the character type of the founders, is also a monumental epitome of the history of its parent city in its rise and progress. We may be assured that no city has been chosen as the sacred place of a Temple, which has not first proved itself worthy of the honor; unless, indeed, it has attached to it some sacred history of the ages past, like the old Jerusalem of Palestine, or the Zion of Jackson County; or like Salt Lake City which was endowed by a pioneer band of Temple builders, who laid off their Temple site before they laid a brick or a foundation stone of any private dwelling. In general terms, then, it may be said that the sacred city has first invited the Temple by the promise already given of its own superior destiny and growing excellence. With such views, therefore, present to the mind, in the treatment of Cache Valley as a Temple Stake, and Logan as the Temple city of Northern Utah, we have at a glance much historical suggestiveness before us of the rise and progress of the cities of Cache Valley.

CACHE COUNTY.

Cache County consists of the Valley that bears its name and the mountains that surround it. The Valley contains over 20 towns and cities with a population varying from 300 to 4,000 each. The county is bounded on the north by Idaho Territory, on the South by Weber County, and on the east and west by Rich and Box Elder Counties respectively. It is one of the most prosperous districts in Utah, having magnificent resources in its agricultural districts, its splendid timber, quarries, manufactures and, above all, in the go-ahead spirit of enterprise and thrift that characterizes the population of the county. In fine, Cache was singularly fortunate in the class of men who founded its cities, and to this fact the county owes

at once its reputation, affluence and social importance. The pioneer of Cache—Peter Maughan—was a man of great force of character ; none has made a better or stronger mark than he in the founding of the cities of this Territory ; and next in historical importance were E. T. Benson, Father Thatcher and sons and Bishop William B. Preston. What was almost as fortunate for the County, as the progressive spirit and indomitable energy of its founders, was that Father Thatcher was a rich man whose money, from the onset to the day of his death, was liberally and wisely spent in the growth of the county and the development of its many industries. His sons continue the work which their father began, Moses Thatcher standing in the public estimation, not only as the type of Cache Valley's enterprise and superior intelligence, but also as an apostolic representative of the future of the Mormon people. As might be expected, the character of the entire population approximated to that of such representative men ; for naturally kindred classes and men gravitate towards each other. While the history of this Territory will show some places of very superior natural advantages whose presiding officers have succeeded in causing the quick migration away of every progressive enterprising man who has settled under them, Cache County affords an example of a very different kind. The consequence is that this county has a superior class of population.

Cache Valley early became famous as a farming country. The soil is excellent and produces annually a quantity of grain, root crops and vegetables that will compare favorably with any other portion of Utah. The valley is watered by an extensive and costly irrigating system, for although the streams give an abundance of water at all times, the work of converting them to the arable districts is one that has consumed an immense amount of labor and an outlay of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Much money has also been expended on the county and canyon roads, which are always kept in good repair. In the mountains that surround the valley are on one side fine grazing land for the raising of horned stock and sheep ; and on the other some magnificent stretches of first-class timber which keep a number of saw mills engaged in getting out lumber. The Utah and Northern Rail-

way enters Cache from the Salt Lake Valley near Mendon, and traverses the Valley on its way to Montana. The dimensions of the county are nearly 1,000 square miles and its population is upwards of 15,000, composed of American, English, Scotch and Scandinavians, with a few Welsh, Italians and French. The Scandinavians are quite numerous in the county.

EARLY HISTORY OF CACHE VALLEY.

In July, 1855, Samuel Roskelley, Andrew Moffatt, and Brigham Young, Jun., were sent up to Cache Valley by President Young to cut hay, prepare corrals, &c., for stock, which was to be driven into the valley that Fall. Bryant Stringham also came for the Church ; Stephen Taylor for Squire Wells ; Seymour B. Young for his father ; and Simon Baker and his son, Joseph, for themselves. Arriving, they camped on what is now known as the Church Farm, and put up the hay. In the Fall, the stock was driven into Cache Valley, coming from Box Elder by way of Dry Lake. At that time this now beautiful and fertile valley was a cold inhospitable region. It was deemed unfit for an agricultural district, and was designed as a stock raising country. Notwithstanding that they arrived in July, Bishop Roskelley says there was not a night during the time he stayed in Cache, which was in the summer months, but what they could go out in the morning and write their names in the white frost that would settle on the wagon covers, plow beams or anything lying on the ground that frost could settle upon.

But to Peter Maughan belongs the honor of being the pioneer of the settlement of Cache Valley. With him, commenced the founding of the cities of Northern Utah. He came by the direction of President Young for that purpose, removing from Tooele. This was in July, 1856. With the pioneer came William H. Maughan, George Bryan, John Tait, Morgan Morgan and Zial Riggs. They pitched upon the present site of Wellsville for the first settlement. They then returned to Tooele for their families. On the 17th of September, they were again in Cache Valley, and prepared to settle. There were now Peter Maughan, William H. Maughan, John Maughan, George Bryan, Francis Gunnell, O. D.

Thompson and Zial Riggs. These, with their families, composed the first settlers proper of Cache Valley. They located a fort with their wagons. They next cut hay for their stock and then commenced to build log houses. Maughan's Fort was the name which Wellsville first bore.

Peter Maughan being at that time a member of the Legislature for Tooele County, by an election before his removal, he started to Filmore in November, Filmore being then the capitol of the Territory. He left the settlement in the charge of George Bryan.

The Winter of 1856-7 was a terribly severe one for the few settlers in Cache Valley. In the history thus early is to be met a tragedy illustrating the inhospitable Valley of the North, which to day is perhaps the most inviting part of our Territory. During that Winter, in the beginning of 1857, a young man, by name John Gardener, son of William Gardener, who had already settled in Wellsville, undertook to cross the mountains on horseback, from Box Elder, the then only road into Cache Valley. He was frozen to death, and was found two days afterwards within half a mile of Wellsville. This caused a great alarm in Wellsville, or Maughan's Fort, and John and William Maughan, to ensure the safety of their father on his return from Filmore, made two trips on snow-shoes across the mountains, one for the purpose of forwarding a letter to Filmore, carrying the news of the fate of young Gardener, and making an appointment to meet him at Brigham City for the purpose of escorting him across the mountains. Accordingly the two sons met the father in February, and all traveled across on snow-shoes. They did not reach the Fort until after dark, but the journey was made in safety. Snow was then ten feet deep on the best part of the road. Bishop William H. Maughan says, that had not his brother and himself been together the journey could not have been made. Alone, either one of them must have perished, as did young Gardener. They sank so deep into the snow that they had to take turns in breaking the road, the one resting while the other made the way.

After the return of Peter Maughan, the first thing that the settlers did was to be re-baptized, this being the year of the "Reformation."

The settlers next fenced in their farms and began to cultivate. In the Spring new additions arrived, so that by April, when a provisional organization was made of Cache County, there had arrived from seventeen to twenty families. They raised a crop this year, 1857; but in the Spring of '58, the settlers of Cache Valley moved south with the people generally, in the exodus occasioned by the Utah War. They left their crops in the ground, and 1,500 bushels of grain in their houses. Francis Gunnell, Zial Riggs, John Reece, Thomas Obray, Robert Hill and Alexander B. Hill returned to Cache Valley on the 24th of July, and found all the grain which they had left in their houses stolen, but their crops were growing spontaneously. They harvested twenty bushels to the acre. By the advice of President Young, fearing Indian depredations, the systematic attempt to re-settle Cache Valley was deferred till the next year. Peter Maughan and family stopped at Three Mile Creek, near Box Elder, though Peter Maughan came over and harvested some grain and returned to his temporary location. In the Spring of 1859, the Maughans returned, and then the settlement recommenced; but it was the 10th day of May before a plow was put into the ground.

Cache County was first organized on the 4th day of April, 1857. The County Court was held in Wellsville, Peter Maughan, Judge of Probate, presiding. William Gardener, Orange D. Thompson and John T. Garr were the Selectmen; William Garr, Sheriff; Francis Gunnell, Recorder; and John Maughan, Treasurer. A regular term of the Court was held June 1st, 1857, and another regular term on the 7th day of September of the same year; then came the suspension till 1859, during which period had occurred the move of the whole community south. The county was re-organized by a special term of the County Court, held at Wellsville on the 23rd day of May, 1859, Peter Maughan presiding as Judge of Probate. We may now properly leave the general history of the County for a fuller treatment hereafter, and sketch the founding of the various cities of Cache Valley, giving to Logan its place as the capitol of the county and the Temple City of the North.

LOGAN.

Logan site was located by Peter Maughan, the Presiding Bishop and pioneer of Cache Valley, and the first bishop of Wellsville, in the spring of 1859. Settlers of this date were steadily migrating into this beautiful and fertile valley which, however, at that time was a country of sage brush and wild grass.

The period was quite favorable to the quick peopling of this magnificent valley, and for the rapid growth of that flourishing cluster of settlements which has so much enhanced the Territorial importance of Utah. It was just after the close of the Utah war and the return of the people from their exodus South; so that the pouring of a tide of immigration into the Northern Valleys of Utah was according to the natural law of re-action, to which the masses of society are ever most sensible. The homes of those who had at first settled around Salt Lake City, having been broken up, or, at least for the time being, disturbed and some quite disorganized, the metropolitan attraction was lessened in the minds of the people. To so express the social condition consequent after an exodus, many were inclined to a removal from the capital and its neighborhood where city lots and farms were taken up, and only to be obtained by costly purchase, into a new and extensive country where lots and farms were to be obtained without price. Cache Valley at this juncture offered the greater inducements, not only to the self-reliant pioneer class, who were already in the Territory, but also to the English emigrants, who at this same date were again pouring into Utah. It will be remembered, by those familiar with the history of the European mission as well as that of this Territory, that the emigration from the European missions had been suspended for several seasons, in consequence of the Utah war;—in fact suspended from 1856 to the very year of the founding of the settlements of Cache Valley, 1859. In 1857, there was no emigration from Europe, but simply the return of the American missionaries. Neither was there any emigration in 1858; but in 1859 the emigration from Liverpool re-opened; and on their arrival in Utah, the English-speaking immigrants were as naturally attracted towards Cache Valley, as the Scandinavians were towards Sanpete. But much of the detail of the settlement

and growth of Cache County must necessarily be reserved and traced in the biography of Peter Maughan, and others of the pioneers, to be hereafter given. We proceed now with the historical thread of the capital of the County.

The Logan site having been located, a due portion of the pioneers of Cache Valley gathered to this spot; but as yet no decided determination was given that this was the place where the capital of the County was to be reared. This determination, indeed, was made afterwards, by the class of enterprising men who chose Logan for their home, rather than in the location of the site. In other words, it was the people of Logan who built a capital; and, therefore, Logan became the capital of Cache County, notwithstanding it was not the first settlement formed.

On the 21st day of June, 1859, the first settlers of Logan drew lots for their land. On July 3rd, a public meeting was called by Bishop Peter Maughan, at which time Elders John P. Wright, John Nelson and Israel J. Clark were appointed a committee to give out land to new settlers. On July 27th, fort lots were laid out and drawn for by the new settlers, and the work of building quickly thereafter commenced.

At this point, we must branch off into a personal episode of the founders of Cache County, which has not only influenced the destiny of Logan, but also contributed largely to the material prosperity of the entire county.

It was during the period of the Utah war that William B. Preston and the Thatcher family arrived in Utah from California. A part of this family started from California in the fall of 1857, arriving in Salt Lake City in January, 1858. They were William B. Preston, John B. Thatcher, Aaron D. Thatcher and Moses Thatcher. The summer previous, Father Thatcher and the rest of the family arrived. The exodus drew the family south, and they settled at first at Payson.

Father Thatcher was esteemed as a rich man from the gold fields of California. He was, probably, at that time, next to Brigham Young, the wealthiest man in Utah.

In consequence of the war, the people of our Territory were very destitute of clothing, and the stocks of our merchants were quite exhausted. To obtain supplies, a train was fitted out to go to California to

replenish the Utah stock of merchandise. Father Thatcher sent his wagons, with his sons J. W. and A. D. Thatcher, under the command of his son-in-law, William B. Preston, in the winter '58-9; and they returned loaded with States goods. Walker Brothers, Jennings, Hooper & Eldredge, Godbe and others also sent teams in this company, for the same purpose. Thus commenced the renewal of the commercial life of our Territory, after the close of the Utah war.

Preston got back with his wagons of merchandise in the Spring of '59, at about the date of the planting of the Logan stake, by Peter Maughan. A combination of circumstances now attracted the attention of Father Thatcher and his son-in-law to the opportunities which Cache Valley offered for the investment of their means, in the development of a magnificent district of virgin country, and also as a field extensive enough for their aspirations of enterprise. In Payson they had not sufficient land of their own to cultivate; and they were met on every side with the answer that all the land in the Payson district of country was taken up. They were neither satisfied to cultivate farms under a rental, nor to be limited to small personal estates. There was Cache Valley inviting them—with its vast resources of virgin country and fine water privileges; so Father Thatcher and his sons and William B. Preston resolved to remove into Cache Valley. Here they were at once to take rank as chief among the pioneers and founders of a new county; and thus the wealth of Father Thatcher, and his merchant supplies just brought from California, were directed to the building up of the North instead of the South.

In company with his two brothers-in-law, John B. and Aaron D. Thatcher, William B. Preston and his wife left Payson in the month of August, 1859, and journeyed into Cache Valley, which was still almost entirely a country of sage brush and grass. When they came into the Valley, they found Peter Maughan, who had located a settlement on the West side of the valley, which was called Maughan's Fort, but now known as Wellsville. Pursuing their journey, they drove North across the Logan River and came on to the spot where Logan now stands. Here they found several families in camp with a few wagons preparing to build, but, as

yet, no house was erected on the site.

Soon after this date, several more men, who were destined to become prominent among the founders of the cities of Cache Valley, arrived on the Logan site,—two of whom were George L. Farrell, now Bishop of Smithfield, and Thomas E. Ricks, since known as one of the most enterprising and wealthy men of Cache County.

Here we may pause to view the location. The *Logan Leader* in its local directory thus describes the area and location of Logan as it is to-day:

"It embraces all that portion of Cache County contained within the following boundaries, to wit: Commencing at the South bank of the Logan River, at the mouth of Logan Canyon, thence in a northerly direction along the base of the mountains three miles, thence west to the Logan and Hyde Park Canal, thence southerly along said Canal to a point where the Hyde Park ditch is taken out of said Canal, thence west on the line of said ditch to the southeast corner of the north half of the southwest quarter of section fourteen, township twelve north, range one west; thence west one-half mile, thence north one-fourth mile, thence west to the west bank of Little Bear River, thence south along the bank to the mouth of the Logan River, thence in an easterly direction along the bank of said River to the place of beginning.

"Its location is the best that could have been chosen in northern Utah for a large city, with numerous commercial interests and manufacturing establishments. Ample water power for any number of mills is furnished by Logan River, with its branches, which flows directly through the city. Being situated at the foot of a grand range of mountains, and being the centre of a number of pretty villages it presents a beautiful appearance. The Utah and Northern Railroad passes through the valley on the west side of the city."

Thus viewed, we have evidently the capital of a county, and the proper location for it also. But this was not so apparent in the Spring of 1859, when the site was located. As already said, it was the men who settled on the site who made it the capital; and it was the willing united labors of the citizens during the first years that gave to Logan much of this ample water power. The opening of its splen-

did commercial and manufacturing opportunities were the results. Here we will excerpt a few passages from our biographical sketch of Bishop Preston, prepared to accompany the history of this city and county, as will also be the case with the Bishops and representative men generally; for in the biographies of the founders of the cities the liveliest and most graphic history of the country will be met.

As the first settlers of Cache came into the Valley, they ran eagerly to those places for location where water could be obtained with the greatest ease and the least irrigation. This fact the young man—Preston, who was destined to rank as chief among its founders and first Bishop of Logan, quickly learned on his arrival into Cache Valley. Men whom Nature endows with very strong executive wills, great self-reliance and energy are readily provoked to decision by just such a case. It was so now with Preston.

Pursuing their journey from Maughan's Fort, Preston, with his brothers-in-law—John and Aaron Thatcher—drove north across the Logan River and came on to the north side to the spot where Logan now stands.

"John," said the city-founder, with his usual decision of character, "*this is good enough for me!*"

Whereupon, Preston and the Thatcher boys pitched their tents, took their wagon-beds and put them on the ground and were at home. Thus the future Bishop was located on the spot where a Temple city was destined to spring up in a few years under his fostering care. From such seemingly small incidents even great cities may rise. From that day the motto of Logan City might have been fitly inscribed in the expressive words of her first Bishop—"This is good enough for me!" for those words have been emphasised by corresponding works by the founders of Logan generally.

Preston by nature is a very taciturn man. So without much communication with their neighboring settlers, he and the Thatchers vigorously set to work, minding their own business, building their house. They worked day and night; but their house was not yet finished when, in November 1859, Orson Hyde and Ezra T. Benson came into Cache Valley to organize the settlements, which had been located under the direction of Peter Maughan.

A Bishop for Logan was wanted.

"Who are you going to have for your Bishop?" enquired Apostle Hyde.

The veteran Pioneer of Cache Valley, pointing across to Preston's house, replied:

"There is a young man living in that house, who seems to be a very enterprising, go-ahead man, who, I think, will make a good Bishop. He and the Thatcher boys have done the most in the shape of building and improving during the time they have been here. They have worked day and night."

The Apostles were satisfied with the sagacious judgment of Peter Maughan, who possessed all the instincts of the true pioneer.

"He'll do for the Bishop?" added Orson Hyde.

And thus Wm. B. Preston, till this time comparatively unknown, was chosen Bishop of Logan. He was accordingly ordained and set apart to that office under the hands of Orson Hyde, Ezra T. Benson and Peter Maughan.

During the winter of 1859, the settlers of Logan built a school house which was also used for a Meeting House. There were but seventeen families in Logan at that date.

The work next in the order of founding the city was to lay off and dig what is now known as Logan and Hyde Park Canal which mainly waters Logan City and a large tract of farming land and also Hyde Park. Some thought it was too heavy a job, but the Bishop with the same decision of character which had led him to select the Logan site as his home, replied:

"I think not, brethren. I guess we can cut the canal!"

Early in the Spring of 1860, while there was yet two feet of snow on the ground, Bishop Preston with Surveyor Jessie W. Fox laid off the city of Logan, the Bishop carrying one end of the chain. During this year, 1860, there was a great immigration from the surrounding country into Logan, and the Bishop spent his time in apportioning off and selecting homes for the new comers.

It has been noticeable in the settlements of the Mormon people from the beginning, that immediate organization is their first method of practical action. They are always in a society form, even when there are but a few families gathered, no

matter how seemingly isolated or distant from the headquarters of the community. They are, indeed, in the first phases of their settlements, like so many small communities, belonging to the parent community, and all ready for an extension of organization from each local point. Hence, they quickly form into counties; so that a cluster of settlements forming, subsequently constitutes a county, even before thus created by the Legislature. In effect, the Legislative body simply recognizes what the founders of settlements have already done in moulding themselves into an organic existence. This organization, also, commences before a settlement is formed into Wards under municipal rule. The basis of this social organization has been the fundamental priesthood, of which all these pioneers have been members, perhaps without an exception—at least, we know of none. In the growth of the settlements of Utah, the quorums of the Seventies have been the basis of the pioneer organizations, that vast organic body having been very like the backbone of the community, consisting of men from the age of thirty to fifty. This has been the general example in the founding of Utah; and it can be at once appreciated that the quorums of Seventies are fitly the pioneers of the community. This explanation gives meaning to the next items to which we come in the Logan official minutes, from which we are partly gathering the historical narrative:

“October 30th, 1859, at the request of President Joseph Young, Bishop Peter Maughan organized the Seventies Mass Quorum for the East side of Cache Valley, with Israel J. Clark, President, and Ebenezer Landars and Abraham V. Caldwell his counsellors; Ralph Smith, Clerk.

On Sunday, Nov. 6th, the Sacrament was administered in Logan for the first time, and at the same meeting the brethren all agreed to go to work immediately and build a log School House.

On the 14th day of Nov., 1859, Logan Ward was organized by Apostles Orson Hyde, Ezra T. Benson, and Bishop Peter Maughan, with Wm. B. Preston as Bishop and Geo. L. Farrell as Clerk. Wm. B. Preston was ordained and set apart by the brethren of the Twelve at said meeting.

Thomas E. Ricks, Ebenezer Landars, John E. Jones and John Nelson were then

nominated and elected members of the High Council, and the first three were ordained and set apart by the brethren of the Twelve.

It was motioned and seconded that Peter Maughan be sustained as Presiding Bishop of Cache Valley. After meeting, General Chauncey West from Ogden called the brethren together and organized the Logan militia with Israel J. Clark as Major.

On the 28th of Nov., we commenced to build our log School House on the S. W. corner of the 2nd. Block west of the Public Square.

Dec. 18th, 1859, we held our first meeting in our New Log School House, at which meeting a Deacon's Quorum was organized with Henry Ballard as President.

On Thursday, Jan. 5th, we held our first fast meeting and brought in our donations to the poor.

On the 23rd. day of Jan, 1860, the first Day School was started in Logan, in our log School House.

On the 13th of March, Jessie W. Fox surveyed Logan City Plot, and Bishop Preston gave out the lots and farming and hay land to the settlers.

March 25th, 1860, Apostle Ezra T. Benson moved to Logan, having been called to preside over this Stake of Zion.

The people turned out according to the call of Bishop Preston and fenced in a city lot and dug a well for Prest. Benson.

March 27th, we commenced our labors on the Logan and Hyde Park Canal.

April 2nd., 1860, the people of Logan, turned out and built a house of logs for Bishop Peter Maughan and shortly after he moved into it from Wellsville.

April 29th, 1860, the first company of Minute Men was organized with Thomas E. Ricks as Captain and George L. Farrell as adjutant.

May 15th, Henry Ballard and James Harmison measured off the first fence from Logan to Hyde Park and it was completed during the Summer.

May 18th, we finished our Canal on the side hill and got the water into town.

June 14th, Ezra T. Benson was elected Colonel of the Cache Valley militia.

These items of incidents and dates, which we are culling from the careful minutes kept year after year by George L. Farrell, the first official secretary, af-

ford the historian much subject for amplification. In the first place, we see on the face of the record this essential social organism of which we have spoken. Logan was not yet constructed into Wards; but there was much of that fine governmental system of a regular community which has attracted the notice of every intelligent Gentile who has written upon the subject of Mormonism and the Mormons. We also see from the minutes, that already Cache Valley had commenced a militia organization, a subject to be presently emphasised, as it connects not only with the operations of the United States troops under General Connor against the Indians of Cache Valley, but is of itself a refutation of that absurd charge, so constantly and persistently made, that the "Mormon militia" was organized for the express purpose of rebellion against the United States. The very next item found in Secretary Farrell's minutes, without his intention to do so, capitally exposes this view. Here it is:

"July 24th, 1860, an express reached here from Smithfield stating that the Indians had killed two of the brethren there and wounded others; whereupon Bishop Peter Maughan, Thomas E. Ricks and George L. Farrell and 25 Minute Men mounted their horses and rode to Smithfield and found two men dead and three wounded. One Indian named 'Pahguin-up,' the leader, was killed. We found one Indian hid in the grass and took him prisoner, and brought him to Logan and put him under guard in the schoolhouse. Just before dark, a large company of Indians rushed upon us intending to release the prisoner; but we had about 150 men on guard at the house, well armed. When the Indians saw our unity and determination, they were surprised and all passed off without any trouble. We had much trouble with the Indians all through the Summer.

"Feb. 10th, 1861, the first call was made for teams and teamsters to go to the States after the emigrating Saints, and on April 10th, five teams started from Logan.

"April 14th, 1861, Logan City was divided into four wards with men to preside over them as follows: Benjamin M. Lewis, President of 1st Ward; Henry Ballard, Prest. of 2nd Ward; John B. Thatcher, Prest. of 3rd Ward, and Thomas X. Smith, Prest. of 4th Ward.

"Sept. 27th, the first agricultural fair was held in Logan, with Seth M. Blair, President.

"March 4th, 1862, we commenced to build a road into Logan Canyon.

"June 15th, 1862, a cloud burst in the mountains and washed out the Logan and Green Canyon roads.

"Jan. 28th, 1863, Colonel Connor passed through Logan with a company of 450 soldiers, and on the 29th he came upon and attacked a band of Indians in a deep ravine through which a small creek runs west of Bear River and 20 miles north of Franklin. The Indians resisted the soldiers and a severe battle ensued which lasted four hours, in which 18 soldiers were killed and wounded. About 200 Indians were killed and a great many wounded. Col. Connor captured about 150 Indian ponies, and returned through Logan on Jan. 31. The weather was so intensely cold that scores of his men had their feet and hands frozen. We, the people of Cache Valley, looked upon the movement of Col. Connor as an intervention of the Almighty, as the Indians had been a source of great annoyance to us for a long time, causing us to stand guard over our stock and other property the most of the time since our first settlement."

In the last number of this Magazine, we published General Connor's official report of the Bear River expedition, which was forwarded by the commander of the Department of the Pacific to General Halleck, who was at that time the commander-in-chief of the United States armies. In this report, which has been published in the national history, General Connor wrote of the people of Cache Valley thus:

"I should mention here that in my march from this post no assistance was rendered by the Mormons, who seemed indisposed to divulge any information regarding the Indians, and charged enormous prices for every article furnished my command."

To this report we added the following note:

"The above military document is an excellent proof of the necessity of possessing the published history of our Territory, so that the genuine records may be compared one with the other. The above will show General Connor's views of the Mormon people at the time of the

writing of his official letter, and of the sympathy of the people of Cache Valley with the Indians. The records of Cache, which we have recently worked upon, speak of the absolute sympathy of the entire people of Cache with the California volunteers, and their gratitude to them for redeeming them from Indian depredations. Says the records of the City of Logan, 'We believe General Connor's coming to Cache Valley to be a providence of the Almighty!' We named this fact to General Connor months ago. It will by-and-by be seen that the best record of Gen. Connor's service to this country will be found in the history of Cache Valley."

We have now given the Logan minutes referred to in the exact words of the record, from which we copied with our own hand, and, therefore, know that it is authentic. Moreover, as before stated, the record is the work of George L. Farrell, for many years the secretary of the Cache Valley Stake and now the Bishop of Smithfield. Farrell is one of the most intelligent men of Cache County and an exceedingly conscientious man. He speaks, too, not for Logan merely, but for all the settlements. "*We, the people of Cache Valley*, looked upon this movement of Col. Connor as an intervention of the Almighty." The very plausible reason is also given: "as the Indians had been a source of great annoyance to us for a long time, causing us to stand guard over our stock and other property most of the time since our first settlement."

This historical minute was made early in 1863, just after the Battle of Bear River. Notice the striking proof of this in the naming of Connor's rank—"Col. Connor." He was not yet created Brigadier-General, for fighting that battle, when Secretary Farrell made that minute. Records are invaluable! This one justifies Cache Valley. And by and-by, when we reach the special subject of the Indian history of Cache County, it will be more abundantly apparent that a misrepresentation of the Mormon people was made to the War Department, though we are quite as confident that "Col. Connor" was too honorable to so design his report.

We continue the history with the secretary's minutes for a number of years up to a central date:

"April 19th, 1863, Bishop Wm. B.

Preston started this day for the frontiers as captain of our 50 Cache Valley teams to bring in the poor Saints; 11 of these teams were sent from Logan.

"Sept. 13th, 1863, Capt. Preston returned with the emigration to day, feeling well.

"Feb. 26th, 1864, President E. T. Benson started on his mission to the Sandwich Islands.

"April 16th, 1864, Bishop Preston was called again to go to the Missouri River as captain of a company of fifty teams from Cache, Box Elder and Weber Counties to bring in the poor, and started this day.

"In the latter part of June, 1864, Prest. Benson returned from his mission to the Sandwich Islands.

"Sept. 19th, Capt. Preston returned home from the States, feeling well.

"Jan. 21st, 1865, we commenced to cut and slide logs for the Logan Tabernacle.

"April 2nd, we commenced to build the Logan and Richmond Canal and on the first of June of the same year we had water running in it to Hyde Park.

"May 18th, 1865, Bishop Wm. B. Preston and others from Logan started on a mission to Europe.

"August 4th, 1865, a brigade was organized in Cache military district with E. T. Benson, Brigadier-General.

"Dec. 2nd, 1865, A city police was organized in Logan City.

"Dec. 7th, 1865, Prest. B. Young made a call upon Cache Co. to send East and get wire and erect a telegraph line from Logan to Brigham City, which was responded to and the line completed in November of 1866.

"April 25th, 1866, Brother Moses Thatcher started to Europe on a mission, and on same day we started 15 teams from Logan to Missouri River for the poor.

"Sept. 2nd, 1866, Our emigration teams returned home with the Saints.

"Feb. 5th, 1867, The Logan Canyon Road Company was organized.

"August 22nd, 1868, President Brigham Young organized a School of the Prophets in Logan with Ezra T. Benson, President; Peter Maughan, Vice-President; George L. Farrell, Secretary; and John B. Thatcher, Treasurer.

"Sept. 6th, 1868, Bishop Wm. B. Preston and Moses Thatcher returned home from their mission to Europe.

"Sept. 1868, Moses Thatcher was elected superintendent of Sabbath Schools for Cache Co.

"May 12th, 1869, The Logan Co-operative Mercantile Institution started business.

"Sept. 3rd, 1869, Prest. E. T. Benson died very suddenly in Ogden City (cause, paralytic stroke) and on the 5th, was buried at Logan with very great respect.

"After the death of Prest. Benson, Bishop Peter Maughan was appointed acting Prest. of the Stake.

"April 24th, 1871, President Peter Maughan died and was buried with great respect; and after his death, Bishop Wm. B. Preston was appointed acting Presiding Bishop of this Stake of Zion.

"August 23rd, 1871, a company was organized to build a railroad from Ogden to Soda Springs and ground was broken at Brigham City on the 26th.

Nov., 1872, Moses Thatcher was appointed superintendent of the Logan Branch of Z. C. M. I.

Nov. 15th, 1872, Brigham Young, Jr., was appointed to preside over the Cache Valley Stake of Zion and moved to Logan the same month.

Jan. 31st, 1873, the Utah and Northern Railroad was completed and the engine and cars run into Logan; and the large three story rock building for Z. C. M. I. store was completed and opened out to do business.

During the winter of 1873, the people turned out and hauled about 600 tons of rock for the Tabernacle. The old foundation was taken out and enlarged to 125½ feet long (exclusive of vestry and buttresses) by 65½ feet wide. Charles O. Card was elected superintendent of the works, and by the middle of June of the same year the work on the walls was progressing very rapidly. This fine building is now completed and is quite an ornament to Logan. It occupies a central block in the business portion of the city. It is a splendid structure, built of cut stone, having elegant architectural proportions, is finely finished on the interior, the seats being grained, the floors carpeted and the walls and ceilings frescoed with original designs. It is used for Stake conferences and will seat 4,000 very comfortably. Beneath is another large hall, less lofty, but of sufficient proportions to accommodate the congregations that attend the usual services.

The Logan Temple, in course of construction, is designed to be one of the most magnificent structures in the entire West. It is being built on a commanding site on the bench at Logan, that overlooks the entire valley and which can be seen for many miles around. The main building is designed to be 171 feet in length, 95 feet wide and 86 feet high to the square. The tower will be 145 feet from base to pinnacle. A fine quality of quartzite, quarried in Logan Canyon, is being used for the construction of this remarkable edifice, except the string courses and caps which are of cut free-stone. The walls are four feet thick at base, and composed of rubble-work to be plastered and pointed on the outside. Rock laying commenced July 20, 1877. During the winters the main work has been discontinued, on account of frost and snow, but resumed as soon as spring has opened. When completed, the building will contain 2,200 cords of rock, and will cost, in the aggregate, nearly half a million dollars. At the present date, it looks to the casual eye nearly completed, excepting the finishing work, but probably it will be several years before the last and perfecting touch is given. The edifice is after no particular order of architecture, but will be castellated in appearance. We expect in one of the parts of the history of the cities of Cache Valley, to give a fine steel engraving of this Temple, with its complete history, accompanied with a professional description by its architect, T. O. Angell, Jr. It is the "Logan Temple," but it belongs to the entire people of Northern Utah, whose masonic trowel may be said to have worked equally upon it with the citizens of Logan.

The capital of Cache Valley has already grown to the proportion of a first-class city of Utah. It has a population of between 4,000 and 5,000. Its citizens are industrious and enterprising. Ethnologically considered, they may be described as a population of Americans, English, Scotch, Scandinavians and Welsh, with a small mixture of several other nationalities; but Mormonism, like early Christianity, has everywhere been a great fuser of races. The cardinal race-law of Mormon Gospel is—"We are all *one* in Christ Jesus." Perhaps of all modern religions, Mormonism alone has fully exemplified that law. It may also be said that Logan

in proportion contains as many persons of representative character as any city in Utah. A number of this class we may expect by and-by to meet in biographical sketches.

It must not be for a moment imagined, because Logan is a Temple City, that it is, therefore, an ecclesiastical city, or that the Tabernacle and Temple are its only marks of architectural grandeur and beauty. This city can boast of some very fine residences, the most conspicuous for elegance, proportions and location being those of Moses Thatcher, George W. Thatcher and Dr. Ormsby. It has also a few representative business houses. The Logan branch of Z. C. M. I. has quite a colossal store, being built three stories in height and fronted with a beautiful white stone. The picture of this store was given in our last number. Next in architectural and business display on the Main St. will undoubtedly be the fine watchmaker's and jewelry store of Mr. Thomas B. Cardon, now in process of erection. When we come to the No. of our Magazine in which Logan will be pictorially illustrated, we may likely meet this new and elegant store, as we also certainly shall several of the classical residences of Logan in our series of articles under the head of the "Beautiful Homes of our Cities."

COMMERCE AND TRADE.

Logan at an early date of its existence defined itself as the commercial centre of Cache Valley. Before the period of co-operation, several of the first class merchants of our Territory carried on branches of their business in that city. Father Thatcher and his sons were merchants, buying and selling "States goods." They also owned a merchant flouring mill and were among the principal developers of the agricultural commerce of Cache County. It was they, moreover, who laid the largest rock in the foundation of the Logan Z. C. M. I. Mr. W. S. Godbe once had a branch store at Logan. Mr. William H. Shearman and another gentleman purchased Godbe's store, and, for a time, did a very successful mercantile business in that city; Shearman sold out to Co-operation. Mr. Win. Jennings had a branch store at Logan.

From the first, co-operation in Cache Valley was a vigorous and healthy movement. The Logan branch of Z. C. M.

I. is directly connected with the parent Institution. The present manager is Mr. Robert S. Watson, who for years has been one of the heads of departments of Z. C. M. I. We shall give a biographical sketch of this gentleman in a future number. But having dealt exhaustively on co-operation in our last number, we may for the present rest the subject of Z. C. M. I., and direct attention to the several branches of the "United Order" which flourish in this valley. Indeed, in no part of the Territory has the "U. O." been given such a substantial base and been worked upon such thorough business principles as in Cache County. There, instead of being organized upon an impractical system of consecration, it has grown up as a simple joint stock concern of the people, for the employment of labor, the development of manufactures and the dividing of the mercantile results of the county among the people as stockholders and operatives, instead of among a few merchant capitalists. Undoubtedly this is the best form that co-operation has taken. The following is a brief statement of the Secretary and Manager of the U. O. MANUFACTURING & BUILDING COMPANY:

"The subject of co-operation being generally discussed among the Saints of Cache Valley, the bishop of the Second Ward of Logan, Henry Ballard, gave public notice that a meeting of those desiring to interest themselves in a co-operative movement for Manufacturing and Industrial pursuits would be held in the Second Ward School House, Dec. 1st, 1875.

"The meeting was accordingly held; and after singing and prayer, the objects of the same were plainly and briefly explained by Bishop Ballard, chairman. C. O. Card and others spoke upon the necessity of procuring machinery for the purpose of turning "broom, hoe, rake and pitchfork handles, &c."

"On motion a committee of three was appointed to estimate the probable cost of machinery needed to make a start, also a suitable location for the business and to solicit shares. C. W. Nibley, C. O. Card and J. M. Wight were appointed said committee. Some 50 or 60 shares were subscribed that night. A good feeling prevailed. The meeting adjourned for one week. During the week the committee was not idle, but worked

up a scheme to unite the sawmill property of Card & Son, with the planing mill property of P. N. Petersen & Sons, both of which were located in the Second Ward, and each having a water power and privilege unsurpassed in the county. It was proposed for these to unite with the people in a general co-operative movement. At the meeting Mr. Nibley, chairman of the committee, read their report, which was in writing and embraced the scheme mentioned; and he warmly, though modestly, recommended its adoption.

'The report,' says the record, 'met with approval, and on motion of J. E. Hyde was unanimously adopted by the assembly.'

"A committee was appointed to get up articles of association—namely, C. W. Nibley, C. O. Card and C. J. Larsen.

"The name of the company was suggested by Ralph Smith—'The Second Ward Manufacturing and Building Company of Logan.' This was afterwards changed to the present name.

"At the next meeting, which soon followed, the Articles of Association were presented, adopted and subscribed to; and with a paid up capital of \$10,410, the company formally began operations on the 10th day of January, 1876.

"The directors were Henry Ballard, P. N. Petersen, C. O. Card, C. W. Nibley and J. M. Wight; J. E. Hyde, Secretary, and C. W. Card, Treasurer. H. Ballard was elected President and has ever since held that office, P. N. Petersen, Vice-President, and C. O. Card, Manager.

"In the Spring, several small buildings were put up by the company, new wood-working machinery was sent for, and things went on prosperously.

"At the annual meeting of the stockholders Jan. 8th, 1877, the propriety of connecting a merchandising establishment with the other business was discussed and was finally determined upon.

"In a week or two, a building was in course of construction for a store; and, although the project met with considerable opposition from some quarters, yet the store business has prospered, and today the 'U. O. Store,' as it is called, does the largest retail business of any store in Cache Valley.

"C. O. Card, being called to superintend the construction of the Logan

Temple, resigned his position as manager of the 'U. O.,' and shortly after Mr. Nibley, returning from his mission to Europe, was appointed secretary and manager of the company's business.

"From \$10,000, in 1875, the capital stock increased to \$26,000 in 1880; and during the five years that the company had existed 99 per cent was paid out in dividends. In that year (1880) 'constant and profitable employment had been furnished to 75 men and 35 teams, taking an average for the whole year.' The company built \$10,000 worth of houses in Logan during 1880, and in that year manufactured a large lot of furniture, etc., and sold over \$100,000 worth of States goods at retail. The employees paid \$2,381.77 tithing, and the company paid Z. C. M. I. over \$50,000, for merchandise. The constant aim of the directors and manager has been to furnish labor for the people and keep them at home; and no company in Utah has done more in this respect according to their means. Altogether this is one of the best institutions in the whole church; for, with a capital of but \$26,000, nearly 100 persons are furnished employment.

"The new court house in course of construction, estimated to cost about \$20,000, is being built by this company. They have a good furniture store on Main Street, well stocked with goods, a good location three blocks west of Z. C. M. I., where the 'U. O. Store' does a heavy retail business; two of the best water privileges in Cache County right in the heart of Logan, with mills and machinery attached, and they own large interests in Logan Canyon, where they recently got out 53,000 ties for the Oregon Short Line. The company has also lately purchased some very desirable property on Main Street from Cache County. We may, therefore, safely say that the 'U. O.' of Logan has a bright future for its stockholders and many of Logan's citizens who labor for it."

The following is a report of a sister institution:

"THE UNITED ORDER FOUNDRY, MACHINE AND WAGON MFG. CO. of Logan was organized January 19th, 1876, with the following officers, viz. B. M. Lewis, Moses Thatcher, O. C. Ormsby, C. B. Robbins and Robert Croft as directors, Joseph Goddard, Secretary and E. D. Carpenter, Treasurer. At the meeting

of the Board of Directors which followed this organization, B. M. Lewis was elected President, Moses Thatcher, Vice-President, Ezra D. Carpenter, Business Manager and also chairman of executive committee, which consisted of two others besides himself, viz. Alvin Crockett and Robert Croft. The company was subsequently incorporated under the laws of the Territory of Utah, with an authorized capital of \$10,000 00. 25 per cent. of which had been paid up before its incorporation; the limit of corporation being twenty five years. The object in establishing an industry of the kind herein mentioned, was to carry out, as far as practicable, the grand principles of co-operation which the first presidency so strenuously advocated at that time, and by its establishment to bring about a union of interest between capital and labor.

"Very little cash-capital, however, was secured in the present case, which caused the company serious inconvenience and embarrassment at times. The greater part of the paid up 25 per cent., required by law before incorporation could be effected, was paid in real estate, tools, machinery, labor &c., which, however, was all very necessary in the establishment of a business of this character. The ready cash, of course, would have accomplished the work more cheaply.

"The first two years was a hard struggle for existence; and had it not have been for the unity and generosity of the employees, the shrewd management of the directors and the indefatigable efforts of the business manager, the business must have failed. The stockholders showed their appreciation of the services of the first officers elected for the company, by re-electing them year after year. No change was made until circumstances rendered it unavoidable, as in the cases of Joseph Goddard, O. C. Ormsby and Moses Thatcher,—the former two having been called on missions to Europe and the latter to the apostleship of the Quorum of the Twelve. Edward Hanson succeeded Joseph Goddard in the secretaryship; Aaron Farr, Jun. and Thomas E. Ricks succeeded O. C. Ormsby and Moses Thatcher in the directorship of the company.

"At the end of the first year, 1876, a statement of the business showed but the

small gain of \$278.77, which amount was passed to reserve account. At the close of the year 1877, a gain of 34 per cent. on capital stock invested was shown, which was disposed of as follows, (viz.) 10 per cent. was declared as dividend, payable to the stockholders in stock or work, as the members should choose, and 24 per cent. was passed to reserve account. The end of the year, 1878, showed a gain on the business of 28 per cent., twenty per cent. of which was paid to stockholders as dividends and 8½ per cent. passed to reserve account. A gain of 30 per cent. was made on the business during the year 1879, 15 per cent. paid as dividends and 15 per cent. placed to reserve account. The year 1880, through some losses sustained by the company, showed but the small gain of 2 6-10 per cent.; however, a dividend of 5 per cent. was paid to stockholders, 2 4-10 per cent. being taken from reserve account to make up the amount. During the past four years the company have turned out seven complete shingle mills, with a working capacity of 20,000 shingles per day; five complete saw mills that are cutting their ten and twelve thousand feet of lumber daily; fifty feed cutters, one planing machine, one turbine water wheel, and a vast amount of castings, embracing mill irons, shafting, morticing machines, and many other kinds too numerous to mention.

"Previous to the establishment of the U. O. Foundry Co., the people experienced great difficulty in getting their blacksmithing done at the time required, as in nearly all instances the blacksmiths united farming with their work in the shop, and frequently those who brought in their work to be done would find the sons of Vulcan absent on their farms, which of course occasioned serious delays.

"In the U. O. Blacksmith shop, there are seven forges, all furnished with wind from a fan situated in the machine shop and which works by water power, proving a great labor saver; for by this method one man only is needed at each forge, except in the case of striking. The company employ sixteen hands, at a monthly salary of \$1,000.00; and since the first commencement of the business \$42,420.94 has been paid to its employees, as follows,—viz, year 1876, \$4,722.05; 1877, \$6,445.05; 1878, \$8,-

363.30; 1879, \$11,826.42; 1870, \$11,063.12. In November 1880, Mr. E. D. Carpenter resigned the management of the business, and Mr. Joseph Wilson, the present incumbent, was installed. Under his able management the business, to which has been added the Bain Wagon agency, has made rapid and successful strides and bids fair to develop into one of the leading and best forging institutions in the country."

CHARLES W. NIBLEY.

The Secretary and Manager of the U. O. Manufacturing and Building Co., was born in Hunterfield, near Edinburgh, Feb. 5th., 1849. He is the son of James Nibley and Jean Wilson-Nibley. His parents joined the Mormon Church in 1843, so that their son was born in the Church. When he was six years old, in 1855, his parents emigrated from Scotland, this being as far as their means would bring them. In 1860, they came to Utah, arriving in Wellsville on the 8th of September of the same year, so that they were among the early settlers of Cache Valley.

Charles W. Nibley is both a self-taught and a self-made man. When quite a lad he went clerking for Father Ira Ames. He afterwards went to Brigham City and clerked for Mr. Rosenbaum, one of the Jew merchants of Utah. In 1869, he married the daughter of Father Neibaur, a Jew, well known in Mormon history who at an early period left the synagogue of his fathers and joined this Church of a modern Israel.

In the fall of 1869, Elder Nibley was called on a mission to the United States, but returned home in the Spring with the 200 missionaries who were called at the same time.

He now went to work for the Central Pacific Co., as Station agent, and afterwards for the Utah Northern, when it commenced its career. For five years he was general freight and ticket agent for the latter company, during which time he made several trips East and West in the interest of the road. While in this service, he was called, 1877, to go on a mission to England with Joseph F. Smith. He labored in the Liverpool Office and had charge of the emigrational and general business of the mission. When Joseph F. Smith came home, at the death of Brigham Young, the British mission was left in charge of Elders Nib-

ley and Naisbett, until William Budge went over the next year to preside.

When Elder Nibley returned to Logan, he was elected Secretary of the U. O. M. & B. Co. He, also, for a year and a half served as assessor and collector of the County, but the increased business of the U. O. caused his retirement from the public service. He is now the Manager and Secretary of the Institution which owes to his executive capacity and enterprise much of its potency and success.

JOSEPH WILSON.

A brief sketch of the Superintendent of the U. O. Foundry, Machine and Wagon Manufacturing Co. will show his fitness for his place. It will, also, illustrate the present, when men are chosen for their practical fitness; in juxtaposition with the past, when men were chosen to superintend the making of iron, for instance, principally because they occupied presiding positions.

Joseph Wilson was born in Stockport, Lancashire, England, Sept. 5th, 1844. He was born in the Church. He was apprenticed to a machinist, serving his time in Leeds, Yorkshire, at John Whitham's, general engineers and millwrights. It was a first class place, so that he had in his youth a thorough and general education as an engineer and machinist.

After he was out of his time, Mr. Wilson worked at Sir Peter Fairbairn's, general machinist and tool-maker, who employed three thousand hands. After leaving the Fairbairn works, he moved to Todmorden, Lancashire, and engaged at Lord Brothers. Here he worked during the American war in 1864-5. For nine months, he was working perfecting a patent of a cotton gin for cleaning Shurat cotton, for, as it will be remembered, Great Britain at this period had to get her supplies of cotton from India. After the completion of this cotton gin, in order to supply the demand, the operatives of this establishment had to work day and night, when other men throughout the cotton districts were out of employ.

Leaving this service, Mr. Wilson next went to Halifax, Yorkshire, to take charge of the works of Kirk & Sons. Here he stayed until he left for America, in 1868. His last work in his native country was in perfecting a smoke-burning apparatus.

He arrived in Utah the same season, and went direct to the Northern country, settling first in Clarkston. Sometime afterward, he took a contract to put up hoisting works for the Utah Silver Mining Co., Bingham.

In the year 1876, Mr. Wilson moved to Logan, and went into the U. O. F., as a machinist. At first he was foreman in the machine shop. He assisted in building all the tools in the machine shop, drill machine, turning lathes, fan and waterwheel, etc. Under him the establishment has become quite the equal of the largest foundry of Salt Lake City, and as a machine shop we presume it may be ranked first in the Territory, beside which there is the wagon manufacturing department. The example of Mr. Wilson's show that first class practical men, wherever they may go, create first class establishments. Preston, himself being a man of capacity and execution, has from the first encouraged this class of men: hence the city of Logan has become what it is—truly the capital of the county.

JOSEPH GODDARD.

The Secretary of the above institution is the son of the well-known George Goddard, clerical assistant of Presiding Bishop Hunter. Joseph was born April 5th, 1843, in the town of Leicester, England. He emigrated to Utah with his parents, arriving in the spring of 1852. Up to his 19th year, his time was chiefly spent in assisting his father in his business. In 1852, he went out with Lot Smith's command to protect the mail route against the encroachments of the Indians, the campaign lasting 110 days. Shortly after his return, he availed himself of the offer of President Young to educate a number of young men in the art of telegraphy, in which he became proficient, and in 1865 opened a school to teach the art. His pupils were the first operators of the Deseret Telegraph line. In the spring of 1866, just ten days after he was married, he was sent out in Heber P. Kimball's command to San Pete County to assist in protecting the settlers from Indian depredations, serving in that campaign 90 days. On his return, he was sent to Logan to take charge of the first telegraph office opened in that place. He returned to Salt Lake City in the spring of 1869, and in the fall of '70 was called, with a number of others, to go to Bear Lake Valley to help

build up that part of the country. He settled in St. Charles and was appointed County Clerk, which office he held, and also that of County recorder and assessor and collector, until the territorial line was run through, proving that most of Bear Lake Valley belonged to Idaho. This caused a change in the County seat and also of officers.

In Oct, 1872, he moved to Logan, where he took the position of cashier in Logan branch of Z. C. M. I., until, in 1875, he accepted a position on the Utah & Northern Railway, as agent at Franklin. In Jan. 1876, when the U. O. Foundry, Machine and Wagon Manufacturing Co. was organized, he was elected by the shareholders, secretary of the company, but the secretary's duties in the infancy of this institution being limited, his day service was spent in the Logan Branch of Z. C. M. I. and he attended to the company's business in the evening. In the spring of 1878, he was appointed assessor and collector of Cache County, which office he held until he was called on a mission to England, in 1879. He was appointed by President Budge to labor in the Sheffield Conference, and afterwards in the Liverpool office to assist the emigration, and finally to preside over the Birmingham Conference. He arrived home June 25th, 1881, and immediately resumed his old position of Secretary of the U. O. Foundry.

INDEPENDENT MERCHANTS OF LOGAN.

There has been in Utah two lines of commercial activities, each very distinctive, and at times somewhat conflicting, yet each equally historical. The historian must recognize this fact, for it would be impossible to give a just and comprehensive treatment of the history of our Territory without so doing. In our last number we gave an elaborate and exhaustive view of the co-operative line of our commerce; and we propose, by and by, to as fully and impartially treat the independent commercial line, of which the Walker Brothers are the recognized chiefs. At present we simply design to recognize this line in the mercantile activities of Cache Valley; yet it is deserving the strong emphatic notice, that the men who represent the class under review, have been men not only of great commercial integrity and moral uprightness of character as citizens, but they have distinguished themselves as men of un-

common mercantile ability, and have been quite famous in their enterprises. They could have made their mark as representative men in any community in the world; and it is historically due to them to say that their services to Utah have been of no mean character. The result of their many enterprises in the development of our Territory will be felt for generations to come. In Salt Lake City, where a metropolitan judgment prevails above sectional prejudices and animosities, this view is to-day very generally taken; as, for example, the firm of the Walker Brothers stands as high in public repute as the commercial commonwealth of Z. C. M. I., while the firm of Kimball & Lawrence is as respectable and legitimate as the firm of Jennings & Sons. In a corresponding view may be presented in the history of Logan the commercial firm of

GOODWIN BROTHERS.

Without intending to give them as colossal a cast in our commercial history, it may be said that for years the Goodwin Brothers have been somewhat analogous in their commercial status in Cache Valley to that of the Walker Brothers, in their relations to the whole Territory. The Goodwins are the chief independent mercantile firm of this county. Like the Walkers, Godbe, Lawrence and others of their class, they were originally of the Mormon community, and their lives are fundamentally identified with the destiny of Utah and the common good of her people. They are among the early settlers of Logan, which fact gives pertinancy to this review of them as a commercial firm.

The Goodwin Brothers immigrated into Logan in 1860, soon after the site of the city was located. As the date shows, it was in the second year of its history, so that in their sphere they properly rank among the founders of Cache County.

Next in importance among the independent merchants of Logan is

JOHN F. REED.

Our friend, John, is one of that band of young British Mormon Elders who so devotedly served the Church in our native land, over a quarter of a century ago, and to whose devotion in their youth, the Church owes so much for the wonderful missionary work performed in Great Britain. Whatever changes might have come over their mind since that time, the

above tribute to them even the authorities of the Church must allow. In those days the author was their compeer, and so strong was our love one towards the other, and so devoted and self-sacrificing our lives, that the bond of brotherhood can never be broken. Knowing them so well as I do, never can I cease to love and honor them, for their divine heroism as Mormon missionaries in the early days of the British Mission. Distinguished among them was John F. Reed.

He was born in London, November 7th, 1833. His father was a native of Kent. John was educated in an Episcopal Free School, which afterwards fitted him as a school-teacher in Utah. From the age of fourteen, up to the time of his meeting Mormonism, he was much in the company of free-thinkers, which gave the liberal bias to his mind. At the age of 17, in the year 1850, he joined the Mormon church. He was a printer by trade. Soon after embracing Mormonism, he became a traveling elder, at the age of 21. He was afterwards the President of the Glasgow Conference. He emigrated to Utah in 1861, crossing the sea with the author in the ship "Underwriter," in which Charles W. Penrose also crossed at the same time. He went direct to Logan and was, therefore, among its early settlers. For the first three or four years, he farmed in the summer and taught school in the winter. He was afterwards a Probate and County Clerk, under Judge William Hyde, for about six years. In 1873, he commenced merchandizing, being the first resident merchant after the starting of Co-op. He left the Church, in consequence of change of views. His business is principally from the outside, and from the settlements around. He does a good business in Logan; and his commercial standing is well established among the mercantile houses of Ogden, Salt Lake, Omaha and Chicago. He has grown up with Cache County. Intellectually considered, he is decidedly a broad universalian thinker and is well read in the thoughts of the best minds, both of the ancients and moderns. As for Mormonism, he still, like all of his class, holds that in original thought and scope, it is in advance of any Christian religion of the age.

TRADESMEN AND FASHIONS.

As a city grows into metropolitan importance, the "good folks" of the place

show style in their dress, the law of fashions prevails and first class tradesmen rise to cater with their skill to the public taste. Thus with Logan. The people there are observing the law of fashion, and their homes also put on the style of elegant furnishing. In the matter of dress Mr. Carl J. Cannon may be noticed for his first-class tailor's establishment. He gives the latest styles and keeps a *corps* of good workmen.

ART AND PROFESSIONS.

In the arts and professions we think Logan stands next to Salt Lake City. First may be noticed the Photograph Gallery of Mr. T. B. Cardon. He is artistic by nature, which is nowise strange, he being an Italian by birth. Italy is the land of artists and she sprinkles the world with her children. All nations representing the modern world are supremely indebted to Italy in the works and talents of art, and perhaps no nations are so much indebted to Italy as England and America; for the Anglo-Saxon race is not primitively artistic but that race, possessing superlative brain capacity, is quick to take an infusion of art-nature from the art-races.

Mr. T. B. Cardon, then, is an artist by native instinct. He has one of the best photograph galleries in the Territory, and does as good work as that done by any photographic artist in Utah. He does principally the work of photo-portrait taking for all the settlements of Cache Valley. Our excellent likeness of Bishop Preston is from the original of Mr. Cardon's, in which, as will be seen, the character-points of the man, Preston, are very faithfully preserved. The great fault generally noticeable in photographs is their lack of character-points; and quite as often those which the sun and the camera have marked well, the pseudo-artist paints out by that stupid process of coloring to make a pretty-picture. Mr. Cardon aims to make his work real photo-portraits, and in the likeness of Bishop Preston, he has given us the man rather than a mere picture. It may be observed that he engages first class assistants.

Mr. Cardon has also a watchmaker and jeweler's department. As already noticed, in the general history of Logan, he is building a fine stone-cut watch and jewelry store, which he proposes to furnish with the finest work of the trade equaling that of any establishment of the

kind in the Territory. In this department; he aims for a metropolitan class of business. This new branching out will also largely amplify his photographic branch, for he designs to remove the watch-making and jewelry branch to Main Street, and to continue to carry on the photography business at his original place.

Thomas Bartholema Cardon was born at Brae Pra-Rustin, Piedmont, Italy, August 28th, 1842. His parents joined the Church in Italy, under the ministry of Elder Jabez Woodard and George D. Keaton. He emigrated to Utah from Italy with his parents and brother in 1854. They located at first at Marriot's settlement, near Ogden. He was with the Mormons in the move south, but afterwards joined the U. S. Army at Camp Floyd. He went to the States with the tenth regiment to take part in the great civil war between the North and the South. He served with the Northern army, was in all the campaigns under McClellan, was in a number of battles, was wounded several times, and served until he was discharged in consequence of his wounds, for which he is now a U. S. pensioner. It has been falsely said that no Mormon served in the war to save the Union; Mr. Cardon is an example of the falsity of that statement. He was a baptized Mormon and in good faith when he enlisted; and he went with the troops from Camp Floyd with a sentiment of loyalty to serve his adopted country. He served four and a half years, and, as noted, bled for the great cause. During his service in the army, he learned the watchmaking under a comrade, spending all his spare hours in repairing watches. After he left the army, and while in the States, he learned the art of photography under the tuition of first-class artists.

Returning to Utah in 1867, Mr. Cardon went direct to Logan. Here he started the first watchmaker's and jewelry store in Cache County. He afterwards, in 1872, connected with it the photography business. Mr. Cardon is a representative citizen of Logan and is quite affluent in his circumstances.

REUBEN KIRKHAM, THE PAINTER.

This gentleman is the artist proper and painter of Cache Valley. We have already several times in our art sketches noticed him as a Utah painter of decided

merit and promise ; for it must be understood that his career as an artist is only at the opening of its forecasted excellence. He is well known as an artist in Salt Lake City, and one of his great paintings, "Wilds of the Wasatch," hangs in the Court House of Salt Lake City. This painting is to-day considered worth many times more than the price for which he sold it.

He was born in Spalding, England, October 13th, 1845. He emigrated with his parents to America in 1849. They were non-Mormons at that time. Reuben came to Utah in 1868. He had previously learned the trade of house painting, and had studied somewhat in the higher branches of art-painting. After coming to Utah, he assiduously followed the art profession. He was the scenic painter of the theatre for a number of years. After this, he went East and studied for awhile. On his return he and Lambourne painted the great panorama, "Across the Continent." He next painted the picture, "Wilds of the Wasatch," which gave to him deserved rank among our best Utah artists.

In January of 1877, he removed to Logan to permanently reside, and soon became locally distinguished as the painter of Cache Valley. He has a number of very good pictures, which he has executed since the painting of the "Wilds of the Wasatch." Among his portraits is a good likeness of Brigham Young, in which our artist has preserved some of the finest character-points of that remarkable man. Another of his portraits is an excellent copy in oil colors of George Washington. Among his landscapes and other scenery paintings may be mentioned, "The Right Hand Fork of Logan Canyon;" "Morning After the Storm," which is an historical sketch of the loss of the "Lady Elgin" on Lake Michigan; and another is an exquisite little picture—"Leaves from my Sketch Book," in which the artist describes his art dreams. Several of his pictures were lately exhibited at the Territorial Fair, Salt Lake City. "Leaves from my Sketch Book" attracted the attention of that generous art patron, Mr. D. F. Walker. We predict for Reuben Kirkham a decided rank of artistic excellence ere he closes his career. He has imagination, which is the artist's real ground-work, has warm ambition,

which is the incentive to excellence, and is industrious; and industry is the handmaid of all success in life. It may be observed of all our Utah artists that they have more native talent than their art schooling has enabled them to make available, they being mostly self-taught artists. Consequently, they are, at the middle age of life, ever and anon surprising the public with new works of suggestive excellence. This is the case with Mr. John Tullidge, who, like Mr. Reuben Kirkham, was originally a house and ornamental painter.

Our Utah artists are young and fresh in their profession, with much ambition and imagination; and we should not be mistaken if the art world should get from some of them several really great paintings, to give lasting fame to their names and the stamp of excellence to Utah artwork. Undoubtedly Reuben Kirkham, the young painter of Cache Valley, will be one of those competitors for fame.

ORMSBY & RITER.

There are several who practice medicine in Logan and sell drugs, but Ormsby & Riter best represent the medical profession in Cache Valley; and their drug store on the Main Street in Logan City is quite first-class. Dr. O. C. Ormsby is the son of the veteran physician and surgeon of Utah, the late Dr. J. S. Ormsby. The son is the first professional physician and surgeon in Cache Valley. He founded the pioneer drug store of the county in the year 1872. His store is located in the centre of Main Street, opposite the Tabernacle, and is well stocked. It is the representative wholesale and retail drug store of the county, doing a good trust-worthy business. Last December, 1880, Mr. B. F. Riter, an educated pharmacist, formed a partnership with Dr. Ormsby. The Dr., who has long been ranked as a representative man of the county, and a man of mental capacity and culture, is now on a mission for the Church in Europe; but the business is left in good and efficient hands, under the charge of his partner. Mr. Riter is of the well-known Riter family of Utah. He is a man of much sound intellect, is well read in books of the medical profession, is decidedly enterprising, full of vim in business and waits upon his customers with gentlemanly sauvity. Riter is a scientist by natural instinct, and he

has well-chosen the medical profession.

HAMMOND'S BOOK STORE

is next door to Ormsby & Co. It is a neat little stationery shop where can be found a fair stock of first-class books. It is the pioneer book store of the county.

CARDON'S HOTEL.

In a city to which so many visitors flock in the summer-time, we must not forget that very necessary institution—a first-class hotel. The Logan House was the pioneer hotel where travelers put up in the primitive days of the city, but the Cardon Hotel is now the ruling place where visitors from all parts of the world can be met. It is located near the post office and close to the Goodwin Brother's store. It bears the name of the Cache Valley House and it is the most elegant hotel of the county, the accommodations being quite first-class for a small city. It is more after the professional hotel style than anything of the kind to be met in Ogden. Indeed, in many respects Logan surpasses Ogden to the eye of the visitor.

Paul Cardon, the proprietor, is a brother of T. B. Cardon of the Logan photographic gallery; he is two years the elder of his brother. He joined the Church in Italy in 1852. The Cardons were originally of the Waldenses and were among the remnant driven from Switzerland at the time of the persecution. They were the first family from Italy who emigrated to Utah, in 1854. They lived at Marriot's settlement, near Ogden, for six years. In the fall of 1859, Mr. Paul Cardon with his personal family removed to Logan, so that he ranks among the founders of the city. He has lived there ever since and been a helper in opening up the country generally. Through the increased demand for a first-class house, for the entertainment of visitors to the Temple City of the North and for the accommodation of commercial travelers, the principal authorities of the place solicited Mr. Cardon to go into the hotel business. One of the reasons was that he, being an old resident of the town, could give strangers information of the country and people. In 1880, he opened the Cache Valley House for this purpose. A great number of visitors from all parts of the world stop at his house—commercial travelers, pleasure seekers and people from various parts of the Territory. His house gives general satisfaction; and

being courteous and obliging his business is increasing, so that he has had to build this season additions to his hotel. He can talk English, French, Italian and also Spanish pretty well. In this respect he is of great benefit to visitors from different nationalities. In view of the large excursions every summer of our Salt Lake folks to see the Temple City, which will be greatly increased when the temple is completed, the Cache Valley House is quite a public need.

BANKING BUSINESS.

Logan as yet has no regular banking house, but Mr. Charles Frank, a trustworthy, reliable financial agent, who has extensive connection with first-class banking houses both in the States and abroad, does this line of business for Cache County. He gives the following personal sketch of himself:

"Charles Frank was born Dec. 24th, 1828, in the kingdom of Sweden, of poor parents. My father, a poor workman, died when I was about seven years old, thus leaving my mother with four children in very poor circumstances. My first occupation was to herd cows and sheep for the surrounding farmers. I had no other education only what my mother had taught me, to read in the Primer. I loved books and learning. I was confirmed into the Lutheran religion when sixteen years old, and was then one of the best readers in the Lutheran Catechism. After being confirmed I took service in a cotton factory where I stayed for three years and a half, and was advanced to foreman. I resigned and took service with the Gotha Artillery Regiment in 1849; graduated in the military school at Gothenburg, 1850, and when the war between the Russians and the united French and English broke out, I was commanded to go with the 9th battery of the Gotha Artillery Regiment to Gothland to guard against the Russians coming to that place. After the war was ended, in 1854, I resigned, having served six years with honor. After that I studied and practiced law. I was baptized into the Latter-day Saint Church, Nov. 6th, 1856, in Gothenburg. In 1857, most all of the Latter-day Saints were persecuted and fined in the court of Gothenburg to one hundred kronor each for preaching the gospel of Christ. The Mormons then appealed to the Superior Court, (Gotha-Hafralt) at

Jonkoping and chose Charles Frank as their attorney. The Superior Court sustained the lower court. He then appealed to the King's Court at Stockholm and succeeded so well that he got all the Mormons acquitted. In January, 1862, the Mormons were again arrested and taken before the court at Gothenburg; and Charles Frank was again their attorney. He then succeeded in getting the Mormons acquitted in the lower court, and the accusers had to pay him a sum of money for the trouble.

In April, 1863, he emigrated to America, arriving at Salt Lake City, Sept. 5th, same year. From there he came to Logan, Cache Co., arriving here Sept. 13th, of same year.

In 1865, he started into banking business, as agent for some Eastern bankers, and has all the time continued in the same business. His drafts are honored all over the world. He is also agent for the Guion Steam Ship Line, and for the Phoenix Assurance Company, at London.

SUMMARY VIEW.

Logan is sixty-seven miles from Ogden. It was incorporated as a city by an act of the Territorial Legislature, approved Jan. 17th, 1866. Its municipal elections occur biennially (even years), on the first Monday of March. The city is divided into five municipal wards, each of which is represented in the common council by an Alderman chosen from the ward by the electors of the city at large, which latter also choose at the same time, a complete list of city officials.

The first mayor of the city was Alvin Crockett. For many years Hon. William B. Preston has been mayor of the city.

Of the educational resources of the city, it may be briefly said that Logan has six district schools, some of which are graded and all well attended. There are also mission schools of other denominations, and places of meeting for members of the same. Conspicuous among the latter is the Presbyterian Church, well located.

With its many advantages of railroads, climate, soil and water, and being also a temple city, it is fair to presume that the present population is only the nucleus of a large and important city. We may safely predict for Logan a great destiny.

We must draw to a close our first sketch of Logan, having given in this

but a general view of the leading points of its history. Hereafter, we design to give biographical sketches of the principal representative men of Logan—bishops, officers of the city and others of the founders of the place. In writing a full history of the cities of Cache Valley and their founders, great labor and time and means must be expended, for there is no written basis of the history of the county from which to gather material. All has to be collected and organized into historical form, and most of the matter obtained from the memory and journals of the first settlers. Much of the history of Logan, and also of the other cities of the county, will be contained in the biographical sketches of the representative men. We shall also need steel engravings to illustrate each number of the history of Cache Valley, to which we design to give, accompanied with the biographies, about three or four hundred pages of our Magazine.

THE GREAT DEAD.

Our readers must not think that we shall forget the illustrious dead—Apostle Ezra T. Benson, the pioneer, Peter Maughan and Judge Hyde; but we need steel engravings to illustrate their lives. We expect, also, before we are through with our history, to furnish steel engravings of the bishops of the various settlements of the North.

Here, for the present, we rest the history of Logan, and continue the subject with the biography of William B. Preston.

BIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM B. PRESTON.

The President of Cache Valley Stake was born in Franklin County, Virginia, Nov. 24, 1830. His family branch belongs to that stock of Prestons who have figured with distinction in Congress for Virginia and North Carolina. William Ballard Preston of Virginia and W. C. Preston of North Carolina were cousins of his father. When he was a boy, hearing of the gold fields in California and of the rush of men of all nations to the "Golden State," he was prompted with a great desire to see this wonderful gathering and fusion of many peoples and races. As he grew older his enthusiasm increased with his comprehension of the national importance of this marvelous migration to California; and at the age of 21, in the year 1852, he also migrated

to that State, which had already become famous in the growth of our nation. After his arrival, his early enthusiasm still predominating, he took more satisfaction in beholding the people of many nations gathered together in the founding of the new Pacific State than he did in the exciting pursuit of gold hunting; so he turned his attention to the more healthy and legitimate life of a farmer and stock-raiser, settling in Yolo County, Cal. Father Thatcher's family located also at Yolo and were his adjoining neighbors.

Father Thatcher was in one of the first companies of the Mormon Pioneers. He was not, however, of the special pioneer band, but was in the company of pioneers under P. P. Pratt. With his family, he went from Utah to California, where he formed the acquaintance of Wm. B. Preston, who subsequently married his daughter, Harriet A. Thatcher. More of the personal history of Father Thatcher will be found under his own biographical head.

Having become acquainted with the Mormons, through his association with neighbor Thatcher, Wm. B. Preston was baptized by Henry G. Boyle, in the year 1857. As soon as baptized, he was called to the office of an Elder and sent on a mission by George Q. Cannon, who was then presiding over the Pacific Coast mission. He was sent to labor in Upper California. Here he continued in his ministry until President Young called home all the Elders and Saints in consequence of the Utah war. This was in the fall of 1857. It being too late to cross the plains that season, they travelled from Sacramento down the coast, by way of Los Angeles and San Bernardino, into Southern Utah, and thence to Salt Lake, at which place they arrived Jan. 1st, 1858. The company consisted of Wm. B. Preston, John B. Thatcher, A. D. Thatcher, Moses Thatcher, H. G. Boyle, Wm. H. Shearman, F. W. and C. C. Hurst, Marion Shelton, David Cannon, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Cannon (wife of George Q.) and her infant son, John Q. Cannon. There were also several families from Australia and a few families from Upper California. H. G. Boyle, who was one of the Mormon battalion and knew the road, was the leader of this company.

Wm. B. Preston married Miss Harriet A. Thatcher, on the 24th of Feb. 1858. He was in the Utah exodus and went south as far as Payson.

Early in the Spring of '58, as soon as they could travel, President Young called a company of 23 of the "boys," among whom was Wm. B. Preston, to go to Platte Bridge and bring on the goods and merchandize which had been cached there. These goods, freighted by the "Y. X. Company," belonged principally to Nicholas Groesbeck. Some of the goods also had been consigned to a mountaineer to be commercially disposed of, and in the settlement with the trader a fair and honorable account was rendered of them.

One of the reasons why President Young called this company was to give assurance to General Johnston and his army, that the Mormons intended to keep the treaty which had been made with the Peace Commissioners, which President Buchanan had sent to conclude the Utah war. But the army and its officers were suspicious, which was itself proof of the wisdom of Brigham's policy in sending out this company thus early after the conclusion of the treaty. This fact, however, was the cause of the expedition running considerable personal risk; but, after some narrow escapes from the soldiers at Bridger, the company which was under Captain Groesbeck, with his efficient assistant, Abram Hatch, succeeded in effecting a passage to the Platte; and on their return the advance of Johnston's army had gone in, and they met no further difficulty.

After his return, during the summer of '58, Wm. B. Preston built himself a house in Payson, making the adobies and shingles with his own hands.

In consequence of the war, the people of Utah were still short of clothing and merchant goods generally, so Wm. B. Preston, with a company of others, went into California in the winter of '58-9, and he brought in two wagons of goods for Father Thatcher. In this necessary mercantile trip into California, Wm. B. Preston had quite an eventful winter's work in crossing and recrossing the Desert. He got back in the spring of '59.

Finding they had not sufficient land to cultivate of their own in Payson, the Preston and Thatcher families resolved to remove into Cache Valley.

Their journey and the settlement of Logan, with Wm. B. Preston as Bishop, having been already given in the general history, we pass to the years 1860-61.

In 1860-61, there was a new apportionment made by the Utah Legislature, by which Cache County was entitled to two Representatives and a Councilor. At the next election Bishop Preston was elected one of the Representatives, Peter Maughan the other, and Ezra T. Benson, Councilor. The winter of 1862-63 was spent in the Legislature.

In the Spring of '63, President Young called for 500 ox teams to go to the Missouri River to bring the poor across the plains. Cache Valley was called on for fifty of those teams, and Bishop Preston was appointed their captain. This emigrational business filled up the Bishop's labors during the principal part of the remainder of that year. In '64 Bishop Preston made another emigrational trip to the Missouri River, he being appointed to take charge of the teams from Cache, Box Elder and Weber Counties. In the winters of '63-64-65 he was in the Legislature.

At the April conference of 1865, Wm. B. Preston's name was among the forty-six missionaries called on missions to Europe. He was appointed by President Young to take charge of this company of missionaries, as far as New York. They started from Salt Lake City on the 20th of May, to cross the plains in the usual manner, there being as yet no railroad any portion of the way this side of Omaha. On arriving at New York he decided to go into Virginia to visit his father and mother, whom he had not seen for thirteen years and of whom he had heard nothing during the civil war. He found them, with hundreds of other families, broken up in their property by the devastations of the war, scarcely knowing where to get their bread. After making a short but pleasant visit with his relatives, he proceeded on his mission to England.

He arrived in Liverpool, Wednesday, August 23rd, 1865, and was appointed to preside over the Newcastle and Durham Conferences. At a conference held at Birmingham, in January, 1866, he was called to the business department of the Liverpool Office, under the direction of Presidents Brigham Young, Jun. and Franklin D. Richards. President Young, by letter, had instructed his son to place the business management of the mission in the hands of Bishop Preston. For three years he labored in the office. In

the fulfilment of his duties, he did the correspondence and general business of the European mission, including that of the emigration. During his stay in England, in company with Elder Charles W. Penrose, of the *Millennial Star* department, and A. Miner, missionary, he visited the Paris Exposition, in August, 1867.

After being on a three and a half years mission abroad, he returned home. He left Liverpool July 14th, 1868, and arrived in Salt Lake City in September, bringing with him a company of 650 Saints. As soon as he came home he went out into Echo Canyon to assist in building the U. P. R. R., as one of the contractors under President Young, during that winter. On his return, he resumed his labors as Bishop of Logan, and at the next election was again sent by his county to the Legislative Assembly.

In 1872, John W. Young and William B. Preston organized the company for the building of the Utah Northern Railroad. John W. Young was President, and Bishop Preston Vice-President and assistant superintendent.

Copy of message from Bishop Preston to President Young and answer in regard to the building of the U. N. R. R.

"Logan, August 15th, 1871.

Prest. B. Young, Salt Lake City:

Will it be wisdom for us in Cache County to grade and tie a railroad from Ogden to Soda Springs, with a view to Eastern capitalists ironing and stocking it, thereby giving them control of the road? The people feel considerably spirited in taking stock to grade and tie, expecting to have a prominent voice in the control of it; but to let foreign capitalists iron and stock it will, if my judgment is correct, give *them* control.

W. B. Preston."

THE ANSWER.

"Salt Lake City,

August 15th, 1871.

Bishop Preston, Logan:

'The foreign capitalists in this enterprise do not seek the control; this is all understood. What they want, and what we want, is to push this road with all possible speed, if you decide to have one, so that it shall run through and benefit your settlements and reach Soda Springs as soon as possible.

Brigham Young."

In a few days after the receipt of this

telegram, Bishop Preston called together the leading citizens and laid before them the railroad project; whereupon they voted that they would go to work and build the railroad, and take stock for grading and tying the road. The road was completed to Franklin, May 1874. Preston was vice-President, until it passed into the hands of the U. P. Company.

In the reorganization of the Cache Valley Stake by President Young, in May, 1877, (it being the last Stake the President organized) Wm. B. Preston was appointed first counsellor to President Moses Thatcher. This position he occupied until Moses was called into the quorum of the Twelve, when he was appointed in his stead. He was ordained President of the Stake under the hands of Apostle John Taylor and others of the Twelve.

PRESTON'S CHARACTER.

The force of character and true greatness of a Presiding Man will always be seen in the class of men who grew up around him. Without designing to apply the examples which may be suggested in a superlative degree to Bishop Preston, a passing view may be properly taken here illustrative of this fact.

We know Napoleon the Great almost as much in the person of his marshals, as we do in his own extraordinary genius and career. Indeed the supreme proof of Napoleon's genius was in his creation of great men, or rather in his quick discovery of those near him whom Nature had largely endowed with capacity and force of character, and afterwards in his creating for them extraordinary opportunities in the splendid action of his own life. The same may be said of Joseph Smith, who was the Napoleon of Prophets. It has often been a matter of wonder to Gentile writers, not that Joseph Smith discovered a book, but that he found and surrounded himself with such men as Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Parley and Orson Pratt, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff and others who were capable of succeeding him and carrying on his work. The same trait of greatness as a leader was remarkable in Brigham Young. In a lesser degree, this trait of character is seen in the administration of Wm. B. Preston. Moses Thatcher will afford a striking example. Not long since Moses Thatcher was the youngest and last of the quorum of the

Apostles, though in a short time he ranks now the ninth in order. Twenty-one years ago, when the history of Logan commenced with Wm. B. Preston Bishop, Moses Thatcher was but a lad of sixteen. He was the Bishop's brother-in-law, and came with him from California. The Bishop fostered him and gave him opportunities which young Moses ably improved. He did much to open his way to distinction; and in time the two became associated as colleagues in the Utah Legislature, where Moses Thatcher distinguished himself to the public eye. True, the Bishop did not create the capacity of the young man, but he discovered it, and in time the whole Church also discovered it and Moses became an Apostle. Other men of mark and promise for the future have risen in Cache Valley under the fostering administration of Bishop Preston.

As this division of the history of Cache Valley is accompanied with the likeness of Wm. B. Preston, we will sketch the character points of the man. It will be seen, in the magnificent steel engraving which our artist has made, that Bishop Preston has a face remarkably endowed with strength and decision of character. He has, indeed, the true leonine face. The head is very large, which phrenologically signifies great mental capacity, combined with immense character-force; for it will also be noticed that he has a powerful structure of the body, with ample shoulders and a capacious chest. With such an organization, the brain being large and the face of the leonine type, the man was bound to make his mark among any people or in any State. He was born to be a society-leader and to legislate for the people, both in the temporal and spiritual callings. Such men *are* born for their work! It was formerly the fashion to say that the Lord made Brigham Young. Perfectly correct was this, but more so than the people meant. The Lord made Brigham Young in his birth! as the Lord also made Wm. B. Preston for a Bishop and city founder. When the assertion has been given, belittling Brigham's native greatness, that *he was nothing* till the Lord made him, there has been either too much envy of him by his compeers, or a touch of sectarian piety in the affirmation, and too little scientific truth. There was never a time when Brigham Young was noth-

ing. In power of character and will, and the native capacity of a State founder, Brigham Young was *more* than any man in America; and the Lord made him *more* in his organization. Precisely the same is true in a degree of George Q. Cannon and Wm. B. Preston, who are both of Brigham Young's class and type of men. Take the portraits of the three ("George Q." will be given in another No. of the Magazine,) and notice the power of their physique, their leonine face and capacity of brain. It would be difficult to find three better specimen of the leonine type of men in any State than Brigham Young, George Q. Cannon and Wm. B. Preston, which signifies that they belong by nature to the class of historical personages who are born to lead society and found cities and States. To mark the character type and executive capacity of Wm. B. Preston with one dash of the pen, we will style him the Brigham Young of Cache Valley!

BIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE W. THATCHER.

George W. Thatcher, the Superintendent of the Utah & Northern Railroad, was born Feb. 1st 1840, near Springfield, Illinois. He is the third living son of Father and Mother Thatcher, and brother of Moses Thatcher of the quorum of the apostles. He was in the great Mormon exodus, and crossed the plains in the first company after the Pioneers, Parley P. Pratt, captain. When he was nine years of age, he went to California with his father, from Utah; this was in 1849. He returned to Utah in 1857; being then seventeen years of age.

Immediately after his return to Utah, he went out into Echo Canyon to serve in the Utah militia. He had designed to go with the cavalry, but the cavalry troops were all out when he arrived. For cavalry service, Father Thatcher had plenty of horses with him which he brought from California; the Thatcher band of horses was the finest in the Territory for a long time. Though but a youth at the period of the Utah war, George had considerable martial stamina and spirit in him. He was quite an athlete and a champion runner; there were none in the camp who could handle him. He came back from Echo in the winter, and in March of '58 was called in a company to go after the Indians, who had been making a raid on the settlers in

Skull Valley. The company was under the command of William Kimball and George D. Grant. The intention was to capture the Indians. This they failed to do, but they chased them on to the Desert. All day and night, and part of the next day, both men and horses were without food. They were met on their return by parties driving beef cattle for their succor.

In the Spring, young Thatcher went out with a company of cavalry to Yellow Creek, and was one of those who escorted Governor Cummings from Bear River to Weber. He was taken sick on this campaign, caused by the terrible exposure of the service. It was an attack of pleurisy. He was sick for months and came near dying. He had to be moved south on a spring wagon. All his family had gone in this exodus from Salt Lake City excepting his father and mother, who had staid to attend him and take him south when he should be able to move.

After his recovery, in the summer of '58, he engaged with Dr. Forney, Indian Agent, to go out and make a treaty with the Indians who had been raiding on the stage company, killing their stock, drivers and station agents. The company consisted of George W. Thatcher, the guide of the party, Captain Hunt, Henry Worley, Erastus Egan, the Indian interpreter, Forney and his two colored servants and private secretary. Forney called on a detachment of troops from Camp Floyd to escort his party; but, when they got as far as Goose Creek, he took the strange notion into his head to discharge the soldiers, and went on with his own party as far as the sink of the Humboldt, near Carson. It was running a great risk, but, perhaps the Dr. thought it was safer, or at least more conciliatory in appearance to the Indians to meet them with his little escort of Mormons, whom the Indians would reasonably consider as native to the country. The expedition was successful, and Forney made a treaty with the Banocks, Shoshones and Piutes. On their way back, they had a give-out team, and Henry Worley and George W. Thatcher was left alone at the headwaters of the Humboldt to bring it in. It was a dangerous "fix" for the young men, but they arrived home safe, though late in the fall.

In the Spring of '59, Thatcher went

out with Forney again to treat with the Indians. The Indian Agent went this time to get the children who had been spared in the dreadful tragedy of the Mountain Meadows. Thatcher, however, only went as far as Beaver. He met two of his brothers, Joseph and Aaron, with Wm. B. Preston, returning from Southern California, and he accompanied them home.

In the Spring of 1860, after the removal of his father's family to Logan, he joined them there, and remained till his folks got settled, when he came back to Salt Lake City and engaged to ride the Pony Express. His run was fifty miles from Salt Lake City to Echo Canyon, which was made in a few hours, it taking a change of eight horses to make the round trip. Mark Twain, in his famous description of this Pony Express, has immortalized those daring riders; and, by the way, it may be observed that George Thatcher was a great horseman. He rode all summer, but gave up the service in the fall, and went to the high school, where the University is now kept. The academy at that time was under the professorship of Orson Pratt, Jun. and James T. Cobb.

The following spring, 1861, Mr. George Thatcher married Miss Luna C. Young, daughter of the President. He was at that time twenty-one years of age.

In 1862, President Lincoln called on President Young, by telegram, to furnish the United States with a company of volunteers to go out and protect the mail line; for, it being at the height of the great civil war, the government could not spare any of its troops to protect the Overland route. It will be remembered that the California Volunteers had not yet been posted in Utah. Brigham Young promptly responded to the call of President Lincoln, and a dashing company of picked young men of Utah was chosen for this service of the United States, among whom were John W. Young, Brigham, Jun., and George W. Thatcher, two of the President's eldest sons and his son-in-law. Heber P. Kimball and many others of the same class were with them, proving that the best Mormon blood in Utah was quickly fired to enthusiasm for the service of their country, when service was most needed and the line of public travel exposed to In-

dian depredations. This company was under the command of General Robert T. Burton. The campaign was a very hard one. George Thatcher never had his boots off for nine days, and he sat in his saddle thirty-six days. This response to the call of the United States was a capital circumstance in the acts of Brigham Young, very comparable with that of his giving the Mormon battalion for the nation's service. There are many acts in the life of this great man—Brigham Young—that will be spoken of a hundred years hence, even in these fast ages when a century is crowded with more events than a thousand years of the old epochs. His life is not yet fully written. The historian has not yet nearly done with him. Brigham Young shall, by-and-by, be sufficiently expounded in history for generations hence to know him as the *greatest character* that has arisen in America, excepting none.

After his return from the service in question, which won for the Mormons President Lincoln's friendship, George W. Thatcher took charge of President Young's Mill Farm, during a period of the next two years. He afterwards rented the President's big saw mills in Cottonwood, which he ran for a season and did very well. He next took charge of his private store, and was in the President's employ altogether about seven years. After this terminated, George engaged, in company with his brother-in-law, "Joseph A.," to look after the President's contract to furnish telegraph poles along the line to Denver; he also undertook by himself a similar duty to look after the contract west to Simpson's Springs. He next engaged with Joseph A. Young to build a toll road down Silver Creek, through Parley's Park and down Parley's Canyon. He put on the men and looked after it until the road was finished; at the same time he looked after Joseph A's. two steam saw mills. He continued with Joseph A. until the President took the contract to build this end of the Union Pacific Railroad, when he took a big contract with John W. Young in doing the grading and getting out ties. After this work was completed, he went up to Cache and fenced the President's large tract of land in Cache Valley. In 1869, he bought out Wm. H. Shearman's interest in the Logan Co-op Store. In 1870, he went on a

mission to the States. In the spring of '71, he was called on a mission to Europe. He visited England, Ireland, Wales and France, and returned home in the fall of '72.

Of his public and church offices it may be summed up that he was commissioned by acting Gov. Fuller, a captain of the Nauvoo Legion, was on the staff of Brigadier-General Brigham Young, Jun., was a member of the Salt Lake City Council, was a member of the High Council of the central stake, and at present is a member of the High Council of the Cache Valley Stake. Besides this, he was appointed by the President as one of the trustees of the Brigham Young College.

We now come to George W. Thatcher as a railroad man. He was elected Vice-President of the Utah Western and assisted in constructing the road. At the time of the organization of the Utah Northern, June, 1871, he went up to Logan with John W. Young and Mr. Joseph Richardson, the eastern capitalist who purchased the iron and equipped the road. There they and the railroad project met great popular enthusiasm, and the road was built. Meantime, he went to England on a mission, and on his return, in '72, was appointed one of the directors of the Utah Northern Company. John W. Young was the first president and superintendent, but Moses Thatcher soon became the superintendent, and after him M. W. Merrill. January, 1877, George W. Thatcher was appointed superintendent. In 1879, the Utah Northern went out of the hands of the old company into the hands of the U. P., and the Utah and Northern R. R. (its present name) has now grown into gigantic proportions.

About the date of October of the present year, the line will reach Butte, Montana, a distance of 416 miles from Ogden. The general travel on this line is through Cache Valley, Idaho, to the Soda Springs, the mines, and to all parts of Montana, and also to the Yellowstone National Park. They run two regular freight trains and one passenger train daily, and very often specials or extras to and from Ogden to the Northern terminus. This road has done much for the development of Northern Utah, and everything for the development of Idaho and Montana. The prospects are that

within two years Butte will prove to be the greatest mining camp on this continent, which will be not a little due to the U. & N. R. R. for the result. But we are not now attempting to write the history of Utah railroads, though that will come in our series. The present design is simply a biographical sketch of Superintendent George W. Thatcher.

The *Salt Lake Tribune* says, "Under the superintendency of George W. Thatcher, Esq., the Utah & Northern R. R. is the best conducted road in the country." A correspondent of the *Tribune*, of date July, 1881, says, "Superintendent Thatcher is congratulated for his rare executive ability. With a division nearly 400 miles in length—the longest on the U. P. line—he has worked thirty-eight locomotives, pushed the construction, running timber, iron and supplies, avoided all delays in shipment of the enormous freight going to the front, gathered hundreds of car loads of rock from alongside the road by the section hands for the foundations of Eagle Rock,—and all this while experiencing difficulties in changing hands, the constant changing of the nomads experienced in railroading, &c. * * * Mr. Thatcher—probably the youngest Division Superintendent of the U. P. company—has more than an average chance of becoming one of the leading railway men of the west."

The special correspondent of the *Dubuque Herald*, in reporting "A Trip to the Great West," in company with Assistant Attorney-General Joseph K. McCammon, of the United States, Thomas L. Kimball, assistant manager of the U. P., and other distinguished personages, wrote thus of Superintendent Thatcher, who accompanied them: "But I feel personally under special obligations to Mr. Thatcher, of Logan, Utah, superintendent of the Utah Northern railway. His courtesy and kindness was not the veneering of ordinary politeness; it was the thoughtfulness and consideration that come from the heart of a man, who, of whatever creed or position in life, is 'a man for a' that,' and who regards every other human being, of whatever color or condition, to be 'a man for a' that.'"

The party in question was sent out by the government to make a treaty with the Indians. McCammon, in behalf of

the government, went out with these railroad chiefs to attend a council of the Indians occupying the Ross Fork Reservation, to learn their feelings in regard to the grant of right of way to the Oregon Short Line Railway.

One other testimonial from the journalistic mouthpiece of our local papers before closing this sketch. The Salt Lake *Herald* says: "It is paying a deserved compliment to the superintendent, George W. Thatcher, Esq., to say that the road is well managed. It is seldom that a man in his position can do his duty to the company and retain the genuine esteem of the employees; but Mr. Thatcher possesses the faculty which enables him to do this. The road is carefully managed and most efficiently conducted; accidents rarely, if ever, occur, and every possible emergency is provided for. Mr. Thatcher's knowledge of the community through which the road runs, enables him better than any other to fill his position; while his long connection with the road and natural aptitude for the business, have given him an experience which is indispensable in a man in his position and renders his service of great value."

The *Herald* is correct. Mr. Thatcher is at once a superlative man for the office of superintendent of a railroad in the estimation of the people, and a thoroughly executive and trustworthy man for the company's service. George W. Thatcher has always been known in Utah as a large souled man, and one who possessed a genuine cosmopolitan nature. His heart is in the right place, his head perfectly level, and his business sagacity first class. He is, moreover, a straightforward, outspoken, independent man, and he was never known to do a mean act in his life. He has a fine house at Logan, a fine family, fine connections, and he keeps the best blooded horses in the country; but better than all this, for the service as an executive officer and superintendent, he is essentially a railroad man. We have no doubt that George W. Thatcher will be known in the history of Utah as one of the railroad potentates of the west.

HYRUM CITY.

Hyrum is situated in the south of Cache Valley, on a series of rolling hills. It is beautiful for situation, having a full view of the surrounding country. The climate is healthy, and here can be raised

everything that can be produced in Salt Lake valley—the tender vine, the peach, sorghum and sugar beet can be successfully grown here, the canyon winds keeping the frosts from this section fully one month later than any other part of the valley.

Hyrum was first settled in the month of April, 1860. The first location was made at a point about a mile north of the present townsite. The first persons who settled this place were Alva Benson, Ira Allen, David Osborn, Andrew A. Allen, Moroni Benson, Hans E. Nielsen, Niels B. Nielsen, Andrew B. Nielsen, Hans Monsen, Jens Monsen, Noah Brimhall, Adam Smith, James Benson, Hugh Parkes, David Parkes, Calvin Bingham, Alonzo Bingham, David Osborn, Jun., William Williams, Thomas Williams, John M. Hanson, Christopher Olsen, Andrew Anderson, Jonas Halvorsen and Soren Nielsen; in all about twenty families. The first organization was in May of the same year, by Apostle E. T. Benson and Bishop Peter Maughan. Calvin Bingham was appointed Bishop, and Ira Allen, Ward Clerk. The name of the town was suggested by David Osborn, from the following circumstance. In those early days it was intended to build the City of Joseph on what is now known as the College Farm, on a line due north of Hyrum, and Mr. Osborn thought that the name of Hyrum would be very appropriate for the adjoining city. In the spring of that year, ground was plowed and crops put in. Then came the grave question of water. Ira Allen had previously looked out a route for a canal, and by the aid of a spirit level had made a rough survey for a canal. Jesse W. Fox was afterwards engaged to survey the canal, but his stakes were so far apart that they could not bring the water any distance. In Mr. Allen's words, "they were the sickest men you ever saw." Their crops were in and growing finely, and now the water was a failure. Mr. Allen told his dispirited companions that he had leveled the country and felt satisfied they would succeed. They then went to work in earnest, and with the aid of the spirit level, brought the waters of Little Bear River from Old Paradise, a distance of nine miles, in twenty-one working days. The canal was five feet wide at the bottom and eight feet at the top. While these hardy men were doing this work,

many of them lived only upon bread and water. The only tools in their possession were eight shovels, a few old spades, half worn, and a few old home made plows. Under these trying circumstances they succeeded in bringing the water to their camp and fields, and now, after twenty-one years this same canal furnishes water to the City and farms of Hyrum, and saw mills and other machinery are now propelled by its waters.

The first log cabin was built by Alva Benson. Many dug holes or cellars in the ground and lived in them for the first few years. Phenette, the wife of Albert J. Allen and daughter of William and Margaret Williams, was the first child born in Hyrum. The first marriage was between Moroni Benson and Martha Phillips. The first death was the wife of Jens P. Jenson.

The town was built in a fort for protection against the Indians, until the present city was laid out.

In the year 1863 Bishop Calvin Bingham was called to Bear Lake, and O. N. Liljenquist was appointed Bishop. The first public structure was the meeting house, a substantial rock building, 60x30. It was finished in the year 1869, at a cost of about \$6000.

Hyrum was incorporated Feb. 10th., 1870. O. N. Liljenquist was elected Mayor.

The present population of Hyrum is 1,400, a large proportion being Scandinavians. At no distant day, Hyrum will be an important and wealthy city of Cache County.

The present government of the city consists of O. N. Liljenquist, Mayor; Charles C. Shaw, recorder; Harold Liljenquist, treasurer; Justices of the Peace, Charles C. Shaw and James Unsworth; City Councillors, James McBride, O. H. Rose, William Williams, Peter Christensen, Arvis C. Dille, Andrew B. Nielsen, Marshall, Henry H. Petersen; Assessor and Collector, I. C. Thoresen.

The following miscellaneous history of Hyrum, embodying many interesting and personal points, is furnished us by Bishop Liljenquist himself. In the spring of 1860, about twenty families settled Hyrum. Each head of a family got twenty acres of land for farming and a lot to build upon. They constructed the settlement at first into a fort, for protection against the Indians. Previous to this, two or three per-

sons had settled on what is known as the Paradise Hollow, on the River Muddy, more properly called Little Bear River, which flows through the city of Hyrum on the south side. The families moved into the fort. Calvin Bingham was appointed Bishop. The first canal was built the same year, and the water carried nine miles. There were but twenty-five men engaged in this work. In the spring of 1861, Hyrum sent its quota of ox teams in the Cache Valley company going to Florence to gather the poor, as it did also in 1862. In the fall of 1863, Calvin Bingham was called on a mission to Bear Lake, and O. N. Liljenquist was appointed Bishop in his stead.

In September of the same year, the city plat was surveyed and the city laid out by J. H. Martineau, county surveyor. Eight lots of one acre and a quarter each constituted a block. The streets were laid off six rods wide, running north and south, east and west, the centre block being reserved for public buildings.

The number of persons were now fifty-eight families. The heads of families, and the sons nearly grown, received a city lot each, at the cost of one dollar to pay for the survey thereof. In the spring of 1864, there was a general moving out on the city lots. Early that spring, we commenced work on a large canal to carry the waters from Blacksmith's Fork river, as the canal from Paradise was insufficient to supply the rapidly growing wants of the place. The ditch cost \$7,000.00; but after a couple of years experimenting with it, we abandoned it and built another, in connection with the people of Wellsville, on lower ground than the other, which had been cut in the gravelly soil around the sides of the bench. This proved partially successful for the needs of the settlement.

On the 3rd of July, 1865, the sun all at once became darkened, not by a common cloud, but by millions of grasshoppers, who for hours darkened the heavens, and enough of them alighted in our town and fields to eat everything for supper the first day. But little was left to the people the next day, and the bright hopes of the season vanished as in a moment. We were happy, however, to learn that considerable grain was left even in Cache Valley. We learned, to our sorrow, during the following six years that the grasshoppers

had a special liking for higher and warmer lands. We did not raise what we could call a crop, and but very little, indeed, some years. But Providence brought us succor. Stockraisers came along from Montana in numbers, and paid us at the rate of from \$40.00 to \$60.00 for cows; they kept up the trade during the grasshopper war, though the prices fell.

Another cause retarding the progress of the settlement of Cache Valley was in the Indian troubles. It is proper, however, to state that, through the wise course of President Benson and Bishop Peter Maughan, no lives were lost. We had constantly to go armed in the fields and on the range hunting horses or cattle, and to keep watch that none of the women or children got outside the fort. We had to go in companies well armed, and if we desired to go into the canyons to get wood, we had to give the Indians many a beef and many a hundred of flour, and a bishop's duty was to wait upon the Indians at their pleasure. Great credit was due to our minute men of those days, who, at a moment's warning, were in their saddles, night or day, George Nielsen, James McBride, Jens Monsen, Niels Nielsen, Peter Christensen, Andrew Nielsen, John Monsen, S. F. Allen and others made up this company of minute men. In June, 1863, these brethren were called upon to retake some horses stolen by the Indians from the brethren at Wellsville. In this expedition Hans Enoch Neilsen met with an accident, breaking his leg; this was the only serious accident the brethren met in all their expeditions against the Indians.

In the Spring of '66, we again sent down teams to fetch the poor; so also we did in '67.

The inhabitants now numbered ninety-five families.

In '66, we commenced building a meeting house, 54x35. It was finished in December, 1869, and was built of grey sandstone, and at the time was considered a very fine meeting house.

In 67-68, we took an active part in the building of the Central Pacific Railroad.

HYRUM AS A CO-OPERATIVE CITY.

As a model city founded upon the system of co-operation, Hyrum is worthy of an elaborate historical treatment.

First in order was its co-operation for developing the resources of the mountains. Its bishop gives the record as follows:

"In the winter and spring of 1873, the necessity of opening up the country east of us for the purpose of obtaining therefrom building material and securing herd ground for our horses, cattle and sheep, and for manufacturing butter and cheese, was presented to the people by Bishop O. N. Liljenquist, explaining that upon this move our prosperity greatly depended. Meetings to talk this matter over were held occasionally, and as a result thereof, 128 shares were subscribed by 128 persons, at \$40 each, payable in labor on the road, for the purpose of commencing work as soon as spring opened. The shareholders appointed O. N. Liljenquist superintendent of the work, with O. S. McBride to assist him. Lehi Curtis, O. S. McBride and Charles Andersen were appointed to survey the road. With the opening of the spring the work begun and was prosecuted with great vigor, backed only by the muscles of the shareholders. As the summer advanced the farmers returned to their lands, and but few remained to forward the work, but still the end was not gained. The superintendent determined to see the task completed, called upon old and young to put the shoulder to the wheel, and in response aged men and young boys worked out a share each. With others he made contracts and agreed to pay in means which he himself did not know where to obtain; but invariably, when such contract was completed, the pay was on hand. "The road must be completed," was the motto. Early in August the following letter was received by the superintendent in camp, some twelve miles up the canyon:

Bishop O. N. Liljenquist,

Hyrum.

Dear Brother,—

'Can President Young and party pass over your new road through Blacksmith's Fork Canyon, on their way to Bear Lake. August 25th? Please answer,

Brigham Young, Jun.'

"The superintendent answered in the affirmative. This fixed the time for the completion of the work, although two miles of the fourteen through the canyon were as yet untouched, mostly heavy work, and the laborers had dwindled

down to two men and eight or ten boys.

"When the news of the letter reached town all hands that possibly could be spared rallied, and on the 23rd of August the work was accomplished. President B. Young and party passed over the road at the appointed day. All expressed their surprise and great satisfaction in finding such a splendid road through these mountains. The party camped at Rock Creek for the night, and as an expression of kindness and praise, named the camp after the superintendent—Camp Liljenquist. While here Prest. Young said, 'I am very much surprised at finding such a splendid road, and such a good place for it,' stating that it was right that the brethren who had done this great work should possess the country which they had opened up; and he blessed the superintendent and the people. The cost of the road, including what had been done previously at the mouth of the canyon, and what was done to improve the same, was over ten thousand dollars. We put a toll gate on the road and kept it in good repair. In 1875, when all our branches of business were consolidated, the road was taken at a valuation of \$6,400.00, but discounted afterwards; so in the last statement, January, 1881, it was counted as a resource of \$4,700.00 with a view of discounting it \$300.00 each year, or in other words placing that much of other value each year instead of the road, so that when the term of the organization has expired, we shall hold in full value other property instead of the road. The toll realized each year has varied from nine to twelve hundred dollars. We have kept all road accounts under one head, such as new roads to timber, elsewhere, until the year 1880. The result was a net gain over expenses of \$104.00; and even then we built \$150.00 worth of dugway coming up the bench in the valley. A round trip through the canyon is 50 cents, and a round trip to any point in the canyon 35 cents. The result is we have no trouble of getting our roads repaired when needed.

The Wasatch, or Steam-mill Company, was organized Sept. 8th, 1873, with the following officers:

'President, O. N. Liljenquist; Vice-President, S. F. Allen; Secretary and Treasurer, A. A. Allen.'

'Directors: W. B. Preston, George O.

Pitkin, A. A. Allen, William Williams, Ira Allen, O. S. McBride, John G. Wilson, Peter Christiansen, A. P. Rose.'

"Fifty-one shares had been subscribed at \$50.00 each by fifty-one different persons. The company bought a steam mill, cost \$3,000.00; made a road to some red pine timber, cost, \$500.00; moved the mill from Logan to timber, cost, \$300.00; made a contract for building a wagon road to White Pine, some seven miles from the terminus of Blacksmith's Fork road to the summit or dividing ridge, between Rich and Cache counties; total cost, \$1,500.00.

"In 1874, O. N. Liljenquist was appointed general superintendent. The steam mill was moved to the White Pine as early in the spring as practicable. The company bought another steam engine at the cost of \$850.00, and a shingle mill at the cost of \$600.00. The company bought one and a half lots, close to the railroad depot, in Logan, for lumberyard purposes, for \$750.00. We placed our lumber and shingles on the same, and our trade extended from Franklin to Salt Lake City, and to all intermediate points. A serious difficulty was experienced in opening up the lumber trade in Cache at that time, viz., we had to reach the Salt Lake market, or some distant railroad, to obtain cash for our material. This difficulty, however, has now been overcome. It will be seen that the capital stock of the company was only \$2,550.00, while the company's property amounted to \$7,500.00. The reason of this was that the very limited means of the people had been exhausted in opening the canyon road, which gave to us a good country; and we concluded that we would rather occupy it ourselves, than to be at the mercy of strangers who had no interest in the building up of our portion of the country, who, most likely, would have dictated terms to us less favorable. We thought but little would be gained by turning over to others the fruits of our labors, concluding it would be less oppressive to pay interest on capital invested, and that while the mills paid for themselves they would furnish our people material for their houses, barns, fences, etc., for their labor. In fact it did much more than that; it also furnished the doors, sash, hinges, locks, paints, shoes, clothing, groceries, and in many instances, paid their taxes, newspapers.

etc. It doubled our population in a short time; improvement was seen on every hand; not only was our settlement benefitted in this manner, but it was as free to our neighbors as to ourselves, on the same terms. It is proper here to state that we have had the good will of the bishops and leading men, and the people, generally, in Cache Valley, a number of whom have taken shares in our enterprises."

The following is an exhibit of the company's business:

Lumber sawed at the Steam-mill in White Pine.

	FEET.
1874 and one month of '73, . . .	920,000
1875	500,000
1876	624,000
1877	633,760
1879	430,000
1880	450,000

Total, 3,557,760

The lumber has been sold at from \$15.00 to \$27.50, and is not over-estimated at \$20.00, on an average. The above will make \$71,155.20

The average cost of making lumber 8.00

The average cost of hauling to market 8.00

Total cost of making and hauling to market \$56,924.16

\$1.50 per thousand for incidental expenses, such as moving mill, buying new saws, belts, paying stumpage, repairing, etc 5,336.61

net gain, 8,864.43

\$71,155.20

1881, the present year, is not yet counted in.

The Smaller Steam Engine and Shingle Mill.—No. of thousand shingles sawed:

YEAR.	
1874	67,000
1875	1,049,000
1876	612,000
1877	1,087,000
1878	941,000

Total, 3,756,000

Value of shingles, \$3.50 per thousand \$13,146.00

Lath.

1875 sawed	84,100
1876	30,000

114,100

The above amounts were made at the shingle mill in the mountains. Value \$690.00 on the yard.

Cost of making and hauling shingles, \$2.50 per thousand, incidental expenses \$25.

Total cost of the above amount \$10,329.00

Shingle mill, houses, engine, etc., burned Aug. 22, 1878; loss 2,000.00
gain to balance 817.00

\$13,146.00

In the winter and spring of 1878 the company put up a water mill at Hayes Canyon, and sawed the same year, 5,597 R. R. cross ties and 1,240.34 feet of lumber. After leaving the mill in the fall, it was burned down by the great fires that were in the mountains that year; loss, \$2,000.00.

DAIRY AND HERD GROUNDS DEPARTMENT.

In Feb., 1874, several general meetings were held for the purpose of establishing a dairy and herdgrouns for horses, cattle and sheep; \$1,805.00 was subscribed by 88 persons, 351 shares at \$5.00 each. Orders were sent east at once for the purchase of the necessary machinery for dairy purposes. Cellars and houses were built, and advertisements put up for cows, purposing to pay the owner one half of the cheese each cow produced, retaining the other half for the dairy. The location of the dairy was at the bridge on which the Bear Lake and Ogden road crosses Blacksmith's Fork river, 20 miles east of Hyrum; name of dairy—Cache Valley Pioneer Dairy. Operations were commenced July 11th, of the same year, with 79 cows, under the superintendency of O. H. Rose. The location being in the mountains, the seasons are naturally short, and we have very frequently got poor cows. The results of the enterprise are as follows:

Year.	No. of Cows.	Cheese made.	Butter made.	Expenses*
1874	79	9,101lb	790lb	\$ 511.40
1875	140	16,694	1,589	1,140.00
1876	120	12,897	1,031	815.00
1877	120	12,551	1,110	839.00
1878	200	24,033	1,728	1,260.00
1879	225	25,571	1,498	1,245.00

1880	142	19,663	1,354	880.00
1881	142	18,559	1,333	1,011.00

1,168 1,390.069 10,433 \$7,701.40
 Paying for Cows 69,534½ lbs

Leaving to the Dairy . . . 69,534½ lbs
 Then add the Butter . . . 10,433

Total, 79,967½ lbs

Total value of all the Cheese

and Butter at 15 cents per

lb \$22,425.20

The butter and cheese cost the dairy company ten and one quarter cents per pound. Our cheese is first class, with ready sale in the market, at better figures than a few years ago.

HERD GROUNDS.

In the spring of 1874, corrals and herd houses were put up. No organization had been effected, any further than that L. Curtis was appointed to look after the herd business and the bishop to oversee all. Our herdgounds proved to be of very great importance to the stock owners in this part of the valley. This very year the Church had a very large herd of cattle on their hands and had used up all the hay and straw that could be obtained, there being from one to two feet of snow on the ground. President Preston said, "You had better take them up Blacksmith's Fork Canyon; they will at least be out of our way."

This church herd, and also a large quantity of President Young's stock, the Hyrum Dairy and Herd Company took charge of, and but few died or were lost during this severe season. Although we were not reimbursed for our outlay in opening up the country up Blacksmith's Fork Canyon, we did feel then, and do now, that our effort proved beneficial to the people generally. Large herds of cattle, horses and sheep have pastured the country every summer since this road was made.

HYRUM CO-OP. AND UNITED ORDER.

At length these different branches were combined with the original branch of the Co-op., and the whole formed the present United Order of Hyrum. The following is the report of the secretary of the institution:

"The Hyrum Co op. was organized—March 31st, 1869, with O. N. Liljenquist, President; G. P. Ward, Vice-President; Ira Allen, J. McBride, and Hans E.

Neilson, Directors; J. Unsworth, Secretary and Treasurer; Ira Allen, Supt. of Store; number of shareholders, thirty-eight, paid up shares, \$1,710.00 at \$10.00 per share. Up to Sept. 15th, 1869, our stock increased by new members to the amount of \$2,070.00. When we took stock we found that we had on hand \$2,790.00 in merchandise, &c. We then declared a dividend of 30 per cent, payable in merchandise or stock. We then decided to build a new store, size 32½x22½ feet, of rock, with a good cellar.

"In November, 1869, Andrew A. Allen was elected director in place of Ira Allen, who went on a mission to the States, and O. N. Liljenquist as superintendent of the store. On May 21st, '70, we took stock again for the eight months, and found that we had on hand \$4,245.00 in merchandise, &c., including \$1,476.00 on the new store; amount of stock \$2,720.00. We then paid dividend in merchandise and stock \$1,335.00. Officers elected for another term, O. N. Liljenquist, President; G. P. Ward, Vice-President, Ira Allen, J. McBride and Hans E. Neilson, Directors; J. Unsworth Secretary and Treasurer. On Sept. 15th, 1870, we took stock again for the four months, stock \$4,025.00 on hand, \$4,500.00, on which we paid a dividend in merchandise of 12 per cent. On March 15th, 1871, our stock was \$4,105.00, property on hand, \$5,200.00. paid a dividend of 10 per cent. in merchandise. Officers all re-elected for another year. On May 4th, 1871, we decided to build a circular saw mill, with water power, and locate it in Blacksmith Fork Canyon. On Sept. 15th, 1871, our stock was \$4,115.00, property on hand, including saw mill, \$6,722.00; paid a dividend in stock of \$1,750.00. On March 15th, '72, our stock was \$5,865.00, property on hand \$6,500.00; paid a dividend of 6 per cent. in merchandise. Officers re-elected. On Sept. 15th, 1872, our stock was \$5,850.00, property on hand, \$6,800.00; paid a dividend of 10 per cent in merchandise. On March 15th, 1873, our stock was \$5,588.00, having paid out and taken on account, \$262.00, property on hand, \$7,500.00; paid a dividend of 20 per cent. in merchandise and stock, 10 per cent. of each, and also depreciated our saw mill \$480.00. Officers elected, O. N. Linjenquist, President;

A. P. Rose, Vice-President; H. O. Wheading, Andrew Neilson and Harlem McBride, Directors; J. Unsworth, Secretary J. S. Allen, Treasurer. Sept. 15th, '73, stock was \$5,955.00, property on hand, \$7,800.00; paid a dividend of 20 per cent. in merchandise, 10 per cent. of which in stock, also depreciated our store building \$300.00. On March 15th, 1874, our stock stood \$6,446.00, property on hand, \$8,450.00; paid a dividend of 10 per cent. in merchandise. O. N. Liljenquist desired to be released on account of other business. Officers elected: A. P. Rose, President; Ira Allen, Vice-President; H. E. Neilson, O. H. Rose and Jorgen Jenson, Directors; J. Unsworth, Secretary; J. S. Allen, Treasurer. On Sept. 15th, 1874, our stock was \$6,385.00, property on hand, after another depreciation of store, building and saw mill of \$700.00, and placing \$547.00 as a contingent fund, was \$7,650.00; we paid no dividend. On March 15th, 1875, our stock was \$6,110.00, our property on hand, \$8,000.00; paid a dividend of 20 per cent. in merchandise for the year.

“During the six years we had paid out in dividends, \$5,512.00 in merchandise, and \$4,104.00 in stock. At this time we, in general meeting, and by a large majority of votes, adopted the following constitution, in order to amalgamate other branches of business such as Steam mills, dairy and roads:

Territory of Utah }
County of Cache. } SS.

Whereas, we the undersigned, being desirous of forming a corporation for purposes hereinafter mentioned, do adopt the following:

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION:

ART. 1. The name of this corporation shall be the United Order of Hyrum City.

ART. 2. This corporation shall continue in existence for a period of twenty-five years.

ART. 3. The objects of this corporation are for mining, manufacturing, commercial and other industrial pursuits and the construction and operation of wagon roads, irrigating ditches and the colonization and improvement of lands, and for the establishment and maintaining of colleges, seminaries, churches, libraries, and any benevolent, charitable or scientific association, and for any other right-ful objects consistent with the constitu-

tion of the United States, and the laws of the Territory. Also to take, receive and execute trusts, either passive or active, and for these purposes shall have the right and power to receive, take and hold, either by gift, purchase or devise; the right, title, interest and possession of real or personal property, and may bargain, sell and alienate the same, and thereby pass such title thereto as it may hold therein. But it is expressly understood and agreed that when property is held by this corporation as a trustee, the beneficiary of the trust shall not, in consideration of such trust, be entitled to stock in said company, and it is further understood and agreed that if the beneficiary holds and keeps possession of the trust property, this company shall not be accountable or liable, nor in any way responsible for the rents, issues or profits thereof. But the trust, duty, power, interest and authority of this company to such property shall be expressed in the deed of conveyance thereto of real property, or the agreement between the parties, if personal.

ART. 4. The general place of business of this corporation shall be in Hyrum City, in the Territory of Utah, with the right, privilege, and power to establish one or more branch places of business.

ART. 5. The capital stock of this corporation shall be thirty-eight thousand, five-hundred and twenty dollars—[\$38,520.00,] which shall be divided into 1,540 shares of \$25.00 each.

[Then follows the elaborate articles of the constitution, too lengthy to give, but the above will show the spirit and scope of its aims.]

No. of shareholders, 155; stock subscribed \$16,732; value of property, \$17,525.00, no liabilities in this appraisal. On April 3rd, 1875, A. P. Rose tendered the resignation of the Board of Directors of the Hyrum Co-op. to the Board of the United Order, who had been previously elected for the United Order. Names of Officers and Directors: O. N. Liljenquist, President; Hans E. Neilson, 1st. Vice; John G. Willson, 2nd. Vice, James Unsworth, Secretary, and A. P. Rose, Treasurer. A. A. Allen, O. H. Rose, Peter Christianson, James McBride, Jens P. Jensen, George Neilsen, S. F. Allen and Geo. P. Ward; Superintendent of Store Department. J. Unsworth; Superintendent of Road, Julius

Johnson ; Superintendent of Steam Mills ; Peter Christianson, and O. H. Rose, Superintendent of Dairy. April 16th, 1875, James Unsworth was appointed general business manager. At the general meeting held in Hyrum, March 20th., 1876, our stock was \$16,732.00 ; our property on hand was \$18,588.00 ; we paid a dividend of 10 per cent. in stock. April 20th., 1876, O. N. Liljenquist resigned, on account of being called on a mission to Denmark. All members of the Board re-elected, also the officers, President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer. J. Unsworth, also by the Board, appointed general business manager ; James McBride, Superintendent of Steam Mills ; O. H. Rose, Superintendent of Dairy. On March 20th, 1877, our stock was \$18,182.00 ; property on hand \$22,361.00. We also depreciated the value of our property \$3,512.00.

Members all re-elected. Board met and organized, with J. McBride, President ; Hans E. Neilsen, 1st. Vice : G. P. Ward, 2nd. Vice ; J. Unsworth, Secretary ; A. P. Rose, Treasurer, James McBride as general business manager, J. Unsworth, Superintendent of Store, O. H. Rose, Superintendent of Dairy ; Peter Christianson, Superintendent of Mills ; C. C. Shaw was appointed to fill the place as a Director of O. N. Liljenquist. On March 20th, 1878, our stock was \$22,500.00, our property on hand \$24,679.00, paid a dividend of 15 per cent. Board met and organized with the same officers, with S. F. Allen, Treasurer, instead of A. P. Rose.

March 20th, '79, our stock was \$24,679.00, our property had decreased by depreciation and loss by fire of our Shingle Mill, to the amount of \$2,400.00. We still had property to the value of \$22,600.00 ; we declared no dividend this year.

On March 1st, '80, officers re-elected, we still depreciated our property, and brought it down to what we considered a cash valuation on all, and up to this time had not issued any certificates of stock.

I will here enclose the Secretary's report after the depreciation, etc., had been made, and after a thorough investigation of the Company's property, etc. (See report).

We built this season of 1879-80, a Blacksmith Shop and got it started with

two furnaces, and full sets of tools. Cost \$1,000.00.

On January 20th, '81, our property was worth \$30,817.00 ; our liabilities, \$8,743.60 ; our Stock account was \$18,737.66 ; capital invested \$16,522.76. We declared a dividend of 10 per cent. payable Nov. 1st, 1881. Officers, O. N. Liljenquist, President ; J. McBride, 1st Vice ; J. Unsworth, 2nd Vice, also Secretary and business manager ; I. C. Thorsen, Treasurer.

Respectfully,
JAMES UNSWORTH, Secretary.

SECRETARY'S REPORT, U. O. H. C.
Year ending February 28th, 1880.
To the Stockholders of the United Order of Hyrum.

I have the honor to present to you at this time, the annual report required by the company's by-laws, showing the present financial condition of the company at the end of our fiscal year, Feb. 28th, 1880. The capital stock of the Company, in fully paid up shares, amounts to \$15,725.00 and fractional shares of Stock \$797.76, making a total of stock \$16,522.76. While the Company owns in Real Estate and Mill property, etc., depreciated to a cash valuation, \$18,200.00, showing \$1,677.24 more property than the stock calls for. The available means on hand, as shown by our inventories, and what is owing to the Company amounts to \$11,735.97, while the Company owes \$6,827.77. After paying all expenses, loss in interest and what we consider bad debts, we still have a surplus of \$4,908.20.

The directors in reviewing the affairs of the Company, and being desirous of improving and extending our business in the future, have thought it advisable to declare a dividend of 10 per cent, \$1,572.50, and place the other, \$3,335.70, to our reserve fund, to be used in starting as soon as possible, blacksmith, furniture, tailor or shoe shops, and giving employment to as many of our people as possible.

The dividend will be paid as follows: one-fourth in merchandise, three-fourths in our productions, payable, Dec. 1st, 1880. The reason for so doing, is that we have just paid out a dividend of 15 per cent, previously declared. The principal improvements made during the year, are on our planing mills, buildings for the same, and lumber yard, with shed,

&c., all covering an area of two acres of land, altogether costing \$3,000.00.

It was passed by resolution of the Board in our last meeting that we change our financial year, to end Dec. 31st, instead of Feb. 28th, also that the business meeting be held on the third Monday in January, each year, with a view that all tithing paid by the Company may be credited to individual stockholders at the proper time. The Board also recommend that the time of election be changed from the third Monday in March, to the third Monday in January 10 a.m., according to posted notice required by our By-laws.

It is also proposed by the Board that the tithing of all hands employed by the Company, be deducted out of their earnings.

Respectfully submitted,

James Unsworth, Secretary.

Bishop Liljenquist, concluding the history of Hyrum, says:

"As a result of co-operation, more than one hundred and twenty thousand dollars have been extracted from the mountains in the shape of lumber, shingles, and cheese and butter from the cows. Besides this amount there are tens of thousands of dollars more as shown in the exhibits received from other sources."

Of the principle of co-operation the Bishop wisely says:

"Any co-operative movement that takes the masses along on the high road to prosperity, and makes them feel that they are acting their part in the great missionary labors committed to them from on high, has a right to be welcomed and supported by all. Many, of course, are the difficulties to be overcome to successfully start and carry on enterprises of this kind. Location has also a great deal to do with its financial success. Large business centres have the advantage of the settlements on the outside, being most prominent. A few fundamental principles underlie a successful co-operation, such as continuing in the kind and brotherly spirit in which we started. If one of the stockholders should think that he or she could no longer spare the funds invested in our Co-operative institution, while such a person comes confiding and in the spirit of kindness, stating his or her circumstances and what has happened, would it then be right to answer

abruptly, 'that our contract is for twenty five years, and at the end of that period you may call?' or would it be better to say 'I will present your case at our very first Board meeting, and state your circumstances to the brethren. I know they will do the best they can?' The person goes away, feeling that all is well. It is pretty much the same thing with this matter as it is in regard to a man and his wife. We have seen some men in the world who make statements something like this, 'Our contract is for life, and you must grin and bear it the best way you can.' Other men we have heard say, when the wife is troubled and expresses a desire of dissolution of partnership—'My dear, of free choice on both sides, we entered into the marriage relations, and on this principle we would like to continue it to our mutual benefit and happiness, and on this principle only can it be continued; come, let us see where the difficulty lies and see if we can remove the same.' Another important principle is, the freest possible range must be given to the stockholders in the choice of officers. We have, almost invariably, since the organization of the United Order, voted by secret ballot, each stockholder making his or her own ticket. The result of each election has been so satisfactory, that had the best council been employed to select a ticket, it could not have been better. It is a natural law, if you can not trust me, I can not trust you. Like begets like. Another natural law is, that the mother cannot forget her nursing child. It is precisely so with the brethren who organize co-operative institutions. They will endure almost every hardship in order that their offspring may live. Another thing is, the union of interest is as important when properly organized, as the union of people. The strength of the union depends upon the strength of the individuals composing such union. The benefits arising from such a union of interest are many. One is, that if one of these institutions meets with bad luck, as we call it, the other five or six prosperous institutions take it along and act the part of the good Samaritan; and so in their turn, they may all meet with bad luck, and still all live and prosper; while, on the other hand, should they have rejoiced in each other's downfall, in course of time they may all have fallen.

'Let the strong take the weak one along, and teach him also how to become strong,' is the divine counsel."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BISHOP O. N. LILJENQUIST, ONE OF THE FATHERS OF THE SCANDINAVIAN MISSION.

"I, Ole Nielsen Liljenquist, was born in Ignaberga, Vestra Goinge, Herred County, Scone, Sweden, September 23rd, 1826, and am the son of Niels Tykeson and Bingta Larsen. My father was the eldest son of his parents. Farming was the occupation of the family as far as 200 years back, they occupying and inhabiting the same places, farms and country; how much longer cannot be ascertained on account of the records being burned previous to that time. My father married my mother at the age of twenty-six, and at that time he occupied a small farm. They had five sons and daughters born to them, I being their first born child. My father met with an untimely and sudden death at the age of forty-one years, while quarrying white limestone, several tons weight falling upon him; this was on the morning of February 27th, 1841. I was then fifteen years of age. I had been apprenticed by my parents at the age of eleven to a master tailor, for a period of three years to learn his trade. At my father's death, it became my duty to attend to the farm, which had now become very small, thus farming and tailoring alternately, helping to sustain my mother and two sisters. At the age of 21, it would be my duty, in common with all young men of my age born on Swedish soil, to be enrolled for military service. I should perform actual service in time of peace, sixteen or eighteen days only, but subject to be called on any time in case of war. My mother, while young, lost both her father and her uncle, who fell on one battle-field, so she could not bear the idea of my becoming subject to the military laws of Sweden. It was, therefore, proposed and agreed upon that I should leave my native country before becoming subject to this military law. Accordingly, I bade good-bye to my dear and affectionate mother and to my two sisters in the latter part of April, 1846. The scene of our parting can only be understood by those who have had a similar experience. My mother seemed not willing to be comforted. I had to tear myself away from her, it requiring

all the strength I possessed to do so; and these words, "O, my dear son," calling my name, "I shall see thee no more!" rang in my ears for months afterwards. And sure enough it was the last time we were to meet in mortal life.

"In company with five others, I set out on foot for Helsingburg, carrying a small bundle which made up my earthly possessions; but I had another inheritance of far greater value,—namely, faith in the providences of God. My mother's mother, Bodil Larsen, or Ockerberg, whose husband had fallen on the battlefield, as before mentioned, had been my instructor from childhood until fourteen years of age. She, by her teachings, had implanted into my heart that simple child-like faith in God. Even when thus young, when troubled over anything, I had often sought a lonely place and pouring out my soul to God, and had found relief. As an example of what I obtained through this source, I will relate the following:

"It was the custom established by law in the Lutheran Church that, at about the age of fifteen, a person has to go to the priest nearly a year previous to being confirmed or to having the privilege of partaking of the sacrament. I had only had the chance of one winter's schooling when we met before the priest for this probationary examination. There were eighty of us on this occasion, many of the number being rich men's children with influence and education, while I was there without either. But before the bell rung to call us together, I sought a lonely place and poured out my soul before God, laying my situation before Him, imploring His aid. All the rest of the children were playing. Only one besides myself took the course of seeking divine aid. When the bell was rung for the examination, my trembling was over and I was as calm as a summer's morning; while the others, who had played, trembled and got confused. When my turn came to read before the priest and to answer his questions, it seemed to me as though a heavenly influence rested over both the priest and myself. Instead of being cross and angry as he had been with the others, he was very kind to me. I read clearly and answered his questions intelligently and correctly, to his perfect satisfaction, insomuch that I was awarded the place No. 1, the high seat among all of my fellows who were passing under this pro-

bation. We met before the priest twice a day from two to four hours each meeting, five days a week for nine months. The other boy, already named, and myself continued to pray and trust in God for all our answers to the priest and there was not a single time but what he or I could answer the priest when no others could. About half of the eighty children were turned out to start afresh another year after they had gone half the summer, while I, and the other praying boy whose name was Manne, continued at the head to the last. At the close of the extraordinary time, I experienced a joy and happiness for three days and nights that was beyond description.'

"I must now return to the first night after leaving my birthplace, my mother, sisters, playmates and all that was near and dear to me on earth. The only comfort which I could find under this trying ordeal was to pour out my soul unto God to bless and protect those whom I had left behind and to direct my own footsteps aright while I should be a stranger in a strange land, thinking that after the sacrifice would come the blessings of reunion. But alas! little did I dream on that memorable night of my leaving my native place, of the path which laid before me to tread; nor could I then understand that the hand of God was in it, and that it was He who directed the movement and led the way for which I feel to bless His holy name.

"On the morning of the second day, after prayer and breakfast, I and my companions left the little habitation which had sheltered us, whose inmates, though poor, were very kind and sympathetic. The name of the town where we had stayed was Tyringe, some 15 miles from the starting point.

"On the third day, we reached Helsingburg, a distance of between fifty and sixty miles from home. Here we left the Swedish shore in a little ferryboat for Helsingor, a distance across Oresund three or four miles.

"When we landed on Danish soil, we soon made the sad discovery that we did not understand the language of the Danish people nor they ours. After a couple of days walk along the Danish coast with the beautiful landscape on one side and the sea with its numerous sails on the other, and the Swedish coast in the distance, we arrived at Copenhagen. After

arriving in that city, I entered into an agreement (as did also one of my traveling companions) with a master tailor to work for him two years, at the end of which time we should have to make our proofs—one whole suit of first class gent's clothing—and pass an examination and receive our papers as journeymen in our trade.

"Early in January, 1848, I received the sad intelligence of my mother's death. I procured leave of absence and paid a short visit to my native country and birthplace and found my sisters in deep mourning. We all felt keenly the loss of our beloved and kind mother (she was 58 years of age at her death); but very glad to meet each other again.

I returned to Copenhagen, Feb. 19th, 1848, on the evening the funeral procession of Christian, the eighth king of Denmark took place. The whole city was so lit up that we could see it miles before we arrived. It was an exceedingly grand affair, and the only grand burial I have ever witnessed. This was in the day of Denmark's aristocratic glory.

"In May of the same year, I made my proof and became a skilled journeyman in my trade, whereupon I took leave of my master, Christian Wilson. During my apprenticeship in Copenhagen, I made an acquaintance with Miss Christine Hansen and we were married in 1848. We had both engaged with Christian Wilson on the same day, and became united shortly after leaving his employ. In 1849, a son was born to us.

"In the same year, 1849, I made my master's 'proof' in the trade, which consisted in measuring a gentleman for a full suit of finest cloth, in the presence of four masters appointed for that purpose. I had also to cut it in their presence. They then drew silken threads all around the edges, and put numerous seals upon it, and finally I must make it also under their inspection; when made first-class it must fit the person measured. I passed with good character and became master, but had no right to keep any hands to work for me until I had taken out my burgher papers, and those I could not get until twenty-five years of age.

"I passed examination before a magistrate in October, 1850, and became a Burgher of Copenhagen. In part of 1848 and all of '49 and '50, I did mili-

tary duty in Copenhagen as one of the burgher militia, the regular troops being in the war against the rebellious Slesvig and Holsteiners, which war ended in victory for Denmark, but cost many precious lives and much treasure.

"On the 5th of June, 1849, the new and very liberal constitution was proclaimed which gave full religious liberty. It is probably the most liberal and best constitution in Europe outside of England.

"I followed my business and had many to work for me; but nothing noteworthy happened up to the memorable year, in my life, of 1852. In the latter part of July or the beginning of August, I went to bed as usual, one evening, full of health and vigor, and had a most remarkable vision which, imperfectly described, was as follows:

THE DREAM.

"I thought that I was standing on a hill, half a mile east of what used to be my parents' home in Sweden, facing west, overlooking the old church and my native town. As I was looking, I saw countless numbers of stars coming out of the horizon in the north-west, as high up as the sun is one hour before setting. These stars made a very swift movement in a half circle to the west, and formed themselves into persons, taking many stars to make one person, the size somewhat larger than people here below; and their forms were most beautiful and perfect. Thus formed, there was quite a congregation, who commenced dancing, and their dance was most graceful. As I looked, I saw two half circles over the horizon, crossing one another. They were composed of suns like our sun, only of various colors. These suns, nearly touching each other, formed two grand arches, one from north to south, the other from east to west, and were exceedingly brilliant to look upon. As I looked again to the stars, they separated as they had formed, and returned as they had come, and the sunbows disappeared. As the time seemed to me, in about three minutes after the disappearance of the stars and suns, I looked to the north-west and I saw the stars coming out again, a hundred times as many, making the same movement as before, only there were a great many more stars to each person, and their personal forms were most beautiful. They started

dancing again, but their dance was so exceedingly beautiful that I was entirely overcome with joy. As I looked on the horizon, the whole heavens were covered with suns of two or three different colors, the brilliancy of each as of our sun at noon-day. I could not bear to look at it, not even for a second, but involuntarily cast my eyes to my feet. As I did so, I discovered the trunk of a tree, some twenty inches through, covered with a gold casing, about each two feet there was a joint around the tree; but lengthways was no seam or joint. This tree carried the same size all the way, and the covering thereof seemed as so many joints. It appeared to me to go clear through the earth with one end, and clear through the heavens with the other. Its position was not perpendicular. The upper part (for to me it seemed to have no end) was leaning somewhat towards the east, and the lower part towards the west, and it had a slow circular motion. The hole it had made in the earth was much larger than its own circumference, and I observed the earth rattling down the hole on account of the motion of the tree. I noticed my wife standing on my left side, nearly on the other side of the tree, with her head downward; I looked to my right to see if I could not learn something about all this magnificent scenery, and I saw a man stepping up on my right, who said very distinctly and kindly '*when you see it change once more, as you have already seen it change, the world is no more.*'

"I began to call upon God to prepare me for the change, and awoke found myself weeping, all my bodily strength seeming to have gone, so that I could not get up in the morning. All I could make of the night vision was that I should die."

"During the day following this dream or vision, an old acquaintance of mine, by name, Jens Sandberg, called at my house. I told him what had happened and then he presented me with the Book of Mormon. It was the first time I had ever heard of such a book, or of such a people as the Mormons. On the following Sunday, in company with Sandberg, I attended a small meeting of the Latter-day Saints at Christianhaven. Monday following as usual, my business took up

my time and attention. But one night, in my sleep, the vision already related, was vividly brought to my mind, and there was an addition presented before me, an inscription in large gilded letters, and I read these words—'Take hold, for the time is short!' When I awoke in the morning, my mind seemed to be changed, and I was fully resolved on learning more of this strange people, for such was the impression I got of them at the meeting which I had attended. I learned from one of the women who worked for me that the Latter-day Saints would hold a Conference on the 12th and 13th of August, on Enighedsvaeren, a large beautiful hall a short distance outside Copenhagen, but owing to the fear of mob violence it was to be kept quiet. This happened to be the very day of the morning when I awoke with my mind prepared by the last vision referred to; so I started for the appointed place and arrived in time for the opening services. The Lord touched my understanding and faith sprung up in my heart. After the first meeting, I felt very anxious to retire to a lonely place and consult my Heavenly Father on the subject of the Gospel. I attended all the meetings and kept on praying to God until I was satisfied of the truth of this Latter-day work. On September 4th, 1852, I was baptized by Elder William Andersen, and confirmed on the following Sunday by Elder John E. Forsgreen. I was exceedingly happy. Two weeks later my wife was also baptized.

"I was soon called to the ministry. At a priesthood meeting, three weeks after my baptism, I was ordained a teacher and appointed Book Agent for Copenhagen Conference, also Treasurer for Copenhagen Branch. These offices I tried to magnify to the best of my ability.

"In November, I, with two more of the native brethren, was called to go to President Willard Snow's office, where he read to us the Revelation on Celestial Marriage. It was the first time this Revelation was read to any of the native brethren. The Spirit of God rested upon me in a great measure while listening to its being read, and I knew it was from God.

"Elder John Forsgreen made preparations to leave for Zion and to take a company of Saints with him. Emigration was a new and novel idea for the

Scandinavian people, especially on account of a religious faith, and was met with a great deal of opposition. Under the then existing laws, no one had the privilege to leave without a passport, and in order to obtain such, some burgher of Copenhagen would have to go security therefor, becoming responsible that all was right; and as no one but myself in the Church at that time held a burgher's papers and privileges, I was called upon to render this service. To this I cheerfully responded, and sent in my signature to the magistrate for more than two hundred names; but for every few names that were presented, I was sent for, and surrounded by the officers, who labored with me, threatened me, and told me they could not take my signature for more than one family. The chief magistrate told me that the penitentiary would be the result of such unheard-of folly. My answer was, invariably, that I knew these people, and that I was willing to run such a risk. I got the passports as long as any were needed, and Elder Forsgreen started all right on the 20th day of December with his company numbering about three hundred souls, only one company of twenty-eight souls had gone before; they left in the beginning of March of the same year, as the first fruits of the Scandinavian Mission, and accompanied the great and good man and Apostle, Erastus Snow, the founder of the Scandinavian Mission.

"In the four succeeding years of '53, '54, '55 and '56, I rendered similar services for much larger emigrations. In 1853, in December, the emigration numbered nearly 700 souls. The magistrate objected as strongly as in '52, and the same ordeals had to be gone through again, but the officers of the Passport Office became more friendly the following emigrations. There was also another subject that brought the magistrate officers and myself into closer acquaintance, viz: all parties arriving in Copenhagen had to present their passports, report their former place of residence, and show to the officers a certain amount of money according to the number in the family; otherwise, some responsible person had to go their security, or they would be sent back to their native places at the expense of such a place. As many of the Saints were turned out of employment and driven from their homes, they sought

protection in Copenhagen. At first, when I presented my name in security for such persons or families, it was with the same difficulty as with the passports; but, before I emigrated in 1857, the magistrate officers told me that they would rather take my name in security than that of many a wealthy man, for we took care of our poor, and they had had no trouble with anything that I had signed. They grew very friendly indeed, and one of these gentlemen,—his name was Genderup, and he often was my friend in need and in the hardest struggles—said to me, as he finished making out some nine hundred passports; ‘Mr. Liljenquist, if you should get into a better Heaven than I, would you not think of me?’ I replied feelingly that I would. He was indeed a gentleman of the highest order.

“There was still another use that my burgher papers came into. When mob violence was too great in our meetings, the police, according to the then existing laws of Copenhagen, could not be called inside a house to quell a disturbance; but a burgher could deposit his burgher papers at any military guard-quarters and get a posse of soldiers; so, sometimes, when we could not manage the mob, I brought the soldiers. One Sunday, in the large hall in Gatlersgade I placed two files of soldiers from the pulpit to the door, with fixed bayonets on, and kept them there while C. Wiederburg delivered an excellent sermon. In the year 1856, while Prest. Haight, Wiederburg and myself were in England, there was a regular riot for a whole week when the police force was unable to quell the riot in the streets. C. A. Madsen took my burgher papers and brought the military to protect the Saints assembled in the hall. Many were the mob violences that the Saints were subjected to the first five years of my experience, especially at emigration times. But I will say little about this matter, at least at present. In the winter and spring of 1853, I had the pleasure of meeting with our beloved friend and brother, Canute Petersen, who was then on his way to Norway, and who has since taken a prominent part in the Scandinavian missionary labors; also Brother Haugan, his companion.

“At the April Conference, 1853, I was ordained an Elder by Prest. W. Snow,

Shortly after, cholera broke out in Copenhagen, and a great many people died. A young Elder, by name Peter Bjork, and myself visited among the Saints from early morning till late at night for some three weeks, anointing the sick with oil and praying over them; and in every case they were healed. I will name one of the most prominent. A sister Matheasen had been waiting on the cholera patients at a hospital where a great many died daily; she took sick herself, and sent for Bjork and myself. We were in another part of the city, administering to the sick and could not go at once. When we arrived, she had turned black in the face and lost her speech; her eyes were turned in her head so that she could not see, and she was considered gone. We administered to her, and when we took our hands off her head she rose to her feet as well as ever and went the same hour to wait on the sick again. Her husband, on seeing this, ran up and down the stairs crying at the top of his voice, ‘A miracle! a miracle!’ I took him by the arm saying, ‘If you do not repent of this spirit and quietly give God the honor, you will apostatize.’ They have both apostatized since; but although she has fallen and followed her husband, she has always acknowledged that she was saved from instant death by the power of God. In the middle of the summer, I, in company with Mr. Paul Hansen, took a trip to Tyin to visit his and my wife’s relations. We had an excellent time and were gone some two or three weeks. On our arrival at Copenhagen, we learned that the president of the Copenhagen Branch, Samuel Hansen, had died of cholera. It was said that the Saints had begun to boast before the world that they could not die of this dreadful plague. An hour after my arrival, I was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by his death. In the beginning of August, President Willard Snow organized a High Council for the purpose of trying some difficult cases in the church and appointed me President of the same. On the 16th and 17th of August, a general Conference convened in Copenhagen, and on Monday evening, the 18th, in a priesthood meeting, President Willard Snow fell sick on the stand as he was talking to the brethren. He was taken to the hospital next day, and a few days later Elders P. O. Hansen and H. P. Jensen started with

him for England, via Hamburg ; but he died on the North Sea and was buried in the water. This was the first great cause for mourning among the Scandinavian Saints ; a great man had fallen in Israel, there was deep and sincere lamenation among the Saints, and it was a very trying day in many ways.

“In the beginning of September, Elder Van Cott arrived in Copenhagen, having been appointed to succeed Willard Snow in the Presidency of the mission. A better choice could not have been made, for the Lord blessed the mission exceedingly under his long administration. I will here relate a circumstance. ‘As President of Copenhagen Branch, I had some difficult cases to try, and could not talk with President Van Cott, there being only one interpreter to be had in Copenhagen among the brethren, and sometimes it was not so easy to get his services, so that opinions were somewhat divided among the brethren on these subjects. I went home at 10 p. m., and placing the church works on the table, knelt down and asked God to show me what I should do in such cases. After prayer, I read all I could find bearing on the subject, in the New Testament, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants ; and after investigation until 2 a. m., I concluded that I would cut all parties off for such offences. I went to bed, fell asleep and dreamed that I stood looking over an exceedingly large plain, which I had to cross, and by closer examination I found that it was a pugmire, or a bottomless swamp, with a very smooth surface. As I was studying and did not know how I should get over and looking down before my feet, I discovered a solid little spot large enough to put one foot upon, which seemed to come up from below, and while resting with one foot on that, another was provided for the other foot ; and so it continued on until I had crossed the whole of this immense plain. I was at the time thinking that I was alone, but when I was safely across I looked back and saw that I was followed, close to my heels and all the way back, and I thought there was no end to the train of beautiful people that followed me. I understood the dream and was well satisfied.’

“At the general conference, Oct. 6th, ’53, I was appointed president of Copenhagen Conference. The territorial boundary was the large and populous Is-

land, Sjolland, with the chief city of Denmark upon it. In November, Bro. Van Cott made an arrangement with a ship’s broker, Mr. Balin, to carry the emigrants to England, provided he, Mr. Balin, could have all his arrangements made to a certain date. Mr. Balin started for England to arrange for ships, but failed to be back until two days after the appointed time and President Van Cott, being very anxious to get the emigrants off as soon as possible, closed a contract with Mr. Ryberg, a nephew of Mr. Balin. The emigration, numbering nearly 700, left Copenhagen about the middle of December, President Van Cott accompanying them to Liverpool. One morning, while the President was absent, Mr. P. O. Hanson came to my house very much excited, stating that Mr. Balin was very angry over President Van Cott’s treatment of him and threatened vengeance. Hanson felt as though something very bad was going to happen, stating that Balin wanted to see me. No sooner had he left when Mr. Balin came in. After introducing himself, he asked if I could not meet him at his office at 6 p.m. and bring with me the President of the Copenhagen Branch. To this I agreed. Mr. O. C. Olsen and myself met according to agreement and after being seated in his spacious and elegant office, Mr. Balin produced a long list of charges against President Van Cott, and proposed to us to depose our President and appoint in his stead his councilor, P. O. Hanson (who really was in charge of the mission in the absense of Mr. Van Cott,) stating, also, to us, that Hansen had agreed to such an arrangement. With these charges in our hands, and with our influence over the Saints he said, all would be easily accomplished. I shall not attempt to repeat the conversation that continued between myself and Mr. Balin for more than four hours ; but suffice to say, that sometimes he tried to buy us, sometimes to scare us and then he tried to reason with us. He was a Christian Jew, and a more cunning and shrewd man I have never met. I was myself unable to converse with President Van Cott while in Copenhagen and consequently unacquainted with his business transactions ; and the only one that was, seemed to be filled with fear and evil forebodings ; but this very evening I experienced the strength of the saying by

the Savior to His disciples: When you are called to stand before kings, judges and so forth, take no thought of what you shall say, for it shall be given unto you in the same moment. So it was really this evening; I learned more true and correct principles and especially in the order of priesthood, by the answers that were put in my mouth, than I ever did before or after in the same length of time. Mr. Balin threatened to use his means and influence to break us up, to publish his charges in the papers and in our meetings. Instead of protecting us by the police and the military, as he claimed he had done, he would now cast our president in prison and use all these agencies to scatter us abroad. I replied to this that the work was of God, and it did not lay in human power to break it up. But after this evening, I heard no more of Mr. Balin's plans; when I met him on the streets of Copenhagen he took his hat off and bowed to me, and when President Van Cott had a dozen or two of stray passengers to send to England or the States, he sent me to Mr. Balin to contract for their passage, which was all done very agreeably and satisfactory.

"In 1854, the work of God prospered exceedingly in Scandanavia, many great and noble spirits being added to the church, such as Niels Wilhelmsen, C. A. Madsen and many others that were baptized in Copenhagen.

"Apostle F. D. Richards, President of the European mission, visited Copenhagen during the summer, and I will here relate a prophecy delivered by him in my house. One day, as we sat at dinner, Mr. Richards said to me, "Brother Liljenquist, you shall stay here two or three years longer, and help Brother Van Cott, or whoever presides; you and your family shall all live and come to Zion; you shall make a personal acquaintance with President Brigham Young, his Counselors, the Twelve and many thousands of the Saints, receive your washings and anointings and stay two years and then return to this country and take up your labors again. This prediction was fulfilled to the very letter. The year of '54 passed in preaching, baptizing and attending to all the duties pertaining to the office and presidency of the Copenhagen Conference. In the year of '55, the blessings of God were richly and abundantly poured out upon our labors, followed up at intervals

with considerable persecutions; in this year we had a very pleasant visit from Daniel Spencer and Joseph A. Young; at the end of the year, President Van Cott was released with the privilege of returning home, after having filled with dignity and honor, one of the greatest missions ever proformed in those countries, by any one man, Hector C. Haight succeeded him in the Presidency of the Mission, on the first day of June, 1856. In the summer of '56, President Haight, Carl Widerborg and myself paid a visit to England on an invitation from President F. D. Richards, Orson Pratt and E. T. Benson having just arrived to take the Presidency of the European Mission and succeed F. D. Richards. My difficulty at this most pleasant time was that I did not understand much English. I made, however, some very pleasant acquaintances, of which I will name, Pastor Dana, James Bunting and the Noble family in Manchester, James M. Brown and Wm. Budge, E. L. T. Harrison of London, Wm. S. Muir and Charles F. Jones of Birmingham, Thomas Williams, Wm. Perkes and Edward W. Tullidge of the Liverpool office. Later in the summer, President E. T. Benson and Elder John Kay paid us a visit in Scandinavia. E. T. Benson preached in the large hall called Colloseum to some 1,500 or 2,000 people, and John Kay sang, 'O, ye mountains high,' and 'Dear Zion.' Several reporters were present who understood English and they made very fair reports and comments on the apostle's preaching and Kay's singing. It was indeed an extraordinary time. Mr. Widerborg was the interpreter. The last sermon preached by E. T. Benson in those lands was at Hangerup Sjolund; he called on me as his interpreter, which was my first effort of the kind. I must now leave these pleasant scenes of childhood and youth in Mormonism and turn my face towards the Promised Land.

"In the latter part of April, 1857, I left Copenhagen with my wife and four children, Theodore, Oscar, Josephine and Harold; the last named just three months old. When stepping into a cab to drive down to the steamboat landing, the mob attempted to take the children away from us, and would have succeeded had it not been for the timely interference of the police. I was put in charge of the company to England, and three

days later we arrived, all right, at Grimsby, where we were met by our genial friend, John Kay. Our company numbered 540 souls.

"At Liverpool, we embarked on a sailing vessel called, 'Westmoreland,' belonging to Philadelphia. After seven weeks at sea, we arrived at Philadelphia, and the first news we learned was that Parley P. Pratt had been assassinated, and President Buchanan had sent a large army against the Mormons. From here we took the railway to Iowa city; here I was appointed to go with the handcart company to Florence and my family to go with the wagon company. From Florence, I had the privilege of going with my family to Salt Lake City, where we arrived, September 13th, passing Buchanan's army on the plains, they traveling on the south side of the Platte and we on the north. We did not see them, but on the plains we met Joseph W. Young on his way to Europe, calling all the missionaries home. Myself, wife and four children arrived all right and well in Zion, according to the prediction of F. D. Richards. After a few days rest in Salt Lake City, I was called on to take a trip to Echo canyon. I hauled the luggage of 25 men in a single narrow track wagon bed, and it was not half full. After being in Echo canyon sixteen days, a messenger arrived calling me home to Salt Lake City, stating that my wife was so sick they did not expect her to live. It took me only a few hours to drive to Salt Lake City, and on my arrival I found that our beloved friend, Erastus Snow, and his very kind family, had been watching over my family, night and day, like so many angels. When my wife got so she could talk, she told me that she was dying and would not then have been living if it had not been for Erastus Snow calling her back to life. She said that death was sweet above all description and that she had no desire to come back. She also said that two sisters, whose names she did not know, had been administered to her, and the influence that accompanied their administration was most heavenly. The ladies' names we have since learned; one was Mother Whitney.

"In the early part of the summer, the general move came along, and I spent the most part of the summer between Provo and Salt Lake City moving people to and fro. I moved to Spanish Fork in

the winter of '58-59. In the spring of '59, I moved to Goshen. On the 8th of September, I received a letter from President Young, calling me on a mission to Scandinavia, wishing me to be in Salt Lake City, ready to start on the 19th; if I could get ready, I should answer by the return of the messenger. Of course I replied in the affirmative.

"On September 13th, 1859, I left what hardly could be called a home, in obedience to the call made on me by the President. How singularly had now the prediction of F. D. Richards been fulfilled! The Echo canyon, the general move of the Saints, and having the privilege of accompanying the apostles on two trips south, made me acquainted with the greater number of the Saints, with President Young, his counselors, with all the members of the quorum of the Twelve Apostles, my family all living, and some that I did not have in '54. My family accompanied me to Spanish Fork; here I parted with them and put up the following evening with our old friend, Canute Petersen and his kind and ever ready family in their nice and comfortable home at Lehi. Next day, I arrived in Salt Lake City, put up, as I might well call it, at my father's house, Erastus Snow, went up to see President Young, also Mr. Van Cott. Here I learned that eight missionaries had been called, viz., N. V. Jones, Milo Andrus, Jacob Gates, Elias Blackburn and William Gibson to Great Britain, Bertram to France, and John Van Cott and myself to Scandinavia. We were set apart on the 18th, and left on the 19th of September, 1879. On the evening of the 20th, the camp was organized with Captain Wm. H. Hooper as our president, he being on his way as Delegate to Congress. A few merchants who had been at Salt Lake City, sold out their large trains of goods and, returning with their money, preferred to go with us for safety. All were furnished with light conveyances and good teams, excepting myself. I had to ride a little mule all the way, following these light buggies, which gave me a rather faster ride than I liked, especially down hill, as all travelers across the plains know, one can not get a mule to leave the company. If my traveling companions did not know me on any other account they did on account of my mule. We reached Omaha October 18th, in twenty-eight

days; and of all men, I was the most happy to change my position from the mule's back into any position on a steamer. Our genial captain, Hon. W. H. Hooper, was right at home on the steamer as well as on the plains.

"We parted with Captain Hooper after a hearty good-by, and he continued by water to St. Louis, and we, the missionaries, took the cars at Quincy.

"Six of the missionaries, Jones, Gates, Andrus, Blackburn, Van Cott and myself, secured passage on a steamer, 'Europe,' of Boston, bound for Liverpool. Such a storm as we had on the voyage I have never been in since, although I have traveled much by sea, and crossed the Atlantic five times. I could not get on to my feet until we reached the Irish Channel. When the pilot got on board, he pointed out to us the place where a steamer coming from Australia, three days previous, carrying nine hundred passengers, many of whom were returning with their fortunes to enjoy in their native lands, had become unmanageable, struck a rock and went down in a few moments, and none were left to tell the tale; and according to the papers more than three hundred ships of various kinds were destroyed on the English coast. We arrived at Liverpool on the 13th, and were kindly received by Asa Calkin, president of the European Mission, and the only elder from Utah then abroad until our arrival. After a couple of days' rest, Mr. Van Cott and myself started for Copenhagen, by way of London, to see the American consul, Mr. Adams, and from him Mr. Van Cott got his passport. We took train from London to Hull, and steamer from there to Hamburg. We arrived at Copenhagen, November 23rd, where we were met by our old and intimate friend, Mr. C. Widerburg, who had presided over the Scandinavian Mission since the time the Utah elders were called home. I was now back again, after an absence of two years and eight months. I was the first elder that had received the Gospel in Scandinavia to return and testify of Zion. It was a wonder and a marvel to many who thought that no one could ever return after they got to the Rocky Mountains. On our arrival, Mr. Van Cott took charge of the mission, and I was appointed to travel in all the mission, preaching and putting the Conferences

in order under the direction of the President.

"I went to the magistrate's office to report my arrival. All the officers and clerks left their chairs and desks and completely surrounded me, and bid me heartily welcome. I spent a very agreeable time with them, testifying about Zion and my experience while I had been gone. I traveled and preached to large congregations in Denmark, Norway and Sweden; and more than two thousand were baptized in the first year of my mission. In the summer of 1860, several more of the Scandinavian brethren arrived, among whom were C. A. Madsen and the Doriuses. In my travels in Scone, Sweden, I met with a young elder by name N. C. Flygare, who attracted my attention. I wrote to Mr. Van Cott that I believed I had found the proper person to take charge of the Stockholm Conference. His appointment followed in a very few days. Mr. Flygare presided with honor over this Conference about three years; and he has twice since presided over the Mission, and is now a leading man and a bishop in Ogden City. He is well and very favorably known among the Saints both at home and abroad. I continued my labors in the same position, and with similar results, until the spring of 1862, when I was released with the privilege of returning home. I also made a very pleasant acquaintance with W. W. Cluff and Jesse N. Smith, and traveled considerably in their company, while they were learning the language. They have since presided over the Mission, and Jesse N. Smith has presided over the same twice.

"April 21st, 1862, I left Copenhagen the second time, for Zion, in charge of a company of Saints, numbering four hundred and eighty-four souls. This was the fourth and last company from Copenhagen that started for Zion in the spring of 1862. I left, feeling exceedingly grateful for the power and graces that had been bestowed upon us while we had been bearing our testimony to many tens of thousands of the people, and felt that our garments would be pure and unspotted from their blood in the great day of judgment. The Lord had blessed our feeble efforts with much fruit, but we felt that the harvest was great and the laborers few. The com-

pany arrived at Hamburg on the 22nd, and were taken by boat five miles up the Elbe, where we embarked on a German emigrant ship, a large sailing vessel, called the "Athina." We set sail on the morning of the 24th. We learned before we reached New York, to our sorrow, the difference of the German laws and the English in fitting out an emigrant ship for its long voyage. In the first place, the water for use on shipboard, taken in on the Hamburg Elbe, rotted long before we reached our destination; the provisions were of a very inferior kind, and the way it was cooked was still worse, and then not half enough of it as it was. The captain said he had carried emigrants across the Atlantic twenty-six years. He showed me the irons and handcuffs he used to put upon the emigrants when they were not subservient to his will, and stated that he used to cut off the finest head of hair from the girls, and said he would treat us the same if we did not honor him as the sole chief, and quit finding fault with the treatment we had. One Sunday afternoon, after we had concluded our religious services, I suppose through jealousy and for not having any influence with the Saints, he threatened to throw me overboard, and I suppose would have carried out his purpose in a crazy fit, had he dared to. Measles broke out among us and thirty-five deaths occurred, as the result of bad water and food. Finally, after seven weeks at sea, we arrived at New York, where we took cars for St. Joseph, and from there by steamer to Florence. Horace S. Eldredge was the emigration agent at New York, and he arranged everything well for us. At Florence we had a very long delay, and several deaths occurred. The four companies were made into two at Florence, C. A. Madsen was appointed captain of one, and myself of the other; and our great chief, John Van Cott, presided over both, as we traveled close together. We arrived safely at Salt Lake City, September 22nd, 1862.

"I met my family at Goshen a few days later, after an absence of over three years, all well but one less in number; the youngest child, a girl, ten months old when I left, had died in my absence.

"At the general Conference in October, our beloved friend, E. T. Benson, wished me to come to Cache Valley. He

called me, he said, by the virtue of his Apostleship. I went to see President B. Young on the subject. He told me to go, and said, 'You will have it good with Brother Benson.' Some time in November, I, with my family, arrived in Logan, and was directed by the president, E. T. Benson, to locate in Hyrum. I bought a little log house, with one room, 12x14, and paid \$150.00, and thought myself well off, as there were but few even of this kind. Some had sought shelter under the ground. I bought ten acres of farming land and turned out a farmer. In the latter part of July, 1863, Bishop Calvin Bingham was called as a missionary to Bear Lake Valley, and I was appointed bishop in his place.

"I was told that it was next to impossible to open up Blacksmith's Fork canyon. In the spring of '64, George Niels and Hans E. Nielsen, myself and others, went horseback, taking the Indian trail, and went some three or four miles up the canyon. While on one of the high points, where I could view the mountain sides, I burst out in thanksgiving unto God, saying that He had provided in abundance for us, if we only would reach forth our hands to receive it. My mind was fixed in regard to the opening of this canyon, which was destined to play a very important part in the history of Hyrum, as well as to all the Northern part of Utah. When President Young paid a visit to our town, I asked him if he thought it advisable to open this canyon through to the Bear Lake, Ogden road. He answered with great energy, saying, 'Bishop, if you will make a road through that canyon it will be a source of great wealth to you and your people. Follow the high watermark, never mind what is in your way.' In the spring of 1873, we started on the great work. I did not have a dollar, but had faith that I would be able to pay when the work was done; and so I was. One day a messenger from the camp brought word that my presence was needed. In less than fifteen minutes we were off, and I did not return until the work was completed. One Sunday morning, one of the brethren came to me and said, 'The work you do here is a national work, and none but governments of nations would undertake such work as this; it will not pay.' He asked if he could go home,

and I said yes. One after another came and asked for the privilege to go home, I answered yes to each of them. O. L. McBride, Peter Christiansen and about a dozen boys were all that were left. I turned to them and said, 'Will you also leave me?' The answer was, 'No; not as long as you are here.' I felt somewhat downcast. I had thought they were all picked men who would stand by me to the last. I went up on the mountains to lay my grievances before the Lord; but as soon as I opened my mouth to pray, it seemed to me that Brothers Benson, Heber C. Kimball and many others were present with me; and instead of complaining and mourning, my grief was turned into joy, and I felt to say, 'It is good to be here.' I went down from the mountain strong as a lion, and said, 'I am good for another week.' Then I tried to strengthen my brethren. The following day, (Monday), just as we had finished dinner, a messenger arrived and handed me a letter. Its contents were, 'Can President Young and company pass over your road, two weeks from Wednesday next, on their way to Bear Lake. Please answer.' I wrote on the letter, 'Yes,' and handed it back to the messenger. The messenger asked if I had any word to send home, I said 'No; only tell the drones to come out of the hive.' We accomplished the work, and President Young and party passed over the road at the appointed time, and made a camp at Rock Creek, and called the camp after my name. President Young called me to his tent twice and blessed me and the people, and said he was very much surprised that a handful of people had accomplished such a work. In the morning, when we parted at the junction of the Bear Lake and Blacksmith's Fork road, he called me to his carriage and blessed me the third time. I will now refer only to a few more items and leave my labors as presiding officer of the place and various institutions, to be recorded elsewhere. I represented Hyrum in a grain convention, held in Salt Lake City, in the summer of 1865. I was one of the delegates from Cache to the Constitutional Convention, held in Salt Lake City, commencing Feb. 19th, and continued twenty-one days in the year 1871.

"In 1870 I was elected mayor of Hyrum city. When the United Order was introduced in Cache, I was elected pres-

ident for the same in Hyrum and second vice-President for the county organization. August 23rd, 1872, I was elected a director of the U. N. R. R. and occupied the position three years. June 22nd, 1873, I was ordained a Patriarch under the hands of Brigham Young, George A. Smith, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Charles C. Rich, F. D. Richards, George Q. Cannon, Brigham Young Jun., Joseph Smith and John W. Young; John Taylor pronouncing the blessing and ordination. In the summer of '74, I was appointed president of the Cache Valley Lumber Company and was a pioneer of that trade. At the general Conference, April 6th, 1876, I was elected a missionary to Scandinavia. Friday morning, May 5th, I took leave of my family, left for Europe, having previously appointed James McBride to act in my stead. May 6th, I left Ogden in company with twenty-four other missionaries destined for different parts of Europe. When a distance on the road, the brethren came together and wished me to take charge of the missionary company, which I did. We had a pleasant journey and arrived at Copenhagen, June 3rd, and were met at the railway station by my old friend, President N. C. Flygare, and conducted to the office at our old headquarters, it now being 14 years, 1 month and 14 days since I last left the shores of Scandinavia.

"The next day, Sunday, in company with President Flygare, I took steamer for Malmo, Sweden, and preached to a large congregation. June 19th, I received my appointment from Albert Carrington, as president of the Scandinavia mission. I visited all the Conferences once, and the most of them twice during this year. In the first year of my mission, we baptized over eleven hundred souls into the church. In my travels in Sweden I was impressed with the idea of publishing a semi-monthly paper in Swedish. We decided that the first number of the paper should come out, January 1st, 1877, and that its name should be 'The North Star,' and its size the same as the 'Scandinavian Star.' We had now 500 copies subscribed. I appointed J. C. Sandberg assistant editor, with full charge of the publishing department in Goteborg. I wrote an introduction directed to the Swedish people.

"In the spring of 1877, it was decided at the Conference in Sweden, to publish

the Book of Mormon in Swedish, to come out in parts, and 600 copies were subscribed. Elder A. W. Carlsen, of Salt Lake City, was appointed by the presidency of the church to go to Scandinavia and translate the Book of Mormon into the Swedish language. Elder A. W. Carlson arrived in Copenhagen, September 27th; he commenced work immediately on the 'North Star,' whose office had been removed to Copenhagen. In October and the beginning of November, I made a round trip over the Mission and attended all the Conference meetings and found the Conferences in a prosperous condition and many were added to the church. I was released from my labors in Scandinavia the last day of November, and after visiting relatives and friends, arrived at home in the spring of 1878, reported at headquarters and was received very kindly by President Taylor. I took up my labors as Bishop of Hyrum again, have now presided here over eighteen years, and am nearly fifty six years of age, and thank God for all his many blessings,

O. N. LILJENQUIST."

UTAH WHEAT.

EXPORTATION is one of the great life-streams of the social body; and, as touching commerce, it is the natural and all-sufficient source of supply. Furthermore, exportation enriches a country and does not impoverish it at any time during regular periods of Nature's supplies. And when we affirm this, we mean exactly that it does not impoverish the country in regard to any given article of commerce which may be under consideration; that is to say, if it be wheat, exportation does not deplete the country of that article—"the staff of life,"—but rather it will increase the supplies, both of Nature and of the agricultural resources by the farmer's cultivation of the land. Take the "seven years of plenty," which we may for example suppose to have begun with no exportation, in a country where there is plenty of land waiting for cultivation, as there is all over Utah, and, letting exportation commence the second year, continuing to the seventh, with a ready and sufficient money producing market, and the result would most likely be a double quantity of wheat raised on the seventh year. This being the natural result, it scarcely need

be said that there would be also, not only a plentiful increase of money in the country, but a corresponding increase of everything else.

The garnering up of wheat, and the stoppage of exportation, is only consistent and justifiable as applied to the "seven years of famine." Instead of its being sinful and a sign of ingratitude to the Giver of good—that is to say, in this case, to the Giver of wheat—to disburse the supplies of Nature through the legitimate channels of commerce and exchange, it is rather sinful and ungrateful to Him to hoard up wheat in times of plenty, unless a period of famine was unmistakably before the country at a near season, or the condition of the country—for instance in the early days of its settlement—should demand that for the time being, before the law of commerce and exportation should prevail, wheat should be kept at home to feed the consumers at home. Instead of this hoarding system proving trust in Providence, it proves distrust in the beneficent Giver, and great stupidity in the social and commercial policy.

Our community generally, and the agricultural portion of it in particular, have been very familiar with the counsel of the leaders to store up wheat for times of scarcity; but they have not seemed to have properly appreciated the essential wisdom of the counsel, nor to have discriminatingly applied the counsel to the times thereof. That counsel was given by Presidents Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball in the early days of the settlement of this Territory, when famine really was staring the people in the face from the cause of crickets, and before the land was so largely under a surplus cultivation. Moreover, it was during a period when the community passed through two very general famines, in which those two great leaders bountifully shared their own family supplies among the destitute portion of the community. What more reasonable than that such counsel should be given at such a time, and as the Mormons were so much like an Israel in Egypt, how natural that the seven years of plenty and the seven years of famine, of Joseph the Patriarch's time, should have become a popular example to talk about to the congregation to discipline the people to prudence and frugality.

But the time came—say at the com-

pletion of the U. P. and C. P. railroads—when that counsel was no longer wisely in force; but rather Providence and a change of circumstances, put our Territory under the law of exportation. It then became both detrimental to the public good commercially, and interruptive of the prosperity and cultivation of the country, to forbid the exportation of Utah wheat and to insist upon its being hoarded up in large granaries until time of scarcity. It is evident that the money brought into the country during the “seven years of plenty” would be ample, for the importation of wheat by the railroad during a seven years of famine in Utah, and be comparatively easy, seeing that the monetary resources of the country would have been multiplied in a hundred ways. But the natural law is not seven years of famine. It is six of plenty and labor and one of rest for the land, or perhaps a periodical scarcity. This law gives us the natural Sabbath, or day of rest. The example of Egypt is the great exceptional case in the world's history. Neither is it the law for there to be a universal famine. Were Utah to be in want, America could plentifully supply her with bread.

Our merchants in the early days, spite of the counsel in question, exported our Utah wheat, and thereby our people were supplied with “State's goods.” And the time came, on the advent of the railroad, when the opportunity offered itself for an exportation of Utah wheat upon a large scale, and even to foreign markets.

Mr. S. W. Sears was the young enterprising man who made a mark in this direction some years ago. He not only saw the opportunity, but, with an admirable daring of a great commercial spirit, resolved to export shiploads of Utah wheat for the British market. So great was the interest created abroad among the wheat traders by this enterprise, and so decided his success, that Mr. Sears was dubbed in San Francisco and London the “Utah Wheat King.” Before presenting this gentleman biographically, we may come directly to this famous wheat transaction, which will in itself justify a review of this enterprising young man's life. The San Francisco *Journal of Commerce* of April 23rd, 1879, said under the head,

MORMON WHEAT.

“A representative of the *Journal of Commerce*, thinking that the matter of the wheat interests of the Territory of Utah would be one of general interest to our readers, called upon Mr. S. W. Sears, of Salt Lake, now staying in this city—a gentleman known as the ‘Utah Wheat King.’ Mr. Sears is a young man, younger in fact than would be expected by any one who only knew him by reputation, for his operations, in connection with the exports of the Mormon territory, have brought him a great deal of notoriety. On introducing himself and stating his business, Mr. Sears received the representative of the *Journal of Commerce* most politely, and, in answer to his queries, spoke as follows:

“‘Well, you newspaper men seem to be everywhere. I have met your kind in Chicago, St. Louis, New York and Boston, when I have visited those places on business. I was not aware we were of so much consequence in our Territory. The shipment of wheat from Utah to San Francisco commenced about six years ago, but our shipments, until the past few months, have been comparatively light, and our sales have been made here in 300 and 500 ton lots. But isolated as we are now, with heavy freights to pay, it occurred to me we should seek a direct market and avoid all unnecessary commissions as well as storage, insurance and other expenses contingent upon doing business in San Francisco alone. Knowing, after last season's crop was harvested, that we would have about 5,000 tons surplus, I commenced making arrangements for direct shipments to the European markets, and in December of last year furnished most of the cargo of the ship ‘Maulesden,’ but it was sold in this port to a prominent wheat shipping firm here. The cargo contained upwards of 1,500 tons of Utah wheat, shipped from Utah by himself. About one month ago, I chartered the ship ‘Ivy’ and loaded it entirely with Utah wheat, some 1,905 tons, and she has just completed her cargo at Oakland wharf and moved out into the stream. She goes to Cork to get her orders for final destination, which in all probability will not be determined for four months yet.’”

“‘Are you shipping this wheat as an individual, or merely as an agent for the grangers of Utah?’”

“‘It is entirely on my own account. I have purchased the wheat and expect to own the cargo until it arrives at its destination.’”

“‘What are your intentions as to future shipments?’”

“‘I regard this as only the commencement of a large enterprise that will yearly increase, as we have many thousand acres of land capable of producing an excellent quality of wheat, and our Territory is peopled with an industrious and frugal class, whose motto is—‘If they consume six bushels per head they must raise ten.’ With the natural growth of the Territory and the utilization of the myriad of mountain streams, I think our production will be very largely increased during the next five years, and were it not for the long distance from seaboard and the consequent heavy freights, Utah might take a front rank as a wheat growing district, but, of course, handicapped as we are, our productions will be limited to some extent. Unless science should open up some cheaper mode of transportation we must necessarily be content to rank with the middle class of shippers. We have shipped to your city and to Sacramento some of the finest potatoes produced in the world. For the quality of our Salt Lake potatoes I will let your San Francisco housewife be the judge. I have dealt largely in this article of produce, having shipped in the past five years over four-hundred car-loads.’”

“‘Does San Francisco derive any benefits from the Utah trade?’”

“‘Yes. We buy our Japan teas, coffee, rice, canned goods and many other articles, throwing the balance of trade largely in favor of San Francisco.’”

“‘What is the political situation at present in Utah?’”

“‘Now, you are getting outside of my business. I find I have all I can attend to without going into such matters. Ask me something easy. ‘How do you like our climate?’ or something of that kind, and I can answer.’”

“Mr. Sears has been for the past ten years largely interested in business in Utah, and is at the present time one of the leading business men of that young Territory. His reputation among bankers and business men of the coast stamp him as having well earned the reputation he bears. Great credit is due to him for

his enterprise, as it is of great benefit to the farmers of Utah. It brings them the hard coin for their labor and the highest price is obtained, as all commissions are thus saved to the farmer.”

Here is another clipping from the San Francisco papers :

UTAH WHEAT.

“It seems that the production of wheat in Utah is reaching such an extent that direct shipment via San Francisco is being carried on by Mr. S. W. Sears, who is known as the ‘Utah Wheat King.’ A reporter of the *Journal of Commerce* interviewed Mr. Sears when in this city, and learned from him that the shipment of wheat from Utah to San Francisco commenced about six years ago, but the shipments, until the past few months, were comparatively light, and sales have been made in San Francisco in 300 and 500 ton lots. But it occurred to Mr. Sears that they should seek a direct market and avoid all unnecessary commissions as well as storage, insurance and other expenses contingent upon doing business in San Francisco alone. Knowing, after last season’s crop was harvested, that Utah would have about 5,000 tons surplus, he commenced making arrangements for direct shipments to the European markets, and in December of last year furnished most of the cargo of the ship ‘Maulesden,’ but it was sold in this port to a prominent wheat shipping firm here. About one month ago, Mr. Sears chartered the ship ‘Ivy,’ and loaded it entirely with Utah wheat, some 1,905 tons, and she has just completed her cargo at Oakland wharf and moved out into the stream. She goes to Cork to get her orders for final destination.

“Mr. Sears regards this as only the commencement of a large enterprise that will yearly increase, as Utah has many thousand acres of land capable of producing an excellent quality of wheat. With the natural growth of the Territory and the utilization of the myriad of mountain streams, he thinks the production will be very largely increased during the next five years, and were it not for the long distance from seaboard and the consequent heavy freights, Utah might take a front rank as a wheat-growing district.

“This movement of Utah wheat is somewhat analagous to the Colorado

plans for reaching the English market, except that the Colorado growers intend to ship via Chicago and the Atlantic ports. When these projects are in mind one cannot help remarking the superior advantages of California growers, so near are they to deep water shipment."

Here is one from the London *Daily Telegraph*, the *Times* of the common people:

WHEAT FROM THE MORMONS.

"According to the *San Francisco Journal of Commerce*, the Mormons are beginning to ship wheat direct to this country. It seems that they had about 5,000 tons surplus last harvest, and Mr. Sears, the 'Utah Wheat King,' not satisfied with sending wheat as heretofore, for about six years, to San Francisco, has recently chartered the ship, 'Ivy,' to bring about 1,905 tons of wheat to Cork to await orders for final destination. He thinks that Utah might take 'front rank' as a wheat-growing district if it were not for the long distance to the seaboard."

As we wish in our Magazine, devoted to the history and commerce of Utah, to preserve the record of this famous transaction, we re-produce what our Salt Lake papers said on the return of Mr. Sears. This from the *Salt Lake Herald*:

"Mr. S. W. Sears, who returned home from San Francisco yesterday, chartered another ship for the transportation of Utah wheat to the European market, during his stay in the Bay city. The ship chartered is the 'Ivy,' carrying 1,905 tons, or 66,000 bushels. The shipments of the wheat commenced from Ogden, on Thursday, and are to be completed within thirty days. It is a matter of congratulation among the Utah farmers that a direct market has been obtained for the sale of their cereals, as it does away with the necessity of paying commission to shippers in San Francisco. It being the object of all far seeing business men of this Territory to obtain a direct market for the disposition of territorial products, this last enterprise is one that will be beneficial in its results to all, either directly or indirectly. Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution is supplying Mr. Sears with the wheat to load this vessel."

Here is what the *Deseret News* says:

"A large quantity of wheat is annual-

ly shipped away from this Territory. Until recently, the main profits of this export have been gained by the shippers. The farmer, of course, received the local market price for his grain, and the merchant sometimes made a small margin on handling it, while at other times he lost by the speculation, but the shippers reaped the greatest advantage. The opening of a direct market with San Francisco was a movement for the benefit of the producer, because a higher price for his grain could be offered than when it passed through the hands of several dealers.

"But the greatest step for the good of the farmer in connection with this business was the shipping of wheat direct to the European market. This has been accomplished by the indefatigable exertions of Brother S. W. Sears, who, acting for Z. C. M. I., has made the matter a specialty, and not content with obtaining in California a thorough knowledge of all the minutæ of the business, finally went to England and has made himself familiar with all the ins and outs of the trade, and is now thoroughly conversant with the best plans for exporting grain from this Territory to the ports of Great Britain, without any intervening sieves through which profits may fall to middlemen, brokers, and grain sharps. He is now on his way home after attending to the unloading of the 'Ivy,' containing the first shipload of Utah wheat exported direct. On the 8th inst. he wrote to T. G. Webber, Esq., secretary of Z. C. M. I., that he was at Hull, attending to the unloading of the 'Ivy,' where he had finished his investigations and had then learned 'all that is to be learned in connection with wheat shipping from Utah.' He found out many things which he could not have ascertained without being on the spot. He says:

"The cargo is turning out so far nicely, and the fears once entertained about its being heated were groundless, and millers here say it will stand a long voyage as well as any wheat which comes to this market; quite an important fact to establish if we continue shipping wheat. All whom I have spoken to about it say it is the most honestly loaded cargo they have seen for many months, the bottom of the ship being equal in quality to the top.

“‘There is quite an excitement in the wheat market, and prices are wild on account of the almost entire failure of the English crop, much of which is still in the fields, and the weather entirely unfavorable for getting it in even in the damaged state it is now in.’”

“The writer left Liverpool with the emigrating Saints, on the 18th inst., and will be home in a few days. We congratulate him on his success in the enterprise which he has undertaken.

“Now we are aware that some of our friends will think it strange that we should say anything in favor of sending wheat out of the country, when there are so many who have not breadstuff laid by for home consumption. We wish them to understand that we are not advocating the exportation of wheat. We advise no man to sell the grain that he needs for his own use, or should lay up for a time of scarcity. But we recognize the fact that grain is one of the commodities which form staple articles of trade in Utah as well as in other places. Wheat is sold in great bulk every year in this Territory. People find themselves in want of things which grain will purchase and they dispose of something they consider they can spare for other things which they urgently require. Thus a regular business is established on which large profits have been made by outside parties. And the grain trade goes on and will go on under present conditions.

“With these considerations, is it not far better that our grain should be shipped direct to the best market, wherever that may be, than be passed along through a succession of handlers, each of whom will receive a portion of the profits of the transaction? We think so, and therefore admire the energy, perseverance, and determination which Brother Sears has exhibited, in the change that has been brought about mainly by his efforts in this important branch of Utah's mercantile transactions.”

The same paper of November 17th, 1879, adds the following with testimonials:

DIRECT TRADE WITH EUROPE.

“A short time ago we made some allusion to the opening up of a direct trade, in grain, with European ports from this Territory, to master the details of which, Mr. S. W. Sears, of this city, took a trip to England. We related his success and

spoke of the safe arrival at Hull of the ship ‘Ivy,’ containing the first cargo of Utah wheat shipped direct to Europe without any handling by middlemen, or payment of percentage to brokers. Only one point in the transaction of this business was then in any doubt, that was, the holding out of the guaranteed quantity and quality of grain in the vessel. This doubt was entirely dissipated when the ship was unloaded, and the ‘Ivy’ was pronounced the most honestly loaded vessel that had entered that port for a long time.

“The following certificates from well known dealers establish this without opportunity of dispute :

“HULL, Oct. 13th, 1879.

Having had ample opportunity of seeing the cargo of Utah wheat (in process of discharge) per ‘Ivy,’ we are of opinion that the cargo is fairly and carefully loaded, and that the wheat is of superior quality and run more evenly all through than cargoes usually do shipped *via* San Francisco this season.

KEIGHLEY, MAXSTED & Co.

To S. W. Sears, Esq.

“PETERBORO’ & HULL,

Oct. 13th, 1879.

We the undersigned importers of wheat, etc, purchased the cargo of *Utah* wheat from Mr. S. W. Sears, per ship ‘Ivy,’ from San Francisco. She was discharged at Hull and turned out well, the wheat having been honestly and fairly loaded, and run uniformly good in all parts of the ship, and was fully up to the representation made to us by Mr. Sears before arrival. The wheat was well liked by those who purchased it from us, and all our transactions in connection with the shipment are very satisfactory.

pp. CHAS. ROBERTS & Co.

H. WRIGHT.

“We take pleasure in publishing these certificates, because a determined effort was made by grain shippers in San Francisco, who hated to see this business slip through their fingers into the hands of a Salt Lake man, to block the way of the sale of this cargo and ruin the new hand at the shipping business. The *Bulletin* of March 19th, maliciously declared that the wheat was smutty and unsaleable, and that the course was taken of shipping it to England because it could not find sale in the local markets.

"This opposition and misrepresentation failed, we are happy to say, but it is due to the energy, perseverance and undaunted courage of Mr. Sears that the obstacles in the way of this trade have been overcome, and he deserves credit for his success. And while we do not advise our Utah farmers to send their wheat out of the Territory, we recognize the fact that a large quantity *is* annually exported, and we would certainly prefer that our own shippers should handle it, and by direct trade with foreign ports save the margin usually gained by middlemen and brokers."

BIOGRAPHY OF S. W. SEARS.

THIS gentleman, who is the superintendent of the Z. C. M. I., of Ogden, was born at the village of Caldecot, Bedfordshire, March 8th, 1844. His father was a Methodist and a man of excellent standing in society. Soon after the birth of the subject of this sketch, the father came into the Mormon Church while the son was nearly drawn entirely outside the circle of Mormonism.

When he was a boy of about eight years of age, S. W. Sears went to work for a farmer, by the name of John Davis. After the youth had been with him about a year, Mr. Davis took him into his family as a companion to his two young sons and he also wanted to adopt him. The young Sears lived with this farmer for nearly four years, during which time Mr. Davis sought earnestly to wean him from the Mormon Church, offering to give him a first class education if he would leave the people who had "led his father into delusion." This was a tempting offer to the youth who had no advantages of education. His visits home became less frequent. This brings the narrative up to his fourteenth year of age when a circumstance occurred which changed the current of his life. On the 9th of August, 1858, the youth stole away from the farmer's house and went into the harvest field. While there he got on to a cart and the horse ran away and broke his leg. Mr. Davis' instructions were to have him conveyed to his own house, but young Sears protested, wanting to be carried to his father's house. Here, during his sickness, he was again thrown under the Mormon influence, his father being a Branch President. He was sick

for a long time, but Mr. Davis visited him and exacted a promise that he would return to his house on recovery. Thus was there a conflict of influences to gain control of the youth; meantime Mr. Davis died and the influence of the father triumphed.

As soon as young Sears had recovered sufficiently to do so, he was baptized into the Church by his father. After this he soon became an active worker in the the branch with which he was connected, and also throughout the Conference.

In the winter of 1860, he was called, by apostle George Q. Cannon, to devote all his time to the ministry; and so, at the age of sixteen, he became a Travelling Elder. He spent nearly six years in the ministry. He traveled in the Norwich, Bedford and London Conferences. In the winter of 1863, at the General Council held at Birmingham, he was called to preside over the Liverpool Conference. George Q. Cannon on the occasion said he had elderly men, but he was going to appoint the youngest man who had ever presided over a Conference. This was not only a great honor, but a very noteworthy case in Mormon history, seeing that nearly all the native Elders of the British Mission, who had made a representative mark, presided over Conferences at about from the age of twenty to thirty. Besides, next to Preston and Manchester, Liverpool was the oldest Conference in the British Mission, over which generally only middle aged men had presided, Apostle John Taylor being the first President of that Conference; and, to so style it, in this diocese lived the President of the British Mission and the "brethren of the Office," over whom this young President was to hold local spiritual jurisdiction. Liverpool always was a hard Conference, and the authority there had all the quality of the "blue blood" caste. In our time, being one of the "brethren of the office," we have seen quite amusing examples of this on the periodical visits of the Teachers, when Apostle Orson Pratt or Franklin Richards would be called to order and catechised as to his standing in the Church, and enquiries made if he held family prayers night and morning. Over this Conference, in whose veins the blue blood ran from the Elder to the Deacon, and some of whose members were in the Liverpool Branch years before Mr. Sears was born, he was now

called to *préside*. One of the special objects for which he was appointed was to get the Conference out of debt, a task, indeed, as all the old "brethren of the office" can testify; but the choice proved that apostle Cannon's instinctive judgment had selected a real financier and business manager.

Mr. Sears remained in this position until April, '66, when he was released by Brigham Young, Jun., to come home. He sailed in the "John Bright," a vessel belonging to the Tapscott line, which had carried companies of the Saints for over twenty years. He arrived in Salt Lake Sept. 13th. It was a year of the worst of our Indian difficulties; and their train, under Captain Chipman, was attacked by the Indians who ran off 300 head of their cattle. Mr. Sears, a little before, had dreamed of this attack, and he told it at service when the camp was called for prayers, he being chaplain; but no one took particular notice of the dream till the horses were stolen, and then, as usual after fulfillment of a warning, all believed in the dream. They recovered enough of their horses to move half of the train at a time and to get out of the Indian country.

After his arrival, Mr. Sears reported to Bishop Layton, at Kaysville, who knew him when a boy. The bishop said he could use him and would like to, but would not be selfish. His advice was for him to go back to Salt Lake City and there he would find his proper sphere. This Sears did, and became a warehouse man for Godbe & Mitchell, who, at the time, were largely purchasing in the States for the people of the whole Territory. This was his first employ.

Whitmore & Wilson were the freighters for Godbe & Mitchell, this year; and, at the Missouri River, they had agreed to receive flour at six dollars per hundred to export to Montana that fall. Their train, however, arrived in Salt Lake much later than they expected; so they abandoned the idea of exporting that season, but they were under contract to receive the flour at any point that Godbe & Mitchell might wish to deliver it, between Salt Lake and Franklin. Godbe & Mitchell sent Sears north with Whitmore, to turn over the flour, which was to be gathered up from those who were owing to them. Having passed through all the settlements up to Brig-

ham City, including Ogden, and not having received one-tenth of the flour, Sears feared his trip would be a failure. He was fully aware of the anxiety of his principals, but he had no quick means of communication with them. It was now November. On Whitmore's expressing an indisposition, while at Brigham City, to go through Cache Valley personally, and his proposing to Sears to act as his agent as well as for his employers, our man boldly seized the chance for an experiment. The proposition was to store the flour in Cache Valley till the 1st of April, Whitmore offering to give the people five cents per sack per month for storage. Whitmore then went on to Montana to sell his flour for the spring, while Sears went into Cache Valley and took from the people warehouse receipts for the flour due which the people, on a demand so soon after harvest, were not prepared to pay. He returned and reported to Godbe & Mitchell, who were at first fearful lest the people might not be able to meet payment in the spring; but when the time came Sears returned, accompanied by Whitmore, to Cache Valley, when all the receipts were honored. This bold bit of commercial manœuvering saved Godbe & Mitchell from paying the gold, which they would have been obliged to do on the failure of flour, and which Whitmore would have demanded, instead of exporting into Montana, had he not considered the transaction arranged to meet his own needs in consequence of the late arrival of his trains.

Mr. Sears next took charge of the books of Woodmansee Brothers, which he kept for two years. In the fall of 1868, he joined a co-partnership with John Needham and William H. Shearman, under the firm name of John Needham & Co.; but in the following spring co-op. began and Brigham counseled them not to open their goods. They stored them in the Ransohoff building. In the following June, co-op. bought the goods and sent them to Ogden to open the Ogden branch of the institution, in connection with other purchases, and gave Sears the management of the machinery and commission business of the Co op. in Salt Lake City, which position he occupied until the spring of 1871, when the Studebaker Brothers Manufacturing Co., of South Bend, Indiana, furnished him

capital and backing to start a wagon and machinery business on his own account. By hard work he built up a large business in this line, selling in one year for Studebaker alone over 900 wagons. In 1873, Mr. John Clark being called on a mission to Europe, the Co-op. engaged Mr. Sears to take his place as manager of the grocery and hardware department, which place he occupied for a year; and when Captain Hooper went in as superintendent, and decided to lop off all their retail establishments, Mr. Sears bought out the produce department and commenced actively in the grain business, originating operations that worked a new era in the grain trade of Utah. He commenced at once to look for an export trade for Utah's supplies, starting with small shipments; finally he opened up a direct trade with Europe, loading whole ships with Utah produce, as shown in our article on the wheat trade. But before engaging largely in the enterprise, in 1876, he went to San Francisco and made contracts to freight to that city one hundred and fifty cars of potatoes; thus he opened a new trade for this product, by inducing the railroad company to give him such freight rates as permitted him to pay the farmers of Utah a good price for an article, which, but for some enterprising man to handle it, would have been wasted, as the crop this year was very excessive. Having accomplished this successfully, Mr. Sears made up his mind that he had the power also within his reach to open up the wheat export trade, and though content for a time with dealing with San Francisco shippers, he always believed that Utah should do her own business direct with Europe. The only difficulty in the way seemed to be the possibility of getting together at any one time, and transporting to the seaboard, a sufficient quantity of wheat to load a ship, without becoming a purchaser in the San Francisco market; but the crop of 1878 being a large one gave him his opportunity, which was not allowed to pass unimproved. Having bought of the Co-op. and others some 60,000 bushels of wheat, he commenced negotiations for a ship, and finally succeeded in getting one; but, through the interference of some interested parties, he was prevented from carrying out his plans; for though he loaded the vessel, he was un-

able to keep control of her and to ship her cargo to Europe as Utah wheat. From pressure of these circumstances, he had to sell the cargo in San Francisco; yet, though his success was only partial, it was the stepping-stone to final success; it was an experiment that could be quickly turned to account. Two months later, Mr. Sears purchased in Utah some 80,000 bushels of wheat, chartered the ship 'Ivy,' loaded her, sent her to England and opened up the trade direct, thus accomplishing his long cherished hopes.

At the present time Mr. Sears is out of the wheat trade, being the superintendent of the Ogden branch of Z. C. M. I.; but he still cherishes his great and daring project of establishing a permanent trade with Europe, making Utah in time a first rate wheat exporting State. Should he succeed in this, and we are of an opinion that he will, Mr. Sears will win for himself quite an historical name. He is still a young man, only 37 years of age, possesses uncommon business talents and has a full share of commercial ambition. He is bound to make a strong mark in the commerce of our country, and to take rank among the foremost of Utah's Representative Men.

UTAH POLITICS OF THE FUTURE.

THERE can be no proposition sounder than the one affirming that in the prospective destiny of Utah as a State our politics must be reconstructed. It must be reconstructed not only as regards the machinery and methods of our local government, both municipal and Territorial, but also reconstructed or reformed at its very base.

According to this proposition, then, there must be a radical change and a fundamental political reform ere Utah can properly fulfil her destiny in the future. And this affirmation signifies not merely her destiny as a prospective sister in the Union of States, but also in her essential commonwealth at home; so that whether Utah be admitted to the Union as a State next year or a quarter of a century hence, the proposition is radically sound. Moreover, it is in force with us to-day. The law of its necessity is not afar off; it is very near to every one of us. It is uppermost in the minds of the sound headed men of all classes of Utah



Wm. L. ...



Wm. Linnings

society; scarcely less so with the Mormons than with the Gentiles; while with the sociological idealist and forecaster of events by the examples of history and the fixed laws of government, it is as the prophecy of that which is waiting at the door knocking for admittance.

The prophecy of the future of Utah even now is trumpet-tongued,—“There must speedily come a change in our political status and political *regime*!”

It is near to us at the present time and imperative in its speech, whether that speech be silent in the mind of the conservative Mormon observer of events, or loudly outspoken by the radical Gentile, from very potential reasons, some of which shall be considered in our review.

Whatever may have been the case twelve or fifteen years ago concerning the Gentiles who came to Utah who were in those days stigmatized as adventurers and carpet-beggars, it is justly evident that to-day we must consider them not as citizens of the States of New York, Massachusetts, or Kentucky, but as legitimate citizens of Utah and members of *our* commonwealth. There are, for instance, Gentiles in Utah to-day, once Federal officers of our Territory, who date their connection with us twelve or fifteen years back. Even Judge McKean, notwithstanding he was officially decapitated, lived and died among us. The sacred dust of his bones will mingle with the dust of ours, and the marble monument to his memory will shortly be erected, not in his native State, but in Utah. Similar can be said of our great mining men who have come to unite themselves with the destiny of our Territory by the all-potent bonds of enterprise and wealth. Allen G. Campbell, or any other representative Gentile, is quite as legitimate a Delegate to represent Utah in Congress as George Q. Cannon; so he was considered by an influential part of our community—a part, too, which represents the largest monetary means of our country. This admission for Mr. Campbell says nothing for his claim on the seat of George Q. Cannon in Congress, who undoubtedly was the Delegate elected by the vote of the majority. With the political ethics of this case we have nothing to do, but simply with the political facts. And coming next to our Jew and Gentile merchants, who have given historical proof of social longevity in our commonwealth,

the view of a united destiny and a political fellowship looms up in the future of our Territory with a broad and lasting prospect. Finally, we may consider the Mormons,—and finally not because they are last in the consideration, but rather because they are first in the possession of this country, and the largest factor in its political partnership. Nothing is more certain than that they and their children have their destiny in Utah, and that outside of Utah they have no destiny.

The view seems very clear, then, that the present people of Utah of all classes must fairly be considered as legitimate citizens of Utah, partners in our political commonwealth, mutual factors in our home government and mutual disposers of our political problems. And as we pass along, without dwelling in a constructed argument, we may affirm, with much sociological authority nascent in the question, that those who would deprive either class, whether Mormon or Gentile, of this mutual factorship are enemies of our political commonwealth. This implies that, without regard to majorities or minorities, the whole people are factors in the government, mutual disposers of the political problems of Utah, and the whole people, and nothing less than the whole people, the proper constructors of the political economy of the future; for it would be sheer trifling to say that such a political economy is in existence to-day. There are no sleeping, non-active partners in republican politics, any more than there is in a solid business partnership. The people of England, in grand constitutional revolutions, taught the whole race of the Stuarts this lesson, and at length made the Commons—the minority in the estates of the realm—more potent than the other two—the king and the hereditary House of Lords combined. In her turn America has taught the lesson to all nations, that there is no sleeping or non-active partnership in a republican government. Neither is there a minority or a majority in essential republican politics. Those sectional marks are the creations of party politics. There come times when those sectional marks are wiped out, and a national fellowship and communion is active and as genuine and sanctified as a sacrament among members of a church. Thus it was at the birth of this Republican Nation, notwithstanding that there had been political

majorities and minorities in the colonial government ; and we are approaching the time in Utah when it must be the same in the reconstruction of her political economy. Mormon and Gentile as equal citizens, and each, as individuals, equal partners in our commonwealth must righteously join in communion for the disposal of our political problems. In that day woe be to him who shall dare to talk about disfranchising a Mormon, and woe be to him who may say, "the Gentile shall remain forever practically disfranchised, possessing but the mockery of his political rights ; he may vote but his vote shall have no weight ; he is a partner, but he shall be a sleeping one ; he is a factor in theory, but we will not allow him to be so in reality ; he is the minority ; and shall, therefore, never be a sharer in the government of our cities and State." The majority, in its arrogance, may think there is no outcome for the minority from this condition of political nothingness and vassalage ; while the Radicals are blind, or with their eyes turned opposite from the only way of outcome. The majority is mistaken. There is the way already made wide open ; it is straight before us, and what is as nearly certain, Utah is about to enter it.

But, before considering the methods and the way, let us a moment consider some of the imperative reasons which demand a speedy reconstruction of our political status and economy.

Briefly ; those whom we may consider as the first factors in our politics for the next quarter of a century are those secular men who represent the commerce, enterprise, wealth and progressive impulses of our country, both Mormon and Gentile, including a similar representative class who have been Mormons and are still essentially identified with this Mormon community in all their vital interests. We will say that they are from forty to sixty years of age. There is a quarter of a century of the future in which they, by the manifest destiny of nature, must be the chief factors of the political affairs of Utah, whether as a Territory or a State. Next are to be considered their children and their children's children perhaps for many generations. What, therefore, is more reasonable than that they should earnestly and righteously desire to reconstruct our political affairs for the best good of the whole people ? What more

reasonable than that they should wish to construct a state of things upon which all can meet upon a common base as citizens, equal factors in the State ? The questions have the imperative voice of our common destiny demanding a just answer for our future.

In this view we are brought directly to the necessity of the division of the relations which have hitherto existed between the Church and the State in Utah. The State has been the too obedient bond-servant and the Church too supreme a mistress. The Church has dominated in all things, not merely over the temporal and spiritual affairs of her own disciples, with which we, as citizens, have nothing to do, but also politically over the whole commonwealth of the State, with which, as citizens, we have much to do. This condition which has existed, but which must be reformed, is un-republican, anti-American and un-English. It has been un-English for over three centuries clearly, and the largest portion of the Mormon community are English. It will be most false and most disingenuous for any one to deny that the Church hitherto has dominated over all our politics in Utah. In the future this cannot be. Sooner or later it must end. Church and State must be divided. There is no reconciliation and political fellowship short of this. The Church must retire into her own sacred and exalted sphere of a true spiritual apostleship. As for the people at large of all classes, they need a common platform upon which they can meet as citizens. That platform is properly of the State, not of the Church. We are a mixed society to-day. As disciples there is no community of destiny between us ; as citizens there is. Clearly the future of Utah is a political one ; and, therefore, must there be a reconstruction in our political commonwealth.

To some this may seem at first sight to foreshadow a revolution. Not so. One half of the entire people of Utah are already agreed upon this matter. There needs but a frank and conscientious expression of their views one with the other, and next an equally frank and conscientious action one towards the other. Let us all be once satisfied of good faith being intended and kept, and the reconstruction will be the natural result from our mutual necessities. It is

paying to all concerned but a poor compliment to their judgment and aims to imagine that representative men, who look out upon a twenty-five years of life in Utah desire to see their future insecure and politically unsatisfactory.

What then shall be said of the past? Has the whole governmental regime of Utah up to this moment been radically wrong, inapplicable to this community, subversive of the rights of the people and repugnant to the genius of the American institution? Not so. Such a putting of the case would be most unfair and would nothing help towards an adjustment for the future. For a moment we will go back to the very heart of that past and let Captain Stansbury speak. He is one of the soundest writers who has ever touched the Utah question. His subject is the appointment of Brigham, as Governor of the Territory, and his words will illustrate the whole situation of Utah and her people for a period of nearly two decades. He thus comments:

"Upon the action of the Executive in the appointment of the officers within the newly created Territory, it does not become me to offer other than a very diffident opinion. Yet the opportunities of information to which allusion has already been made, may perhaps justify me in presenting the result of my own observations upon the subject. With all due deference, then, I feel constrained to say, that in my opinion the appointment of the President of the Mormon Church and the head of the Mormon community, in preference to any other person, to the high office of Governor of the Territory, independent of its political bearings, with which I have nothing to do, was a measure dictated alike by justice and by sound policy. Intimately connected with them from their exodus from Illinois, this man has been indeed their Moses, leading them through the wilderness to a remote and unknown land, where they have since set up their tabernacle, and where they are now building their temple. Resolute in danger, firm and sagacious in council, prompt and energetic in emergency, and enthusiastically devoted to the honor of his people, he had won their unlimited confidence, esteem and veneration, and held an unrivaled place in their hearts. Upon the establishment of the provisional government, he had been unanimously chosen as their highest civil magistrate,

and even before his appointment by the President, he combined in his own person the triple character of confidential adviser, temporal ruler, and prophet of God. Intimately acquainted with their character, capacities, wants and weaknesses; identified now with their prosperity, as he had formerly shared to the full in their adversities and sorrows, honored, trusted,—the whole wealth of the community placed in his hands, for the advancement both of the spiritual and temporal interest of the infant settlement, he was, surely, of all others, the man best fitted to preside, under the auspices of the general government, over a colony of which he may justly be said to have been the founder. No other man could have so entirely secured the confidence of the people; and the selection by the Executive of the man of their choice, besides being highly gratifying to them, is recognized as an assurance that they shall hereafter receive at the hands of the general government that justice and consideration to which they are entitled. Their confident hope now is that, no longer fugitives and outlaws, but dwelling beneath the broad shadow of the national ægis, they will be subject no more to the violence and outrage which drove them to seek a secure habitation in this far distant wilderness."

The foregoing is a fine exposition, scarcely requiring any comment to fit it to the needs of our argument. The regime of the past, then, we may allow to be a right one and Brigham Young a proper governor of the Territory, not so much because he was the President of the Mormon Church as that he was the founder of an American colony.

But the point of the present issue is, that which was very proper thirty years ago would be altogether inapplicable and inharmonious to-day. With our present mixed society, such a close union of Church and State, with the President of the Mormon Church also Governor of Utah, would quickly produce a most disastrous and bloody revolution. Our canyons, instead of being filled with peaceful miners, would suddenly swarm with armed and vengeful "regenerators." We care not to discuss which side would win the day, but clearly the bright prospects of Utah would be overshadowed with a cloud of blood, and it seems certain, were such the outcome, Mormon

Utah would be trodden under foot by a hundred thousand armed volunteers from all parts of America. President Fillmore appointed Brigham Young because, as the founder of the colony, he was the proper man for the times; but no President of the United States would to-day appoint John Taylor as Governor of Utah, nor out of the fifty millions of people of the United States would a thousand, outside the Mormon Church, endorse such an appointment. Indeed, it is the fear that the Mormons would choose their Church President as Governor of the State, and construct their whole State government to match therewith, that has kept Utah so long out of the Union.

Justifying, then, the early regime of Mormon Utah, and passing by the irritating controversial periods since in which there has been found no reconciliation, political or social, we will come to the present, when we have to deal with *American Utah*. We thus style it, neither calling it now Mormon Utah nor Gentile Utah, that all her people, without regard to faith or parties, may be given their proper national unity. We have to deal with the setting up of a political commonwealth for the future, in which the whole of our people will be harmonized, at least as much so as in any other State of the Union. Evidently our State divisions must be purely political divisions. There must not be continued a Mormon and an anti Mormon side to represent our politics of the future. The subject thus far exposed by the examples and argument, we may next consider the methods and means for our political harmonization.

We have suggested that in setting up the State of Utah there should be something like the example shown as that of the setting up the American Republic. It is needful that the foremost men of Utah, representatives of all classes, should meet in convention or committee and begin the great political work in good faith for the service of the whole people and lasting peace and interest of our Territory. We will begin, say with the local government of Salt Lake City, and take the next election in February, 1882, as the basis of our political opportunities.

Early in the coming year a few prominent men such as Hon. W. H. Hooper, Henry W. Lawrence, Feramorz Little, R. N. Biskin C. W. Bennett, Thomas Mar-

shall, Eli B. Kelsey and others of the same class, united in the work from both sides, may very consistently put out a circular calling a mixed political mass meeting to be held, say in the Salt Lake Theatre, it being next to the Tabernacle the largest place in the city. Let this mixed mass meeting of the *people* choose a committee from both sides to nominate for Mayor and city council to be confirmed by the vote of the people at the polls or rejected. If the managers of the old party choose to run an opposition ticket, it is their unquestioned privilege; the contest could but show the real political will of the people.

The Mayor being the chief personage of the ticket, we may next, according to sound political economy, consider the most available man for success; and for this we will take several of our political examples of the past.

In the year 1870, there was just such a coalescing of parties as this suggested. Henry W. Lawrence was the man nominated as candidate for mayor. At that election, the new party polled between three and four hundred votes. It was the first political contest in Utah. Several years afterwards, in 1872, the same party nominated Hon. William Jennings for mayor. This was done without his active agency, either in the nomination or the contest. It was done upon the consideration that he was the most available citizen upon which all parties could unite for success. At noon on the day of the election, it was said that Mr. Jennings was at the head of the polls, and the old party from that hour had all it could do to rally forces to beat him. It was then that it was discovered by the united party that for the first time it had a sound political programme. The result was that the polls closed with over 1,300 votes cast for Jennings. That day there was tested a great political problem for our future. Jennings was found to be the most available citizen upon which all parties could reconcile.

We presume, then, to offer in our Magazine by way of a political suggestion, the name of Hon. William Jennings to repeat the experiment at the forthcoming election. And now we will further presume to offer some considerations of the fitness of the means to the end.

In the first place we need a citizen of wealth and marked character to represent

as mayor of a city of such local importance and almost world-wide fame as Salt Lake City. There are not a dozen such men to be found in our city who may be considered proper men for the office from a purely secular standpoint. They are, say, William Jennings, Henry W. Lawrence, J. R. Walker, William S. Godbe, Feramor Little, Horace S. Eldredge, John Sharp and Mr. Fred Auerbach. We are reserving for the State problem such men as Hon. Wm. H. Hooper Hon. Geo. Q. Cannon, and some fitting men of their class for Representatives whom the Gentiles may choose to coalesce upon, also a number of other names which might be suggested as eligible for a State Legislature. But the point of organic action now is for a successful issue in the forthcoming election, Feb., 1882, the force and policy of the action centering in a proper nomination for mayor of Salt Lake City upon a purely political platform.

There are very many reasons why such men of wealth and marked society-character should be chosen to coalesce upon in the onset of our political solutions for the future. The chief reason may be thus stated: The eyes of the whole United States would soon be attracted to the attempt of the foremost men of Utah to solve the Utah problem at home upon a purely political base, and the fact that it was an earnest conscientious union of the representatives from all sides—of strong society men who have hitherto been in antagonism—would make our home action one of the most interesting political problems in process of solution to be found in all America. We need, therefore, such men as William Jennings, J. R. Walker, and Henry W. Lawrence to coalesce upon; for either one of these would be esteemed, not merely at home but throughout America, as a proper man through which to test our political experiment. If we once solve our Utah problem upon a purely political base in our local affairs, then shall we be in an advantageous situation to repeat the experiment in the great State question which would quickly rise with a most promising aspect.

The next consideration is that of a political guarantee to be given to America relative to the admission of Utah to the Union. Let thirty or more of such men as Hon. Wm. Hooper, J. R. Walk-

er, Wm. Jennings, H. W. Lawrence and W. S. Godbe become the guarantees to the nation, and Congress would readily accept them as political hostages for Utah's future as a State. A genuine and sufficient example would be given in the election of a mayor and city council upon this pure political union of parties in our home affairs. This much considered of the question in its broader sweep, we return close to the action of our forthcoming election.

Mr. Jennings again comes uppermost as the best available candidate for the mayorship. Taking the example of the past, already referred to, we may reasonably conclude that Mr. Jennings would command a large share of the votes of those electors who have been styled the "People's Party"—a party by the way which had no such a naming until that capital historical contest to elect William Jennings mayor of Salt Lake City. On the other side he would command a solid vote, to give success to the new political party, formed with conscientious purpose for the adjustment of our local affairs and preparation for our State future. Feramor Little undoubtedly would be an acceptable man, but he has already served two terms, and the American judgment has most unmistakably rejected the third term election as tending to Caesarism, and it may be granted that what is true in our national politics is true in our individual State politics. Moreover, Wm. Jennings is the man upon whom the union was made from both sides on the former occasion, when he carried more votes of the Mormon people than he did even from the outside. This was not the case in the contest for Henry W. Lawrence, when the coalescing was outside the Mormon party. Those who voted for Mr. Jennings then, owe it now to themselves to repeat their political action with the same candidate, he being still the most available man. We need success, and Jennings in the whole history of his life is a successful man. There is such a thing as manifest destiny. The Rothschilds have believed in luck, and the Napoleons in their fortune and manifest destiny. Good or evil, Brigham Young possessed the same charm. And so now for the solution of this great political problem of Utah, we want manifest destiny and success. An earnest united will

and action from all sides centered on William Jennings would invoke the one and give the other; and this result would form not only a new era in our Utah politics, but also be the beginning of a new chapter in our Utah history.

A word may next be said touching the political policy of alternation. Jennings clearly comes from the Mormon side. That should be frankly confessed, but this is the citizen's question and has nothing to do with religious sections. The conscientious forming of the party would, continued in the political action of coming years, alternate the men; while some of our ex-mayors, such as J. R. Walker, William Jennings or William S. Godbe would almost as certainly in the natural order of events become candidates for the governorship of the State; and Hooper, Cannon and some Gentile would be sent to Congress as senators and representative. Vary the names if any so please; the example will substantially hold good.

Returning again to the vital question of the necessity of the division of Church and State, several startling affirmations might be made. For instance, it has in former times often been said that Hon. William H. Hooper was sent to Congress by "Brigham Young and the Mormon Tabernacle." Let it be conceded, for these two factors of the past—Brigham and the Mormon people—once represented Utah in her entirety. But the time came, and came too just when those two factors were no longer the entirety, and then William H. Hooper was no longer their Delegate to Congress. Very consistently the apostles chose the most fitting man of their own quorum—George Q. Cannon—the greatest man next to Brigham who has risen in the Mormon Church. William H. Hooper was not superseded because he had not faithfully and potently represented the whole people of Utah, but rather because there had come an issue with polygamy and the union of Church and State on the one side; the American will on the other. George Q. Cannon represented the Church; William H. Hooper represented America! Those are the plain facts. To-day William H. Hooper could not consistently take even a senatorship from the Church, nor exclusively from the Mormon people. If he is ever senator, it will be by the *united vote of*

the whole people of Utah, which will give one of the most famous examples in the history of the United States.

Of the Hon. William Jennings it may be said he was never nominated as mayor by the Tabernacle, but he *was* nominated as mayor by a union of parties outside the Tabernacle, and that too loudly by the voice of many of the Mormon people. He could not consistently, therefore, take even a governorship as the sole gift of the Church. His political destiny is fairly with the people purely in their character as American citizens. It is, moreover, doubtful if Feramorz Little would, in the future, accept the mayorship by the voice of the Twelve Apostles, notwithstanding the nomination would be covered by the popular vote.

Finally, it may be affirmed, by the prescience of natural events, that there is right before us the solution of some of the most unique political problems that America has ever produced, which if we solve well will make Utah famous in all the world in a most acceptable sense. The coming election with William Jennings as mayor will give to Utah a crowning opportunity from all the past, and open to her a splendid destiny for the future.

THE SALT LAKE HERALD.

UNDOUBTEDLY the *Salt Lake Herald* has been the best and most potent representative of the secular press that has risen from the Mormon people. It has fulfilled quite a mission in Utah journalism, and done more service to the Territory than many dream of. In the first place, it has stood as an independent newspaper from the Mormon side over which the Church held no control and exercised over it no censorship; and, in consequence of this independent character, it has been of great service to the Mormon people themselves.

Evidently the possession of a purely ecclesiastical newspaper—the *Deseret News* alone—not only left the Mormon community open to misrepresentation, but left them without sufficient representation in a proper sense. They needed the *Deseret News* as a Church paper, but they also needed an independent secular paper, which, while it did not antagonize them, still sought to represent the whole people of Utah, both Mormon

and Gentile. The *Daily Telegraph* was started to accomplish this object, but it was only partially successful. It went under after having prepared the way for a thoroughly independent newspaper from the Mormon side. It was a *subject*, and, therefore, it failed, but the *Herald* has never been a subject and it has succeeded. A journal as a vassal of any power, either ecclesiastical or political, is very impotent in itself. On the other hand, that party is even the greater who can boast of the possession of a strongly-marked journalistic organ of its principles.

It will be remembered that, at the onset, the *Salt Lake Herald* was dubbed a Church paper by some from the outside. But this was unfair. Even then it was the most independent newspaper in Utah. It did in fact fulfill the very mission for which the *Tribune* was started by Godbe, Harrison and others. This we, the old editors of the *Tribune*, were forced to confess. While our paper was under the dictation of a board of directors and we in vassalage, the *Salt Lake Herald* was free. Like the *Telegraph*, we went under in consequence, and the *Tribune* was only a success when its new editors and managers threw off the vassalage under that directorship. The *Herald* even had a Gentile principal editor and a Gentile local and many Gentile writers at an early day. The character chosen for it was that of a purely Democratic paper, so that in time it became neither a Mormon organ nor a Gentile organ, but a legitimate newspaper. The combination of its editors and managers was excellent; and John T. Caine, Edward L. Sloan and William C. Dunbar won for the *Herald* journalistic independence without going out of the Mormon Church. It is doubtful if any other combination in Utah could have done as much. John T. Caine was not the man to be under vassalage, while his fidelity to the community never has been doubtful; hence the success of the *Herald*, for with Edward Sloan, who was one of the best journalists in America, that paper was recognized as a power from the first.

The *Daily Herald* was issued on June 5th, 1870. Its size was four pages, 14x20, in five columns. E. L. Sloan may editorially be considered the founder; Mr. William C. Dunbar was its business man-

ager, and in this respect he was a joint founder, both of these gentlemen going into the enterprise together. The times were propitious for its start, for the *Salt Lake Daily Telegraph* had just been discontinued, leaving a field open for a new paper. During the latter part of its career, Sloan was the editor and Dunbar the business manager of the *Telegraph*. Notwithstanding the *Telegraph* had been moved to Ogden by counsel, these gentlemen sagaciously saw that a secular newspaper, conservative of the Mormon citizen's rights as well as supportive of the just claims of the Gentile, who had now become an influential factor in our mixed society, was needed most in Salt Lake City. This was the basic idea of Edward Sloan as a journalist. But there was also another view that made this paper a necessity. The *Tribune* had started and it was, it must be confessed, an anti-Church paper. The *Herald* had, therefore, the chance of a more purely journalistic mission before it, and those who six months before might have discountenanced its starting, saw the then present need of the times and the surroundings; thus the *Herald* started with a decidedly winning advantage.

Fortunately, for the success of the enterprise, Mr. John T. Caine entered into the concern, Sept. 1st, 1870, as managing editor, Dunbar and Sloan retaining their former positions. This brought to the paper absolute independence; for such was Mr. Caine's character and self-reliance that President Young himself would not have presumed to have exercised a censorship over a paper under John T. Caine's control; at the same time the President had full confidence that the management would be wise and proper. Brigham not only nearly always showed a sound judgment but often exquisitely good taste as a diplomatist. He had exercised a censorship over Stenhouse, but Caine was a different man, whose self-respect is a supreme trait in his character; and we believe we are strictly correct in saying that the Church never for a moment has held a censorship over the *Salt Lake Herald*. But to return to the history of the paper.

On September 2nd, 1870, the Semi-Weekly *Herald* was issued; October 2nd, 1870, the Daily was enlarged to seven columns; March 11th, 1871, it was again enlarged to eight columns; and on Sep-

tember 26th, 1871, it was enlarged to nine columns, being then just twice the size of the first issue. On March 4th, 1880, the Weekly was issued.

In 1874, in the month of July, the *Herald* Printing and Publishing Co. was incorporated, and the shares distributed somewhat, though the three original proprietors still retained a large portion of the stock. John T. Caine has been president of the company from the first, and up to 1876, when he was elected City Recorder, was actively connected with the management of the paper.

The editors have been, first,—Edward L. Sloan. In 1874, in the month of August, death took from the paper this man of rare journalistic genius who had founded it. He was succeeded by Mr. E. N. Fuller, the brother of the Hon. Frank Fuller; who was principal editor from August, 1874, to November, 1877. During 1871, Mr. Fuller had assisted Mr. Sloan. During a portion of '72 and '73, W. H. Harrington was news and telegraphic editor. Byron Groo was the first local editor on the paper, commencing with the beginning of 1873; and, on the departure of Mr. Fuller for the east, Mr. Groo took the place of managing editor, which he still occupies. He is the son of Isaac Groo, a well known representative citizen who for years served in our City Council. The editor was born in Sullivan County, New York, and came with his parents to Utah in 1854. He was trained in journalism under Sloan who took a great interest in him, for which the present editor reverences the memory of the founder of the paper. Mr. Groo possesses many good points, both as an American citizen and a journalist. He is decidedly of the secular cast, and is a staunch Democrat in his political principles. After he left the local department, Mr. John Evans became local reporter for awhile, in which position the latter was succeeded by Mr. Robert W. Sloan, son of the first editor.

The more prominent of the contributors and correspondents have been H. W. Campbell, mining correspondent; Standish Rood, mining; Wells Spicer, mining; R. R. Hawkins, mining; James A. McKnight, foreign correspondent; Joseph E. Johnson, St. George, news correspondent; Hadley D. Johnson, general contributor and correspondent; O. F. Whitney, Rev. H. H. Prond, John

Jaques and Joseph G. Romney, essayists and general writers, and ex-Gov. Fuller, editorial and local contributor.

We give this list to show that the *Herald* has from the first aimed to establish a cosmopolitan staff.

BIOGRAPHY OF E. L. SLOAN.

Edward Lennox Sloan was born at Conlig, County Down, Ireland, Nov. 9th, 1830. In his youth he was a weaver by trade and at his loom he laid the foundation of his education which afterwards qualified him for his profession. He left school when he was 12 years of age; but an old minister taking an interest in him on account of his native intellect taught him Latin and familiarized him with the classics generally. He studied Latin while working at the loom; and when he was quite young he published a little volume of poems and obtained some local celebrity. When eighteen years of age he became connected with the Mormon Church. He was ordained an Elder and sent out as a missionary to preach. He first labored in Ireland, following, however, a branch of business, traveling for the manufacturer, but it was his little book of poems that brought him into the literary profession.

He had sent his book of poems to the *Millennial Star* office. His book met the eye of E. W. Tullidge, assistant editor of the *Millennial Star*; and several years later, when the editorial department came under his charge, Tullidge wrote to Sloan, first of all in the mission, urging him to write for the *Star*, predicting for him future fame in the profession. Immediately Edward Sloan sat down to his article; it was his first prose effort. The article was entitled, "The Destiny of Nations," and was quite a brilliant essay. The editor published it at once and urged him to write again; and then followed from his pen some of the best literary papers that ever appeared in the *Millennial Star*. This brought him into prominence and gave him first the presidency of the Nottingham Conference; he afterwards presided over the Sheffield and Liverpool Conferences, being recommended by Thomas Williams who had conceived a friendship for him on the latter's visit to Ireland. On the emigration of Tullidge, Sloan went into the *Millennial Star* office assistant editor to Apostle George Q. Cannon. It was

his pen that kept up the literary character of the *Star* for several subsequent years, while apostle Cannon gave to it in his editorials a presidential potency. While in this position he assisted forwarding the emigration, besides occasionally visiting the Conferences, promoting the general welfare of the mission. He, also, before his editorial connection with the *Star* office, labored a little in Scotland and the Isle of Man.

In the fall of the year 1863, he emigrated to Utah and was immediately employed in President Young's office, whence he went to the theatre as book-keeper. He was next engaged on the *Deseret News* as assistant editor. And now, for the first time, Edward Sloan had his real sphere. It was soon discovered that his special forte was pre-eminently that of a journalist; and though the Church paper was not so well fitted for him as the *Herald* at a latter date, it gave him the opportunity to show his line, and the *Deseret News* at once became more of a newspaper. He was afterwards engaged on the *Daily Telegraph* as editor. In 1869, he published the Salt Lake City Directory, which was the first work of the kind issued in this Territory. He next, as already related, with W. C. Dunbar founded the *Salt Lake Herald*. This brought him to the pinnacle of journalistic fame in Utah. But he was equal to fill a larger sphere. He was endowed with journalistic ability of the highest order; and had he been editor of one of our New York papers, he would, doubtless, have made a national name. He was incomparably the ablest newspaper man that has risen from the Mormon people. He was also the author of several dramas, one of them based on an Indian legend, said to be the equal of anything of the kind ever produced. It was written for the well-known actor of earlier times in Salt Lake City, Geo. B. Waldron and perhaps more than anything he ever wrote, gave scope to his poetic fancy. The production is remarkable for its richness of language, its sentiments are beautiful and poetical in the extreme. It was first presented at the theatre with Julia Dean Hayne as the leading lady. While a rare production in a poetical sense, the situations and development of character gave evidence of great dramatic power, which had it been wisely and steadily cultivated, would have

won for its possessor wealth and fame. He was the author, also, of several other dramatic productions, a comedy or two and two or three farces, all successful and giving evidence of the great versatility of Mr. Sloan and the unbounded latent talent within him. He was a brilliant writer, his language copious and rich; his imagination rare and poetical. In this he possessed the true Celtic genius. But he also possessed that superlative faculty of the real local editor—the faculty to catch the reflex of local events and reproduce them all alive and pungent for the readers of the morning paper. In this he was aided by a marvelous memory which never forgot anything, enabling him to intersperse his editorial writings with the general affairs abroad. Take him altogether, Edward Sloan was a man of extraordinary genius.

WAS BACON SHAKESPEARE?

An Exposition of the Great Controversy.

No. 1.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

WITHIN the last quarter of a century there has sprung up the extraordinary and unlooked for question—"Who was Shakespeare?" And the question came in the only form which could have entitled it to a moment's consideration or have given it any degree of potency. "Was Bacon Shakespeare?" was the form of the question when developed. Had it not come in some all-potent form it evidently had expounded nothing of the magician-like problem of human mind which is nascent in the very name of Shakespeare. Milton, Pope, Coleridge, Goethe, Schlegel, Carlyle and Emerson have contemplated this Shakespeare as above the expounding of human mind. He is a superhuman problem or, in the words of Schlegel, the account of his life which we have is "a mere fabulous story, a blind and extraordinary error." And these men-poets, metaphysicians, and critics, than whom may be named none greater, knew just what the human mind could do in its supremest efforts. Or, in other words, they had in their own genius and experience an absolute insight as to what was human, and the superior sight as to what, if it existed, must be superhuman. They are, moreover, the very class, who in all ages found

out the Supreme Mind. They have possessed, as a divine gift, the superior sight to discover Him, while they possessed in themselves, as it were, without divine gift, the absolute insight of the whole and perfect range of the human mind. And yet this Shakespeare has stood outside their whole and perfect range. They have all confessed that they could not measure him by their own rules of human capabilities and their own experience as poets and metaphysicians. Thus stood this Shakespeare as upon the pinnacle of his deified arrogance, as high above the head of Goethe's genius as above the metaphysical expounding of Coleridge, until this most sensible question came—"Who was Shakespeare?" and shook him to earth, his native sphere.

As we have said had not this question come in some all-potent human form well recognized on earth—come illustrated in the name and person of a magician-like man of intellect,—whose biography is as substantial and circumstantial as the history of his own nation, it would not have merited a moment's consideration. Shakespeare brought down from the throne of the gods to take his proper place as a superior genius of earth—no longer a god, but a man—no longer superhuman, but human—is immediately transformed into Francis Bacon. No more is he Shakespeare with a Shakespeare's biography, but Shakespeare with a Bacon's biography, which signifies that this Bacon of whom we know as much in history as we do of Queen Elizabeth, or some Bacon of whom we know nothing only in the incognito of his plays and sonnets was the real Shakespeare. Thus brought down to the human plane, a Schlegel or a Coleridge can measure him, and a Goethe can reach toward him in genius, art and experience, even though this Shakespeare were a full stature taller than this Goethe. At last we have the paragon within the range of human measurement; but without the Baconian biography he still provokes Coleridge to exclaim, "What! are we to have miracles in sport? Does God choose idiots to convey divine truths to man?"

It is startlingly singular that directly Shakespeare is brought down to the human plane and considered here, whether as a supreme poet or a supreme metaphysician, (both of which he was) he be-

come Bacon. Of all men of the Elizabethan age, and perhaps of any age, Bacon is the only equivalent for Shakespeare. Of his contemporary dramatists neither Ben Jonson nor Beaumont, Fletcher, Heywood, Massinger or any of their class can be taken for him; nor, going to the Elizabethan galaxy of supreme men of the age, shall any be satisfied with Edmund Spencer, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Thomas Sackville or Sir Walter Raleigh as the equivalent. One only can stand for Shakespeare even for a moment, and that one is Francis Bacon. And it is something very like a hidden record long concealed of the real identity of Shakespeare suddenly brought to light, that the name of Bacon once started so nearly answers to the entire mystery of Shakespeare, even before investigation of the proof that he was the one who had lent to another his lion's skin. It was this very fact, indeed, which has started able authors and critics to investigate the subject, and which inclines multitudes to believe that "there is something in it." We now discover that this fitness of Bacon to answer, "Who was Shakespeare!" has continued the question for a quarter of a century, and that it is likely to enlarge it astonishingly for the next two or three generations, until authors and critics shall give a final decision from a new made judgment which, whether it shall agree with the old or not, as to the personage, though not with his biography remains to be seen. But even as it stands, seeing that, after a lapse of two and a half centuries, a buried identity has thus forced itself into the living world of the present, palpitating as a giant genius in the person of Bacon, whom all recognize as a sufficient master of philosophy, learning, and art to explain what was dark about Shakespeare, is something nearly akin to inductive proof that Bacon was the veritable Shakespeare. And—what is quite as singular as the starting of the discussion itself—is that it is not Shakespeare who comes up from the tomb of the past to answer to his own mystery, but Bacon. Shakespeare remains buried with the fathers, while Bacon all-potent bursts the tomb and comes forth to walk the earth, not only revealing himself as Bacon, but revealing himself also as Shakespeare. Thus Judge Holmes and a host of others would seem to have it, while even the

scoffers against this new revealing would wish for Bacon to come in solid flesh to answer whether he was Shakespeare or not. He who has worn the lion's skin is disqualified by the very obscurity and "superhuman" character of his own mystery to answer. Shakespeare's word is not to be taken, even were it given, for that would still leave him outside the human range—a mystery still to a Goethe and a Coleridge, in fine, to every poet and philosopher who ever lived excepting himself. We should still have to fall back upon some such an expounding as Schlegel suggests, that the account of his life which we have "is a mere fabulous story, a blind and extravagant error." And this would give us for the future an entirely new Shakespeare personally, while it would leave all his works remaining in their essential excellence and mastership. Should we not find him the veritable Bacon, we should yet discover him as Shakespeare with a Baconian history, at least so far as his learning and mastership of art are concerned. With the biography that has come down to us he is an anonymous personage; his works alone remain to us, apart from him whom the question has brought up to re-stamp those works with another name as potent as the name of Shakespeare.

The *avant courier*, who bears the burden of this great proclamation of the "Authorship of Shakespeare"—which signifies the hunt for the personality of Shakespeare and the finding of it in Bacon, is Judge Nathaniel Holmes. He has given to the investigation the analytical talent and training of his profession as a ripe jurist, the diligent research of a scholar in literature, and to this he has added highly wrought classical authorship. Perhaps no writer and metaphysician of our times was better fitted for the work than Judge Holmes, for, with the lawyer-like process of his acute analysis he blends the rarer vein of comparison which belongs to the poet and philosopher. Not unlikely the coming time will accord to Judge Holmes much praise and appreciation for the work which he has done. Here is the story which he tells of the investigation in the third edition of his book:

"For the history of the question, I am now able to say further, that the article in Chamber's *Edinburgh Journal* of the date of August 7th, 1852, (first in modern times, that I am aware of) distinctly put the question, 'Who wrote Shakespeare?' The anonymous writer pointedly urged a variety of reasons why William Shakespeare could not have

been the author of the plays, and in support of the probability (to his own 'extreme dissatisfaction' as he confesses) 'that Shakespeare kept a poet.' He did not name the person, but gave him that he might be one 'who had written the wars of the roses' and rather significantly asked the question: 'But if Southampton really knew him [Shakespeare] to be the author of the dramas, how comes it that Raleigh, Spencer, and even Bacon—all with genius so thoroughly kindred to the author of *Hamlet*—have all ignored his acquaintance?' The anonymous article in *Putnam's Magazine* for January, 1856, (written by Miss Delia Bacon of New Haven), in like manner, disputed the claim of William Shakespeare, and darkly hinted at Bacon (as well as Raleigh) without naming him, as one who might have had a hand in the work; and this was followed by the publication of her book [*The Plays of Shakespeare unfolded*] in 1857, in which she attributed the plays to a club of Elizabethan wits, among whom Raleigh took some part, and Bacon the larger share. But in September, 1856, had appeared the 'Letter to Lord Ellesmere,' in which William Henry Smith, Esq., of London without any knowledge of her labors, or opinions, distinctly put the question, 'Was Lord Bacon the author of Shakespeare's Plays?' and in condensed form gave specific reasons for believing, not only that Shakespeare did not, but that Francis Bacon did, write the whole of the genuine canon of the plays; adding that it was not his intention then to adduce proof, but merely to initiate inquiry; and his views and proofs were presented more at large in his *Bacon and Shakespeare*, in 1857. In the preface, it appears that Mr. Smith had been of that opinion 'for twenty years.' Mr. Thomas Prewen, of Brickwall, Staplehurst, England, writes to James Spedding, Esq., in 1867, that he had been of the same opinion for years before he saw Mr. Smith's book."

Of Judge Holmes himself the story runs that his attention was attracted to the subject by the anonymous article of Miss Delia Bacon. Then commenced his great ten years investigation, and his marvelous book of proofs that Bacon was Shakespeare was the result.

Lord Palmerston became a convert to this affirmation, through Mr. Smith's letter, and he died in its belief. This convert is worthy of almost historical notice; for Henry Temple (Lord Palmerston) was in the case about the equal of Lord Brougham, Benjamin D'Israeli, or Sir Edward Bulwer. None better than Palmerston could appreciate the value of the expounding of Shakespeare, the author of imperial plays, in the person of Bacon, who was imperial in all his works. Not even would Sir William Temple (statesman and master of English classical literature) have been a worthier convert to give authority to the new view of Shakespeare than this same Henry Temple (Lord Palmerston).

But, coming to the investigators, we shall follow most Judge Holmes on the Baconian side when resting from our own expoundings. He starts out grappling with Shakespeare as a biography, giving it as an illustration that it is neither in any of its parts, nor in immensity of subject, a commensurate explanation of the great mystery of nature and the vast superstructure of genius and learning as embodied in the works of Shakespeare. Of course, the achievement is to replace

it with the biography of Bacon, and this the author has done. To know the life of Bacon, then, is to know much of the import of Judge Holmes' book on the "Authorship of Shakespeare."

The development leads to a vast train of parallelisms of thought, method and wording found in the works of Bacon and Shakespeare. With these we shall not attempt to deal in this article, but will suffice with Judge Holmes' own statement in a letter to Spedding, the famous editor of the "Life and Works of Bacon. Of those parallelisms he says: "I find them everywhere and almost innumerable, amounting to absolute identity of authorship, if there ever was any individual identity and character in different writings of the same author." We agree with Judge Holmes, but it should be confessed that Spedding almost scoffs at the supposition that Bacon is Shakespeare. Verily this is the shadow of a giant cast over the new illumination.

And, as it is very proper in an exposition that a man's antagonist should be allowed to come in to strive with him, one shall be brought face to face with Bacon's advocate, in the person of Dr. James Freeman Clarke. In the February number of the *North American Review*, there is an article from his pen under the caption, "Did Shakespeare write Bacon's Works?" This is an extraordinary putting indeed. It is like "confusion worse confounded;" but Bacon and Shakespeare are face to face; and so let the controversy run. Speaking of Holmes' arguments Dr. Clarke says:

"But these arguments have all been answered, and the world still believes in Shakespeare as before. But I have thought it might be interesting to show how easily another argument could be made of an exactly opposite kind—how easily all these proofs might be reversed. I am inclined to think that if we are to believe that one man was the author of the plays and the philosophy, it is much more probable that Shakespeare wrote the works of Bacon than that Bacon wrote the works of Shakespeare. For there is no evidence that Bacon was a poet as well as philosopher; but there is ample evidence that Shakespeare was a philosopher as well as poet."

The writer next assumes that Shakespeare did possess all the learning and art to produce the marvelous works bearing his name. This is a view, which, could Coleridge, Schlegel, or Carlyle or Emerson have taken, would have brought down Shakespeare from his superhuman height. They knew better, by the range of their own experience. None of the great critics have affirmed this. They stand afar off and gaze, lost in the mystery of his genius, for which they have

no human explaining, even by the most extraordinary rule as applied to all other mortals. But we come now direct to his supreme affirmations:

"My position is that if either of these writers wrote the works attributed to the other, it is more likely that Shakespeare wrote the philosophical works of Bacon, than that Bacon wrote the poetical works of Shakespeare. Assuming, then, as we have a right to do in this argument; that Shakespeare wrote the plays, what reasons are there for believing that he also wrote the philosophy?"

"First. This assumption will explain at once that hitherto insoluble problem of the utter contradiction between Bacon's character and conduct, and his works. How could he have been at the same time what Pope calls him—

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

"This great difficulty is removed if we suppose that Bacon, the courtier and lawyer, with his other ambitions was desirous of the fame of a great philosopher; and that he induced Shakespeare, then in the prime of his powers, to help him write the prose essays and treatises which are his chief works. He himself admitted that he did actually ask the aid of the dramatists of his time in writing his books. This remarkable fact is stated by Bacon in a letter to Tobie Matthew, written in June, 1623, in which he says that he is devoting himself to making his writings more perfect—improving the 'Essays' and the 'Advancement of Learning'—'by the help of some good pens, which forsake me not.' One of these pens was that of Ben Jonson, the other might have been that of Shakespeare. Certainly there was no better pen in England at that time than his. * * * And Shakespeare would have had ample time to furnish the ideas of the 'Organum' in the last years of his life, when he had left the theatre. In 1613, he bought a house in Black Friars, where Ben Jonson also lived. Might not this have been that they might more conveniently co-operate in assisting Bacon to write the 'Novum Organum'?"

"When we ask whether it would have been easier for the author of the philosophy to have composed the drama, or the dramatic poet to have written the philosophy, the answer will depend on which is the greater work of the two. The greater includes the less, but the less cannot include the greater. Now the universal testimony of modern criticism in England, Germany, and France declares that no larger, deeper, or ampler intellect has ever appeared than that which produced the Shakespeare drama. This 'myriad-minded poet was also philosopher, man of the world, acquainted with practical affairs, one of those who saw the present and foresaw the future. All the ideas of the Baconian philosophy might easily have had their home in this vast intelligence. Great as are the thoughts of the 'Novum Organum,' they are far inferior to that world of thought which is in the drama. We can easily conceive that Shakespeare, having produced in his prime the wonders and glories of the plays, should in his after leisure have developed the leading ideas of the Baconian philosophy. But it is difficult to imagine that Bacon, while devoting his main strength to politics, to law, and to philosophy, should have, as a mere pastime for his leisure, produced in his idle moments the greatest intellectual work ever done on earth."

"If the greater includes the less, then the mind of Shakespeare includes that of Bacon and not the reverse. This will appear more plainly if we consider the quality of intellect displayed respectively in the drama and the philosophy. The one is synthetic, creative; the other analytic, critical. The one puts together, the other takes apart and examines. Now, the genius which can put together can also take apart; but it by no means follows that the power of taking apart implies that of putting together. A watch-maker, who can put a watch together, can easily take it to pieces; but many a child who has taken his watch to pieces has found it impossible to put it together again."

When we compare the Shakespeare plays and the Baconian philosophy, it is curious to see how the one is throughout a display of the synthetic intellect, and the other of the analytic. The plays are pure creation, the production of living wholes. They people our thought with a race of beings who are living persons, and not pale abstractions. These airy nothings take flesh and form, and have a name and local habitation forever on the earth. Hamlet, Desdemona, Othello, Miranda, are as real people as Queen Elizabeth or Mary of Scotland. But when we

turn to the Baconian philosophy, this faculty is wholly absent. We have entered the laboratory of a great chemist, and are surrounded by retorts and crucibles, tests and reagents, where the work done is a careful analysis of all existing things, to find what are their constituents and their qualities. Poetry creates, philosophy takes to pieces and examines.

* * * * *
 "If Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespeare, it is exceedingly difficult to give any satisfactory reason for his concealment of that authorship. He had much pride, not to say vanity, in being known as an author.

* * * * *
 "On the other hand, there would be nothing surprising in the fact of Shakespeare's laying no claim to credit for having assisted in the composition of the 'Advancement of Learning.' Shakespeare was by nature as reticent and modest as Bacon was egotistical and ostentatious. What a veil is drawn over the poet's personality in his sonnets! We read in them his inmost sentiments, but they tell us absolutely nothing of the events of his life, or the facts of his position. And it, as we assume, he was one among several who helped Lord Bacon, though he might have done the most, there is no special reason why he should proclaim that fact."

Both Judge Holmes and Dr. Clarke show in their presentation that Shakespeare and Bacon are *one*, or that the plays and philosophy originated in the same mind. They arrive at the same conclusion by different methods, that is all. They both find the fundamental harmony between the ideas and mental tendencies of Shakespeare and Bacon. Their philosophy of man and of life was the same. So great is their harmony of ideas and methods that Judge Holmes affirms it to be equal to proof of an absolute identity as a single mind and Dr. Clarke, on his side, we think, helps the solution. The writer of "Shakespeare" might well have written all Bacon's philosophical works. He was quite equal to the task. Coleridge and all the critics ought long ago to have come to this conclusion.

Let us now withdraw the argument for awhile from Bacon, and take the Shakespeare thus developed. Shakespeare, then, possessed genius almost infinite, coupled with almost boundless learning and knowledge. This we may discover in the plays and poems,—histories, tragedies, comedies and sonnets.

Take first his historical dramas beginning with King John. The Shakespeare who wrote them knew the whole history of England up to his own times, not by mere memory as a school boy, but as one who incarnated England in his own life and knowledge, with her whole history, people, customs, traditions, ideas and language. This, too, was just at the period when English written history began. True, he had Holinshed's and Stowe's chronicles to draw from and the MSS of Cavendish. But the author of those plays must have been familiar

with the whole traditional history of his nation and people from the earliest times, apart from those works. Look at the "casts" of those plays for example. They signify that he *knew* the biographies of all the great personages of Europe from King John to Henry VIII., besides of his minor characters, giving their names and action, taking the whole range of history from the King to the keeper of a gate. He thus dared to challenge the great nobles of his own age with the history of their houses, and the types and action of the chief personages of their families. His Plantagenets were real Plantagenets. Richard III. is said not to be strictly historical; but Gloster, in the play, is supremely Plantagenet, as well typed as he had been by his father, Richard of York. True, this may be the triumph of genius, not learning. But this connected history of a nation given in dramatic form, with the types, manners and customs of the people for many generations, is learning and knowledge. Had we nothing of English history down to the period of Elizabeth but Shakespeare's plays, not much would have been lost, while but for the familiarity of the English people of modern times with the performances of those plays, they would know next to nothing of the English people of the olden times, in their types, manners and actions. Now Bacon was the only man of his age capable of all this, if we except this "Shakespeare." We do know that Bacon was equal to the task, and so he could have executed this much of the Shakespearean work.

But this is not all that "Shakespeare" illustrates—not nearly the whole in the mere *execution* of his matchless works. There is design and foreknowledge of that which he was doing for the then present and all coming ages—what he was doing, in fact, in the creation of an English civilization. Hitherto, the critics have not sufficiently emphasized *this Shakespearean design* seen everywhere in these glorious plays. The reason of this is that he has been considered too purely in his superhuman genius, and not enough in his *human accomplishments*. He is made to do all his marvelous works with a sublime (absurd would be more strict) unconsciousness of having done anything at all. Now Bacon knew all that he ever did. He accomplished nothing that he did not design. Whatever part he per-

formed in the creation of the English civilization, which was wrought out in the Elizabethan age, he started out to accomplish. So did "Shakespeare." We shall never understand him till we confess as much. To overlook this is not only to mis-present him, but also to overlook one half of what he really was.

Dr. Clark has labored to show the difference in this respect between Shakespeare and Bacon. "Shakespeare," he says, "was by nature as reticent and modest as Bacon was egotistical and ostentatious." "His ample intellect was full of the ideas which took form in those works; and he was just the person neither to claim any credit for lending such assistance nor to desire it." In like manner "Shakespeare" has placed the *whole human race in his debt with the most supreme indifference*. Where is consistency in this? It makes him a god and an idiot in one. It was this misconception of him that made Coleridge exclaim, "What! are we to have miracles in sport? Does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?" But we will let Shakespeare reveal himself in the *self-consciousness* of Richard III.

"Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,
And cry content, to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall,
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
And like a Sinon take another Troy.
I can add colors to theameleon,
Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down."

Of course this is not Shakespeare's description of himself. But was there ever more self-consciousness put into a dramatic character? Shakespeare *was* the Proteus in Gloster, and he knew it. And so in all his characters there is this self-consciousness, not excepting Hamlet; and all his plays are endowed with *splendid egotism*. This is Bacon-like. As Bacon "Shakespeare" is not concealed.

Test Shakespeare next as a master of dramatic art. He knew as much of it as Aristotle. The play of Macbeth will afford perhaps the best example. It is an epic play, proving that Shakespeare perfectly comprehended what an epic subject meant and that he was thorough master of the art of its construction and treatment. Here I am tempted to reproduce a few passages from my review of the Supernatural Characters of Shakes-

peare, already published in this Magazine.

The grand subject of the tragedy of Macbeth is the illustration of the evil agencies of the world working out their dramas among mortals. This is an epic theme. In it we have something more than a gorgeous dramatic portraiture of character; and it is this epic subject, so perfectly handled, that constitutes the play before us a masterpiece.

It is not Macbeth; it is the supernatural agencies that hold the drama. This shows the epic quality and method; a play superior in its essence and theme to the character and action of its chief human personages! The evil agencies of the world leading a soul, great in its twinship of good and evil, to its ruin through ambition—a ruling passion in great men—was the theme that Shakespeare was about to illustrate when he gave his supernatural powers the opening of the play, and made them call up Macbeth into the body of their drama. But this is not all. The subject has a vast bearing beyond the individual Macbeth. It takes in all mankind; and we have a grand illustration of the mighty theme of supernatural powers working out their dramas among nations and mortals in general.

The subject of supernatural beings manifesting themselves in human affairs is most fascinating to genius. In the grand epic poems of the ancients, the human and superhuman divide the field; Milton made the action of his celestial and infernal powers the very body of his immortal poem; and even our atheistic Shelleys and our Byrons can not keep out of the charmed circle. The subject of the metaphysical agencies of the world—the good and evil—incarnating themselves in the action of human life, gives to the poet at once such a vast field for his capacities, and such a unique character to his work. Hence it is a favorite with genius; but it requires the greatest masters to handle it, or it will fall into contempt. And it is vastly more difficult to give the supernatural an extensive treatment in an *acting* drama than it is in the epic poem.

Shakespeare, in several of his plays, such as Hamlet, trod on the boundaries of the metaphysical world and introduced a ghost. He also in the "Tempest" still made further inroads upon it, and introduced the magician, Prospero, with

his familiar spirit, Ariel, and others of the spirit class; but this was only a drama of magic on an uninhabited island. Even Shakespeare did not fully succeed in reaching the great epic theme of supernatural powers manifesting themselves in the affairs of nations, until he embodied them in his play of Macbeth, which, as a dramatic composition is his masterpiece.

Macbeth is Shakespeare's Saul, who, finding himself outside the circle of the Power of Good, seeks unto *his* Witches of Endor to know his destiny, and they call up spirits, not like the faithful Samuel, who will rebuke him, but those who

"Palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope"

Shakespeare's witches are not mere hags, but supernatural beings; yet the subject is so nicely managed that these unreal things not only originate the theme and shape the action, but they themselves form so much of the body of the play. They are as much realities upon the stage as Macbeth and Banquo. Thus our dramatist has brought into palpable relation, performing before the audience, the beings of two worlds. Herein is Shakespeare's triumph, that he has given his spirits a dramatic *substance*.

The witches melt into thin air, yet we have *substance* in effects. Between its supernatural beings and action and our own spiritual essence and drama of life, there is both a metaphysical and common harmony. The audience has almost as intense a relation with the superhuman of the play as Macbeth himself. In it, we have the souls of evil incarnating themselves in the drama of human affairs, and the duplex subject held between the beings of two worlds move together in the unity of a common action. They are not far removed from our own race, but seem like the spirits of evil beings who once were mortals, now continuing their wicked parts in the other world, manifesting themselves through the mediums of this. They are still taking part with us on earth; and there is a fiendish attachment in them towards mortal existence and acts, as though the drama of this life was also theirs in its relations and issues. They are neither the offspring of heaven nor hell, but as the incorporeal evil powers of the earth.

In thus giving his supernatural beings a semi-human character, and making them

so intensely a part, though the evil part, of the spiritual agencies of our own world—in making them so tangibly related to our witches of Endor, and surrounding them with so much reference to our theology and superstition, our great poet has been most happy.

But this happy choice of subject and typing of his superhuman powers would not have realized such great and manifold effects, both dramatic and metaphysical, had not Shakespeare, in his play of Macbeth, given all its weird *tone* and tangibility *in effects*, at the same time so masterly weaving the action of supernatural beings in the unity of a literal drama. There is more dramatic *science* unfolded by Shakespeare in his play of Macbeth than in any other of his works. Metaphysical *methods* wonderfully abound in this play, and its dramatic machinery is most elaborate and well fitted. As a musical theorist testing the *Messiah* can see in it not only Handel's power of genius, but also his profound knowledge of counterpoint, so the critic can see in Macbeth that Shakespeare has put there all the might of his genius and all his dramatic science and skill. Here is the *master* as well as the matchless mind. All the effects which Shakespeare has put in this play he has done with design, and his methods are traceable.

Coleridge, in his essay on method, proves that Shakespeare's works abound with method. He affirms that those critics who find fault with Shakespeare for his violation of dramatic methods are in error. Setting aside inferior methods, Shakespeare introduced higher and finer ones. He created a new dramatic system. He set aside the Greek forms and became the Father of the English drama, as Bacon was the Father of a new system of English philosophy. But Coleridge did not affirm that Shakespeare did all this by design, and because he was the learned master of composition. How like Bacon was our poet in this respect. His chaplain and biographer, Dr. Rawley, says of Bacon:

"While he was commorant in the university, about sixteen years of age, (as his lordship hath been pleased to impart unto myself), he first fell into the dislike of the philosophy of Aristotle; not for the worthlessness of the author, to whom he would ever ascribe all high attributes, but for the *unfruitfulness* of the way;

being a philosophy (as his lordship used to say) only strong for disputations and contentions, but barren of the production of works for the benefit of the life of man; in which mind he continued to his dying day."

And Shakespeare did something very similar to this in his work. He set aside the Greek construction and created all things anew in an English form. And this was not because of "the worthlessness of the author," or the poverty of Greek art, which wrought construction to a state of perfection and fashioned language into such strict harmonic forms that art grew almost into defect; but "*for the unfruitfulness of the way*," being "*barren for the production of works for the benefit of the life of man*." Had Shakespeare written a review of his new system of the English drama and the philosophy of his methods, he could not have better expounded himself. Here again, then, we see this harmony of ideas between Shakespeare and Bacon.

We may pass now from the Baconian masterpiece of art theory, discovered in these matchless English plays, to review the authorship of Shylock in its race-typings. What we have to say of this rare and peculiar dramatic work—peculiar as everything of Hebrew cast and tone must be—is that the William Shakespeare born at Stratford-on-Avon was not its author, but that Bacon might have been; and for the sake of a clear point suppose we adopt the method allowed in the *North American Review*, now in the reverse form, and affirm that Shakespeare did not write Shylock and that Bacon did.

First: In the reign of Elizabeth the Jew was not known in England. The whole Hebrew race was banished by the edict of the first Edward of the Norman dynasty. Between three and four centuries had now elapsed since the Jew was known in the land. Hence we have in Shylock the Jew of Venice, there being no such a character as the Jew of London during Shakespeare's lifetime. Something of this, in view of the orthodox biography of our dramatist, has been appreciated by his commentators, and some have explained that he visited Italy. Here is a passage from them:

"The Venice of Shakespeare's own time, and the manners of that city, are delineated with matchless accuracy in this

drama; so much so as to convince Messrs. Brown, Knight and other critics, that Shakespeare had visited Italy. Mr. Brown has observed that the 'Merchant of Venice' is a merchant of no other place in the world."

Now, this is very true of the cast of the play, but not true of William Shakespeare's life. Could he have visited Italy, and been gone from his native land at least a year, studying the people of Venice and the Jew of Venice, without Ben Jonson and the rest of his contemporary dramatists talking much about it? Had he visited Venice for such a purpose, it would have formed a marked episode in the Shakesperian biography. But substitute Bacon and the whole is consistent. He knew Venice and was familiar with the Jew of Venice. True, he never visited Venice in person; but (says his chaplain and biographer,) "After he had passed the circle of the liberal arts, his father thought fit to frame and mould him for the arts of state; and for that end sent him over into France with Sir Amyas Paulet, then employed Ambassador Liger into France; by whom he was after awhile held fit to be entrusted with some message or advertisement to the queen; which having performed with great approbation, he returned back to France again, with the intention to continue for some years."

No better place, than France of that period, could have been chosen where Francis Bacon might study all the nationalities of Europe. There he might have met not only the "Merchant of Venice," but also the Jew of Venice, and Jews from all parts of the continent. The text of his life was, "*I have taken all knowledge as my province*;" and "the knowledge of human nature" was as the very heart of his "province" and his chief love. Indeed, accepting Bacon as the real Shakespeare, and that hackneyed phrase of "Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature" is most pithy and full of circumstance; while, applied to the son of "John Shakespeare," it is but stupid cant into which the critics have fallen by habit, they not being able to expose, with any critical wording, the universal knowledge of the race met in the plays,—and met, too, not merely in the aggregate of the "knowledge of human nature," but in its every variety and

its every type. Throwing away, for the moment, the deification of William Shakespeare's name, bringing him to the ordinary rule of mortals, and then let the modern man of the world, who has travelled round the globe within the year, and seen "everybody" and "everything," answer what that man of the Globe Theatre could have known of "everybody" and "everything" in the year 1600? Charles Dickens *knew*, by observation, a thousand times more about London and its people than William Shakespeare could possibly have known. But Charles Dickens did not roam around London, taking notes of "human nature" for his novels, more than Francis Bacon roamed over the whole world taking notes for a similar purpose. Hence the "knowledge of human nature" everywhere met in the Shakesperian plays, which gives to them their distinct genus and cast. And, it may be further observed, that Anthony Bacon, the beloved elder brother of this master of all "knowledge of human nature," was for ten years a traveller on the continent. Dr. Rawley, (Bacon's chaplain) speaks of the inheritance of the famous manor of Gorhambury, "by the death of his dearest brother, Mr. Anthony Bacon, a gentleman equal to him in height of wit, though inferior to him in the endowments of learning and knowledge; unto whom he was most nearly conjoined in affection, they two being the sole male issue of a second *venter*." What wondrous mutual studies and correspondence must there not have been concerning the peoples of the great globe, between these two brothers of kindred souls, during Anthony Bacon's long sojourning abroad! Furthermore, at that very period when Bacon was the ripest intellect of Europe, while William Shakespeare, green in learning and in "the knowledge of human nature," was but newly arrived in London from Stratford-on-Avon, the heroes of Elizabeth's court—Raleigh, Essex, Sidney, Leicester, and many others of the foremost men and "wits" of the times, had served long in the wars in the Netherlands. These were all Bacon's daily associates at court, and their conversations upon things abroad must have been to him familiar as household words, and Europe and her various national characters and types like a map well marked and spread out before him

for his all-searching studies. At this time, then, William Shakespeare was at the Globe Theatre, a mere tyro in knowledge of the human race, and a novice even to the surroundings of London. Nor would his association with Ben Jonson, who was also home from the wars in the Low Countries, expound much in his favor, for what were such as these players of the Globe Theatre compared with the galaxy of Elizabeth's court, as classical observers of the human race and of the affairs of nations?

But, returning from the wide sweep of discovery to find the expounding of the vastness of "the knowledge of human nature" met everywhere in the plays, which, we think, goes far to test who was their real author, we come again close to Venice and the Jew of Venice. The reputed Shakespeare, we affirm, did not *know* Shylock from acquaintanceship nor deep historical and ethnological studies, neither could he have developed him out of his pure un-complex Saxon self. But suppose it were granted that his genius could have created the type, the difficulty is scarcely lessened; for this Shylock is such a marvel of Jewish idiosyncrasies, that his own race could no more obliterate him than the English historian could obliterate Richard III. The Hebrews might not choose to confess a love for Shylock, yet such a kinship of nature do they hold to him, that they hug him secretly in their closet and mentally applaud him at the theatre. Moreover, this Jew is not drawn from the Bible, but taken up at Venice and his whole nature read there by some marvellous observer of character.

Again; the critics trace the story of the Jew and of the play to foreign and ancient authorities. Collier says, "The two plots of the Merchant of Venice are found as distinct novels in various ancient foreign authorities, but no English original of either of them, of the age of Shakespeare, has been discovered." Here again we need Bacon's almost universal knowledge to explain the authorship of the play. But we are struck more with the type of Shylock than with the story and plot. And the critics, we think, have overlooked some of the best points of the dramatic master in this work, while the audience applaud the parts that Shakespeare (or Bacon) did not. For instance, Shylock, *not the Merchant*

of *Venice*, was the character that he treated with dramatic love. He was in sympathy with Shylock and justified him. The famous speech of the trial scene by Portia on "mercy" the audience always applaud with enthusiasm; but Shylock is oblivious; he stands for "justice" with, so to express it, Jewish conscientiousness.

Duke: How shalt thou hope for mercy rendering none?
Shylock: What judgment shall I dread doing no wrong?

* * * * *
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

What a large knowledge of Jewish history, and deep insight into Jewish character, does this play reveal! Mercy is the Christian's supreme attribute; justice the Jew's. Herein is the very difference of the two economies—the Judaic and the Christian. Again, in another part of the play: "Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe." The Jew has come down through the ages demanding "justice;" he never asked for "mercy." "Sufferance" is the law of his race till justice shall be done him. The pound of flesh is his due. It is the anticipation of the final recompense to his whole race. And this pound of flesh suggestion of the final recompense had something deeper in the poet's mind than a story of Jewish malice. The play, in fact, shows a wondrous comprehension of the whole Jewish subject, just as Bacon would understand it, rather than from the playhouse plane of thought.

There is an immensity of race subject, as well as general dramatic work, to be reviewed in this play, but we are not attempting its review, farther than to discover the author. Several other points of Jewish subject, however, may be instanced. Take the scene between Shylock and Antonio in their discussion of Usury.

Shy: When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant: And what of him? Did he take interest?

Shy: No not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: Mark what Jacob did.

The scene and subject are well known, and need only the mere suggestion. Look now, we have here discussed the system and *intuitions* (to so speak) of Jewish usury. And, by the way, it may be observed that Bacon has an essay on usury very much in keeping with this scene. Shakespeare also thoroughly understands it, and he goes at once into the instincts and *intuitions* which have made the Jews

a nation of usurers. There is an essential *race difference* between a Christian usurer and a Jew usurer. With the one it is a *debasing trade*; with the other almost a *religion*. Antonio is disgusted with Shylock's example of Jacob's trade with Laban, so is every Christian audience. "Can the Devil quote Scripture?" is their question. But Shylock gives the example in no such a spirit. He is sacred over Jacob; and his great father's example is the Bible text whereby to measure the rightness of his own life. How comes Shakespeare, who knew not the Jew, yet to know him better than the London critic to-day, when London is the modern Jerusalem? It was nothing less than a Bacon's knowledge and a Bacon's deep insight into Jewish nature!

Again, in the trial scene, when not even a mountain of gold could tempt him.

Shy: An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury on my soul?
No, not for Venice.

This the audience take as Shylock's malice and hypocrisy. It is rather Jewish righteousness exacting recompense for ages of wrongs—the exact law of Jewish economy,—“An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth”—and a Jewish oath that Jephtha dared not break even to save his daughter from the sacrifice.

Take another example of the play, at the opening, and we shall see that the subject is the awful hates between the two races—the Hebrew and the Christian—and not a drama designed merely to illustrate implacable Jewish malice.

Shy: How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him.

Take next that great character speech which the Keans and Booths have made so famous.

Ant: Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

Shy: Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies; You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What shall I say to you? Should I not say,

*Hath a dog money; is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?
Ant: I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.*

Antonio is the representative of the race hates on his side, and, also, of Christian injustice towards the Jew. Shylock has the better cause, and in this part of the play the sympathy of even a Christian audience goes out towards him. Finally let us pass to the great subject and prophecy of the reconciliation of these two races.

The beautiful picture of Lorenzo and Jessica, closing the play, the reader may consult; but here is a culminating passage:

*Lor: How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sound of musick
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.*

All this race subject and forecasting of events take an origin not in the play house. Not even will "Shakespeare's genius," as a mere dramatist, expound this Hebraic cast and theme. We even learn how the reconciliation of these races is to be accomplished. It is by Christian nobles marrying Hebrew daughters. What we have seen in the example of the marriage of Hannah Rothschild with an English Earl this play prophecies. Such thoughts and "Anticipations" originated in a *Baconian mind*, not in the Play house mind. How, we ask, did the reputed Shakespeare know so well Jewish history, the finest points of Jewish nature, give the exact race justifications of Jewish motives and intuitions and show an infinitely deeper comprehension of the essential difference between the two economies—the Judaic and the Christian—than might be given by any of our Christian divines even of to-day? It must be confessed, however, that Marlow's "Jew of Malta" proves that other dramatists of the time attempted Jewish subject, but there is a vast difference between a play unknown in our times and this Shylock who is as imperishable as his race. Finally, then, as Shakespeare knew nothing of the Jew of Venice *from his*

own observation and insight, without which he could not have produced such a masterpiece, nor was familiar with the whole range of Jewish subject in a learned sense as was Bacon, we think it more consistent to ascribe the authorship of the play to Bacon *who knew Venice and the Jew*.

May it not, reasonably, be assumed, in consideration of these stupendous works of human knowledge, combined with their supreme mastership of art and learning, that the real Shakespeare of the plays was like his own Posthumus Leonatus—one who took his knowledge "as we do air, fast as 't was ministered, and in his spring became a harvest." The Shakespeare of the Globe theatre had not such a childhood nor "*in his spring became a harvest*." He was a married man before he left his native place; he went up to London at the age of twenty-three, carrying with him a small stock of learning, and attached himself to the theatre in quite a menial capacity. From such a starting it would have taken a full life-time to have acquired the vast knowledge and learning discovered in the plays ascribed to Shakespeare, granting to him the full measure of his extraordinary genius. All self taught men know how arduous is the task to acquire vast learning after their maturity has found them with an unstored mind; but commencing life as did Bacon, in the very hot-bed of all the "learnings" and knowledge of his times, the offspring, too, of such a mother and father, he is quite a natural prodigy even as the author of those plays. We have similar examples among musical composers. Mozart was a composer at the age of eight years; he might have been a Mozart at forty had his musical genius started at twenty. Bacon was more than three years the elder of Shakespeare, was about twenty-seven when Shakespeare arrived in London to take a menial place in a theatre, was ripe in his glorious intellect, a human treasure-house of universal knowledge, and we may fairly conclude already equal to the production of the works that bear the name of the Shakespearian drama.

As for Dr. Clarke's assertion that Bacon, overwhelmed in the ambitions and intrigues of the court, had no time to write the plays, while Shakespeare had to produce both them and the Baconian system

of philosophy, it is the height of extravagance and a bald falsification of what all Europe *knew* of Bacon in his life-time. Indeed, being what he was, better qualified him for just the casting and execution of this same Shakespearian work, considering that those plays are so eminently courtly and imperial. His life and familiarity with the history of the great personages of the realm filled his mind with the elements of these imperial dramas, while the playhouse and the life of Shakespeare give no sufficient explanation for the vast achievement.

Dr. Clarke also confidently assumes the absence of all evidence that Bacon was a poet: "There is no evidence that Bacon was a poet." But, not to cite the high authority of "the brilliant Frenchman," M. Taine, who affirms for Bacon the very method of the poets and seers, nor the still more cogent testimony of Mr. Spedding himself who declares his conviction that if the genius of Bacon had taken that direction it would have carried him to a high place among poets, we shall note in Bacon's correspondence several pointed and not-to-be-set-aside suggestions that he *was* actually a poet as well as a philosopher. For example, as early as 1595, and just upon the appearance of "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece," we find this clearly self-referring expression in a letter of Bacon to Essex: "For the waters of Parnassus are not like the waters of the Spa, which give a stomach, but rather they quench appetite and desires." In 1595, (at the age of 35) Bacon was unknown as a writer in philosophy. His first little book, the Essays, eight or ten in number, appeared, surreptitiously, in 1597. We now know that Bacon was a philosopher even when in his boy's jacket. Knowing, too, the subtle *Celarius* he was, it would have been quite in his character of Natural Magician to have concealed his singing robes beneath his philosopher's gown.

Of Bacon, Macauley says:

"Bacon performed what he promised. In truth Fletcher would not have dared to make Arbaces promise, in his wildest fits of excitement, the tithe of what the Baconian philosophy has performed.

* * * * *

Closely connected with this peculiarity of Bacon's temper was a striking peculiarity of his understanding. With great

minuteness of observation he had an amplitude of comprehension such as has never yet been vouchsafed to any other human being. The small fine mind of Labruyere had not a more delicate tact than the large intellect of Bacon. The essays contain abundant proofs that no nice feature of character, no peculiarity in the ordering of a house, a garden, or a court masque, could escape the notice of one whose mind was capable of taking in the whole world of knowledge. His understanding resembled the tent which the fairy Paribanou gave to Prince Ahmed. Fold it; and it seemed a toy for the hand of a lady. Spread it; and the armies of powerful Sultans might repose beneath its shade.

In keenness of observation he has been equalled, though perhaps never surpassed. But the largeness of his mind was all his own. The glance with which he surveyed the intellectual universe resembled that which the Archangel, from the golden threshold of heaven, darted down into the new creation.

Round he surveyed,—and well might where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade,—from eastern point
Of Libra, to the fleecy star which bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond the horizon.

Why what a description of a dramatist is this? And yet Macauley never designed it for the dramatist. It came as by impulse from this great word-painter of historical characters because it so fitted Bacon. He is full of dramatic "*business*," could superintend the setting of even a modern stage or manage a playhouse. "*No nice feature of character, no peculiarity in the ordering of a house, a garden, or a court-masque*" could escape his notice."

Next take Macauley's portraiture of his poetic genius:

The poetical faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind, but not, like his wit, so powerful as occasionally to usurp the place of his reason, and to tyrannize over the whole man. No imagination was ever at once so strong and so thoroughly subjugated. It never stirred but at a signal from good sense. It stopped at the first check from good sense. Yet, though disciplined to such obedience, it gave noble proofs of its vigor. In truth, much of Bacon's life was passed in a visionary world. Yet in his magnificent day dreams there was nothing wild, nothing but what sober reason sanctioned. He knew that all the wonders wrought by all the talismans in fables were trifles when compared to the wonders which might reasonably be expected from the philosophy of fruit, and that, if his words sank deep into the minds of men, they would produce effects such as superstition had never ascribed to the incantations of Merlin and Michael Scot. It was here that he loved to let his imagination loose. He loved to picture to himself the world as it would be when his philosophy should, in his own noble phrase, "have enlarged the bounds of human empire."

Pass now to Ben Jonson's Eulogy on the Lord Chancellor, Francis Bacon:

"Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, where he could spare, or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not enough look aside from him without loss. He commanded when he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his discretion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man who heard him was, lest he should make an end."

"Cicero is said to be the only wit that the people of Rome had equalled to their empire. *Ingenium par imperio*. We have had many, and in their several ages (to take in but the former *seculum*) Sir Thomas Moore, the elder Wiat, Henry earl of Surrey, Chalner Smith, Eliot, B. Gardiner, were for their times admirable; and the more because they began eloquence with us. Sir Nic. Bacon was singular, and almost alone, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's time. Sir Philip Sidney and Mr. Hooker (in different matter), grew great masters of wit and language, and in whom all vigor of invention and strength of judgment met. The earl of Essex, noble and high, and Sir Walter Raleigh, not to be contemned, either for judgment or stile. Sir Henry Savile, grave and truly lettered; Sir Edwin Sandys, excellent in both; Lord Egerton, a grave and great orator, and best when he was provoked. *But his learned and able (but unfortunate) successor is he, that hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared and preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome.* In short, within his view, and about his times, were all the wits born, that could honor a language, or help study. Now things daily fall: wits grow downward, and eloquence grows backward; so that he may be named, and stand as the mark and acme of our language."

As Judge Holmes very pertinently insists, this Eulogy on Bacon is substantially identical with Ben Jonson's Eulogy on Shakespeare, and that the *pointed personal* passage—"he that hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared and preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome," is a transcript of a similar passage in his Eulogy on Shakespeare:

—but call forth thund'ring Æschilus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pecuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy Buskin tread,
And shake a stage: *Or when thy Socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison,
Of all, that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.*"

Judge Holmes emphasizes the singular fact that in Ben Jonson's array of the *supreme names* of the Elizabethan age Shakespeare is not found among them, and he thinks it is not a sufficient explanation that the discourse runs more upon orators than poets nor "that the writer may have forgotten what he had said before on the poet Shakespeare."

Judge Holmes might also have noticed the very pertinent historical point of our literature that, in the great revival of English poetry, this same Henry Earl of Surrey with Sir Thomas Wyatt stands at the head of the lists of poets after Chaucer; that to Surrey is ascribed the honor of having been the first to introduce our existing system of rhythm into the language; and that both Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh are of Surrey's class—heroes and authors of the age—

rather than of the list of orators. Evidently Ben Jonson intended to give the array of supreme names of the age with whom Bacon classed, crowning him as their monarch, and challenging his name against those of "insolent Greece or haughty Rome," and that too as "he that hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue," which no other mortal might have done.

Sir Tobie Matthew—he who was the bosom confidant of all the Baconian secrets—in his Address to the Reader of his Collection, says:

We have also rare compositions of minds amongst us, which look so many fair ways at once that I doubt it will go near to pose any other nation of Europe to muster out in any age four men, who, in so many respects, should excel four such as we are able to show—Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Francis Bacon: for they were all a kind of monsters in their several ways.

The fourth was a creature of incomparable abilities of mind, of a sharp and catching apprehension, large and faithful memory, plentiful and sprouting invention, deep and solid judgment for as much as might concern the understanding part:—a man so rare in knowledge, of so many several kinds, indued with the facility and felicity of expressing it all, in so elegant, significant, so abundant and yet so choice and ravishing a way of words, of metaphors, and allusions, as perhaps the world has not seen since it was a world.

I know this may seem a great hyperbole and strange kind of riotous excess of speech; but the best means of putting me to shame will be for you to place any man of yours by this of mine. And in the meantime, even this little makes a shift to shew that the Genius of England is still not only eminent, but predominant, for the assembling great variety of those rare parts, in some single man, which used to be incompatible anywhere else.

A very kindred passage is this to Ben Jonson's Eulogy on Bacon. That Sir Tobie as well as Jonson knew that Bacon was Shakespeare is the conclusion. Had he not been the same, the answer to his challenge—"Place any man of yours by this of mine," as the "Genius of England," might quickly have been answered by "Rare Ben" Jonson himself; but, both being alike in the secret that Shakespeare and Bacon were one, they are agreed upon the point and their eulogies reconciled.

There is a singular postscript of a letter of Sir Tobie Matthew to Lord Bacon which may be a pointed record of the secret. Here is the

P. S. The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation, and of this side of the sea, is of your Lordship's name, though he be known by another.

Judge Holmes argues that the description—"prodigious wit"—could not have signified a rare philosophical intellect, which Bacon was under his own name, but signified what he was under another name—the creator of a Falstaff and the Shakesperian clowns. Shakespeare as "the most prodigious wit" of the English race has ever been the marvel of li,

critics. In him was blended the sense of infinite humor with the insight of infinite philosophy, and from this double nature he developed his dramatic characters. Just such a personage was Bacon to Sir Tobie Matthew, who, it would seem, knew him under two names, each the full equivalent of the other. And Macauley's historical portraiture of Bacon as the "most prodigious wit" is quite as noticeable as the postscript of Sir Tobie Matthew, but the historian could not supplement the secret. He "is of your Lordship's name, *though he be known by another.*"

There is a very marked tracing of identity also between Shakespeare's historical plays and Bacon's histories. William Henry Smith, who converted Lord Palmerston to his opinion, in his "Bacon and Shakespeare," says:

"In Shakespeare's plays there is a dramatic series of historical events from the deposition of Richard II to the birth of Elizabeth. But in this series there is one curious unaccounted for hiatus. 'The poet,' says Charles Knight, 'has not chosen to exhibit the establishment of law and order in the astute government of Henry VII.' In Bacon's works there are sundry fragments of a history of England. They are but mere hints, at once the token that the idea of a history had been present in Bacon's mind, and the evidence that it had not been worked out upon paper—at least in this way. But one reign is not a fragment, it is a history—the *History of Henry VII.*—the missing portion of the dramatic series; and the exhibition of the 'establishment of law and order,' wanting to complete the unity of the dramatic series, is wrought out in Lord Bacon's book. The *History of Henry VII.*, by Bacon, completes the series of Shakespeare's histories from Richard II to Henry VIII. It takes up the story, too, from the very place where, in Shakespeare, it is dropped. Richard III ends with Bosworth Field with the coronation of Richmond, and the order for the decent interment of the dead. Bacon's history begins with an 'after' as if it was a continuation. And so it is—a continuation of the drama, taking up the history 'immediately after the victory,' as Bacon writes in his second sentence. Not a word about Henry VII as Earl of Richmond, nothing about the events which preceded the Battle of Bosworth—a story without a beginning; the beginning of it is found in the drama."

But there remains a field in this investigation almost untouched. Turn up the crusted soil of the Elizabethan age itself and what wondrous discoveries may we not make of this Shakespeare! Let the critics give sufficient answer to the question, "Why did not Shakespeare write *Elizabeth of England?*" As her age was as the crown of all the ages, so would a Shakesperian drama of her reign have been the sovereign of all the plays. To doubt this would be to doubt the Shakesperian *genius* itself. The question could be easily answered why Bacon did not. He *dared not* even attempt a *series* of historical plays dramatically sweeping the whole period of her reign! Elizabeth and Mary, Queen of Scots, would have been the rival queens with the

headsman between them; James of Scotland and Philip of Spain; and all the famous characters of those times would have been exposed in the dramatic treatment and action. A triumph of authorships in such a work would have led Bacon to the block, for his compeers would surely have tracked him; but, had there been only the man of Stratford-on-Avon concerned, he might have bequeathed to his nation such a series of plays, though none of them had seen the light of the stage till after his death. It would be the height of presumption, however, to assume as a finality that Bacon and Shakespeare are one. Such a final decision can only be made by the almost unanymous verdict of the whole brotherhood of Shakesperian critics, which may scarcely be hoped for in our time. But, in any view of the case, this discussion cannot be other than profitable, for it may withdraw the critics from their vain expoundings of Shakespeare's *superhuman genius* to a scientific expounding of his *human accomplishments!*

THE OLD HISTORY OF "OULD IRELAND."

IF we take a survey of an ordinary map of the world, large tracts of land, continents and peninsulas attract our attention. Russia, China and Africa could not be passed by carelessly; for from their greatness in size we might expect important power and influence to mould the history of the world. It would be pardonable in us to overlook two small Islands as insignificant, Great Britain and Ireland, and more than an incidental glance would be required to incite due notice and demand consideration. And yet these two Islands have exerted a wonderful influence in the world in modern times, and played an important part in their history. In looking at Russia we might expect remarkable events of peculiar importance; and from the vastness of the Empire of China, the world should apprehend great expectations. From Africa we should hope, from its appearance, climate and advantages, that it would produce grand achievements. But until recently, Russia was in a state of barbarism, and is even now the most despotic of all civilized nations. China with its pig-tailed heads, curious old customs and opinions,

and splendid pagodas has done very little for humanity at large. Africa is dark and unprogressive, and known but little beyond what the stronger and intelligent races have brought it into notoriety by the servility of its people.

But much more important to mankind than Russia, and China and Africa are those little green specks in the sea, Great Britain and Ireland. England has a name wide as the world; her ships sail freely over all seas, her flag is honored in all lands, her commercial enterprises permeate all countries, and the sun never sets on her realm. Her sister, Ireland, is also of no mean consideration.

Fair, ancient Erin, rising 'mid the wave,
Isle, whose rough shores Atlantic's waters lave,

is a grand country. The words uttered by Lord Bacon, more than two centuries and a half ago, are true of her still: Ireland was endowed with so many dowries of nature, considering the fruitfulness of the soil, the ports, the rivers, the fishings, the quarries, the woods and other materials, but especially the race and generation of men, valiant, hard and active, it is not easy, no, not upon the continent to find such confluence of commodities, if the hand of man did join with the hand of nature.

It is of Old Ireland, however, its legendary history and traditional life we would essay to offer a little tribute for the benefit of readers, who, so absorbed in the activities of the present, seldom have time to think of the olden times, "ere antiquity began."

So far back does the history stretch itself that the dark past is deeply penetrated, and so surrounded with the dim mysterious dawns of fancy and fact running through each other, that it is difficult to ascertain where the one begins and the other ends.

We are informed by the old Irish minstrel bards, of marvelous deeds achieved, in a wonderful ancient time, by the most marvelous of men; that at the tread of these great men the earth quaked and the very heavens quivered. So powerful were these giants in war, and committed so many atrocious deeds that they were deemed the heroes and champions of the earth—semi-gods that would even dare the powers of the heavens. We have stories of fierce battles, of mysterious necromancers, of subtle powers which governed land and oceans, woven

into and making up its ancient history. Some of these monstrous giants were huge as mountains, and possessed unlimited prowess. They sat in consultation, after visiting and examining the various works of wonder of man on the earth, pyramids, temples, castles and columns, and in one night they threw together that vast work called the Giants' Causeway in County Antrim, which still exists a monument, mocking the greatest labor of man. We are told of giants of such stature and proportions that they must have felt Ireland to be a narrow lodging place. They seemed to be always in quarrels with each other—never "spoiling for a fight"—and committing disastrous pranks with pugilistic fists as large as the Hill of Howth, and equally powerful.

Not only were there giants marauding the earth, there were also beautiful fairies abroad in the land whose hiding places were under the heather, lurking beneath the blades of grass, sleeping in the cowslips, and riding on the tufts of gossamer, gliding gracefully in the gilded air. Sweetly they sang, and merrily they danced their gay canzonets, and gave to the milkmaids those fairy rings that rustics and children gaze at with delight or surprise to this day. They were generous and friendly to all who would not annoy them by curious intrusion, or interference; but unpleasant and dangerous foes to those who unnecessarily interrupted or sneered at their games and pastimes.

Banshees, also, visited with lamentations the grounds and abodes of those families to which they seemed attached when sickness or death were about to visit any of the members. These were kind and sympathetic sprites that loved mortals and mourned their misfortunes. Then we are led in wonder at the mystic beings, half heroes and half gods, of whom the bards sang with rapture and awe, but which only existed in the imaginations of the venerated minstrels. These subjects of legend and weird and tradition take us back to the childhood of Time,

"Ere Adam delved and Eve span."

But despite these wonderful and strange stories, true history claims for old Hibernia a hoary antiquity.

Greece imported lead from Ireland thirteen centuries before the Christ trod

with weary steps the land of Palestine, which precious enterprise was celebrated by the institution of the Isthurian games. When the wisdom of Solomon was attracting the attention of Eastern sages, and the splendid temple at Jerusalem was drawing the wondering eyes of the civilized world, the traders and speculators of Phœnicea organized colonies on Ireland's shores, and her bonanzas were enriching the adventurers on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, and no doubt Ireland's metals adorned the gorgeous Hebrew structure. Instead of creating an "excitement" at the discovery of her rich mines, and causing a "rush" to the "diggings," the merchants who discovered the secret wealth that lay in her generous bosom, attempted to hide the secret, and misrepresented the Irish people, even worse than they are sometimes spoken of now-a-days. They sent afloat all kinds of stories about the ancient inhabitants on that distant Isle; that they were vicious and inhospitable, desperately wicked, and greedy cannibals. This last trait prevented many "prospectors" from venturing on the perilous voyage and looking for "claims" in such a land. For although, in those distant times, rough, hardy men did not much fear to strike and be struck on the heads like beeves, they had no hankering to be eaten up afterwards like beef.

Ireland is mentioned, in a very old Greek poem as Iernis; and in a work by Aristotle, entitled "The World," dedicated to Alexander the Great, Britain and Ireland are spoken of, the former as Albion, the latter as Ierne. It is, of course, a subject of great doubt by whom Ireland was first peopled; probably by the same Celtic stock that populated or colonized France, Britain and Spain. Some think the first settlers were from Britain, others suppose they went from Spain. The mixed character of the Irish language would rather show that it was made up of citizens of many nations, as it includes Spanish, Scandinavian, German and Celtic,—the last, however, the greatest. A colony from Carthage, Africa, settled on the Irish coast. Multitudes from the north of a different race poured into the country. From England, the land of green hills, the island of honey, a numerous throng of hardy fugitives poured in, and followed hunting for means of sustenance, train-

ing wild-cats and foxes for the chase instead of dogs. These not only settled in Ierne or Erin, but they scattered and inhabited the Western Isles. But the race called Scoti or Scots finally obtained the supremacy in Ireland. These also formed colonies on the coast of Caledonia, which they named Scotia, which gave the name of Scotland to the whole of that country afterwards.

The men of ancient Ireland were a fine, dark-haired, handsome race of men, endowed with strong minds. They loved intensely, and hated deeply, of strong passions, daring, confident and reckless, yet of a social disposition. Fitful, wild and fearless as the mountain blasts at times, and gentle as the fragrant breath of the morning. They were a rural people, their chief wealth consisting of flocks and herds. They had very little money, although ring money, such as is now in circulation in Africa was commonly used. Wheat and other cereals were cultivated there, but only sufficient to meet the wants of the inhabitants, as agriculture was but imperfectly understood by them.

The Druidical system of religion was firmly founded among them, as the stone circles, holy wells, sacred groves, tomb-altars and unhewn pillars fully show. Their religion being that of the Druids, the whole country was under the rule of a large and well-organized priesthood. On the first of May, a fire festival in honor of Baal was celebrated, and human sacrifices were offered up on the altars. To this day there remain many monuments of their old religion. On viewing the rough stones and broken altars, the mind recurs to the dim past, and brings up from the oblivious depths such scenes as were once in the verdant vales of Tipperary, and the Blackwater of Munster. In vision we can gaze upon the stately procession of the white-robed singers, and hear the solemn chants of Druid priests and poets, as they commence the strange rites of their peculiar faith. As we view the vast congregation convened at the service, we notice the devotional expression which rests on every face; we see the odd costume, the curious weapons and the strange language; but chiefly we note the sacrifice upon the altar, and as we gaze, not at the calf, or goat, or sheep, we see man, God's image, bleeding there, we listen and the song of the Druid dies away and we hear the old

scriptural dirge, "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

Though the ancient people of other lands generally dreaded to approach its shores, and feared its inhabitants, yet Ireland was believed to be and was called the Isle of the Blessed, a very paradise, the home of goodness and virtue, and the mysterious place of unalloyed pleasure and immortal youth. Britain was subdued by the Romans, but no haughty centurion ever trod on Ireland's sod, and never had she to confess, "We have no king but Cæsar." There is a story that a renegade Irish Chief fled to Rome, and requested Agricola, the Emperor, to invade Ireland, stating that a single legion would conquer it. Agricola consented to the request, and prepared for it, but from some unknown cause it was never attempted. This account of the Irish Chief reminds us that the people were divided into clans, governed by their various chiefs. In some olden time the country was divided into five kingdoms, namely, Leinster, Ulster, Munster, Connaught and Meath, all under the control of Meath. The kingdoms were sub-divided into other sovereignties.

Ptolemy, in the year 120, in his geographical tables, gave a sketch of Ireland, which, for that time, was very correct, describing its rivers and harbors, giving names to the numerous tribes then existing, and the situations of the principal towns, then mostly on the eastern part of the Island. In a geographical poem by Festus Avienus, Ireland is again described. The manners and customs, and the religion of the people were like that of the ancient Britons. Bards were honored next to kings, and poets were their lawgivers. An earnest, simple-hearted race were they of old Ireland; a nation so antique that no monument exists of its origin.

Ere Christianity spread its influence over the Isle, it is recorded that thirty-two kings had reigned there:

Some good, some bad;
Of bad the larger scroll,

and the chronicler of that time presents a horrible picture of its violence and murder. It appears that the plan adopted for the line of succession, was that most likely to end in murder. Though the sovereignty was hereditary in blood, yet the son did not by right

succeed the father; but it was elective in person, and any of the male branches of certain royal families might be elected king, so that any of the royal blood might aspire to the throne. As the heir to the crown was chosen when the sovereign himself was elected, it made matters much worse, for the heir elect soon invented means and found occasion to rid himself of his predecessor. In consequence of this state of things, but three out of these thirty-two kings died a natural death, the others were poisoned, strangled or stabbed, by those succeeding them, these also suffering the same cruel death.

The great majority of the people were serfs or slaves, sold with the land, and without the power to protect themselves. They lived in mud cabins or hovels, the victims of unkind and harsh rule. Every fellow who could command a handful of retainers, half-clad and not well fed, was a petty lord, and he, having the disposition, exerted himself to encroach upon his neighbor's domain; and many a turf-built sheeling was pulled down to the ground, and fields of golden grain made bare and useless in those struggles. There was no peace and security, and cities and towns were little better than encampments. Yet with all their trials and sacrifices they soon forgot these evils in their natural light-heartedness, their manly exercises and faction-fights; for, after all, many of those old struggles, of which the poets sang so loftily, were little else than "a fight at Dönnbrook fair."

There are some historians who warmly affirm that, prior to the time when Ireland was best known to Europe, she had risen to an eminent degree of civilization, but had fallen from her ancient honor. It was said that, at Ballycastle, mining operations had been extensive; but they are not recorded in any ancient annals. Still, many discoveries have been made, and monuments exist that are matters of study and wonder to antiquaries. Costly dresses, ornaments of gold and silver, brazen swords of very old style and pattern, have been discovered in the fields and bogs, and, also, what are more remarkable, in this connection, are the wonderful round towers, and the monuments of architecture. Other historians hold that the settlers from Phœnicia, engaged in mining, would account fully for the skill shown in the mining works; and

that the discoveries alluded to in the bogs and fields, may not have been the works of native artists, but prove that after the fall of the Roman Empire, many of the best class of minds and means retired to Ireland. The round towers may be supposed to be of christian origin; and that the watch-tower, and beacons, supposed to be erected by the Fire worshippers of the East, had nothing whatever to do with that religion, or those distant times. Whatever may be the truth in the speculations of those historians, it is very certain that history, on which we can depend, carries us far back into the past ages. The scenes therein depicted are of a painful character, and deplorable, when we learn that that "flower of the ocean and gem of the sea," that fair and beautiful country, at so early a period in history was rent asunder by vicious, ambitious and conflicting parties.

So far have we discoursed a pagan Ireland. Christianity now is first promulged from the holy lips of its Founder. The Apostles were out on the first mission to dispense its light. Rome listened to the teaching of the Apostle of the Gentiles; England received the word gladly, and Paul in one of his epistles speaks of the noble British lady, Claudia. But Ireland had not, as yet, seen the true light, nor heard the regenerating principles of the gospel; yet, a curious legend obtained among them, that a certain beautiful young lady, who had come under the power of a magician, by his incantations, assumed the form of a swan, to continue so until the sounds of a bell on the hills and in the valleys of Ireland should summon the hearers to christian worship:

Sadly, O Moy, to thy winter wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
But still in her darkness does Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.

The first of May dawned beautifully on the land of Erin, clothed in her garb of green, bedecked with the fairest flowers, shedding their life-giving fragrance around. To one particular sacred spot, crowds gather together to celebrate this day sacred to the heathen god, Baal. Chiefs, lords, ladies, high, and low and serfs assembled. Druids sang their solemn anthems, the altars were stained with blood, and all hearts deeply engaged in the service, when a small band of christian preachers appeared among them, led by the good Patrick, afterwards chosen as Ireland's tutelar saint. To kings,

priests and people, he declared the purpose of his coming, and though it was not the first time they had heard christianity, he spoke to them of Christ and commended them to the glorious spiritual religion he professed. The christianity of Patrick did much for Ireland. No longer human sacrifices were offered, and the state of slavery in which christianity found them was greatly ameliorated. Patrick acted cautiously that he might gain the affections of the people, and showed himself very much of a diplomatist. His teaching differed considerably from the first preachers of the cross. They denounced what was wrong; Patrick conciliated by adopting the forms of paganism and associating them with the teachings of his religion. He found that their feasts of Sambin occurred near Easter time, and he retained them, in memory of the resurrection. The pagan Irish went to the hill-tops to kindle fires to welcome in summer; he encouraged the work, but to honor St. John. He engraved the name of Jesus on the Druidical stones, and consecrated the religion, the sacred groves and holy wells; the order of Druidesses, he changed to the nuns of St. Bridget, and the sacred misletoe to the wondrous oak of Kildare. Thus he gained the attention of the rulers by his milder and persuasive conduct; the Druids forgot revenges, and the ladies were attracted by the white robes of the christian teachers, and the ancient idolatrous religion began to be superceded by the sweet religion of the Man of Nazareth. A new era, and a new history then opened on the shores and in the hearts of the sons and daughters of "Ould Ireland."

WM. GILL MILLS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN is eight men, not one man; he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information, when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by principle,—when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it who can be witty and something more than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality and religion, ten thousand times better than wit,—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. *Sidney Smith.*

HADASSAH, THE JEWESS.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION.

THE massacre of the Knights of the Covenant was overshadowed by an event which stirred all England. It was the outburst of the last and greatest of England's revolutions, in which the regular line of the Stuarts lost for ever the British throne.

It is a revolution, then, that we have to deal with in the culmination of our story—a revolution in which Sir Judah of Nassau and his sister, the Lady Hadassah, took an active and a superlative part—a revolution that brought both England and the Jews *from under the curse!*

The event which led immediately to the crisis was the arrest and committal to the Tower of Archbishop Sancroft, the Primate of the English Protestant Church, with six of his suffragans—Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph; Turner, Bishop of Ely; Lake, Bishop of Chichester; Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells; White, Bishop of Peterborough; and Sir John Trelawney, Bishop of Bristol. Compton, Bishop of London, had some time previously been suspended from the exercise of his spiritual functions, by that monstrous and unconstitutional Ecclesiastical Court which the Papist king had constructed to regulate the Protestant State Church, and to act as an inquisitorial High Commission upon the general spiritual affairs of the realm.

That we may comprehend this great revolution, with which our story has now to deal, and whose characters and swelling circumstances become so identified with the action of the house of Nassau, of which Sir Judah of Nassau was a member, and William, Prince of Orange, the chief, we must give a digested chapter of the rule of James II., as the Papist king, up to the point of the arrest of the Bishops, where our story resumes the action. And in this chapter the author will be indebted to Macaulay, whose accomplished pen has made the period of James and William live in the history of England like a romance of the times.

"The king early put the loyalty of his Protestant friends to the proof. While he was a subject he had been in the habit of hearing mass with closed doors in a

small oratory which had been fitted up for his wife. He now ordered the doors to be thrown open, in order that all who came to pay their duty to him might see the ceremony. When the host was elevated there was a strange confusion in the antechamber. The Roman Catholics fell on their knees; the Protestants hurried out of the room. Soon a new pulpit was erected in the palace; and during Lent, a series of sermons were preached there by Popish divines, to the great discomposure of zealous churchmen.

A more serious innovation followed. Passion Week came; and the king determined to hear mass with the same pomp with which his predecessors had been surrounded when they repaired to the temples of the established religion.

* * * All the great civil dignities were ordered to be at their posts on Easter Sunday. The rites of the Church of Rome were once more after an interval of a hundred and twenty-seven years, performed at Westminster with regal splendor. The guards were drawn out, the Knights of the Garter wore their collars. The Duke of Somerset, second in rank among the temporal nobles of the realm, carried the sword of state. A long train of great lords accompanied the king to his seat."

Thus James II. began his career to subvert the Protestant kingdom, and to overthrow the church which Elizabeth the Great established, and for which Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, Rogers, and a host of Protestant martyrs had burned at the stake. But we must here leap a volume of history to come to the supreme enormities of his reign.

In the month of April, 1686, James resolved to create a new Court of High Commission. It was the revival of that terrible Ecclesiastical inquisition which was established by Archbishop Laud, under Charles I. In July, London was alarmed with the news that the king had, in direct defiance of two acts of parliament drawn in the strongest terms, intrusted the whole government of the church to seven commissioners. All colleges and grammar schools, even those founded by the liberality of private benefactors, were placed under the authority of the new board. All who depended for bread on situations in the church or

in academical institutions, from the primate to the youngest curate, from the vice-chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge to the humblest were at the royal mercy. The chief commissioner was the chancellor. The chancellor was the infamous Jeffreys. The first victim of this ecclesiastical inquisition was Compton, Bishop of London, whom it suspended from his office.

On the fourth of April of the year 1687—the year before the revolution—James issued his famous “Declaration of Indulgence.” Concerning it the historian says:

“That the Declaration of Indulgence was unconstitutional is a point on which both of the great English parties have always been entirely agreed. Every person capable of reasoning on a political question must perceive that a monarch who is competent to issue such a declaration is nothing less than an absolute monarch. Nor is it possible to urge in defence of this act of James those pleas by which many arbitrary acts of the Stuarts have been vindicated or excused. It cannot be said that he mistook the bounds of his prerogative because they had not been accurately ascertained. For the truth is, that he trespassed with a recent landmark full in his view. Fifteen years before that time, a Declaration of Indulgence had been put forth by his brother with the advice of the Cabal. That declaration, when compared with the declaration of James, might be called modest and cautious. The declaration of Charles dispensed only with penal laws. The declaration of James dispensed also with all religious tests. The declaration of Charles permitted the Roman Catholics to celebrate their worship only in private dwellings. Under the declaration of James they might build and decorate temples, and even walk in procession along Fleet Street with crosses, images and censers. Yet the declaration of Charles had been pronounced illegal in the most formal manner. The Commons had resolved that the king had no power to dispense with statutes in matters ecclesiastical. Charles had ordered the obnoxious instrument to be cancelled in his presence, had torn off the seal with his own hand, and had, both by message under his sign manual, and with his own lips from his throne in full parliament, distinctly promised

the two houses that the step which had given so much offence should never be drawn into precedent. The two houses had then, without one dissentient voice, joined in thanking him for this compliance with their wishes. No constitutional question had ever been decided more deliberately, more clearly, or with more harmonious consent.”

There was some fear at the onset that the Protestant Dissenters would be seduced by the false pretences of James that the aim of his “dispensing power” was to establish equal religious liberties for his subjects. Had this really been the case, all England must have supported him and even had the King’s “dispensing power” in ecclesiastical affairs not been allowed, doubtless the Parliament would have accomplished the King’s reforms by regular constitutional acts. This proved to be the exact case under William and Mary! for that Protestant Prince culminated his reign by the passage of acts of Parliament removing the disabilities from the Dissenters. But the real design of the Papist King was to overthrow the Protestant Church, and reset up in its stead in England the Church of Rome.

At this crisis appeared a series of pamphlets in which the cause of the Court and the cause of the Church was anxiously pleaded before the Puritan, who was now, by a strange turn of fortune, the arbiter of the fate of the established state Church. One of these was a “Letter to a Dissenter.” It was a masterly tract which wrought consternation with the King and his ministers, while among the Dissenters it produced a tremendous effect in every part of the Kingdom. This little tract did much to save the Established Church. The letter was signed “T. W.”, and was thought by many to be from the pen of Sir William Temple, who has figured in the earlier part of our story. Macaulay, however, traces the authorship to another personage in whom we are interested. He says:

“But in truth that amplitude and acuteness of intellect, that vivacity of fancy, that terse and energetic style, that placid dignity, half courtly, half philosophical, which the utmost excitement of conflict could not for a moment derange, belonged to Halifax, and to Halifax alone.”

The King and his Jesuitical cabal

adopted every conceivable artifice and enticing snare of the royal favor, to induce the Dissenters to express gratitude for the royal dispensing power which offered to secure for them equal religious right. Says the historian :

“The great body of Protestant Non-conformists, firmly attached to civil liberty, and distrusting the promises of the King and of the Jesuits, steadily refused to return thanks for a favor, which it might well be suspected concealed a snare. This was the temper of all the most illustrious chiefs of the party. One of these was Baxter. He had, as we have seen, been brutally insulted by Jeffreys, and had been convicted by a jury, such as the courtly sheriffs of those times were in the habit of selecting. Baxter had been about a year and a half in prison when the court began to think seriously of gaining the Non-conformists. He was not only set at liberty, but was informed that if he chose to reside in London he might do so without fearing that the Five Mile Act would be enforced against him. The Government probably hoped that the recollection of past sufferings and the sense of present ease would produce the same effect on him as on Rosewell and Lobb. The hope was disappointed. Baxter was neither to be corrupted nor deceived. He refused to join in any address of thanks for the Indulgence, and exerted all his influence to promote good feeling between the Church and the Presbyterians.”

John Howe, another of the most illustrious chiefs of the Protestant Dissenters, proved equally incorruptible; and the famous John Bunyan and William Kiffin, the two men whose authority with the Baptists was all-potent, also withstood the temptations of the king; Bunyan declined an interview with the king to which he was invited, and the noble old Kiffin resisted even the personal temptings of the king. The Quaker, William Penn, was an exception to the rule. He was used by James to seduce his illustrious compeers—the leaders of other branches of Dissenters; and the part that he played for the king with the fellows of the Oxford colleges has somewhat tarnished the bright fame of the noble Quaker. The purity of his motives alone stands justified in history, but not his conduct in this great controversy between the Catholic and Protestant powers.

The king next attempted to subdue the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge to his will, and to place his creatures, the Papists, in professors' chairs. Doctor John Pechell, the vice-chancellor of the university of Cambridge was, with eight distinguished academicians, summoned to appear before that formidable tribunal—the Ecclesiastical Commission: One of those eight was the great Sir Isaac Newton. They were treated most brutally by Jeffreys. The following is the historian's picture of the king in person dealing with the fellows of Magdalene College, Oxford :

“When they appeared before him, he treated them with an insolence, such as had never been shown to their predecessors by the Puritan visitors. ‘You have not dealt with me like gentlemen,’ he exclaimed. ‘You have been unmannerly as well as undutiful.’ They fell on their knees and tendered a petition. He would not look at it. ‘Is this your Church of England loyalty? I could not have believed that so many clergymen of the Church of England would have been concerned in such a business. Go home. Get you gone. I am king. I will be obeyed. Go to your chapel this instant; and admit the Bishop of Oxford. Let those who refuse look to it. They shall feel the whole weight of my hand. They shall know what it is to incur the displeasure of their sovereign.’ The fellows, still kneeling before him, again offered him their petition. He angrily flung it down. ‘Get you gone, I tell you. I will receive nothing from you till you have admitted the bishop.’

They retired and instantly assembled in their chapel. The question was propounded whether they would comply with his majesty's command. Smith was absent. Charnock alone answered in the affirmative. The other fellows who were at the meeting declared that in all things lawful they were ready to obey their king, but they would not violate their statutes and their oaths.”

James was rapidly approaching the brink of revolution. He sought now to put the temporal affairs of the whole kingdom under a board of Regulators, as he had the affairs spiritual under his unlawful Ecclesiastical Court. To effect this he relied on his lord lieutenants. They were to summon before them all their de-

puties and justices of the peace and to extort from them answers of obedience to the king's will; and they were to furnish a list of such Roman Catholics, and such Protestant dissenters, as might be best qualified for the bench and for commands in the militia. He was also to examine into the state of all the boroughs in the counties, and to make such reports as might be necessary to guide the operations of the board of regulators.

Half the lords lieutenants of England peremptorily refused to stoop to the odious service which was required of them. Every one of them was dismissed. They were the noblest peers in the realm, and of the most ancient of the aristocracy. Among them was Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last of the old Earls of Oxford; Charles Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, lord lieutenant of Staffordshire; Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset and lord lieutenant of Sussex, a rare character whom we shall again meet in our story. The Duke of Somerset was turned out of the lord lieutenancy of the East Riding of Yorkshire; the North Riding was taken from Viscount Fauconberg; Shropshire from Viscount Newark; Lancashire from the Earl of Derby; Wiltshire from the Earl of Pembroke; Leicestershire from the Earl of Rutland; Buckinghamshire from the Earl of Bridgewater; Cumberland from the Earl of Thanet; Warwickshire from the Earl of Northampton; Oxfordshire from the Earl of Abingdon; Derbyshire from the Earl of Scarsdale; Hampshire from the Earl of Gainsborough.

There is not in the whole history of Europe such an exhibit of a king's fatality as seen in the above. For a monarch to thus sweep away the lord lieutenants of the kingdom was absolute insanity. It was revolution begun by the king himself. But even the above was surpassed by James Stuart's crowning act of madness, which now follows quickly, in his sending the primate of the Church of England to the Tower with six of his brethren, the bishops.

On the twenty-seventh of April, 1688, the king put forth a second Declaration of Indulgence. On the fourth of May he made an order in council that his declaration should be read, on two successive Sundays, at the time of divine service, by the officiating ministers of all the churches and chapels in the kingdom. In London and in the suburbs, the read-

ing was to take place on the twentieth and twenty-seventh of May; in the other parts of England on the third and tenth of June. The bishops were directed to distribute copies of the Declaration through their respective dioceses.

Would or would not the clergy of the Protestant Established Church obey the mandate of the Papist king? This was the all-prevailing question of the hour.

With this skeleton of the acts of the reign of James before us, we resume our story in which its characters culminate their action in this, the last and the greatest of England's revolutions.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

IN THE CLOSET WITH THE PRIESTS.

"SIRE, they yield!"

"Think you so, Father Petre?"

"They must, sire."

"They must, Father, it is my will!"

"And the will of Holy Church!"

added the priest: the king understood this gentle reproof of the Church.

"I pray her grace, father," said James, humbly. "The will of Holy Church is above even the will of the king."

"Sire, she owns you as her most faithful servant. Lewis of France, by his haughtiness in her presence, has lost her confiding love. But James of England she has taken to her heart as first among earthly sovereigns. The Holy Father has bidden me tell him so, and in his stead to bless this James of England as the most dutiful son of our Mother Church."

"Did the Pope so specially enjoin you with blessings for our unworthy head?" enquired James, with much emotion.

"Sire, he did in his last epistle to me."

"And in terms of supreme favor, too. Did the Pope, indeed, so name me and Lewis of France—the one a vessel of honor and that one our unworthy self?"

"Sire, here is the Holy Father's epistle to me. Read it before your next devotions. I will leave the sacred epistle with you."

The king took the pope's letter to Father Petre and reverently kissed it, and a tear rolled down his cheek which he sought not to hide from his confessor. He who was so despotic and implacable, even when dealing with the fathers and Primate of the English Established Church of the realm, was as humble and

submissive as any poor Catholic peasant in the august presence of the Church of Rome. And here, by the way, it may be observed that the historical reader will find as a very singular feature of this religious revolution, for such it was, that both in his despotic controversy with the colleges and with the Bishops and their Primate, James invariably spoke to them of the English Established Church as "*your* Church!" Lewis le Grand might have treated his own church very much as James did the English Church, which, in fact, Lewis at length did, but James Stuart was, indeed, a faithful and devoted son of the Church of Rome. It was the virtue of his great-grandmother, Mary Stuart, who paid a martyr's head for her devotion to *her* church, as James, her descendant, did for his throne.

Father Petre had accomplished his purpose with the king that day and was satisfied that James was more than ever the servant of Rome.

"Sire, they will yield at last."

"They shall, Father."

"My son, Mother Church will be triumphant, triumphant! And through your tribulation and fidelity she will regain her universal supremacy."

"God be praised!" exclaimed the king, devoutly. "Your benediction, father. Leave me now to my devotions. My eyes are longing to read the epistle concerning me from God's vicegerent."

The father confessor gave his benediction to the king and left him to his devotions and his exultation at the thought that, through his faithfulness, Mother Church would gain universal sway upon earth. What wonder that with such thoughts James Stuart played the part he did and lost his throne. It is due to him to confess that, with all his faults, he was sincere in his religion and faithful in his service to the Church of Rome. In this respect, James was immeasurably above his brother Charles, and even above his father, "the royal martyr."

From the closet of the king to the closet of the king's confessor—the Father-General of the Order of Jesuits.

"Aye, they shall yield—the lords temporal and the lords spiritual—priests and people alike of this rival church;—they *shall* all yield or I will make them eat dirt, the vilest and most loathsome of all dirt. I wonder if Francis has returned from his reconnoitre in the city."

Father Petre rang his little bell thrice, and presently the young Jesuit, Francis appeared.

"How goes the battle, my son?"

"So far against us, your Reverence," replied the young Jesuit with that directness which so characterized the daring and ambitious protege of the Father-General of the Jesuit Order.

"How now, my son, against us? Thou hast surely forgotten?"

"No, father, I have not forgotten that the Catholics hold the ruling places throughout the realm,—not forgotten, sir, that we have forced our priests into the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge,—not forgotten that under your advice the king has really exercised the dispensing power in numerous ways and instances; but in this formal promulgation of the king's dispensing power the battle goes against us."

"Well, Francis, would you have us give up the battle and confess ourselves beaten?"

"Has my plainness offended your Reverence?"

"Why do you ask such a question, my son?"

"Or does your Reverence mock me?"

"Francis, your training under this Jew of Nassau has made you bold, or you would not dare ask your superior if he mocked you. And yet I like your methods and your thoughts. They support me in my purposes. But why did you ask if you had offended or that I mocked you?"

"Did not your Reverence ask me if we should give up the battle?"

"My son, did not your words and manner imply that in promulgating the dispensing power of the king we had committed an error?"

"Almost as great an error, father, as it would be for the king to confess the error or to retreat from his purpose."

"I like that, my son. I never confess an error myself and never give up my purposes, nor shall the king while I guide his barque."

"Did not your Reverence, then, mock me?" said the young Jesuit, with a smile.

"You have beaten me, Francis; I'll confess for once to an error. Well my son, you mean that we must continue?"

"Yes, Father, though all the Protestant clergy in the land refuse to read the king's declaration."

"Think you they will, my son?"

"Yes, to a certainty."

"Well, my son?"

"After to-morrow, Father, it is revolution in the land."

"Then, Francis, we will crush this revolution beneath our heel," observed Father Petre, with a might of priestly will marked in the lines of his face and the setting of his mouth that showed him to be a fitting head of the Jesuit Order.

"Father——"

"Pause not my son, speak freely thy thoughts, be they never so bold, they shall not offend me."

"Father, is James Stuart great enough for this mighty issue between our Mother Church and her Protestant offspring?"

"Her legitimate offspring! Rome's child?"

"You frown, father."

"I am not offended with thee, my son. But call this Church of England—this offspring of Harry VIII.—bastard if thou wilt, as was his daughter, but speak not of her as Rome's true issue."

"Your pardon, sir; but the Church of Rome is England's true issue. When Mother Church owns her as such she will regain her lost child."

"Francis," said Father Petre, repressing a partial disapprobation, notwithstanding he had bidden the young lieutenant of his order to speak freely,—
"Francis, since thy tutelage under this Jew of Nassau thou art ever wording thy thoughts strangely. Thou art a Jesuit indeed in thy fidelity; and I know none, not even myself, who would dare more for the supremacy of Rome than Francis Fitzallen, but——"

"I pray you, father, 'but' me not," interrupted the lieutenant of the Father-General of the Jesuits, who seemed to have acquired his influence over Father Petre by that peculiar method of dissent mixed with profound reverence which is so fascinating to our superiors, but which only men of rare intellects and the most subtle independence of character are capable of sustaining in their intercourse with ruling men.

"Well, I will not 'but' thee, my son. Without reservation, I repeat that not even myself would dare more for the supremacy of Rome than Francis Fitzallen."

"I would myself burn at the stake to make her the Dictator of Christen-

dom as in the days of Gregory VII."

The young Fitzallen replied, not with the fire of an enthusiast, but with that deep and terrible inborn purpose of a supreme dominant mind which sweeps away all obstacles from its path to reach the heights of ambition, yet would not shrink from martyrdom itself to reach the pinnacle of power. When such a man is a king, his ambition means not his abstract individual self, which is the least in greatest minds, but his kingdom, of which he as king is the head; when a churchman of Rome, his ambition signifies the universal supremacy of the church, and himself as the Pope who has wrought out this glory and dominion for her. Such a churchman was Gregory VII.; such an one was Cardinal Wolsey; and such an one was Francis Fitzallen. In this respect the Father-General of the Jesuits was in accord with his lieutenant. He smiled, observing:

"Ought you not to have named another, my son, rather than Gregory?"

"Whom mean you, father?"

"Wolsey. Oh, I forget not, Francis, your conversation with Sir Judah of Nassau upon this very subject. Since you would have this Church of England reclaimed as a legitimate though wayward daughter of Mother Church, thou shalt play, my son, the Wolsey of our times."

"And thou the Gregory before me, sir."

Father Petre smiled. He liked the classing.

"Yet let us return to the question, your Reverence. Is James Stuart great enough for the issue?"

"Say, rather, my son, is old Gregory great enough with young Wolsey as his staff?"

"Father, if we would win the issue, we must, by and by, come to English methods. The Stuarts have never understood the English people, as did the Plantagenets and the Tudors."

"Ah! now, my son, you need that I should caution you."

"And so, father, I paused just now when you bade me speak freely my thoughts. The question was: is the Stuart mighty enough for the work of Mother Church; but behind the question was the motive and the cause."

"What mean you, Francis?"

"That I had not asked you such a question had a Plantagenet or a Tudor

been on the English throne, for they were true English in their royal breed, and so much were they the lion in their nature, that their mightiness made war on Rome."

"So much, then, is the Stuart better than the Tudor for the service of Mother Church."

"What, your Reverence, being so much weaker, when so much strength is to be subdued? Is the Stuart better than the Tudor for being impotent to serve the church?"

"The question is not well put, Francis: James is not impotent."

"If he be not strong enough to reconquer England for the church, then is he impotent though he were Hercules."

"You were right, my son. I yield the point. But James Stuart is faithful to Mother Church."

"So were the Plantagenets and the Tudors once, and strong as faithful."

"James is dutiful; but so was not Henry VIII., nor was his daughter, Elizabeth," said the father-confessor, argumentatively.

"So much the better, then, your Reverence, had the Church of Rome either Henry or his daughter, Elizabeth, on her side to-day. Then would England be with Rome to-morrow, instead of to-morrow in revolution with all at stake."

"Francis, your words alarm me. There is English depth in your thoughts. I am right conscious of the fact that, England being the stake for which we play, English thoughts and methods will count much."

"Was it wise, father, for James Stuart to place himself at issue with the Church of England?" queried the young Jesuit.

"How else, my son?"

"Henry VIII. fathered that same church, and Elizabeth mothered it. Remember, your Reverence, the Church of England has been both Catholic and Protestant."

"Why, Francis, that is the thought which is constantly uppermost in the king's mind. Myself and the king both aim for the transposition again. The change next is to the Catholic. With Catholic bishops once more, England is the footstool of Rome."

"That will England never be! I pray the pardon of your Reverence; the methods of the king are un-English."

"I am almost angry with thee, Fran-

cis; for I perceive you censure your superior, as well as dissent from the course of the king."

"Father, you bade me speak plainly."

"I did."

"Shall I speak farther?"

"Yes; for your views enlighten me. We have both the same aim and you are my helpmate, my son."

"As England should be to the See of Rome. Or as I would make England—her faithful daughter, not Rome's footstool."

"So let her be Rome's daughter, if she be penitent."

"England is proud and mighty," replied this haughty scion of the house of Fitzallen; "and the proud and mighty are never penitent unless self-convicted. England is conscientious. She must not be humbled. If we humble her we lose her."

"Francis, your words trouble me."

"That is because the king has both humbled and provoked England. Was it wise of him to un-make his lord lieutenants? Their ancestors were Catholic earls when a Fitzallen was primate of England. One of the ancestors of Aubrey de Vere held high command at Hastings; another marched with Godfrey and Tancred to the Holy Sepulchre. The first earl of Oxford was minister of Henry Beauclerc. The third earl was among the barons who extorted the Great Charter from John. The Talbots also have been peers of the realm ever since the reign of Edward the Third. John Talbot commanded the English against the Maid of Orleans. Are such the men whom the Stuart kings should humble, whose ancestors were as princes when the Stuarts were of little weight in Christendom!"

"I will check the king, or we may indeed lose all," observed Father Petre, after a few moments troubled reflection, for the conversation with Francis, this morning, had greatly alarmed him.

"My son, what would you advise?"

"To let this revolution burst!" replied the daring Fitzallen. "We have provoked the fury, and we must master it. I confess that an overturning is the quickest 'end-all' to this mighty controversy in which William of Orange must soon take a part. If James can be brought to declare war with Holland, Lewis of France will be with him! and

together they would dominate in war both in the Netherlands and here in England. A French army landed on our shores, to help the King to regulate his realm and to forestall a Dutch invasion, will secure James Stuart on his throne and give the triumph to Mother Church."

"Francis, your thoughts now please me much," said Father Petre, his eye lighting up with an unusual excitement. "I will urge the King to war with Holland."

"Then are we indeed strong enough, and the day will be ours!" exclaimed Francis Fitzallen, with the exultation of one who had just accomplished some daring purpose of his daring ambition.

War with Holland was the great aim and policy of the young Priest who was aspiring to the Papal throne!

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE BISHOPS AND KING.

FRANCIS the Jesuit was correct. On the morrow, there was revolution in the land; but it was that deep and almost silent revolution so characteristic in the history of the English Commonwealth and so different from that of France. The Protestant Dissenters of London boldly declared that they would stand by the Bishops of the Established Church in the great crisis, "exhorting them, placed as they were in the van of this great fight, to play the men for the liberties of England and for the faith delivered to the Saints."

The clergy of the Established Church in their turn gave noble answer. They straightway held a grand council at which fifteen doctors of divinity were present. Tillotson, Dean of Canterbury, the most celebrated preacher of the age, came thither from a sick bed. Others, equally eminent as representatives of the Protestant Church, came also. At one moment the fate of England and the world seemed to hang as on a hair, for the dispute had waxed warm. At this supreme moment, Doctor Edward Fowler, Vicar of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, arose:

"I must be plain," he said, "the question is so simple that argument can throw no new light on it and can only beget heat. Let every man say, Yes or No. But I cannot be bound by the vote of the majority. I shall be sorry to cause a breach of unity. But this dec-

laration I cannot in conscience read."

Tillotson, Patrick, Sherlock and Stillington declared that they, also, could not in conscience obey the mandate of the king

A moment before, the great globe seemed to be going out of its orbit, but the Voice brought it back again. It is well for the race that this Voice Divine tarries in the world to speak in these supreme moments of human destiny.

"Let every man say, Yes or No; but I cannot be bound by the vote of the majority!"

The Voice of divine authority, which thus spoke through Doctor Edward Fowler, was at first in the minority, but "the majority," says the historian, "yielded to the authority of a minority so respectable."

This council of English divines drew up a formal resolution against the "Declaration of Indulgence," which the king had commanded to be read in every church and chapel in the land. They pledged themselves to one another not to read the King's mandate in the sanctuaries where they were wont to read the mandate of God only; for such preachers as Tillotson had already weaned Englishmen from kingcraft in the house of God. This was just the lesson which the royal James was about to be taught. Patrick, Dean of Peterborough and rector of St. Paul's, was the first to set his hand to the resolution, Fowler was the second. And when this little band of the pulpit chivalry had perfected their instruments for the protection of English liberties, they sent the paper round the city and speedily eighty-five incumbents subscribed to the resolution not to obey the king's mandate, it being against their conscience.

This noble conduct of the clergy of England stirred Sir Judah of Nassau to admiration. Notwithstanding his father, Prince David, was a prisoner in the Tower and that his original intention was to have hastened to Holland to inform his prince of the tragedy which had befallen the ancient comrades of his great uncle, Maurice of Nassau, Sir Judah was resolved to tarry awhile longer to witness the further development of the British revolution which he as well as Francis the Jesuit perceived had already begun.

He had this morning been preparing dispatches to William of Orange. He

had given instructions to his servant that he was at home, to no one but the Marquis of Halifax, whom he was expecting every minute. Some of the dispatches were from certain English statesmen who were in correspondence with William. To each of these he added his own notes of observation and advice to his prince and then followed a very complete and statesman-like letter from himself on English affairs. He had hastened with his work and ended it a few moments before the Marquis of Halifax was ushered into his cabinet by Reuben Ben Levi who was about to retire without addressing Sir Judah, leaving the statesmen to their business.

"Stay, Reuben."

"My prince?"

"Be on the way to Holland with these dispatches within the hour."

Reuben Ben Levi took the dispatches, clasped the hand of his prince as a brother, and was gone.

"Friend Halifax, Reuben would endure the torture of the rack as did the son of Caleb. Those dispatches are safe in his keeping."

"I doubt him not, Sir Judah; I have observed stubborn courage and fidelity in your servant."

"My brother, not my servant. Reuben was my playmate. But to business. Marquis."

"Well, Sir Judah, Archbishop Sancroft has invited us both to the council of the prelates. We have barely time to be present. The Bishops move with circumspection."

"Yet are resolved to play a worthy part to save the Church and England. Is it not so, Lord Halifax?"

"So are they resolved. England will have cause to bless them."

"And the Lord of Halifax?"

"Oh, I will not fail dear England. Be assured of that, Sir Judah."

"I am ready, my lord. Let us be gone at once."

When Sir Judah of Nassau and the Marquis of Halifax arrived at the palace of the Archbishop, at Lambeth, they found a grave and learned company assembled. Compton, Bishop of London, Turner, Bishop of Ely, White, Bishop of Peterborough, and Tennison, rector of St Martin's parish were among the guests. The Earl of Clarendon, a zealous and uncompromising friend of the Church, had

been invited, as also had my Lord of Halifax and Sir Judah of Nassau; but the invitation to the latter had come late as we have seen, for the circumspect primate of the church, was not prepared as yet for the calling in of William of Orange to settle English affairs.

Cartwright, Bishop of Chester, intruded himself on the meeting as a spy of the king. While he remained, no confidential communication could take place; but after his departure the great question of the hour was freely discussed. The opinion prevailed that the king's declaration ought not to be read. It was resolved to write letters to the bishops generally throughout the kingdom, entreating them to come up to London without delay. A second and more decisive meeting was appointed to take place on the arrival of a competent council of prelates and divines to represent the minds of the entire Church of England.

Both Sir Judah and Halifax were gratified with the preparatory results of that day.

"Friend Halifax," observed Sir Judah, "your English Church will stand fire."

"Aye, sir, or I much mistake the temper of English mettle."

The second Council of prelates and other eminent divines was held at Lambeth on the eighteenth of May. Prayers were solemnly read before the consultation began, and after long deliberation, a petition to the king, embodying the general sense, was written by the archbishop with his own hand. All disloyalty, all intolerance, was earnestly disclaimed. The king was assured that the Church was, as she had ever been, faithful to the throne. He was assured also that the bishops would, in proper place and time, as lords of parliament and members of the Upper House of convocation, show that they by no means wanted tenderness for the conscientious scruples of Dissenters. But parliament had, both in the late and in the present reign, declared that the sovereign was not constitutionally competent to dispense with statutes in matters ecclesiastical. The declaration was, therefore, illegal, and the petitioners could not, in prudence, honor, or conscience, be parties to the solemn publication of an illegal declaration in the house of God, and during the time of divine service.

The paper was signed by archbishop

Sancroft; Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph; Turner, Bishop of Ely; Lake, Bishop of Chichester; Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells; White, Bishop of Peterborough; and Trelawney, Bishop of Bristol.

CHAPTER L.

THE BISHOPS BEFORE THE KING.

IN THE king's own palace, Sir Judah of Nassau was closeted with Sunderland, the prime minister. The part which this too much trusted minister played in the revolution which changed the dynasty of England, has been an enigma to statesmen and historians alike. Sunderland had turned Catholic to more completely ingratiate himself into the heart of his royal master; no minister of the crown had held such a sway in the affairs of the realm as he since the time of the Earl of Strafford, the prime minister of Charles I., whom that monarch made almost absolute, and then in his weakness signed the death warrant for the execution of his favorite. But Sunderland was made of different stuff to that of my lord of Strafford. He was not the sort of prime minister to allow himself to be betrayed by his royal master, but rather the one to sell his king on his forecasting of events in which he saw that the king's cause was about to be lost. In fine, Sunderland betrayed James Stuart and prepared the way for the advent of William of Orange.

Such is the meaning of Sir Judah of Nassau's presence to day in the closet of the prime minister of England. Both the Prince of Orange and the Jew Statesman had need of him, so were using him, but trusting in themselves and in such of the British statesmen who were like the Marquis of Halifax.

The private matters of the prime minister and the Dutch envoy were suddenly interrupted by a tremulous knock at the closet door, as though he who sought an answer feared the displeasure of those within, yet was under some imperative command to knock.

"It must be a matter of surprising importance, Sir Judah," observed the prime minister, "or a message from the king himself."

Sunderland went to the door and admitted his secretary.

"My lord," said the secretary, "I had not intruded on your conference,

but Bishop Lloyd, in the name of the Archbishop of Canterbury and six of the Bishops, ask to see your lordship."

"Tell his lordship I will be with them presently."

The secretary bowed to his chief, and carried word to the bishops that the minister of the king was honored by their lordships, presence and in a moment would be with them.

"Sir Judah, a fate is in the wind to-day or the Church would not be at my doors."

"Then, my lord, set not your face against the wind of fate, but blow with it."

"You were wisely right, Sir Judah. England already is in revolution. This is why the Church knocks at my closet. The Archbishop has long been forbidden the Court and now seeks me to open his way to the king. I hear as much from Bishop Cartwright."

"Sunderland, make no mistakes; William will not pardon blunders in any of us. The stakes of the game are too high to be lost, and already you are too deeply committed to retrace your steps."

"Oh, Sir Envoy, suspend not the sword of Damocles above my head."

"Such was not the design my lord, but simple plainness. You said yourself a fate was in the wind to day. Be wise, therefore, my lord, and deal with it as fate."

Sunderland left Sir Judah alone for a while.

The bishop of St Asaph explained to the minister that he and his brethren had come to Whitehall to obtain an interview with the king. As the minister knew, their primate was forbidden the Court, and he was, moreover, sick at Lambeth; so the petition which they had to present to the king was committed to himself, Bishop Lloyd, for the presentation. Lloyd of St Asaph then begged the minister to read the petition and ascertain when the king would be willing to receive it.

"Your pardon, my lord bishop," replied Sunderland, "but, without offence to you or his Grace of Canterbury, I much prefer to remain in utter innocence of knowledge in this matter. It will please me much, however, to acquaint the king with your lordships' desires for an interview."

The bishop of the Church, perceiving that the minister was afraid to compro-

mise himself, at once accepted the minister's offer.

Having returned to Sir Judah of Nassau for a moment, to acquaint him with the affair which he perceived was about to have startling results, Sunderland went immediately to the closet of the king. Lloyd of St Asaph left his five brethren, at the house of Lord Dartmouth in the vicinity of the palace, where they waited his return to learn the pleasure of the king.

When the king heard of the request of the bishops to be ushered into his gracious presence, he smiled with exceeding good humor. Sunderland had cunningly informed his Majesty that if he had properly gathered the sense of their lordships' petition, the bishops were disposed to obey the royal mandate; but that they wished some modification in form and so were near by, waiting his majesty's pleasure to present an humble petition to that effect

His Majesty, the Pope's servant, is in good humor at the conceit of how well the Holy Father of Rome and the king are becoming possessed of the goodly spoil of bonny England. The bishops are ushered into his Majesty's presence and kneel before the king. The sovereign, who is in very good humor, graciously bids the Fathers of the English Church to rise. Then James took the paper from Lloyd of St. Asaph.

"This is my lord of Canterbury's hand," said the king.

"Yes, sir, his own hand," replied Lloyd of St. Asaph.

The king read the petition; he folded it up; and his countenance grew dark.

"This is a great surprise to me," he exclaimed, "I did not expect this from your church, especially from some of you. This is a standard of rebellion."

The bishops broke out into passionate professions of loyalty. But the Stuarts never did understand English loyalty and English liberties as cast into one mould—never from the days of Mary Stuart, the rival of Elizabeth Tudor—Mary, the dearest child of romance;—from her to her great grandson, James, they never understood that the free will of mighty England was more sovereign than their own despotic will or royal arrogance. The English bishops were right. They were loyal! And they so conceived their case without hypocrisy, for they were Englishmen.

"I tell you, this is a standard of rebellion! I tell you this is a standard of rebellion!"

The king, as though beside himself with astonishment and wrath, repeated the same words over and over.

"I tell you, this is a standard of rebellion!"

"Rebellion!" cried Trelawney, Bishop of Bristol, in anguish, falling on his knees. "For God's sake, sir, do not say so hard a thing of us. No Trelawney can be a rebel. Remember that my family has fought for the crown. Remember how I served your majesty when Monmouth was in the west."

"We put down the last rebellion!" said Lake, Bishop of Chichester. "We shall not raise another."

"We rebel!" exclaimed Turner, Bishop of Ely; "we are ready to die at your majesty's feet."

"Sir," said Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, with admirable dignity, "I hope you will grant to us that liberty of conscience which you grant to all mankind."

"This is rebellion!" persisted the king, who in his royal insanity could not even give variety to his words.

"This is a standard of rebellion. Did ever a good Churchman question the dispensing power before? Have not some of you preached for it, and written for it? It is a standard of rebellion. I will have my declaration published."

"We have two duties to perform," answered Bishop Ken, nobly; "our duty to God, and our duty to your majesty. We honor you; but we fear God."

"Have I deserved this?" said the king, more and more angry, "I, who have been such a friend to your church! I did not expect this from some of you. I will be obeyed. My declaration shall be published. You are trumpeters of sedition. What do you here? Go to your dioceses and see that I am obeyed. I will keep this paper. I will not part from it. I will remember you that have signed it."

"God's will be done!" responded Bishop Ken, with exalted submission.

"God has given me the dispensing power," retorted the king furiously, "and I will maintain it. I tell you there are still seven thousand of your church who have not bowed the knee to Baal."

The bishops respectfully retired from the king's presence.

CHAPTER LI.

THE FATE OF THE PETITION.

THE king committed the petition of the bishops and their primate to his prime minister in whose keeping he imagined it would be safe. So thought his majesty, not dreaming for a moment that London that night would be disturbed by this "standard of rebellion" which had been raised in his closet that day.

Sir Judah still waited in the prime minister's closet the return of the keeper of the king's affairs. But little dreamt the king that Sir Judah of Nassau was even in his palace. Little dreamt Francis the Jesuit, either, that the master statesman who had educated him in State policy was in the prime minister's closet, forestalling the anticipated declaration of war with Holland—making war, in fact, upon his enemy under the king's own nose.

"Sir Judah of Nassau," said Sunderland, greatly agitated, "I may pay for this with my head, but here is the petition. 'Twas a stormy interview, as I expected. This document must be copied. The original must be returned to the king to-night after I have carefully digested it to give advice to be laid before the council.

He of Nassau seized the pen and rapidly copied the petition, handing the original to its keeper on the completion of the task.

"My lord of Sunderland, I shall inform William of this great service."

"Do so, Sir Judah, and tell him 'tis but the alpha of my service to his Highness. I confess to a desire to stand well with William. He will be king of England before the year hath closed."

In vain had the king kept the seditious document, as he styled it. The same night it appeared word for word in print. It was laid on the tables of the coffee-houses. It was cried about the streets. Everywhere the people rose from their beds and came out to stop the hawkers.

The day after the publication of the bishop's manifesto to the king, a letter was also in circulation, written, it is said, "with great power of argument and language." It was printed secretly and circulated through the post and by the common carriers. A copy was sent to every clergyman in the kingdom.

"If we read the declaration," said the

writer, "we fall to rise no more. We fall unpitied and despised. We fall amidst the curses of a nation whom our compliance will have ruined!"

Prideaux, Dean of Norwich, who was a principal agent in distributing this paper, believed it to be the work of the Marquis of Halifax.

The king was in furious wrath over the publication of the petition, and the king's ministers were in consternation—especially my lord President of the council, Sunderland. At least, Sunderland affected to be in consternation, and the other members of the Council certainly were alarmed. But the prime minister had no real cause to fear discovery and the loss of his head nor imprisonment in the Tower; for Sir Judah of Nassau was not the man to blunder. On his side, Francis the Jesuit was not alarmed, but pleased with the event. He, like Sir Judah, as we have seen, was aiming to bring the affairs not only of England but of Europe to a supreme crisis. The one was plotting to work James Stuart up to a rage royal enough to declare war with Holland worthy of a king of England; the other for the advent of William to redeem England from the rule of the Papist king and prevent the overthrow of the chief Protestant power in Europe.

CHAPTER LII.

SENT TO THE TOWER.

THE Sunday arrived on which the king's Declaration of Indulgence had to be read in every church and chapel in England.

In London there were a hundred parish churches. In only four of them was the king's mandate obeyed. At Saint Gregory's, as soon as the minister uttered the first words, the whole congregation arose and withdrew. Other ministers who attempted to comply were similarly treated by their congregations. Samuel Wesley, the father of John and Charles Wesley, a curate of London, took for his text the answer of the three Jews to the Chaldean monarch.

"Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

No wonder that from such an English father sprung the founders of the Methodist Church!

"Never," says the historian," had the church been so dear to the nation as on the afternoon of that day. The spirit of dissent seemed to be extinct. Bixter, from his pulpit, pronounced an eulogium on the bishops and parochial clergy. The Dutch minister, a few hours later, wrote to inform the States-General that the Anglican priesthood had risen in the estimation to an incredible degree. The universal cry of the non-conformists, he said, was, that they would rather continue to be under the penal statutes than separate their cause from that of the prelates."

But James Stuart sought vengeance, and Jeffreys maintained that the government would be disgraced if the bishops were not prosecuted; so it was resolved by the king and his chief justice that the archbishop and his six compeers should be brought before the Court of King's Bench on the charge of seditious libel.

On the evening of the eighth of June, the year 1688, the seven prelates stood in the council chamber before the king.

"Is this the paper which your Grace wrote, and which the six bishops present delivered to his majesty?" enquired the chancellor, taking the petition from the table and showing it to the archbishop.

The latter looked at the paper, and turned to the king.

"Sir," he said, "I stand here a culprit. I never was so before. Once I little thought that I ever should be so. Least of all could I think that I should be charged with any offence against my king; but, since I am so unhappy as to be in this situation, your majesty will not be offended if I avail myself of my lawful right to decline saying anything which will criminate me."

"This is mere chicanery," replied the tyrant. "I hope your Grace will not do so ill a thing as to deny your own hand."

"Sire," said Lloyd, "all divines agree that a person situated as we are may refuse to answer such a question."

This made the tyrant angry.

"Sire," added the archbishop, meeting the king half way; "I am not bound to accuse myself. Nevertheless, if your majesty positively commands me to answer, I will do so in confidence that a just and generous prince will not suffer what I say in obedience to his orders to be brought in evidence against me."

"You must not capitulate with your sovereign," said the chancellor.

"No," added the king; "I will not give any such command. If you choose to deny your own hands, I have nothing more to say to you."

The bishops were sent out into the antechamber. The king consulted with the chancellor, and the prelates one with the other. The bishops were called back into the council-room; again and again were they sent out and recalled. These suspensions of the action in the drama under performance between the king and the bishops were as intervals arranged for the trial of Protestant resistance to the king's force. But the bishops bore the trial and maintained their integrity, yet with that profound respect for the throne which is so characteristic of the Englishman, even in his supremest maintainance of his constitutional rights and liberties. At length, the king commanded them to answer; when Archbishop Sancroft acknowledged his handwriting, and his brethren followed his example. Whereupon the king signified to the chancellor that he should instruct the arraigned prelates.

"Sirs," said the chancellor, "a criminal information for libel will be exhibited against you in the Court of King's Bench. You will, therefore, sirs, please to enter into recognizances."

"Is such your majesty's command?" enquired the primate, Sancroft, in a tone of protest.

"You must answer, sirs, for your work. You are trumpeters of sedition. You are required to enter into recognizances—all of you."

"Which we refuse to do," said the Bishop of Bath and Wells, with his noble boldness; "Yet it grieves us to speak our mind so plainly to the king."

"You refuse! I will send you all to the Tower. Refuse to obey your king! Yes, sirs, to the Tower with you all this very day, or obedience to your sovereign. You shall fear me if you persist in disobeying me. Will you or not enter into recognizances?"

The wrath of the king was quite explosive, and, as he closed his outburst, he fixed his eye threateningly on the archbishop as looking to him for the final answer.

"Your majesty," replied Archbishop Sancroft, very respectfully but with un-

mistakable firmness; "we do refuse. We are peers of the realm. We have been advised by the best lawyers in Westminster Hall that no peer can be required to enter into a recognizance in a case of libel."

"Which means, my lord of Canterbury, that you refuse to obey your king?" observed the tyrant, his countenance flushed darkly with cholor and mortification.

"Your pardon, sire, but we do not, as peers of the realm, deem ourselves justified in relinquishing the privileges of our order."

"I take your answer, Archbishop San-croft, as a personal affront. Look well to it lest the Ecclesiastical Commission deprive you all of your sees."

"Sire, the House of Lords would assuredly treat the sentence of deprivation as a nullity," replied the primate.

"Look to it, I say," thundered James, "the Ecclesiastical Commission shall deal with you. My lord of Canterbury, I will make you an example for the rest; and you also, my lord Bishop of Bath and Wells," he added, as his glance met the indignant eye of Bishop Ken. "Look to it, my lord bishops or the Ecclesiastical Commission shall deprive you of all your sees."

"Pause, sire," interposed Lloyd of St. Asaph, who was known to be as learned in constitutional law and the defined methods of parliament as he was in divinity,—"*pause, sire, my brother of Canterbury has told you but the plain truth. The House of Lords will certainly treat the sentence of deprivation as a nullity and will summon us to parliament to answer before a jury of our peers. Furthermore, sire, the lords will refuse to acknowledge a new Archbishop of Canterbury or a new Bishop of Bath and Wells. Reconsider, your majesty, I beseech you. Give not this extraordinary suit against the primate of the church and six of its bishops to an irregular Ecclesiastical Commission which neither the church nor parliament would recognize in an action depriving us of our sees. Pause, sire, or—*"

"What, rebel?" broke in James, carried away by passion.

"Or, sire, you will make every loyal Englishman a rebel!" answered Lloyd of St. Asaph, severely.

The bishops by this time were indig-

nant with the king for his frequent application to them of the words "rebel," "rebellion" and "sedition."

The primate of the English Church and six of his Episcopal brethren—Lloyd of St. Asaph, Turner of Ely, Lake of Chichester, Ken of Bath and Wells, White of Peterborough, and Trelawney of Bristol—were finally committed to the Tower. A warrant was made out directing the lieutenant of the Tower to keep them in safe custody.

Meantime, while this noble scene was being performed before the king's council, in which seven of the fathers of the English Church maintained the Protestant integrity of the realm—for such was the significance of that inquisitorial trial of their courage before the king—all London was in a condition of supreme anxiety.

A great multitude of the citizens filled the courts of Whitehall; and neighboring streets were packed with the anxious people. Some in groups discussed the momentous questions of the hour, all of which were now centered around the fathers of the Protestant Established Church.

Among the groups of citizens was Sir Judah of Nassau. His presence and his purpose may be easily understood. He mixed with the citizens this evening to watch the event and to sound the depth of the people's resolve. He was also waiting some one from the palace. It was my lord of Halifax, who was on the *qui vive* in the interest of the bishops.

Suddenly there was a great murmur in the courts of Whitehall. The Marquis of Halifax was communicating the news to the people that the fathers of the Protestant Church had been committed to the Tower and that a barge was ordered to be manned to convey them down the river that evening.

The news spread like wildfire. The Thames was soon alive with wherries. The suspense was awful. The people were bordering on open rebellion. Companies of soldiers were ordered out; but they were in sympathy with the people and anything but careful in their expressions of indignation against the king, and loud in their praise of the noble conduct of the fathers of their church which the officers encouraged rather than rebuked.

When the seven came forth under a

guard, the emotions of the people broke through all restraint. Thousands fell on their knees and prayed aloud for the men who had, with the Christian courage of Ridley and Latimer, confronted a tyrant inflamed with all the bigotry of Mary. Many dashed into the stream, and, up to their waists in ooze and water, cried to the holy fathers to bless them. All down the river, from Whitehall to London Bridge, the royal barge passed between lines of boats, from which arose a shout of "God bless your lordships." The king, in great alarm, gave orders that the garrison of the Tower should be doubled, that the guards should be held ready for action, and that two companies should be detached from every regiment in the kingdom, and sent up to London. But the forces on which he relied as the means of coercing the people shared all the feelings of the populace. The sentinels who were under arms at the Traitor's Gate reverently asked a blessing from the martyrs whom they were to guard. Sir Edward Hales was lieutenant of the Tower. He was little inclined to treat his prisoners with kindness; for he was an apostate from that church for which they suffered; and he held several lucrative posts by virtue of that dispensing power against which they had protested. He learned with indignation that his soldiers were drinking the health of the bishops, and ordered his officers to see that it was done no more. But the officers came back with a report that the thing could not be prevented, and that no other health was drunk in the garrison. Nor was it only by carousing that the troops showed their reverence for the fathers of the Church. There was such a show of devotion throughout the Tower that the pious divines thanked God for bringing good out of evil, and for making the persecution of his faithful servants the means of saving many souls.

CHAPTER LIII.

SIR DAVID AND OLD LEVI IN THE TOWER.

"HARK thee, Levi! What wondrous tumult is that without!" exclaimed Sir David of Nassau to his ancient comrade.

In the solitude of their cell the two old Hebrew Knights had mourned the loss of their beloved comrades who had fallen in defence of their sanctuary and

their people. They had mourned in silence. There was no need that they should tell to each other their thoughts or vent their grief in words. Thus had they passed three weeks of imprisonment in the Tower, Sir David seldom engaging in conversation with his lieutenant. But, sometimes, after gazing long upon his chief, old Levi would lay his head upon the shoulder of his prince and weep for their comrades slain. Then the grand old prince would throw his arms around his lieutenant and console him with the hope of Israel in their sons and daughters.

But they had heard the hum of the mighty tumult made that evening by the good people of London at the lodgment in the Tower of the fathers of the Protestant Church. They heard the hum of the city's indignant grief as it came, borne upon the winged winds from every quarter seeking, as it seemed, an entrance to that dread fortress itself, to solace with sympathy some one there or to mourn some popular person's unjust imprisonment. This indeed, as we know, was the significance of a hundred thousand voices of the citizens of London who had gathered around the Tower to shout their consolations to the Bishops within.

"God bless the Fathers of the Protestant Church!"

"God bless the Defenders of the Protestant faith!"

"God bless the Defenders of English liberties!"

"Our Bishops have given themselves as martyrs for us!"

"England will avenge them!"

Such were the shouts of the vast multitude that surrounded the Tower. Nothing in the history of the revolutions of Europe resembles the occasion of the imprisonment of the Bishops of England excepting the taking of the Bastille by the people of France. That night the citizens of London felt very much like doing the same with the British Bastille, and had these Sainted Stuarts continued another generation on the English throne to have repeated the example, the Tower of London would have been stormed and destroyed long before the fall of the French Bastille. The Bishops in the Tower heard the mighty tumult and comprehended it. David and Levi, in the solitude of their cell heard it but comprehended it not; yet it awoke them

up from their profound mourning, and the voice of David the Prince once more gave the freedom of speech to his Lieutenant and only surviving comrade,

"What does it mean, Levi?"

"'Tis a strange tumult, my prince; I cannot conjecture its meaning."

"Surely it is not Judah returned so soon with the prince of Orange. "'Tis not so long as three months since our comrades fell, is it my Levi? 'Tis surely not so long as three moons ago since Caleb started on his journey to see our fathers?"

"Nay, my Prince, I think not so long. I have counted but seven days and nights thrice told. Yet it seems an age ago since Caleb left us with his troop."

"I would Caleb and his troop had returned to us or that we were going ere another's sun where they have gone. What say you, dear Levi? Art not weary of this garrisoned life of mortals?"

"Ay, my prince, weary and sick of it, since Caleb and our comrades left us two alone to bear it."

"Ha! The tumult but increases. 'Tis surely not Judah and William landed with an army. Nay, three moons must pass ere that could be. I have not quite forgotten a soldier's reckoning for the needs of war. 'Twould be three months, at least, ere William could land in England. And thou said'st 'tis but seven days and nights thrice told since Caleb and our comrades left us."

"I would, my prince, as thou didst say, that we had gone with them."

"Nay, Levi. 'tis best we tarry till Judah comes and William with him to deliver our people. The Prince of Orange is our Cyrus."

CHAPTER LIV.

DEATH BUT NOT DISHONOR.

ALL THE next day, coaches and liveries of the first nobles of England were seen round the prison gates. Thousands of humble spectators constantly covered Tower Hill. But among the marks of public respect and sympathy which the prelates received, there was one which more than all the rest alarmed the king. He learned that a deputation of ten non-conformist ministers had visited the Tower. He sent for four of these persons, and himself upbraided them. They courageously answered that they thought

it their duty to forget their past quarrels, and to stand by the men who had stood by the Protestant religion.

Among those who had visited the bishops that day were the Marquis of Halifax, Sir Judah of Nassau, his sister, Hadassah, and her husband, Baron De Leon. It was near dusk when the children of Sir David came; for the principal object of their visit was to see their father and old Levi. They were received by the lieutenant of the Tower and the prime minister, Sunderland.

Sunderland drew Sir Judah and Baron De Leon aside, leaving the lady Hadassah and Halifax in conversation with the lieutenant.

"Sir Judah," said the prime minister, "you and lord De Leon must be on your way to Holland before the morning. The king has issued his warrant from the privy council for the committal of both of you to the Tower to-morrow. I drew up the warrant myself but have not delivered it to the officer for execution. You must escape to-night."

"My lord of Sunderland," replied Baron De Leon, "my yacht is at anchor in the Thames, but manned and ready for sea."

"Most timely, Baron. Then all is well. You will escape. Remember me dutifully to your prince, Sir Judah, and say that Sunderland counts the days of his coming."

"I will, my lord of Sunderland. We will escape; yet I thought not that James would arrest the cousin of William? but his act yesterday, in committing the bishops, is proof that he will pause at nothing most fatal to himself."

"Sir Judah, this is not altogether the king's doings."

"Whose, then, my lord?"

"This young Jesuit—your late secretary—Francis Fitzallen."

"Ah! Is it so? That youth, Sunderland, will dare—dare anything to reach his ends. I know him well. If he advises, there is method in the king's madness."

"I was forced to confess as much myself, Sir Judah, when he laid his reasons before the council."

"What reasons did he urge, my lord?"

"That Sir Judah of Nassau was supplying William with Jewish gold for an invasion. And he said, moreover, that

if you were left at large in England in this crisis you would seduce half the king's friends with the boundless wealth of your people."

"My late secretary has learned his lessons well."

"But what astonished me most was the young Jesuit's urging the king to declare war with Holland."

"By Heaven! my lord of Sunderland, the boy is right!"

"So I thought, myself, Sir Judah, and would have backed him but for the most potent reason, that I have given my allegiance to William."

"Sunderland, war with Holland is James' only solid hope. All else will fail him."

"Fitzallen also said that if Baron De Leon were left at large, at the first onset of invasion, he would raise the standard of William in the west of England."

"My exact intention!" observed De Leon, admiringly.

"Which I myself surmised and wondered how well the young Jesuit divined our plans."

"My lord of Sunderland, beware of young Fitzallen," cautioned the Jew statesman; "or he will divine you to the bottom, and doing so, will show to the king the need of war with Holland."

"I perceive it and am afraid of him; yet to day I treated the possibility of invasion with stern English scorn, which, sir, I really felt; for were it not that England is inviting William, invasion were a thought preposterous. The king perceived my warmth and the soundness of my counter-arguments, and so the thought of war with Holland was overruled. But I dared not more, and therefore joined in consent for your arrest as proper precaution."

"You did well, lord Sunderland. Yet I like not thus to leave my father in the Tower. I have written to William, asking him to demand his release as a prince of the House of Nassau."

"Sir Judah, your father must go to Holland with you. The king may execute him when he learns that the Prince of Orange is indeed at war with him and with your people's gold the sinews of his expedition."

"Brother," observed Baron De Leon, "Sunderland counsels wisely. Our father and Hadassah and also Levi, must go to Holland with us. The voyage at this

season of the year will be more pleasant than imprisonment in the Tower. I presume my lord of Sunderland has arranged for his freedom, seeing he has advised the course."

"Right, baron. I have so arranged it with the lieutenant of the Tower. He owes his place to me and is well disposed to serve me. Moreover, Sir Judah, I promised in your name a tempting ransom. Was I right, sir?"

"Aye, my lord, to promise a Kingdom's price for his ransom, were there need of it."

The door of Sir David's cell opened and two men entered.

"Levi! Levi!" exclaimed the Hebrew Knight. "See Levi! 'Tis Judah! The Prince of Orange has landed with his force!"

Sir David, aroused to new life, hastened to meet his son and the Marquis of Halifax, who was with him.

"Nay, my father," said Sir Judah, as he embraced his sire, "the Prince of Orange has not landed, nor have I been able yet to leave these shores."

"Ha! Judah; thou art a prisoner also, and the noble Halifax is with thee in the Tower for aiding us. I see, this is the cause of the tumult that reigns without."

"Not so, my father. We are at large. Sunderland and the lieutenant of the Tower are our friends."

Sir Judah then hastily told his father of the arrest of the Bishops of England and added:

"My father, I must not now leave England while you and Ben Levi are prisoners in the Tower. This king, who has dared in the face of England's wrath to imprison the bishops, will take your life. Should he hold you as hostages awhile, which I think he will, yet, as Sunderland has warned us, when he hears that the Prince of Orange has embarked with a Dutch army, he will launch his vengeance against me on my father's head. No, my father, I must not leave you a prisoner in the Tower, exposed to James Stuart's vengeance."

"Sir David," joined in Lord Halifax, "your son hath spoken wisely. You and Ben Levi must escape. The doors are open. The events of to-day favor our enterprise. All is commotion. The imprisonment of the bishops commands everybody's thoughts. I believe the people of London at this moment would fain

raze the walls of this fortress and let every prisoner out. The moment is auspicious. To-morrow the spies of Father Petre will be on the watch again, but to-day the Jesuits themselves hide from the enraged populace. Sir David, you and Ben Levi must escape from the Tower to-night."

During this explanation and friendly importunity from the Marquis of Halifax, Sir David of Nassau seemed to recover all his ancient loftiness of soul, and with that august pride of his sacred descent which throughout his long life had been so noticeable in him, even to the awing of crowned heads, the Hebrew prince replied:

"If my deliverance had come in such a form that David might with honor own, then would I forth to light of all men's eyes acquitted of this charge which Christian malice did invent against my people and myself. If I dare meet the Majesty of Heaven as face to face amid the multitude, not shrinking from the blessed sun; if I may stand before the upright man and hear his tongue pronounce the Jew worthy of life, then will I forth: but if again to shun the eye of man, or hide for fear my stealthy steps should whispers make, and lest the cry go up to heaven, 'The Jew is out to-day!—the Jew's abroad to-night! Beware the murderous Jew!' Then will I bide within my gloomy cell, till death shall end the chapter of my woes!"

The Marquis of Halifax was much moved by Sir David's reply, and bowed his head as in veneration and approval, but presently he said:

"Sir David of Nassau, in Holland you would thus lift your head in honor. The Prince of Orange will welcome you as his kinsman and the heroic companion-in-arms of his uncle, Maurice. You must fly to Holland with your son."

The old knight shook his head.

"Sir David, let one who venerates you persuade you now against your will. Fly to Holland with your son."

"What, fly dishonored? Fly beneath the Christian's ban? Have it said it was my gold that turned the locks to let me out? I will not so, friend Halifax. I can mount the scaffold, but not bring shame upon our sacred name by flight. I would not for the crown my ancestors wore be tempted to thy kind intent."

"Sir David, the doors are open. See, you are free."

"Then be they open till my hour of doom. There need no locks or bolts to keep David within his dungeon walls. His honor bars the door!"

During this time, Sir Judah had gone out. Presently he returned with his sister, Hadassah, her children and Lord De Leon.

"God of my fathers!" exclaimed the old prince, "I thank thee for the sight of them again!"

He kissed his daughter, and took his grandson in his arms and caressed him, while little Hadassah clung lovingly around him.

"My father, these go with me to Holland!"

"Judah, thou too temptest me? Hadassah! Ay, she shall answer for me."

"My father!"

"Hadassah!"

"Speak on, my father."

"Hadassah, my daughter! Shall it be dishonor or shall it be death?"

"Death, my father! Death, a thousand times! Death to us all; but not dishonor!"

"Judah, answer thou for me;" said the prince, with lofty severity.

"Halifax, it is my sire's rebuke. Death, my prince and father," the son added, bending his knee, reverently. "Death even to thee, my most revered father; but not dishonor!"

"Still, Sir David," said Halifax, much moved by the scene, "I would that you had yielded to our importunities, for I have a strong presentiment that the king will aim against your life."

"What is my life weighed against my nation's shame? My people have outlived a thousand dooms. My lord of Halifax, David's trust is in the God of Israel!"

CHAPTER LV.

HADASSAH TAKES PART IN THE REVOLUTION.

THE BISHOPS were acquitted. England held a jubilee over the event. But the king had also found his consolation: it was in the birth of the heir apparent of the throne. William of Orange was now no longer next in the line of succession. He had inherited from his mother, the daughter of Charles I., while his wife was before him in the line of succession as the eldest daughter of James; but the

birth of a son by the new queen set aside at once the claims of William of Orange to the throne of England, and also the daughters of James by his former queen. There was clearly now no chance for William except in a British revolution. James felt himself invincible in the birth of his son and he grew more vindictive and absolute. He was often heard to exclaim, "It shall be the worse for them!" Meaning the bishops, the people, and all who resisted his will.

The king had now directed the Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys to proceed with the trial of Sir David of Nassau. The charge presented before the privy council was of a Jewish plot between Sir David and his son to induce William, Prince of Orange, to invade England and dethrone the lawful king; and it was claimed that vast sums of Jewish gold had been sent to Holland for this purpose, and furthermore that the Jew bankers of Europe were concerned in the conspiracy. Francis Fitzallen was the chief witness in the prosecution, but the Bishop of Arundel had also laid grave and mysterious charges before the Ecclesiastical Commission concerning some monstrous covenant entered into between his late brother-in-law, old Baron De Leon, and Sir David and his comrades. It was, however, all bearing upon the same case of a long existing conspiracy to bring into supreme power in Europe the House of Nassau and Orange of which Sir David was an adopted prince. There was considerable plausibility in the charge and groundwork for it also; but as we know, so far as Sir David and the old De Leon and the comrades were concerned, they were altogether innocent of such a conspiracy.

The sensation gave to Hadassah her cue of action. She perceived that the Jewish cause was the protestant cause—she perceived also that the former was embodied and concealed in the latter, and, with a daring that her brother Sir Judah of Nassau might have envied, she seized the opportunity for her father's safety and the aggrandizement of her people. She made herself at once the Jewish and Protestant heroine.

Instead of resigning herself to despair, she threw open her grand saloon and more than ever invited the intellectual and political leaders of the Whig party and patriots. She became, in fact, for the time and purpose, almost a political fe-

male demagogue among the foremost people of the realm who were looking to William of Orange. Her saloon had quite a political character. The Jew in her had become a factor in European politics. Sir Judah was not making him more so than she was. At her grand assemblies were to be constantly met my lords of Halifax, Danby, Lady Churchill, Lord Churchill, the Princess Anne of England and her husband George, Prince of Denmark, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Devonshire and Dorset, the friends of Lord William Russell and the disciples and compeers of Algernon Sidney.

The great political questions of the day were fully discussed in the saloon of the Princess Hadassah. The danger of Protestant England, the plots of the Jesuits, the arrest of the bishops, the fatal policy of James in attempting to reduce the English people to his savage despotism, and especially his attempt to betray the nation into the hands of the Papal power, after England, by a century and a half of Protestant reforms and a Republican revolution, had expressed her everlasting will—these and kindred topics were as freely discussed as at a political club. Nor was the court scandal of those times without a voice in that brilliant saloon, for scandal in this case was of a political and national character and of the greatest moment. It was nothing less than the birth of the young Pretender. In this part of the topics of conversation, the Princess Anne and my Lady Churchill were strongly pronounced. Indeed, this was the most serious subject of all at that moment to the English mind—the birth of that boy—who was destined to bear the name of the "Pretender" during his whole ill-fated life and never to be known or spoken of as any other in English history.

It must not be thought, however, that the Lady Hadassah suffered nothing concerning her noble father's imprisonment in the Tower, or that her Jewish heart had forgotten its mourning over the massacre of her father's heroic comrades. It was the depth and intensity of her feelings over these subjects that determined her audacious conduct and gave her strength to carry out that which she had laid down in her plans. We have seen from her very girlhood (in her first experiences with my lord Bishop of Arundel) that to bring Hadassah to a supreme

trial or a supreme subject was to arouse in her an extraordinary character strength equal thereto, as well as to inspire a genius naturally as audacious as it was rare in quality. It led her at first to a grand comprehension of her people's destiny and to seek her people,—boldly invoking upon her own head the curse of ages. So now she made herself the head and front of present issues, both of her people and of England; and there was a general sense among the brilliant men of London that she was in her place as the soul and centre of a political galaxy representing England's coming revolution; for these sagacious men around her knew that such a revolution was at the door of events and in all men's thoughts.

The Lady Hadassah was no longer the mere Jewess, but a peeress of the British realm. She was the wife of a British Peer,—she was the mother of English sons and daughters who would in time take their place among the English aristocracy,—she was Baroness De Leon,—the honorary title of the Princess Hadassah was no longer borne. Her husband, Lord De Leon, was a refugee in Holland. He had not been attainted; no treason had been proved against him, and it was doubtful even to James if he could fasten treason upon Lord De Leon, and certainly his peers on a trial before them would not have attainted him as a traitor to the Crown and Commonwealth. As the case stood, the Lady Hadassah was fortified in her husband's place.

Had not events so shaped it, Lady De Leon would have remained in her simple character as the Jewess wife of a British nobleman and the munificent patroness of men of learning and talent. But events had made her a political factor. She boldly declared that the hope of constitutional England was in William of Orange, and she knew that her brother, Judah, had thrown aside his reservations as a statesman and that he was urging his Prince to come over to England with an army to settle the questions of the realm. In all this she was so fortified by the leading statesmen of the realm and by the presence of the Princess Anne that not even James had yet been able to reach her upon political grounds.

The saloon of Lady De Leon to-night was unusually crowded. The Princess Anne and her husband, George of Denmark, were present. The conversation

ran high and bold. Its subject was the birth of the young Pretender three days before. Presently, there was a lull in the conversation, followed by a sensation caused by the entrance of two personages. They were in disguise, but they were evidently known by some. The personages were none other than the king and Father Petre.

"Lady Hadassah," whispered the Princess Anne, "be on your guard. It is my father and the Jesuit."

For a moment Lady De Leon trembled, but not with fear. Then her eye flashed upon the king who had sent her father to the Tower, and next passed with a glance of fierce anger to Father Petre. The Priest saw it and scowled darkly. It was the mutual hate of Jerusalem and Rome meeting and confessing the hate. But in a moment Lady Hadassah was in repose, and with much tact she quickly led the conversation up to its former tone. Halifax and Danby, who had detected the king, wondered at the daring of the Jewess thus in the king's presence, while those who were ignorant of that presence were lured by her audacity to a continuance of their political utterances.

James had been drawn to the Lady Hadassah's saloon by the reports of his spies. He was resolved, if possible, to break up this nest of treason breeders, as he said to his Father confessor when they entered. He saw his daughter Anne whisper to their hostess and from the glance of her eye concluded that he was known. He also wondered at the lady's daring to thus provoke free speech in his presence; but he and the confessor quickly hid themselves in the circle of company, yet near enough to the centre of conversation to hear all that was said.

The conversation soon turned upon a great constitutional question led by Henry Sidney, the brother of the Republican martyr, Algernon Sidney.

"Gentlemen," said the brother of the patriot, "be assured we shall never again have a settled England, nor good-will between the king and the people, until the sovereign formally acknowledges the original compact existing between the king and the people."

"That, my bold innovator, would be to re-open the controversy of the commonwealth," observed Lord Halifax.

"I know it. And allow me to add, my Lord of Halifax, that George Sack-

ville knows at this moment as well as my martyred Republican brother, Algernon, knew, when he stood upon the scaffold, that this same controversy of the commonwealth must be re-opened ere England be once more a constitutional kingdom."

"I grant thee, Harry Sidney, ere England *becomes* a constitutional kingdom."

"My Lord of Halifax also knows that England *has* been a constitutional monarchy these thousand years, since Alfred the Great founded her."

"King Charles denied it at his trial, my good friend Sidney."

"We all remember, my lord of Halifax, that when the High Court brought the king to trial upon the original compact and charged him with treason against England, of which he was the elected king, he answered his judges, 'I deny that England is an elective monarchy; England has been an hereditary kingdom these thousand years.'"

"Well, sir?"

"And his judges bade him hold his peace and afterwards condemned him for treason."

"Well, sir, to thee again. Come to thy point."

"Tis clear, my lord; James must acknowledge the original compact or——"

"Thou hadst better leave thy thought unspoken, Harry Sidney."

"Nay, my lord, it shall have speech: Or James will violate that compact and England will judge him for it as she did his father."

"Beware!" thundered a stern implacable voice, "lest a Sidney again stand upon the scaffold!"

All eyes sought the personage who had thundered the threat, but he had hid himself from sight.

"Harry," whispered Halifax to the brother of the patriot. "'Tis the king. Beware as he hath warned thee."

"I know it is the king, my lord, and therefore have I spoken. Unless England speaks quickly, she will lose the tenure of her liberties. Be it the scaffold if it must be so. I should be unworthy my brother's memory did I hold my peace."

But my Lord Halifax knew that this political daring had gone far enough, and he adroitly changed the conversation to Sir David of Nassau, and began the story of the night of the burning of the Jew's palace. The story had been expected of him, and he took this opportunity

to tell it in the hearing of the king, in hope of softening the king's malice and protecting the Jew by popular sympathy in the forthcoming trial. He told how, being invited by Sir David to enter his dwelling to assure the misguided populace that no unholy work was within, the palace was quickly fired. How, finding escape cut off without, he, with the Jews, had retreated to the chambers of the tomb; how he had remained with them several days; that he saw nothing more than a sacred sepulchre and a sanctuary for service. He had himself advised Sir David and his comrades to remain there awhile in their refuge. The horrible rumors of the crucifixion of Christians were wicked fabrications; and this he closed with an indignant denunciation of the subsequent massacre of the Jews.

At this point, James of York, discovering himself, pushed his way into the circle, while the company fell back amid exclamations of, "The king!"

"Aye, it is the king, my lord of Halifax," said James, "who hath overheard to night your treasonable speeches. This shall be seen to. Our brother, Charles, hath harbored the Jewish tribe to hatch us treason. It is our royal intent to banish them forthwith."

"O, king, 'tis Heaven's intent that my people abide in England," exclaimed Hadassah, boldly confronting James. "Spain did once banish the Jews and Heaven's displeasure fell upon her. But England's just people will not permit the execution of thy threat. I tell thee, presumptuous king, our people shall forever here abide in England."

"Sorceress and conspirator, how knowest thou that thy accursed tribe will forever abide in this land?"

"The angel who did lead our fathers out of Egypt hath led them hither!"

'Twas the voice of a prophetess. The brilliant company in wonder and awe gathered around her.

James had not expected such an answer, nor to be met in such a lofty spirit, But Hadassah, for the moment, was her Hebrew self again. The king was both confounded and awed; and thus abashed, he presently retired with his Father confessor.

But the startling denouement which the king had made broke up the company. The Princess Anne with Prince George of Denmark and Lady Churchill left im-

mediately after her father. None remained except the political chiefs.

For several hours, one had been waiting in impatience for the dispersion of the company. It was a messenger from Holland; and that messenger was Reuben, the son of Levi Ben Levi.

"What, my uncle, Reuben? I knew not of your arrival. When came you?"

"Three hours ago."

"Why did you not seek me at once, uncle?"

"With these dispatches for the public gaze?"

"From my brother, Judah?"

"From your brother, our prince."

"How is it with Judah?"

"Your brother is well. You have his letters. I need not answer farther. They are addressed to the friends of William. I must not attract attention as a messenger from Holland. So, good-night."

"Good night to thee, uncle Reuben."

As soon as he was gone, Hadassah joined the knot of political chiefs who had remained, and held a brief consultation with them.

"When shall we meet?" enquired Admiral Russell.

"To-morrow, admiral," answered the lady.

"At night or day?"

"In the evening."

"At our rendezvous?"

"At Lady Place."

"I shall be there at sundown."

"So shall I," said Henry Sidney.

"My lord of Shrewsbury, you also?"

"Most certainly, Lady De Leon."

"My lord of Danby?"

"Expect me among the first."

"Shall I bring Dorset?" enquired the Earl of Devonshire.

"No better man in England for the purpose," answered ex-prime minister, Danby.

"He may not sign with us," observed Devonshire, "but Dorset is entirely to be trusted."

"Gentlemen, good-night. Let us remember to-morrow for England's sake."

"On our lives."

"So say we all!"

CHAPTER LVI.

SIGNING THE INVITATION TO WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

SECRET meetings of the nobility were

held throughout the realm to mature the revolution. The rendezvous most famous in history was the old mansion called Lady Place, or Hurley House, which is situated on one of the most picturesque windings of the Thames, between Maidenhead and Henley.

In this house there is a gloomy Norman vault, which had once been the burying place of the Benedictine friars, to whom the house had belonged. There the great movers of the revolution held their secret consultations and signed the papers transmitted to the Prince of Orange, inviting him to come over with an army to redeem the nation. The circumstance is recorded in an inscription on the wall of the vault, which is a curiosity of history preserved to our own times. After mentioning the foundation of the monastery of Lady Place at the time of the Norman conquest, the inscription goes on to say:

"Be it also remembered, that in this place, six hundred years afterward, the Revolution of 1688 was begun. This house was then in the possession of Lord Lovelace; by whom private meetings of the nobility were assembled in the vault: and it is said that several consultations for calling in the Prince of Orange were held in this recess: on which account this vault was visited by that powerful prince after he had ascended the throne."

There were present at the rendezvous this evening, a number of the most illustrious nobles and statesmen of both England and Scotland. And that we may know with whom our heroine is consorting to-night in this revolutionary council, held in the ancient burying place of the Benedictine friars, we will describe the characters present and their importance in the realm.

First shall be named the Princess Hadassah, Baroness of De Leon. She was seated at a rude table in the centre of the circle of lords and statesmen. Before her, were the dispatches from Holland received by her from her brother, Sir Judah, containing the views of his prince, with personal communications from himself to the chiefs of the revolution. Hadassah seemed to sustain the character of secretary of the meeting.

In the chair was the Earl of Danby, once prime minister of England, and now the head of the revolution. Perhaps next in importance was Henry Compton,

Bishop of London, who represented in this council the English Protestant Church. The Earl of Manchester sat near Danby. William Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire, the friend of the political martyr, Lord William Russell, was in earnest conversation with Danby. They had once been great political rivals, but had healed the breach by their present fellowship in this great cause. Devonshire was now the leader of the opposition in the House of Lords. Next was Edward Russell, cousin of Lord William Russell, the bold, audacious admiral who proposed to the Prince of Orange the descent upon England. With him was Arthur Herbert, Rear Admiral of England, who afterwards commanded William's fleet in the invasion. There were Charles, Viscount Mordaunt, who accompanied William in his expedition; John Hampdon, grandson of the great Hampdon; Henry Sidney, brother of Algernon; Lord Lumley and Lord Lovelace; the Earl of Abington, lord-lieutenant of Oxford; Lord Stair; Lord Drumlanrig, son to the Duke of Queensberry and General Douglas, the Duke's brother: the three latter being the managers of the revolution in behalf of Scotland. The old English aristocracy was represented by Charles Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, and Sir Edward Seymour. Seymour stood so high in family rank that on his joining William, in reply to the remark of that prince—"I think, Sir Edward, you are of the family of the Duke of Somerset," answered, "Pardon me, sir, the Duke of Somerset is of my family."

But the most remarkable personage present that evening was Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset. He was a man of genius and the patron of men of genius. He was allowed to be the best judge of painting, of sculpture, of architecture, of acting that the court could show. He was, also, an author of rare talent, the grandson of Sir Thomas Sackville, cousin of Queen Elizabeth, and author of the first regular tragedy written in the English language. This Charles Sackville is said to be the only man who could have stood beside William Shakespeare, but the munificent earl was content to be the benefactor of men of genius.

Such were the men by whom the Lady Hadassah was surrounded to-night.

The dispatches from Holland were

read. Sir Judah wrote that his prince would not move farther in this business unless a sufficient number of the great lords of the realm put their names to an invitation to him setting forth that it was the will of the people of England that he should come over with an army to settle the existing difficulties between the king and his subjects.

Thereupon, the required invitation was drawn up and signed in cipher by seven of the chiefs of the revolution—the Earls of Shrewsbury, Devonshire and Danby; Compton, Bishop of London; Lord Lumley; Admiral Russell and Henry Sidney. Admiral Herbert undertook to be their messenger.

Thus was accomplished that most famous act that brought in William of Orange and made him king of England.

CHAPTER LVII.

TRIAL OF SIR DAVID OF NASSAU.

THE GREAT trial of the Jewish prince opened amid extraordinary surroundings, both within the court and out in the affairs of the nation. The case was tried at Westminster Hall before Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys. The court was densely packed by the citizens, for it was understood that the case was of a highly political character, and that it had close connections with the Prince of Orange.

It would have seemed to an eye witness that half the aristocracy of England were present at the trial; for though Sir David, Prince of Nassau, was not a peer of the British realm, which would have entitled him to a hearing before the House of Lords, he was recognized as one of the aristocracy of Europe, a prince of the house of Nassau, so created by Maurice the Great. The sympathy of the leaders of both political parties was also with Sir David, for the events of the times had united Tories and Whigs in the common cause.

The king himself was also present at the trial, he being resolved to force the conviction of the prince and to execute him as an example to awe the lords of his own realm.

"My lord Chief Justice," he said to Jeffreys, "they shall fear me if they do not love me. I will make a terrible example of this Jew."

The lord Chief Justice understood what was required of him, and he in his

turn resolved that his royal master should not be disappointed. Sir David was virtually doomed ere his trial began.

The savage implacable king who had burned a woman, Elizabeth Gaunt, at the stake for simply sheltering a political fugitive, was quite capable of sending an old Jew to the block; while the butcher judge who condemned the venerable chief of the Puritans, Richard Baxter, to a long imprisonment, recommending him to be whipped through London streets—to murder him, in fact, under the hangman's lash—was not the man to shrink from the judicial murder of Sir David of Nassau.

The counsel for the defence, realizing the danger of his client at the opening of the trial, put in a demurrer against the prosecution, setting forth that Sir David of Nassau was not an English subject and that he was, moreover, a prince of a foreign power. But Sir David himself took exception to his counsel.

"My lord," he said to the court, "the Jew is a subject of all nations whither he sojourns. David has led his people to England to make with them an abiding home in this land. David is a subject of the king. My lord, I submit to your jurisdiction."

The prosecution proceeded with the trial.

On the first day the Bishop of Arundel was the witness against Sir David. He told the story of the covenant entered into between his late brother-in-law and a secret Jewish brotherhood; but he monstrously perverted it—much more than he was aware of. He made it appear that there had been a long existing conspiracy to raise the Jews in power in Europe, and that at length it had resolved itself into a plot to dethrone King James and bring in William of Orange. It was his belief, also, he said, that this secret Jewish order, of which his late brother-in-law was a member, performed unholy rites, and aimed a blow against the Christian religion. He then told with genuine horror of the scene at the death-bed of Baron De Leon; how he, the bishop, had adjured his brother-in-law to renounce his compact with the Jews by the awful symbol of the cross; and how the dying man, in impious atheism, had taken the awful crime of shedding the blood of our Lord upon his own head. At this testimony of the bishop the peo-

ple in court were appalled. The trial was evidently going against Sir David. After the close of the proceedings of the day, the Marquis of Halifax, who was present supporting the Lady Hadassah, said to her,

"I had no conception, my dear Lady, of the terrible case that could be made out against your noble father. How treacherous, oftentimes, is the outer form of things most innocent!"

The Lady Hadassah acquiesced in her friend's view. She was alarmed for her father.

"I perceive now," continued Halifax, "how wise and sublimely courageous your princely father was in refusing to escape from the Tower making a flight to Holland with your brother and husband. It would have been the desertion of his people. They would have borne this monstrous charge which, perchance, might have led to their extermination from this country. At the worst, your princely father has given himself to save his people."

"Sir," replied Hadassah, "my father was fully conscious of the sacrifice that he designed for his people, but even you, my noble friend, cannot comprehend the height and sacredness of his thoughts and motives."

"I can well believe you, dear lady."

"Sir, as you have learned from our family traditions, my father is descended from the line of the kings of Israel, and you, yourself, were present when my brother was installed as the Prince of our Captivity. Sir, it is the belief of our people that from David's line will yet come the Messiah of the Jews. I need not tell you that our people do not accept the Christian Hope; but they look for One to be borne of David's house. Sir, my father has never dreamt that he was that One, yet in his life, being of David's line, he has stood in his stead awaiting the Hope of Israel. Oh, sir, my father has a character to sustain above that of the kings of Europe. Knowing this, lord Halifax, how could our prince, my father, yield to your entreaties, saving himself by deserting his people?"

"Lady Hadassah, I see the case with altogether new eyes. Though his honored head should fall, David, the prince, must die as he has lived, worthy his sacred race."

"Besides, my good lord, my father

David led our people to this land in the sublime faith that the Angel of the Covenant guided our footsteps hither. With such a thought prevailing, neither David nor his daughter could depart hence. Not so, my brother Judah. He is of the House of Nassau by birth and a servant of the Prince of Orange."

"Lady Hadassah, I would risk my own head to deliver your royal father from this charge. I tremble at the dark prospect of to-morrow."

"Oh, sir, and I. My father! My father! This king may indeed murder him ere the Prince of Orange has time to deliver him."

"Hush, lady! Let not your hope have utterance. But take heart. I will myself plead your father's case to-morrow."

On the second day of trial, the Marquis of Halifax, as he promised, plead Sir David's case. He reached his aim by placing himself before the Court as a witness. He related his experience with the Hebrews in their refuge and his presence at service in their sanctuary. It was a fine rebuttal of the testimony of the Bishop of Arundel, and he ingeniously wove into his own testimony an eloquent argument for the prince. The Lord Chief Justice attempted to prevent his argument, but Halifax was not to be browbeaten by Jeffreys; besides, he made such rapid and cunning transitions from testimony to argument that Jeffreys was confounded at his every attempt to silence the great Parliamentary leader. The king was flushed with anger; while the popular sympathy turned decidedly in David's favor.

Francis Fitzallen came to the help of the savage tyrant, who smiled upon him a grim approval as the young Jesuit proceeded.

Francis Fitzallen took an entirely different tact to that of the Bishop of Arundel in the salient points of the prosecution. His was purely political evidence. He told the court how he had been for three years in the service of Sir Judah of Nassau as his secretary; that he had become possessed of the most secret thoughts and purposes of the Jew statesman; that he knew for a certainty that Sir Judah had long entertained the hope of William of Orange becoming king of England; that the Jew had urged his prince to make a descent upon England; that he had promised to furnish Jewish money to man

his fleet and to sustain his army; that the prisoner at the bar was a party to the plot; and furthermore, that he knew of lords and statesmen present in court who were concerned in that deep laid conspiracy to invite an invasion, as also to foment a revolution in England, and that he was prepared to prove their treason at a proper time.

The testimony and innuendoes of Francis Fitzallen produced a profound and thrilling sensation. The sympathy of the people was lasting now in the cause of the Jewish prince, and in their hearts they wished all was true as stated by the Jesuit; but they also perceived that the young Jesuit's solid and plausible testimony was like a death warrant just issued against the prisoner. Thus felt also the king and the Chief Justice. In their minds, sentence was already passed. From that moment, the trial on their part was a judicial farce.

On the third day came the testimony of Colonel Kirk which set forth that at the tomb of David, a troop of Jewish soldiers were in their subterranean barracks, ready for service. Upon cross-examination as to whether he considered the Knights of this Hebrew secret order to be capable of commanding troops of their people in the event of an invasion, Col. Kirk said he believed that every one of those old men who had fallen in the conflict with his soldiers was capable of commanding a troop. This was all the prosecuting attorney wished to know, for, as he afterwards observed, in his speech, the testimony which Col. Kirk had seemed to give unwillingly against the prisoner, and in admiration of Sir David of Nassau and his comrades, proved, beyond doubt, that a formidable military organization existed in England ready to help a foreign invasion.

Lord Hawkey was also called to testify against the prisoner. His evidence was given to prove that the Jews had taken mortgages upon the estates and castles of many of the British nobles; that Sir David held these noble debtors at his mercy, and that he and his son, the Dutch Envoy, sought to induce these noblemen in question, who could raise troops among their tenantry, to muster an English army into service on the landing of the Dutch prince.

The array of evidence and plausibility of the contemplated invasion and Jewish

help at length became so great that king James grew pale and shook on his seat with real alarm. He had only designed that the prosecution and witnesses should construct a death-trap for the Jew when, lo, he discovered numerous signs of the existence of a great conspiracy in England, and an invasion threatened under his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange! The king looked at the Chief Justice with a dark meaning in his glance and trouble and impatience in his manner. The Judge understood the silent command to hasten and to execute without mercy.

The eloquent Sergeant-at-law who had been retained for Sir David was perforce, by the nature of the case and the evidence, almost kept out of the action of the trial. Lord Halifax was really the only valuable witness to be placed on Sir David's side, and all that could be done Halifax had accomplished. Sir William Temple, indeed, testified to the estimation in which the people of the Netherlands held Sir David. But this line of evidence merely established the importance of the Jewish Prince and bore no proof that he was innocent of the conspiracy as set forth. Indeed, the learned Sergeant-at-law believed, himself, in the existence of a conspiracy among the nobles, in which, doubtless, Sir Judah of Nassau was concerned; and being both a Whig and a Protestant he was in full sympathy with the revolutionary movement. He, therefore, made a most powerful speech in defence of Sir David and stirred the people to a pitch of extraordinary sympathy for the prisoner. The multitude applauded, the lord Chief Justice roared for silence, and the king, in terrible wrath, arose and rebuked the Counsel, declaring that his very speech was treasonable and that he, the king, had a good mind to send him to the Tower to keep the prisoner company till his execution.

"Sire," retorted the Counsel, courageously, "you surely cannot mean to execute Sir David of Nassau before the jury has found him guilty, as your words suggest when you speak of Sir David's counsel keeping him company till his execution. One would think, sire, by your words, that you had foredoomed my client."

The king was confounded; but the Chief Justice quickly came to his aid.

"My learned brother may take assur-

ance of the Court that the prisoner will not be condemned before the jury has found him guilty. Furthermore, the court will itself protect the prisoner by inquiring for witnesses in his behalf. It would seem that our learned brother has been unpardonably remiss, for the court has heard no witnesses in the prisoner's behalf excepting my lord Halifax and Sir William Temple whose testimony the court deems of little value in the case under trial. Therefore, the court in its consideration and protection, enquires itself of the prisoner if he has any witnesses to present to the court for a hearing in his behalf."

All present knew that this was no more than Jeffrey's cruel way of tantalizing and playing with his victim before condemning him. Sir David, also, so understood it, but feeling how terribly the case had gone against his people, he took advantage of the banter of the brutal Judge. In his younger days, his speeches had often moved the States-General of the United Provinces, and once more, for his people's sake, his voice should be heard.

"My Lord Judge, I have witnesses."

Sir David of Nassau arose and a mighty feeling ran through the audience.

Jeffreys was astonished and looked savagely. He seemed to be setting his jaws to devour Sir David's witnesses on their appearance.

"I have, my Lord Judge,—witnesses in my people's history, which in the volumed ages of the past, speaks like the awful voice of Sinai of what the Jew hath been, what he hath borne."

The Hebrew prince paused for a moment.

"O, Judge,—when Europe was unto the world like some huge rock, just blasted from its native bed, the Jews, the superstructure of society, reared for their savage masters, and did mould this civilization which ye have to-day. Our law, our genius and our wisdom, kept and garnered through the ages down, we gave as oft our blood—the precious cement of this fabric raised. Your cities and your marts of trade, aye, the commerce of a world, were first the work of the despised Jew. Yet when we dreamt to find our homes in lands we made to thrive, our everlasting exodus has come, and massacre on massacre been crowned—till men have taken lives most dear to them, in their despair,—mothers with their off-

spring leapt into the sea, or down some horrid precipice to escape the human monsters who pursued, less merciful than death. And thus have perished millions of my race: And all because the Jew is but the Jew! Oft have I heard, even in my time, the cry which rang the other day: 'Bring out the Jew!' Yet hath that self same Jew been innocent as I. My people's case is mine; my circumstantial crime is theirs; so I have called them up before this judgment seat, my witnesses, and their examples make my advocates. Now judge ye all, for I am but the Jew, guilty or innocent, not in mine act, but in your finding."

With this the Hebrew prince sat down.

"Sire," broke in the Earl of Dorset, impulsively, disregarding the rules of the court; "the noble Hebrew has read to Christendom a lesson. I implore your majesty to suspend this unjust suit against him."

"My Lord of Dorset forgets himself," replied the king, angrily.

"That is true, sir," said the generous earl, with scorn,— "I forget that the king is relentless. I pray the pardon of the court."

"My Lord of Dorset is corrected. The court will consider in its charge to the jury the lesson read to it by the prisoner."

Jeffreys made quick work in summing up, but he did it with that savage ability which often in his most infamous trials showed that he possessed some of the elements of a great judge coupled with a tiger's nature.

The jury also made quick work, for the subservient sheriffs of the king had packed the jury box with creatures who would find the verdict which the king required. The verdict was—

"Guilty!"

The sentence—

"Execution by the axe!"

It was the clemency of the court, the chief justice said, in consideration of the rank of the prisoner and the merciful presence of the king.

Sir David, Prince of Nassau, was to be executed as a personage of noble blood!

William, Prince of Orange, embarked at Helvoetsluys. There were with him, Count Solmes, Count Stoarm, Marshal Schomberg, the favorite, Bentinck, Overkirk, Sir Judah of Nassau, with Baron De Leon and many other British noblemen and gentlemen. His ship bore the flag of England and his own arms, with this motto—"I will maintain the Protestant religion and the liberties of England." The whole fleet weighed anchor during the night and stood for the English coast; but the winds, which had been so long contrary, veered round to the old quarter and blew such a hurricane that the immense fleet was driven from its course. William put back into Helvoet, and employed his scouts in collecting the scattered transports.

When James received positive information from Lewis of France of the intended invasion, he had turned pale and stood motionless; the letter dropped from his hand and womanly tears from his eyes. At that moment he reproached his own folly for not having taken the advice of Francis Fitzallen, and declared war in time with Holland—instead of rejecting, as he had done, the offer of Lewis to assist him in a war with Holland, with French troops and French ships.

But now, when news was brought to the infatuated tyrant and fanatic that the fleet of William had been driven back by a storm, he exclaimed devoutly,

"It is God's doings!"

"Even so, my king;" observed Father Petre, who was in that hour of crisis constantly with the king as his adviser.

"It is no wonder, father, that the storm arose, since the Host has been exposed for several days."

Nor is it a wonder that a king who met an invasion with such a pious conceit should act like a fateful despot in his times of power and splendid opportunities, and in his moment of danger thank God for a change of wind and attribute it to the exposing of the Host. After all, James is to be pitied by the historian rather than execrated.

"Father Petre," said James, a few hours afterwards, "I will sign the warrant to-morrow for the execution of the Jew, notwithstanding our son-in-law has threateningly written to us that if we execute his kinsman of Nassau he will judge us for the deed."

CHAPTER LVIII.

LANDING OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

ON FRIDAY, October 16th, 1688, Wil-

No sooner did James entertain the conceit that he was Heaven-delivered than he became the cruel impacable tyrant again.

But the exposing of the Host for several days did not save James. There was a will of God in the invasion greater than in the Host in which this most pious and most despicable king trusted.

On the first of November, William put to sea a second time, and reached the Straits about ten o'clock in the morning of Saturday, the third of November. William himself, in the *Brill*, led the way. More than six hundred vessels, with canvas spread to a favorable wind, followed in his wake. The transports were in the centre. The men of war, more than fifty in number, formed an outer rampart. The squadron which guarded the rear, and which if James' admiral, Lord Dartmouth, had given chase, would have been the first to engage, was commanded by Herbert, whose squadron was manned principally with English sailors.

"Soon after mid-day, William passed the Straits. His fleet spread to within a league of Dover on the North and of Calais on the South. The men of war on the extreme right and left saluted both fortresses at once. The troops appeared under arms on the decks. The flourish of trumpets, the clash of cymbals, and the rolling of drums were distinctly heard at once on the English and French shores. An innumerable company of gazers blackened the white beach of Kent. Another mighty multitude covered the coast of Picardy. The spectacle is described as the most magnificent and affecting that was ever seen by human eyes. At sunset the armament was off Beachy Head. Then the lights were kindled. The sea was in a blaze for many miles. But the eyes of all the steersmen were fixed throughout the night on three huge lanterns which flamed on the stern of the *Brill*."

Such is the historian's picture of the strangest invasion which the world has ever seen, and which a nation welcomed instead of rising in wrath to repel it.

On the fourth of November, William came safe to anchor at Torbay; and on his landing he immediately marched his army to Exeter. He had about fifteen thousand men, of whom some two thousand were English, Scotch, and Irish Protestants, who had been serving on the continent. Then flocked to his camp the

revolutionary chiefs and nobles from all parts of the land, bringing with them their English reinforcements.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE YOUNG KNIGHTS OF THE COVENANT.

THE GREAT chapel of the sanctuary in the Tomb of David is lighted. Knightly service is being held there.

The comrades who fought under Maurice of Nassau to redeem the Netherlands from the returning rule of the Spaniard, are nearly all sleeping in death. Most of them had died in peace and old age. Two score of the heroic Hebrew band had fallen in defence of David's Tomb: those who had not been slain in the battle, afterwards died of their wounds. Only two of the comrades were left to sustain a little longer this mortal action in life. These were David, the prince, and old Levi. A few day hence, the head of the Hebrew prince was to fall at the block; for the vengeful king had sworn by the sacred Host that the old Jew should die. Old Ben Levi was still at the Tower; but he was separated from his prince, mourning in solitude and waiting for the hour of David's doom to pass, that he might gather up his feet and sleep in peace with his departed comrades.

Yet is there knightly service to-day in the great chapel of the Sanctuary.

The fathers are dead—all dead but David and Ben Levi; but their children live and the covenant of their fathers is upon them.

It will be remembered, in the mystical relations of this Hebrew brotherhood, that on the death of each comrade his eldest son was endowed with his father's Jewel and created a knight of their covenant; so that, though old Israel was dead, young Israel remained. There were still five hundred knights of this Hebrew order.

Five hundred knights were present to-day in the great chapel of the sanctuary. Nay, five hundred, lacking one. That one was a woman, but a woman possessed with a knightly soul.

The Princess Hadassah sat in her royal father's seat. Here, among her tribe, she must be named as a princess of David's line, rather than as the Baroness De Leon. At her side was her uncle Reuben, now the senior lieutenant of the order, for he was acting in the stead of his father, Ben

Levi. On her left was a youth in age about twenty-one. He was also a lieutenant. The youth was the son of Ben Caleb who was broken on the wheel. His grandsire had been slain in the defence of the sanctuary. The youth sat in his grandsire's place and on his breast was the old knight's jewel.

The comrades wore the soldier's dress as did their sires in their youth in the Netherlands. They were in the uniform of a regiment of the Prince of Orange.

The Princess Hadassah arose to address the comrades.

"Men of Israel," she said, "the day of action has come for the children of the fathers; the day of vengeance, also, for the fathers slain. As our sires, in their youth, flew to the standard of Maurice to aid him in delivering the Netherlands, so must their sons support the standard of the Prince of Orange for the deliverance of England."

"As did our fathers in their youth, so will we to-day," said Reuben, the son of Ben Levi.

His comrades, rising to their feet, drew their swords and lifted them to heaven in token of their willing service; and then, sheathing their swords, reseated themselves.

"Comrades," continued Hadassah, "your prince and Ben Levi are in captivity. Your Prince is under condemnation of death. O men of Israel, shall your Prince thus perish on the scaffold?"

"We will deliver our Prince!" exclaimed the comrades, as with one voice.

"For this purpose, has the daughter of David gathered the sons of her father's comrades—to deliver our Prince from the scaffold and Ben Levi from the Tower."

Whereupon, the knights resolved their chapter into a council of war and discussed their plans of operation; but Hadassah had already devised her plan, and when the elders of the tribe had spoken, she laid it before the council.

"Nay, uncle Reuben," she said, "the attempt to deliver our fathers must not be made until the hour appointed for the execution of our prince. In the meantime, a messenger must be dispatched to my brother, Judah, to urge him to hasten the march of William to the capital. Judah must ask the Prince of Orange to accept you into his service as one of his regiments. When you strike for my father's life, it must be in the name of

William, king of England. If the army of the Prince of Orange march on London quickly, a regiment of his soldiers in disguise around the scaffold, discovering themselves at the proper moment, will startle the minions of the king; and the people will, perchance, aid you in delivering your prince. Comrades do you approve my plan?"

"We do," they answered.

"Whom shall we send as messenger to the Dutch camp?"

"Send me," said Caleb Ben Caleb, eagerly. "I have the murder of my father and grandfather to avenge. I will go as messenger to the Dutch army."

"Is it your will that Caleb shall be our messenger?"

"Yes," said Reuben, "let Caleb Ben Caleb go and offer our swords to William."

"And now," said Hadassah, "we will consecrate our gold to support the army of William and to raise him fresh troops. Here, on the altar of our sanctuary, I lay the castle and estate of the cruel and wicked lord of Hawkley. It is a fitting retribution."

Hadassah went to the altar and laid thereon the title deeds of Hawkley's castle and estates, which he had forfeited to the Jew upon his mortgage.

Each of the comrades followed the example of the princess, and laid upon the altar his note of credit for the Prince of Orange to raise and maintain his armies.

"To horse, Caleb! Sleep not before this letter reaches the hand of my brother Judah. If the Baron De Leon be at the camp of the Prince, this letter for him; if not there, dispatch thee to our castle not many miles from William's quarters."

"Sister," said the young lieutenant, "Caleb will not sleep till his task is accomplished. Caleb rides to save the life of David, his prince, and to avenge his father broken on the wheel and his grandfather butchered in defence of our Sanctuary."

CHAPTER LX.

TREASON IN THE KING'S CAMP.

JAMES resolved to give battle to William for the throne of England. It was a monstrous idea to him that he, the king, should have to do battle for the absolute and unquestioned rule which, ac-

according to the Stuart doctrine, he inherited by right divine: but to questions raised in war and invasion even foolish kings have to submit in the arguments of war.

What a day of awful consequence to England!—a day in which not even the historian has seen enough epic importance; for we have to view it in its possibilities, and that would take us beyond the record of history into the realm of fancy. In history, it seems literally inevitable that James would lose his throne and William win a kingdom. But how had the case been were a Plantagenet or a Tudor on the throne of England and even another Plantagenet had landed with an army backed by invitation of half of the great nobles of the realm? Ask the question of the long and terrible wars of the Roses! It is by no means certain that the Protestant power would have won the issue for the world under a William of Orange had an Edward Plantagenet or a Henry Tudor reigned in England as a Catholic king. A blessed providence it was for the world that William was to England at that crisis even like the great Elizabeth herself, while James was but an imbecile Stuart king.

The headquarters of the army of the king was at Salisbury. The king in person was there. Several skirmishes had occurred between the king's troops and the English re-enforcements of the Prince of Orange. The first of these actions took place at Wincanton, between a part of Mackay's regiment, composed of British soldiers, and a body of the king's Irish troops, commanded by their countryman, the gallant Sarsfield.

But an event was on the point of bursting which was to end quickly all danger to England of a repetition of the wars of the Roses. It was the desertion of the English army itself to the side of William.

The king had been advised by Lord Churchill to visit Warminster to inspect the troops stationed there. His coach was at the door of the Episcopal palace, and the king was about to enter, to be accompanied by his lieutenant-general and a regiment of escort to Warminster, when his majesty's nose began to bleed violently. The expedition was postponed.

A courier arrived soon afterwards from London with a letter from Father Petre. The priest wrote that Francis Fitzallen

had obtained information of a conspiracy in the army at the head of which was Churchill. Young Fitzallen advised the king to arrest Churchill and the Duke of Grafton, whom he said the lieutenant-general had seduced and to send them under guard to Portsmouth. The king showed the letter to Lord Feversham, who held chief command of the army. Feversham agreed with the advice, but the king was as fatal in his trusts as he was in nearly all the acts of his reign. He refused to arrest the man he had created by his favor—a king's trust which, though betrayed, gave to a soldier of fortune the opportunity of becoming the greatest military captain of Europe.

On the evening of Saturday, the twenty-fourth of November, the king held a council of war.

Feversham urged retreat; Churchill to advance on the enemy. The king decided for retreat.

Next morning, there was alarm and confusion in the royal camp. During the night, Lord Churchill and the Duke of Grafton had fled to the quarters of the Prince of Orange. Churchill left a letter to the king, saying that he was a Protestant; and he could not conscientiously draw his sword against the Protestant cause. The wretched king knew now that a great portion of his army had deserted and left him to his fate.

In the midst of the terrible consternation, Francis Fitzallen, in knightly dress, rode into camp. The king, at first, was surprised to see the young priest in soldier's garb; but he quickly bethought himself that the young man had the family right to bear the title of Sir Francis Fitzallen. It gave a new bound to his hope.

"Oh, young sir, by the rood, 'tis well done," said the king, approvingly; "the sons of Mother Church are turning knights to fight out her cause and the cause of the king. Welcome, Sir Francis Fitzallen, to our royal camp. Would we had a host of such as thee to drive our unnatural son-in-law from our kingdom."

"My king, you need such a host of priestly knights. Oh sire, for a crusade, indeed, again! Yet even now I bring evil tidings to you."

"Evil tidings! Methought I had enough of such to day in the desertion of Churchill and Grafton."

"Sire, you should have arrested them."

"I trusted *him*. But your evil tidings, Sir Francis? My enemies have not, surely, stolen the Prince of Wales?"

"Not so bad, sire, but yet——"

"Speak, Francis."

"Your daughter, the Lady Anne, has fled from the palace with Lady Churchill. Escorted by the Earl of Dorset and Bishop Compton, she fled from the home of the king, her father, to raise an army for the invader."

"God help me!" exclaimed the unhappy king. "My own children have forsaken me!"

CHAPTER LXI.

CAMP OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

THE ARMY of the Prince of Orange advanced slowly towards London, though it took several weeks before it reached the capital, from which it was now seventy miles distant. Midwinter was near, but the weather was unusually fine. To day, the course of the army had been over the soft turf of Salisbury plain and the troops, after toiling through the miry ruts of Devonshire and Somersetshire highways, had luxuriated in this day's march. The route of the army lay close by Stonehenge, that Druidical temple of mystery which has perpetuated the memory of the religion of the ancient Britons. Regiment after regiment halted to examine that mysterious ruin, celebrated all over the continent as the greatest wonder of the British Island.

The halt for the day was ordered and the army pitched its encampment near those famous ruins. To morrow, William was to enter the cathedral city of Salisbury. There he was to be lodged in the palace which the king had occupied a few days before, for James and his army had evacuated that city.

Their tents were pitched, and William was surrounded by his generals and some of the principal noblemen of the English realm. Among those around the prince, was Baron De Leon and Sir Judah of Nassau. They had received Hadassah's letters from the hands of young Caleb; and De Leon had hastened to his castle and enlisted a fine regiment of his tenantry and the yeomanry around in the county of Somersetshire. But neither Sir Judah nor De Leon dared to leave the army of invasion to make forced marches with isolated regiments to rescue their father,

Sir David of Nassau. Though a hundred fathers' lives had suspended on the moment, they had not dared to sacrifice the cause of a nation; nor would it have availed much, for De Leon and Sir Judah with their two regiments to have made a dash upon London attempting the rescue of Sir David from the Tower. The king was too strong at that moment and the terror of the invasion not great enough, as yet, in the minds of the king's party for anything to be attempted outside the strict methods and discipline of war. Therefore, young Caleb had been dispatched with the uncertain hope that the march of the invaders to the capital would, in itself, suspend the execution of Sir David of Nassau; but Caleb carried back to his comrades a commission to them, as a regiment of the Prince of Orange, with instructions for their Colonel, Reuben Ben Levi, to use the name of the Prince of Orange in any attempt to rescue his kinsman Sir David, Prince of Nassau.

The knot of commanding officers was upon the point of dispersing to their several regiments, to meet the prince after supper in a council of war, when an officer approached and informed William that a young knight, in command of a veteran regiment, had just joined his army and requested permission of his Highness to present himself. The Prince directed that the young knight should be conducted to him at once; and the commanders tarried with the prince outside his tent to learn further of this fresh reinforcement.

Presently the young knight stood before the Prince of Orange, who fixed upon him his cold searching eye, which, in turn, met an eye such as a great military chief delights to encounter, whether in his friend or foe. It was the eye of a truly fearless knight, and one could well have fancied him like one of the crusaders of Richard Cœur De Lion's times presenting himself to that kingly hero for service with him in the Holy Land. William was greatly pleased with the young noble and confessed at once to himself that, not in all his army, was there one who looked more like the youthful warrior or one more capable to perform a daring deed.

"Sir, your name?" enquired the prince, after a long and searching gaze.

"The Knight of Arundel, nephew of the Lord of Arundel," replied the knight.

"I bring your Highness reinforcements from my uncle."

"Your strength, sir?"

"Seven hundred men, your Highness, and not unused to war. The men of Arundel have been trained to arms. Many of them served in the late wars between Charles and the Parliament."

"On which side, sir?"

"The king's," replied the young knight, frankly.

The prince was pleased rather than dissatisfied with the answer, for though he was landed to depose the son of Charles, yet many of the old Cavaliers and the sons of the Cavaliers were arrayed with him in arms or with him in sympathy.

"Sir Knight of Arundel, you are welcome to our camp. You will post your regiment, sir, on our right and near our quarters. I will inspect your force early in the morning. I shall expect you to-night at our council. Gentleman, let all forthwith to supper. We have much business before us."

It is an hour later and Sir Judah of Nassau in his tent is in searching thought. The young knight of Arundel possesses his mind. Sir Judah has recognized him, but it is that mysterious recognition of consciousness, which ever seems most palpable, yet most undefined. At one moment, Sir Judah decides that he has never met the young knight till now, but quickly his consciousness assures him that he has and knows him well. He is greatly perplexed with this conflict between the logic of his memory and the insight of his consciousness which was more subtle and knowing than memory. There was nothing in the young knight's countenance that provoked mistrust, and yet in Sir Judah's mind there was mistrust concerning him.

As we have said, the scion of Arundel looked the *beau ideal* of a young knight who bore the type of a descendant of one of the old crusaders; nor was this strange, seeing that the lords of Arundel dated their pedigree among the chiefs who came over with William the Conqueror. There was a lofty carriage in the head of the young noble, yet it expressed the pride of capacity rather than haughtiness of family pedigree. The brow was clear and supremely intellectual; waves of auburn curls hung about his magnificent head while his face was adorned with a short but

manly beard, with just a touch of the military style of the Cavalier.

Sir Judah, with this image of the young knight in his mind, left his tent and went straight to that of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

"My lord of Shrewsbury, you are doubtless acquainted with the lords of Arundel?"

"Intimately, Sir Judah. A noble and a warlike race, sir."

"And this young knight, my lord; know you him?"

"Nay, not personally, yet will I be sworn he is an Arundel. There are several branches of that noble family. The uncle of this scion of that ancient house is Thomas, Lord Arundel. That he has such a nephew I know, though I had an indistinct fancy that the youth had taken Holy Orders. Doubtless my memory has not served me well. This young knight, Sir Judah, is the perfect image of one of his ancestors whose portrait I have seen hung in the family gallery."

"A noble soldier, I confess, my lord of Shrewsbury. Excuse my curiosity; know you the family name of the Arundels? O, sire, I cry you mercy for such a question of a peer who must know the family pedigree of all your English nobles."

"Fitzallen is the family name of the lords of Arundel."

"Go you, my lord of Shrewsbury, straightway to the prince's tent?"

"I was about to set my face that way as you entered."

"Excuse me to the prince for awhile, my lord. I go first to the tent of Baron De Leon."

Meantime, Sir Francis Fitzallen in his tent was in bold but anxious counsel with his lieutenant, who was himself a young Catholic noble.

"I perfectly understand your plan, Sir Francis," said the lieutenant.

"Charles, dare you to-night as great a deed as that of your kinsman, the Earl of Craven, who, when young as we, led the forlorn hope at Creutznach with such courage that he was patted on the shoulder by the great Gustavus?"

"Aye, Francis, or I will perish to-night ere the fault be mine."

"A last rehearsal, then, before I go to this council of war. We may not meet again till we have accomplished this dangerous enterprise; perhaps never in this

life, Charles, meet each other more. You will so post your small troops of men to seize the chiefs whose names I have given you:—Lord Churchill, for he could command the army and recover; the Marshall Schomberg, the most famous soldier of Europe, and Sir Judah of Nassau. The Prince of Orange leave to me. Post ten men to steal upon his tent as soon as the council breaks up which, I should conjecture, will be at midnight. The slight bustle caused by the generals going to their tents will favor us. I know Sir Judah's ways; he will be alone; Churchill, foreseeing no danger, may be also unguarded. Let there be no cry for help. Danger is everywhere to-night, I know. But with your small troops seize your prisoners and away to London with all speed and at all hazards. With the six hundred of my regiment remaining, I will hold the road to London against the army until you are fairly gone and then will follow you with all speed. We have the advantage of the night and the confusion, with our plans well taken and a perfect knowledge of the roads; whereas the Dutch troops, in the darkness of these long nights, will be in doubt which way to turn; for you will cross your roads and the whole of our regiment will scatter in small troops as quickly as possible to re-form at the spot decided on in our march to-day. Half of us may be cut to pieces; but our soldiers are veterans, many of them gentlemen, and each has pledged his life to the king. Adieu, Charles!"

"Adieu, Francis!"

"The Saints preserve you! Charles, if our enterprise succeed to-night, Holy Church is victor. Again; may the Saints preserve you!"

CHAPTER LXII.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

THERE were present at the council of war in the tent of the Prince of Orange the Generals of the Dutch, officers of the British army and navy and a number of the first peers of the realm who had joined him since his landing. Among these was the magnificent Earl of Dorset who, since supper, had arrived as envoy from the Princess Anne with her congratulations and sisterly love to William. The flight of the daughter of James, and thereby the public identification of her cause with

that of her brother-in-law, was an event of such surpassing interest and romance that the Prince of Orange requested Dorset to give to the council the circumstantial narrative. One of the objects of William in this was to delay the business of the council till the coming of Sir Judah and the Baron De Leon whose absence signified to him some important affair bearing upon the action of the council, and imperative enough to suspend it, else had Sir Judah surely been present at the opening.

It would have been, however, unlike the taciturn William to have made this explanation to the council; and so he devised to occupy the interval with the narrative of the flight of the Princess Anne.

During Lord Dorset's recital, Sir Judah of Nassau came in, but without the Baron De Leon. William now ordered on the business of the war council.

The young knight of Arundel was soon brought into prominence.

"Your Highness," he said, "may not yet have heard that Feversham has disbanded the king's army. My regiment met these disorganized troops on every highway. They will greatly impede the march of your Highness. 'Twere better had you to fight them under my Lord of Feversham."

"I am not to be thus dealt with!" exclaimed William, with bitterness, "and that my Lord Feversham shall find."

This from William was a menace which my Lord of Feversham afterwards discovered when, as a messenger from the king, William refused to see him and put him under arrest.

"Gentlemen," said the Prince of Orange, "the young lord of Arundel has given us pause. Since our landing, nothing has occurred so unpropitious. A battle with the Irish troops under Feversham would both have given us a victory and won the good will of the English."

"Yes, your Highness," observed the knight of Arundel, who perceived that he held now the lead in the conversation, "and the king without an army is stronger than with one. If he listens to prudent counsel and submits his cause to the Parliament, your mission in England will be that of an arbitrator, and not a conqueror."

"The knight of Arundel clearly forecasts the case, gentlemen. We had bet-

ter discuss our plans and policies upon the premises of his argument."

It was clear to the war council that William was not pleased with the view of sustaining simply the character of an arbitrator at the moment when the crown of England had seemed waiting for his head.

For several hours, the great topics of the realm and of the invasion were fully discussed. But among them all, none was so suggestive and comprehensive in his views as the Knight of Arundel. He seemed to blend the experience of an old general with the foresight of a statesman. The Prince of Orange listened to him with admiration and noted many of his suggestions for his own profit in dealing with English affairs.

The entrance of Baron De Leon suspended the topic for a moment, and then Sir Judah, whom William had noticed was unusually absent in his manner, quickly led towards a denouement little expected in that council of war.

"My prince," he said, "had king James many such servants as Sir Francis Fitzallen I should advise the speedy re-embarkation of our army."

"Sir Judah!" exclaimed the prince. "Ah! Sir Knight of Arundel, your face, but now so eloquent, is pale as death and your eye, that blazed with fire a moment since, is fixed with ghastly horror upon the Knight of Nassau. Sir Judah, what does this mean!"

"My prince, had James Stuart listened to the bold and sound advice of my former secretary, Francis Fitzallen, he would have declared war with Holland months ago; and to-night the Jesuit is as a satan in our council."

The Knight of Arundel shook off the horror which, in the discovery, the magician-like soul of Sir Judah cast over him, and, bounding toward the mouth of the tent, drew his sword to cut his way to his regiment; but, like a stroke of lightning, his sword was whirled from his grasp by the trenchant blade of Baron De Leon. The Prince of Orange remained, as he ever was, the coolest in supreme danger; but his officers sprang to their feet in amazement and considerable alarm, for they realized in a moment that the veteran regiment of the young Knight of Arundel was posted nearest the prince's tent.

"Sirs, be not alarmed," said Sir Judah,

with coolness as perfect as that of his prince; "The regiment of the knight of Arundel is disarmed, and seven hundred of his majesty's best soldiers are prisoners of war! Baron De Leon, taking my regiment and his own, surrounded them. But that you were all so pre-occupied, sirs, you might, awhile ago, have heard the clash of steel and commotion in the camp."

When Francis Fitzallen heard that his regiment was powerless in the enemy's hands—a regiment which he had gathered expressly for the daring deed and in which there were many Catholic gentlemen—he knew that his hope was lost, and with it the king's cause.

Francis, the Jesuit, had not altogether been in disguise. Sir Judah had known him as a youth with close cut hair and shaven chin, both so becoming to the priest and private secretary; but six months had passed since they last met. During that time Francis had cherished the daring design of that night should William invade England; and by a little art had adorned himself with flowing locks and beard until he had become the very counterpart of his ancestor, the crusader.

But he who would have conquered Sir Judah of Nassau was himself conquered; and Francis Fitzallen felt as Lucifer might when he was cast out of heaven.

CHAPTER LXIII.

SIR DAVID AT THE BLOCK.

THE scaffold was erected on Tower Hill for the execution of Sir David of Nassau. Around it, were posted three thousand Irish troops upon whom, since the desertion of Churchill with the English division of the army, the king altogether depended. They were under the command of Sarsfield, were in perfect accord with the king's will, and, being veteran soldiers, were fully equal to fight a desperate battle should any attempt be made to rescue the Jewish prince.

James was bent on executing the grand old Hebrew knight, and more so because many of the nobles, among whom was the Marquis of Halifax, had interceded for his life. Since his return from Salisbury, after the desertion of Churchill and the flight of his daughter, he was, if possible, more cruel than ever. Constantly was he declaring that he must make ex-

amples, and so much had this savage idea taken possession of the kingly monster, that it became the closing mania of his reign. Even after his son-in-law held possession of the kingdom and an embassy from the lords was about to open negotiation with William, James insisted, as one of his conditions, upon the giving up of Churchill and others for execution. Halifax, who was the President of the embassy, labored to convince the king that it would be wise to pardon offences which he could not punish. "I cannot do it," he exclaimed, "I must make examples. Churchill above all!" But at the time set for the execution of Sir David the monster had the power to punish, and so the Marquis of Halifax and others of the British nobles, who would gladly have prompted a rescue, looked with certainty for the fall of Sir David's head at the block at noon to-day.

There was a great multitude of the populace present to witness the execution, but the popular sympathy was with the venerable victim of the king's malice. In front of the citizens a line of Jews was extended. In number they seemed to be about five hundred, elderly men in gabardines, whose heads were bent in mourning for their prince. The sympathetic people tried to prevent the crowding of these, as they thought, old men in gabardines so that they might have the place of mourners on this dreadful occasion.

At about half past eleven in the morning, Sir David of Nassau came forth from the Tower under a strong guard. He was accompanied by Sir Edward Hales, the lieutenant of the Tower, and the Marquis of Halifax, the latter supporting the Hebrew prince who leaned lightly upon his arm. It was a fine Winter's morning, and being near midday the sun was gracious. On his way towards the scaffold the old prince stopped a few moments to enjoy once more the luxury of Nature.

"My good friend Halifax," said the venerable hero, "how generous is the morning air which fans my fevered brow. The sluggish blood, parched by the prison atmosphere, courses once more with promises of health. I seem to live, not die, to-day. O, glorious sun!" he exclaimed, apostrophising; "O, blessed air! O, thrice more blessed liberty—without which, the sun and air and all

the world are nought—I have thee now, to-day! O, liberty! I praise thee with exultant voice; nor does that scaffold, though it frowns against my life, make thee less dear; for, if I mount it soon, then shall I speed away to freedom limitless. What, my good friend, a tear?—a tear for me that I have joy?"

"A tear sacred to thy memory!"

"Noble Halifax!"

"Noble, sir, in that he hath known thee—a prince of Israel, indeed."

"My good lord of Halifax, I feel a majesty I never felt until this hour. To-day, I am above the king of this proud land; for I, to-day, shall meet the King of Kings, and join my comrades, who have gone before! But let us move on; the guards await us."

Again the procession advanced with slow march towards the scaffold which Sir David was about to ascend when the Lady Hadassah appeared, passing through the line of soldiers that opened their ranks for her, and threw her arms around her father's neck.

"This scene is sacred," Halifax said to the Lieutenant of the Tower. "Let us withdraw aside, sir."

"Child," said Sir David, calmly, kissing the forehead of his daughter, "it were better hadst thou not been present; yet it is a painful joy to hold thee once more in a father's arms. Hadassah, thou art panting with excitement. Thy manner is most strange. What is the meaning, my child?"

"My father, see you not your comrades near?"

"Ha! my comrades! The young knights? And under their gabardines! Hadassah, I charge thee, tell me; what is the deed thou dost meditate to-day?"

"Oh! my father; canst thou not divine? It is thy rescue!"

Hadassah then told her father how the young knights of the Covenant had all devoted their lives to rescue him from the scaffold; how the Prince of Orange had sent to them a commission; how young Caleb was dispatched a second time to hasten Judah and Baron De Leon; how they had hoped their coming would have been before the dreadful hour, and finally that the young knights still resolved to attempt the rescue and waited but the command. To tell her father this and to be near him in the conflict she had pressed her way through the ranks.

"Hadassah," said the old warrior, greatly troubled, "the young knights will be cut to pieces by the king's troops. Child, thy father is a soldier still. Were there a hope of success by a daring deed, I would myself command to-day, seeing that the Prince of Orange has accepted our service; but, nay, this must not be. The sons of my comrades would perish to-day with me and all in vain. Nay, Hadassah, it must not be. Nor would I have our young men slain in a riot. Bid them in my name, join the Prince of Orange and under him make glorious war to redeem this land. Then will England honor the soldiers of Israel. Haste thee back and bid our young knights obey the last command of their Prince."

But Hadassah stirred not from her father's side.

"Thou wilt not, my child? Then will I command them by the signs of their covenant."

Sir David mounted the scaffold and waved his hands imperatively towards the young knights. He gave them signs which they all understood and which they dared not disobey. The signification to the comrades was that their prince was in command, and that they must abide his orders for the rescue which they knew now, too well, he had no intention of giving. They were around the scaffold to witness the execution of their prince and not to rescue him!

At this moment, a gun at the Tower thundered an order for the execution. Hadassah, with a cry of anguish, rushed upon the scaffold where she saw her father standing by the side of the block with the executioner and the Lieutenant of the Tower. She staggered to him and fell at his feet in a swoon. He knelt and lifted her head in his arms.

"Now, for a moment, can I be one of earth again,"—the heroic father said, "with my soul in agony of love lingering over thee, my child; and in that moment is brought an age of yearning for thee here which I shall feel when I am gone! Oh! I cannot part from thee now the time hath come to part. I am as weak as thou who art all insensible to it. This death-like semblance of what I shall be when thou awakest, child, wrings tears from eyes I thought had none to weep. We must part now, while thou art thus. One more embrace, and then— Take her, Lord Halifax! Take her from the

scaffold! For I can bear no more!"

The second gun boomed the command for the execution. At the third gun, the head of the Hebrew prince was to fall.

CHAPTER LXIV.

"FROM UNDER YOUR GABARDINES."

ERE THE third gun from the Tower could give the final signal for the execution of Sir David, the guns of the approaching army of William opened a blank fire as though upon London. The army was now about five miles distant, and so rapid and general was the firing, seeming to bring every gun of the army into play, that many of the municipal authorities fancied that William was signifying his intention to bombard the city; it was evident that the Prince of Orange was conveying some menace in the thunderings of his approach.

Quickly now, also, the ships of war on the Thames open a blank fire, for the majority of the captains of the British navy were prepared to act in concert with admirals Russell and Herbert, and it seemed that nearly every merchant ship up and down the river vied with each other in following the example of the navy.

"Sir Edward Hales," said Lord Halifax, manifesting an excitement which was extraordinary in him, "this from the approaching army of the Prince of Orange is an answer to the guns of the Tower."

"I so understand it, my Lord Halifax. William is threatening me and the king."

"Exactly so, Sir Edward, and especially yourself as the Lieutenant of the Tower."

"I suppose so, my lord. Evidently, he knows that the signals from the Tower which he has heard are for the execution of Sir David."

"Yes sir; a messenger has been despatched to him."

"I am in a terrible strait, my Lord of Halifax. What would you advise?"

"To suspend the execution."

"You well know, my lord, that the king will be furious with me if I do."

"Sir Edward Hales," replied Halifax, severely, "if you do not obey William of Orange after this warning from his guns he will execute you ere forty-eight hours shall pass. Take my word for it, sir, a menace from William means even more than he utters."

But the Lieutenant of the Tower was not allowed to remain long in uncertainty as to whether he should execute Sir David of Nassau or not. Tremendous shouts reached his ears from multitudes in the city, followed by the furious galloping of horsemen coming toward Tower Hill. A few moments later, two regiments were confronting the king's Irish troops, their horses foaming and the men with drawn swords, riding as on a charge against the enemy. Thus they came, but their commanders halted them ere the forces met, throwing the horses upon their haunches by the suddenness of the curb.

The two regiments were commanded, one by Sir Judah and the other by Baron De Leon. The son of David, at a glance, took in the fact that his father was standing on the scaffold and he had therefore given the sudden command to halt. There was now no need for the slaughter unless the king's troops so decided.

But General Sarsfield had, also, at a glance, taken in the fact that his Irish troops were two to one of the enemy. He resolved to fight, for, as already observed, the king was now altogether trusting in his Irish troops; and the gallant Sarsfield was not the man to fail the king; his brave soldiers were in full sympathy with their commander in this respect. General Sarsfield, therefore, gave the order for his troops to face the enemy and to his infantry to open fire on the two cavalry regiments opposed to him. Sir Judah, on his side, ordered the charge, and the engagement opened with great spirit. Meantime, the multitude had fled from what was now a battle field.

But a commander came into the action who was little expected. It was Sir David of Nassau himself. The sight of battle fired the old hero with the warlike spirit of his youth. There, standing on the scaffold, he calmly watched the action for awhile. Then, raising his voice, he sent the word of command to his son. Judah recognized the imperative mood of his father and the conscious power which every great commander impresses upon his troops in the heat of battle. Sir David, in his prime of manhood, had been renowned as one of the best Generals in Europe, and his original manœuvres in the field had been the admiration of Prince Maurice and his cousin, the "Little Stadtholder" of Friesland, the two greatest military scientists of their age.

Therefore, it was with the most perfect confidence that Judah obeyed the order of his heroic father without comprehending the movement. The order was for the two regiments to wheel about, one to the right and the other to the left, making a half retreat before the enemy whose troops pursuing, were thereby drawn away from the scaffold. At the commencement of the engagement, Sir David, by signs, had removed the young knights to a proper position on one side, there to await his further order. The enemy had taken but little notice of these old Jews, as they appeared to be, in their gabardines, who were now to be brought into the action to the astonishment and confusion of the king's troops.

"From under your gabardines!" cried their prince.

Quick as lightning, the gabardines fell off and another regiment of the Prince of Orange was on the field. Again a command from their Prince, and the young knights were formed in line in front of the scaffold, cutting off the enemy whom they now faced. Sir Judah, in a moment, understood the harmonious movement. His father had formed their little army into two wings with the centre occupied by the young knights of the Covenant. The enemy, though superior in numbers, were soon completely surrounded and also cut off from their original position. Sir David gave the order to the knights to charge; Sir Judah and Baron De Leon, their men in splendid enthusiasm, returned to the action with an heroic dash. On the right, De Leon charged: on the left, Sir Judah cut his way, till the right and the left closed around the enemy, while Reuben Ben Levi in the centre with the knights, executed prodigies of valor.

Meantime, Sir David on the scaffold calmly watched the battle. Hadassah had also recovered from her swoon. She drew near her father and the old hero threw his arm around her. He bade her not to shelter herself. She was a soldier's daughter and was in her place by her father's side. Halifax stood by and watched with admiration, while the Lieutenant of the Tower trembled for the consequence to the king of that day's battle!

Soon the engagement closed, the splendid manœuvre of the Hebrew prince having given to Sir Judah the victory.

CHAPTER LXV.

FROM UNDER THE CURSE.

It is an extraordinary fact of the world's history that England and the Jews came from under the curse together. In the conscientious investigations of the modern intellect, this singular fact will be emphasized and its reasons asked; and then there will be an entire reconsideration of the whole Jewish question.

That the Jews were under the curse for ages, in consequence of a supreme crime which they committed as a race, is not borne out by the facts of modern history—connected and successive facts for over a period of two and a half centuries. The Jews were under the curse which all the Christian nations were under—the curse of Priestcraft—of Rome! When Europe emerged from under it, the Jews began to come from under their curse of ages. In Spain, just prior to their extermination from that country, the Holy Inquisition was established and used very like a thing of special dispensation against the Jews. When the Jews returned to Europe after the Spanish extermination and settled first in Holland, at that very moment William the Silent, grandfather to the William of our story, aroused the Netherlands in revolution to abolish the Holy Inquisition which the Duchess of Parma, aunt of Philip, was establishing in the name of Spain. At the period when England was coming from under the curse of Rome, which was fully consummated by the invasion of William of Orange, the Jews returned to England after a four hundred years' banishment from that land. Thus closely and wonderfully connected have the Jews and those nations been both under the curse of Rome and in the transpiring of the events that redeemed them therefrom. James, the Papist king, fled to France and his throne was declared vacant. The Estates of the Realm resolved themselves into a grand Constitutional Convention composed of the greatest men of the times, among whom, it is interesting to note Sir Isaac Newton. The Commons resolved themselves into a committee of the whole House and Richard Hampden, the son of the great leader of the Cromwellian revolution, was placed in the chair; Halifax was the principal leader in the House of Lords. Hampden appeared at the bar of the Upper House with a message in-

forming the Peers that the Commons had just "voted it inconsistent with the safety and welfare of this Protestant nation to be governed by a Popish king." At length, after much discussion and a noble setting aside of many difficulties by the agreement of wise statesmen rather than by former precedents, William and Mary were elected king and queen of England. They were crowned with all the pomp and circumstance observed in the coronation of the ancient sovereigns of that realm; and since their day, no Popish king or queen can lawfully sit upon the British throne.

The advent of William and Mary to reign over the land which had now become to the Jews as their second Sion was an event in which they rejoiced equally with the native people of England.

Hadassah, at her palace, held a jubilee to celebrate the event among her people. The king and queen honored the occasion with their presence. There were other guests, such as the noble Halifax, but it was especially a gathering to-day of the Hebrew people to rejoice over the peculiar blessing to Israel in the ascension of the House of Nassau which their fathers had served and of which David, their prince, was an adopted member.

During the afternoon, the king by his own wish, reviewed the young knights of the covenant in the gardens of Sir David's palace. Sir Judah commanded the knights, assisted by Baron De Leon. Sir David was honored by conversation with the king during the review, and ever and anon William referred to his uncle Maurice and the glorious days of the redemption of the Netherlands, when Sir David and his comrades were in arms. Old Levi, who stood by the side of his prince, fancied that for awhile he was living the past over again ere he was summoned to the chapter above to meet his comrades who had gone before; while David thanked the God of his fathers that he was permitted to see his people emerge from under the dark cloud of the curse in their home in England. And William, the king, held up to these grand old men the brighter hope that ere long the Jews in England should be enfranchised, and said that he would aim to accomplish it during his own reign.

When the review of the knights of the Covenant was ended, a chorus of men and maidens came out into the gardens

singing. They sang a song of the golden harps :

Maidens, tune our golden harps,
And sing as in days of yore ;
Young men, make merry in a stranger
land,
And mourn for our homes no more !

All lands be our home, make merry !
We'll roam no more from this welcome
shore !

All lands be our home, make merry !

Virgins, light your well trimmed lamps—
Be brides as in days of yore ;
Young men, go wooing in a stranger land,
And sigh for your loves no more.

Maidens, strike a joyful strain,
And bring in our jubilee ;¹
Young men make merry in a native land,
For this shall our birthplace be.

All lands be our home, make merry !
We'll roam no more from this welcome
shore !

All lands be our home, make merry !

William was affected with this simple song, for he appreciated the reminiscences of the theme in the tragic history of their ages of wanderings in all lands.

"Yes," he said, "be this good England, Sir David, in all coming time, a native land to your people."

The principal personages now returned to the palace where the subject of the wonderful history of the Jews became the topic of conversation. The Marquis of Halifax was particularly eloquent upon the theme. On her part, Hadassah swelled the still more glorious subject of her people's destiny in the future—in the blessed times of recompense when all Israel shall have come from under the curse. Hadassah was in one of her exalted moods of inspiration. To day, the Daughter of David was striking her golden harp.

William, himself carried away by the theme, exclaimed :

"This is marvellous !"

"Aye! William, my king," replied Sir David, "there is a spirit in our sacred race, which, fanned, shall send a blaze over all the earth. Our seers shall rise again ; our psalmists sing ; our Solomons give wisdom to the world, and every land shall bless, not curse, the Jew."

THE ANTIPODAL TIDE.

THE tide of the ocean has been a wonderful mystery in every age of the world, and the most gigantic intellectual powers have been engaged in the investigation of its cause ; even Aristotle applied a great part of his useful life to the solution of this problem, but no clue had been obtained to the cause of the tide before Newton applied to it his law of *universal gravitation*.

It had been previously observed that the great tidal wave followed the moon on her diurnal revolution around the earth, but that the tide was regulated by the joint attractive influences of the sun and moon on the waters of the ocean remained for Newton to explain. The attractive powers of the moon must be admitted as sufficient cause to raise the water of the ocean next under her to a certain height above its common level ; the sun also exerts a smaller attractive influence, affecting, to a certain degree, the greater power of the moon, as, at the syzygies, they both pull in the same straight line to cause what is called *spring-tide*, and at the quadratures, they attract in lines at right-angles to each other to cause the *neap-tide*.

But there is one phenomenon whose cause is not yet satisfactorily clear,—the *antipodal tide*—for while there is a tide under the moon, or on the side of the earth nearest to her, there is also a tide on the opposite side of the earth at the same time. How to account for this? The theory left by Newton, and still universally sustained is this,—that as the moon attracts the water of the ocean on the hemisphere nearest to her, she also attracts the earth itself from the water that covers it on the opposite side, so that the water of that region is left behind, as it were, and appears to stand above the common level there also, so as to cause a tide to be seen there as well.

But this theory will not "hold water,"—if weighed in the balance of reason it will not stand the test ; for if the earth is attracted by the moon a little out of its true orbit, the great question is,—How can it go back again to that orbit?—by what power can it be repelled? For, as the tide keeps constantly on, the moon is continually attracting, so the earth must continually approach the moon, and if the above is the true cause

of the antipodal tide, the earth and moon must finally strike together, and indeed would have done so a thousand years ago.

Another theory of the tides has been lately invented, and called the *electric theory*. Its claim is, "that the ultimate cause of the tide is, the inductive action of the sun and moon exciting electricity on the side of the earth turned toward them."—Prof. Tice's Almanac for 1878,—that the earth and moon are two great electric conductors containing both positive and negative electricity, that positive and negative electricity accumulate on them on the sides nearest to each other, and driving the remaining electricity of each to the opposite side,—and suppose that the water accumulates where the electricities are accumulated, and so cause the cis-central and trans-central or antipodal tides of the ocean.

Now, is this theory, in reality, sufficiently valid to account for the phenomena of the tides? First, I shall investigate its propriety to account for the spring and neap-tides, admitting all that the theory claims. Dr. Kavanaugh, one of the chief advocates of the theory—maintains that the light sides of both the earth and moon are always positively electrified, and the dark sides always negative; and when a dark and light side are turned towards each other, as at the syzygies, we have a spring tide. But on what ground is this assertion made? How is the light side of either earth or moon more positive than the dark ones? Do positiveness and negativeness depend on light and shade? And why not every tide then a spring tide?

There are no reasonable answers to these questions; nor reasonable ground for the electric theory of the tides. All the difference in the electric powers that can be, is in the different distances of the moon from the earth; but if we consult our almanacs we will find the moon in perigee at the quadratures, when we have neap tides, as often as at the syzygies when we have spring tides, so the different distances is not the cause of the difference in the tides.

In the next place, I shall investigate whether the electric theory is sufficient in its nature to account for the existence of any tide at all? Admitting it probable that electricity can accumulate in certain parts of the ocean by the above electric

law; does it necessarily imply that the water should also accumulate therein as much as to cause a tide? This is greatly to be doubted; electric currents can decompose water to its primitive elements—oxygen and hydrogen, but as to its capability of driving water before it has not been proved from experiments. Besides, water is a good conductor of electricity. The latter suffers but small resistance, passing through it from place to place; it does not make disruptive discharges in water as it does in air during a thunderstorm, our atmosphere being an insulator, or non-conductor of electricity; so the electric theory cannot be made to account for the tidal wave.

Now, if both these great theories must be done away with, what then can be the cause of antipodal tides?

It seems to me that one, Mr. J. H. Kucklos, had a dim view of the principle which I will here introduce as the true cause of the antipodal tide, but he failed in the explanation of it. Nevertheless by the study of it I had a glimpse into the principle which I shall here endeavor to explain in the most clear manner.

I admitted that the water of the ocean *on the side next the moon* must be disturbed so as to rise from all parts of that hemisphere, and run up hill, as it were, towards the place nearest the moon or point where the attraction is the greatest, so as to cause a tide in that part; but we cannot say that the water of the opposite hemisphere is disturbed much by that cause. But it is plain that the earth's gravitation towards its centre is diminished on the side nearest the moon, by the amount of the moon's gravitating power on the water of that hemisphere; so must it be intensified by the same amount on the side opposite to her, traced on the line joining the centres of the earth and moon. Now as the attraction tension on the common centre of gravity of the earth, from the side nearest the moon, must diminish by the action of the moon drawing away the water from it, holding it out—hanging it up, as it were, in the atmosphere, so as to preserve the equilibrium, the common centre of gravity of the whole mass must move a little away from the moon, leaving its common place, and standing nearer to the surface of the ocean which is farthest from the moon. Now where the centre of gravity is, there is the greatest attraction, and where the greatest at-

traction is, there will the water flow from all parts of that hemisphere, so much as to cause the water to accumulate until it is as much higher there than the old common level as the distance through which the centre of gravity moves on the line above mentioned, or so as to equalize the force of the moon's gravity towards the earth. So the water must stand at exactly the same depth on the point of the surface opposite to the moon as it does on the point right under her. The height of the surface of the ocean at this opposite point will not after all be greater, measured from this new centre of gravity, than it was from the common centre before the moon came there.

Abstruse theories like this are always difficult to explain clearly, but the chief difficulty is to have a clear idea of the subject, then the explanation is easy. How far I have here succeeded the reader will say.

THOMAS JOB, Salt Lake City.

TIM SNISSEL.

BY JOHN LYON.

THERE is no character in the literary world that is so little thought of as a small author, who is dependent for a living on writing poetry, short essays, and stories for the periodicals, or newspapers. If he receives any thing as a reward for his talent, it is given more in the way of charity, than a recompense for his labor.

The press generally pays the renowned authors in a very superabundant manner, no matter how trifling their contributions may be. But the poor student of minor celebrity, must either write for the glory of being admitted into their columns, for the pleasure of seeing his name in print, or the more degrading recompense of a few dimes, that would scarcely pay for his paper, pens and ink!

Who would believe that Tim Snissel, that man in seedy black patched dress, who has just passed, wearing a thin, meagre appearance, is the unpaid hanger-on of the "*K— Journal*"? See how his pockets are all but crammed to contain his original documents, that are either retained by himself, or rejected by some stupid editor, who cannot perceive the sublimity of his cogitations. What rare manuscripts! "*Lines to Mary*," "*The*

March of Intellect," "*On the Rising Sun*," and a hundred other interesting subjects, all of which cannot bring Tim a crust of bread, much less immortal fame. How deplorable his condition when contrasted with the caterer, dubbed the local editor, who has his pay according to what he can gather, in the shape of accidents, offenses, murder, robbery, fraud, drowning, fire, and riot. These, or any other calamity, are to him the cream of his profession,—in fact he is like the sexton, who complains of dull times when the people are not dying off as fast as he can dig their graves. Tim was a helper to this notable character. Shades of departed genius, why are you permitted to linger out a neglected existence?

Poor Tim, how abject and disconsolate he gazes on the passing muddy stream, meditating on the ebb of human affairs, and the fullness of the domestic hearth, where no bread, beef and potatoes are waiting for his empty yawning stomach, where the worms are rioting on his already blanched vitals, and perforating the very habitation where they can only exist, except in the grave. Poor, poor Tim! What would your father have thought when he was expending all his resources to maintain you at college? Had he then but seen the corpse-like appearance of his exhausted toil, thrown away on his only hope. His clever intelligent Tim! now, alas! lost to him and the world through the insanity of aiming to be an author. Oh, madness, madness! Oh, Tim, Tim, could you not labor? could you not do something better than pass your time thinking, scrawling out indifferent poetry? What good can "*Lines to Mary*" do, to appease the voracious worms? why not dig, delve, drive,—do anything? rather than starve and write, when your labor and talent are neither paid nor appreciated. Such were my reflections on Tim Snissel; and as I have given an outline of his poverty and pursuits, I will proceed to relate what occurred in the latter part of our intimacy, in the *K—* office, and also of his character—as he was a man of some notoriety in the circle in which he moved, and to say the least of him, one among a thousand.

Tim was the son of a poor industrious shoemaker, and had wrought at the trade with his father when a mere boy; but owing to his superior intellect, had been taken notice of by the priest of the Diocese

and introduced to the Bishop, who became his patron and obtained a bursary for him in the Catholic seminary of Dublin. Mr. Snissel, senior, had not neglected his son's education prior to this time, and Tim having a natural inclination for learning, had acquired a tolerably extensive knowledge of the English language, and also of the classics; he was, therefore, qualified to enter as a student in the Senior Greek class at the commencement of his collegiate career.

It was the design of his patrons to educate him for holy orders; having gone through the Latin, Greek and Hebrew classes, he was prepared to enter on his divinity, when Tim, all of a sudden, became infidel, and renounced the Catholic profession. This was a sad reverse for him and his father's family, who were in great part supplied in work, and supported by the influential votaries of that religion. His father tried every method and argument to reclaim his son, but all his efforts were in vain; expostulations, entreaties and curses, together with the tears of his mother, were all met with the eloquence of Tim's logical deductions,—on the hypocrisy and absurdity of their desires. The Bishop and priest, after finding all their admonitions, promises and threats in vain, delivered him over to the devil in the due form of an excommunication, and left him without a friend to console him in the midst of poverty, and without a prospect but one, and that was to become pedagogue in the city where his delinquency had gained for him a notoriety anything but enviable for such a profession.

Apostacy from his religion, and the burning effect of excommunication, with all the ill-feeling and the slanders connected with it, only made Tim more obstinate and unbelieving, and gave him a cankerous abusive nature.

To gain a respectable living the press appeared, in Tim's eye, to be a bank; therefore, to this occupation he turned his arduous attention; but although he labored day and night, climbing up the slippery mount of fame, yet not paid, he anticipated, he flattered himself, that one day he would be remunerated, and pay back with interest the hard labor of his poor broken-hearted father, who toiled late and early to procure for him the necessities of life.

All their efforts proving fruitless in

Dublin. Mr. Snissel, senior, who still, notwithstanding his son's apostacy from the church, loved, respected and held him as a scion of his family line, who would one day be a bright star in the galaxy of Irish luminaries, found "The Green Isle of Beauty" to become a desert of thorns; determined, therefore, to try their fortune in Scotland. Tim senior, and Tim junior, and all the other Snissels, landed in Glasgow in the year 1822, and found their way to K——, where the father wrought at his trade and his son Tim assumed the occupation of writer for the press. To it, he purposed to become entirely devoted, the aim and object of his future glory and renown.

The commencement of our acquaintance was at the office of Jinks', where I first saw him reading to this notable character a poem on "The Wrongs of Ireland," which was accepted as a trial without pay and published in the *K—— Journal*. We often met at the office, and in time became intimate, and ultimately chums to each other in the dark and ominous track of this vain world of literature and humbug.

Tim had an antique physical development; he measured five feet one inch in his shoes, which did not deteriorate from his real height—being heelless. His head was precociously large and symmetrically developed, and when seen over a half door, or through the trap-opening in a pawnbroker's receiving room, he looked well enough. There his precocious expansive forehead, his finely arched brow, and blue eye, aquiline nose and fair broad chin, gave a favorable impression of the half seen author; but when viewed in full portrait, he looked for all the world like an inverted V, with a great primer period stuck on the upper point of the reversed letter,—as a termination to its malformation, resembling very much the colossus at Rhodes in miniature.

Often has he stood for hours in this attitude, his legs astride and his feet on a parallel line twenty-four inches apart, with his right forefinger in the palm of his left hand, arguing on the absurdity of transubstantiation, purgatory, the invocation to angels, and addressing Mary as the mother of heaven, the imposition of granting indulgence, etc., etc., all of which doctrines I had little knowledge, and less disposition to dispute.

His wife Mary, (who emigrated and was

married to him about the time he landed in Scotland,) was seven inches taller than himself, and taking the two arm in arm, as they often promenaded to Jinks' office, they were unmatched, poetically speaking. He had a low querulous voice, she a gruff toned bass grunt, a kind of ventriloquial sound that seemed to come from some other quarter than her articulating organs.

I have had it considerably on my mind, when in company with them, that there ought to be some arrangement in the marriage settlement in regard to the adaptation of size. Short men and tall women seem to be unequally yoked; perhaps it is a wise arrangement in the order of providence, but I could not otherwise than admire the choice of General Tom Thumb and his wife, Miss Lavinia Warren Stratton; again, there might be selfishness in this in the anticipation of the production of dwarfs. But in the former amalgamation, no inducement prospectively could be of any interest, except to keep the human family on a proper standard of measurement, although we are prone to laugh inwardly, as I have done a hundred times, at Mr. and Mrs. Snissel, jun. She was as far above the common size of women, as he was below the ordinary height of men, and this gained for them a great amount of public notice.

The people would look out of every door, as they passed, at their strange appearance. She was like the curve of a rainbow, stooping to hold his arm and catch the glance of his eye, when speaking: while he, on the opposite extreme, was like a boy with a man's head upon his shoulders, gazing up at a weather sign or a steeple. Comparisons are said to be ridiculous, but I am sensible that my readers could not have a due conception of Tim's outward man without this denization. He might have been properly styled the *Victim of fame*, inasmuch as he had a longing desire from his childhood to produce something in literature, that would perpetuate his memory to future ages. Moore, Byron, Burns, Cowper and Campbell were all read over and over again by him, until their works were so mixed up with his own mentality, that he could not speak nor write without committing plagiarisms. All his productions savored so much of one or the other of his favorite authors, that al-

though his poetry and prose writings were essentially his own, yet in another sense they were not. In consequence of this, nothing fresh or original came from his pen. He had taken the counsel given to young men aspiring to court the muse, namely to "read, and copy the best authors." This was the great evil with Tim and the cause of his pieces being rejected. He had composed some highly colored fugitive poems, which were, to those of his admirers who were not conversant with the works of the authors mentioned, thought far above mediocrity; and through their ignorance, flattery and foolish admiration, proposed that he should publish his poems. Never was self-conceit, or self-esteem more gratified, and never could there have been more ruinous advice given. He consulted me on the subject, when I frankly gave him my opinion in the broadest terms of reproof. I was angry with him, as I had formerly given my opinion of the absolute folly of such an attempt.

"What is fame?" I would say; "who would know you personally a hundred years hence from any other dumpling-headed fellow of the same name? And, although you had a marble monument raised above your ashes, who could know Snissel the rag gatherer, or Snissel who was hanged for forgery, from you? Both of these men lived in your own day, and who could say, or deny but that they were both poets. Give celebrity to a name, and it belongs to the name, not to the man! The very profession belonged to the muse. The one gathered the material body of literature, rags, and the other blotted the white sheet with another person's name to procure a living,—a thing little worse than plagiarism. Indeed, the annals of crime will retain the forgers' character longer, and give him greater publicity than your poetry. The history of public crime out-lives the obscurity of a virtuous life in this world. Tim," said I, rather sharply, "quit the thought from this time, henceforth; 'tis folly, 'tis worse than helping the local editor, for which you receive *nothing* in the *shape of pay*, 'tis absolute madness! Go and take up a school, Tim, that will gain you and your wife an honest respectable living; go, and never let me hear of such a proposal again." He left the room, seemingly disgusted at my insolence and my worse logic which he would once have

attempted to refute, if I had given him the chance.

After he was gone, I reflected on my harsh expressions, and felt sorrowful. But I could not help being sensible of his great folly. His father had labored hard, late and early, to keep him and his wife; and the few admirers he had, promised security by their subscriptions for the first issue; and they were certain that when the reading public were in possession of his first number, subscription would be increased seven-fold. Moreover, here is an undertaking, I thought to myself; he has not calculated on the vast amount of matter required to fill one hundred and seventy-five pages, for a start. Neither has he for once studied the question, whether the lovers of poetry cared anything about, "The Repeal of the Union," "The Wrongs of Ireland," "Stanzas to Mary," or any other namby-pamby production of his heated imagination.

I heard no more of him for several weeks thereafter, when I had put into my hand a letter containing a prospectus of his intended volume, wherein I learned that he had obtained three hundred subscribers, that the first number was in the hands of the printer, and everything prosperous.

It was not long after receiving this letter, that Tim called upon me in all the flutter and pomposity of a man of business, "fire in each eye," and his pockets full of papers. "King, my boy," said he, "I hope you are calmed down now," taking me by both hands and shaking them hysterically, "I have come to let you see my progress in forming my forthcoming volume, which is now nearly printed. He then unrolled his packages of papers, and presented me with the title page, and his own portrait, done up with a border and printed in black, red and yellow ink.

"There," said he, triumphantly, "isn't that superb?" On the fly sheet I read: "The poems and prose works of Timothy Snissel, late graduate in Dublin College." On the other side, a preface in ten short sentences, which read more like an apology than anything else; then the contents, viz., for a leading poem: "The Child of Hope and Misfortune," in six cantos. "Love and Matrimony," "Remorse," "Lovely Scotland," etc. Here was a bill of fare for an unsuspecting world—a Comet of the first magnitude with a long tail of lost

hope, "Remorse," and "Matrimony." The first number was out the week following, and being anxious for its success, I ventured into the *K—Journal* office, to learn how Skelly, the foreman, patronized Snissel's publication. There the indomitable critic and purveyor stood with his back to the fire, turning his swivel eye all over the room, (he was cross-eyed, and when he was speaking, one eye was like a fixed red star, and the other rolled round from right to left making a comma or period in his conversation, as the eye-lid shut and opened.) Not a solitary being was in the office but himself, when I stepped forward and gave him my customary "How-do-you-do, sir." "Comfortably, comfortably," he replied, dryly. "Ha, King, have you seen Mr. Timothy Snissel's first number, eh? If he was a medium and had the spirit of Byron, he could not have imitated him better. Humph! a rare specimen of florid bombast, a pusillanimous driveling, made-up counterfeit of other authors' works—something of his own here and there, to be sure, but they are all marked 'Snissel!' which signifies balderdash;" then swearing a big oath, "Yes," continued he, "wherever his sentiment or expressions appear, 'tis 'Snissel.' Hear," said he, lifting the number and fixing his rolling eye on the page, and the other eye on me, "what I read:

'Ah! never feel remorse,
'Twould burst an iron heart in shivers;
'Twould stamp existence—self-accursed,
'Twould drain your care in rivers.'

"There is learning and collegiate classical education for you, King; see the first line beginning with an exclamation, and the three following with 'T'would.' Dublin University may well be proud of such a student." At this point in his criticisms, he looked horrible, just such a look as I have seen an executioner glance at the culprit before throwing him off, when pleased with his preparations for death!

Then, stretching out his hand with the number towards me, he exclaimed, emphatically: "This I know to be Tim's composition, and if paper could blush at his extravagance, it would change to as many colors as the ink on the title page of his book. Who would ever feel remorse if it could be cast off like an old coat? No person. And then, an iron heart bursting to shivers, and blood being drained out of the human body like

rivers, are similitudes that, properly speaking, belong to steam boilers and large reservoirs bursting." Here he lifted up to my face, the number. "Remorse, King, is a feeling in the human mind that torments us from a consciousness of having done some irreparable wrong, and you ought to have that feeling for encouraging a whimsical coxcomb to publish such extravagant, ridiculous nonsense!" Here he paused, as if out of breath, in rounding his last sentence; he then turned over to the poem of "Lovely Scotland," and read:

"The sun set red in rebel smiles—
Where Scotland, and her sea-girt isles,
Pointed the finger of her proud hand
In scorn at Ireland, bound in fetters band,
Saying, see the waste of not a century's years,
And Erin's land now sepulchered in tears."

When done reading, in fiendish wrath he exclaimed; "Where in all the creation of imagination could be found such rigmarole, trashy, raving stuff, short of bedlam?" "But," continued he, "I will honor him with a review of his contemplated book, to-morrow." I begged of him at the conclusion of his remarks to desist interference, in consequence of Tim's poverty; but that immovable implacable eye, fixed on mine, never moved in its socket, till it gazed me out of the office.

In passing away from this scene of personal hatred and embodiment of selfish interest, I had only one reflection. And that was,—of all the infatuations following the morbid state of the moral feelings,—and I may add, the intellectual,—"love of approbation," concentrated in the love of fame, was the worst. Skelly was a poet himself, and a critic to boot. And what was an anomaly in his character, he could not endure a minor; good or bad, he run down every aspirant; and what seemed contradictory, opposing his own custom in the work of the establishment. He had a desire, doubtless, to be respected, honored, and even applauded for good and praiseworthy articles he had written, but a thirst for fame based on the praise or admiration of his cankered criticisms, was sure to end in the loss of friends, and the hatred of those he villified and opposed.

The *K*—*Journal* came out the week following, containing a lengthy review on Tim's contemplated volume, and criticisms on the first number; but the article was too severe to be taken for anything more than a burlesque.

The first number was bought up rapidly, the sale being helped considerably by Skelly's review. This put Tim in high spirits and set him on more energetically to cull his best pieces for the second number. It is said, that, "there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood leads on to fortune," but this was not the consequence in Tim's procedure. The second issue fell off considerably, even among the subscribers; so that he was hard pushed to furnish by promises and security the needed funds for number three.

He had also found that many of his productions were not well adapted for publication,—moreover, he had contemplated writing for its pages as it emanated from the press, but all his time was taken up in reading, correcting and revising his proofs, so that by the third issue he was stranded for matter, as well as means. Taking all these unfortunate circumstances, namely, want of money, want of matter, and want of credit, Tim's wonderful proposed volume fell dead from the press, at the five hundred and twenty-fifth page, leaving him in debt to the amount of sixty-five pounds sterling, for which he had nothing to represent his loss but a pile of unsold numbers.

No bankruptcy could have created locally a greater noise, nor more grief to poor Tim. Skelly chuckled over his fall like a hyena over a dead carcass, and attributed the evil he had done to have been a public benefit.

Jinks, the editor, and Bellows, the embellisher, had taken the opposite of Skelly in their reviews of each number as they came out, for their own interest in the publishing department, yet were chagrined and left minus, notwithstanding, to a considerable amount of money loaned; and as surety for the work done, had retained the unsold copies. On the other hand, his friends pitied, although they could not prevent nor remedy the evil he had brought upon himself.

He called several times upon me in the commencement of his publication, laughing heartily at my hasty remarks and ill nature, as he termed it; but after the second issue I saw no more of him for three months.

His absence gave me no particular alarm, as I knew he would be ashamed of his former exultation, and present failure. One evening the postman handed

me a letter, which turned out to be a poetical "farewell," inscribed to myself. I judged from its contents that Tim had left the country; but early on the following morning I received another note, requesting my company immediately at No. 10, Waterloo St., signed, Mrs. Snissel. Perusing the "farewell" a second time, I was struck with the idea that something was materially wrong in that establishment. I hastened to the place, and just as I entered the staircase, leading to his apartment, I met the doctor, who told me that Tim had cut his throat. "But," continued he, "the wound is not so dangerous; he thinks he is dying, and you were sent for by his urgent request to comfort him, I suppose, in his last hours. Keep him in the dark as to his recovery; he may tear open the wound and bleed to death."

I hastened up to his bedroom, which was like the residence of all other poets, the attic; and there lay poor infatuated Tim, pillowed up in bed, bandaged to the ears. He lifted his eyes as I entered, but such an expression of countenance I had never before witnessed in my life. His wife sat in a corner, with her face muffled in a shawl, sobbing in hollow bass tones, the distraction of her soul. The squalid appearance of everything around looked as if inanimate nature felt the dreadful reverse of Tim's change of circumstances.

I saw him two or three times make the sign of the cross, and mutter something to himself, that looked (for there was no sound of words) like an *Ave Maria*. Oh! thought I, how strangely are we affected, with all our infidelity, when death stares us in the face; then, our early education and prepossessions of religion and all its prejudices return in the weakness of our declining faculties, and make us what we would blush to own, in the zenith of our professional philosophy and reason; and, I may add, in the folly and absurdity of our youthful career; when thought without reflection and pedantry without wisdom, lead us to conclusions both foolish and groundless,—proving the adage to be true, that none, none descends into himself to find the secret imperfections of his mind.

I looked for sometime at him, in meditative sorrow, and at length found courage to say, "Tim, my friend, what is the cause of all this?" He looked at me,

staringly insane, then put his hand in mine, then whispering drawlingly from pain, said, "Lost, King,—lost to fame, lost to my dear wife, and lost to the world in my profession." Here I could hardly repress a smile at Tim's three supposed losses, when his attention was attracted for a moment towards his wife, who had, at his concentrated grief, set up a discordant sound something like far-off thunder. "I am going," said he, looking ghastly at me in despair, "but I hope you will do justice to my memory. I sent for you as my only reliable friend, knowing that you will arrange and correct my manuscripts. I have often thought of your opposition to my (here he stopped to adjust the bandage on his neck) publishing! Publishing, King, has been my ruin, but Chatterton, Savage, and Otway were as unfortunate as myself."

In the effort he made to give expression to his last sentence, he swooned back on the pillow. I saw his ruling passion was strong in (supposed) death. His wife, by frantic cries and clapping of her hands, aroused the neighbors, who filled the room. Finding that my presence was no longer required, I left with the promise to call soon, thankful of the release.

I felt interested in his recovery, however, and called upon the doctor several times to learn of his convalescence. In the course of two months Tim got whole; but I saw him no more at that time. He left for parts unknown between two days, and I registered the loss and fate of the unpaid, unfortunate Tim Snissel, as a warning to all minor poor poets, who contribute or publish, without a recompense for their labor, or a shadow of fame for their reward.

IN quarrying the granite in Little Cottonwood Canyon for the Salt Lake Temple, the workers loosen immense boulders from the mountain side and send them crashing down to the railroad track. The first of these was estimated to weigh 21,000 tons and fell a distance of 700 feet. Three in all have so far been thrown down, the last one being fully equal in size to the first. Such engineering is extraordinary even among the gigantic works of American enterprise; yet, when accomplished in the neighborhood of the terrible Cottonwood avalanches, the achievement appears puny and of little moment.



Manor House

THE DEATH OF THE OLD MAN
BY
J. H. B. J.

THE death of the old man was a great event in the life of the community. He had been a member of the community for many years, and his death was a great loss to the community. The old man had been a member of the community for many years, and his death was a great loss to the community.

For the first time in the history of the community, the old man had died. He had been a member of the community for many years, and his death was a great loss to the community. The old man had been a member of the community for many years, and his death was a great loss to the community.

During the last few years of his life, the old man had been a member of the community. He had been a member of the community for many years, and his death was a great loss to the community.

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THE BEAUTIFUL HOMES OF OUR CITY.

No. 1.

THE particular design of this series of articles is to present to the public, at home and abroad, views of the beautiful homes of Utah—beginning with its metropolis. We have, besides, quite a classical object. It is to illustrate generally, both in theme and picture, this Zion of the Western hemisphere—this Zion which ere another century has elapsed, may eclipse the glory of the Zion of the East, or at least be more enchanting to the modern mind than the sacred city of antique memory.

For the opening picture we have chosen the fine mansion and grounds of the Hon. William Jennings. This spot, may, perhaps, be considered as the most historical of all the private homes of our western Zion. Here, in the old horticultural mansion of William C. Staines Esq., General Thomas L. Kane was lodged when he came to Utah in 1857, as President Buchanan's agent of reconciliation at the time of the Utah war; here, Governor Cumming and his lady first resided; here, in their palatial mansion, Mr. and Mrs. Jennings entertained for awhile the President of the United States (General Grant) with his wife and suite; and, at a later date, when President Hayes visited this city, the illustrious soldier, Sherman, in his large-hearted comprehension of the problem of our Territory, stole away from the Presidential party to visit at his home, a representative Mormon, with whose name he was familiar as one of the most successful men of the West. But before enlarging upon the reminiscences of the fine mansions of our city, we may indulge in a general review of the interesting and picturesque subject before us.

Glancing back upon the past, as we contemplate the present, we appreciate that there is a very singular society-history to connect with the views of the many fine and beautiful homes which Salt Lake City presents to-day. The thought readily suggests itself that there is, in these architectural volumes, the inner record of the lives of their builders; and to the good wife of the home, emblemed reminiscences of a native culture inherited from other countries, but which was lost for awhile in the desert to which

they came. And this is a view which may well afford a unique interest to the intellectual student of social problems, and one which American statesmen could profitably consider in dealing with Utah affairs. In these beautiful monumental records of home-culture may be clearly read the fact that the people who settled these valleys were not semi-barbarians, nor the children of families of low unaspiring instincts. Indeed, this community is not only a highly industrial one, but there is a deep vein of artistic talent in the people, and a general love of the beautiful which has already given promise of the existence of a society in these valleys of great refinement. Governor Murray, the other day, observed to the writer that there were, in proportion, more good amateur artists in Salt Lake City than he had found in any other city in America. The same is true in other lines of art, besides painting; and this deep native love of the beautiful is yearly stamping itself upon the homes, and by and-by it may be also said that not in all America is there a city which will present, in proportion, so many fine and beautiful residences as the city of the Great Salt Lake. But let us take the reader back to the primitive days, and illustrate our Zion from the beginning in her epochs and developments. Here is a picture (taken from Wilford Woodruff's journal) of the Pioneers sighting their Promise Land:

"July 24th.—This is one of the most important days of my life, and in the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

"After traveling six miles through a deep ravine ending with the canyon, we came in full view of the valley of the Great Salt Lake; the land of promise, held in reserve by God, as a resting place for his Saints.

"We gazed in wonder and admiration upon the vast valley before us, with the waters of the Great Salt Lake glistening in the sun, mountains towering to the skies, and streams of pure water running through the valley. It was the grandest view that we had ever seen till this moment. Pleasant thoughts ran through our minds at the prospect that, not many years hence, the house of God would be established in the mountains and exalted above the hills; while the valleys would be converted into orchards, vineyards and fruitful fields,

cities erected to the name of the Lord, and the standard of Zion unfurled for the gathering of the nations."

And here were these pioneers of Mormon Israel in a Valley nearly thirty miles in diameter, circled by a chain of mountains; here, in a valley nearly five thousand feet above the level of the sea—"exalted above the hills"—yet belted by mountains with their everlasting caps of snow. It was indeed as the "chambers of the Lord," and the name which it popularly bore—the "Great Basin"—was nearly as striking to the imagination as its prophetic name—Zion.

The pioneers had chosen for the location of their Zion and her temples, the Great American Desert. But the "solitary places" were now to be "made glad," the "wilderness" was to "blossom as the rose," and the "desert" suddenly to be converted into a "fruitful field." These pioneers were about to make real the strange and highly colored picture. So much like the picture in an enchanted scene has been the transformation which has since come over those desert valleys and canyons of the Rocky Mountains, that, for the last quarter of a century, the Mormons have been popularly described in nearly every nation of the earth as that peculiar people who made the "desert to blossom as the rose." Look upon the Valley of the Salt Lake today as Spring opens, when the gardens and orchards are in one universal rose-blossom, and there never was a prophetic picture more literally realized.

The next view in the historical order is that of the planning of the city. The pioneers had been for several days on an exploring trip through the Valley.

"After our return to the camp," says Wilford Woodruff in his journals, "President Young called a council of the quorum of the Twelve. There were present: Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Wilford Richards, Orson Pratt, Wilford Woodruff, George A. Smith, Amasa Lyman and Ezra T. Benson.

"We walked from the north camp to about the centre between the two creeks, when President Young waved his hand and said: 'Here is the forty acres for the temple. The city can be laid out perfectly square, north and south, east and west. It was then moved and carried that the temple lot contain forty acres on the ground where we stood. It was also

moved and carried that the city be laid out into lots of ten rods by twenty each, exclusive of the streets, and into blocks of eight lots, being ten acres in each block, and one and a quarter in each lot.

"It was further moved and carried that each street be laid out eight rods wide, and that there be a side-walk on each side, twenty feet wide, and that each house be built in the centre of the lot twenty feet from the front, that there might be uniformity throughout the city. It was also moved that there be four public squares of ten acres each, to be laid out in various parts of the city for public grounds."

By the first of August (Sunday) the Pioneers had constructed the Bowery on Temple block, in which Heber C. Kimball was the first to preach. Orson Pratt followed in a discourse upon the prophecies of Isaiah, attempting to prove that the location of Zion in the mountains by our people was the fulfillment.

On the Monday, the Pioneers commenced laying out the city, beginning with Temple Block. In forming this block, forty acres appeared so large, that a council was held to determine whether or not it would be wisdom to reduce it one-half. Not being decided in their views, they held council again, two days later, when they gave as their matured opinions that they could not do justice to forty acres and that ten acres would be sufficient.

"On the 13th," says Woodruff's journals, "the Twelve again held council upon the laying out of the city. Each one was to make choice of the blocks that they were to settle their friends upon. President Young took the tiers of blocks south through the city; Brother Kimball's runs north and north-west; Orson Pratt, four blocks; Wilford Woodruff, eight blocks; George A. Smith, eight, and Amasa Lyman, twelve blocks, according to the companies organized with each.

On the next day, the quorum of the Twelve decided in council that the name of the city should be the 'City of the Great Salt Lake.'

"Sunday, the 22nd, we held a general conference, when the public assembly resolved to call the city, 'The City of the Great Salt Lake'."

No house is built in this initial primitive picture, but Zion in the language of

the psalmist is "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth;" and the apostle Orson Pratt gave to his brethren the pioneers excellent assurance that this was the beautiful situation of which the psalmist sung, and that it would become the joy of the whole earth.

But to come down to the plain record of modern history, we have the fact that before the Pioneers returned to Winter Quarters to bring on the body of the Church, the apostles laid off the City of the Great Salt Lake. There was neither a *corps* of surveyers nor of architects to build the City on a model plan; but Nature herself was the constructor of the design which the very common sense of Brigham Young could hit off in a moment. Thus Salt Lake City has been laid out upon as magnificent and picturesque a plan as that of any city in the world, either ancient or modern; while the formation of the country with its valleys and mountains and the pyramidal snows of hoary Winter to pour down their pure and cooling rivulets in the Spring and Summer gave to the Pioneers the rarest opportunity that Nature could furnish.

But all this is simply of Nature's beautiful picture and not of constructed homes—Nature's Zion and not the Zion of architectural magnificence. We have not in the picture as yet, the palatial mansion and grounds of William Jennings or the Walker Brothers nor the chaste idealistic homes of William S. Godbe. In fact, during the first epoch of the development of our Territory, Salt Lake City was a Zion of small inelegant adobe houses but magnificent orchards. The larger the house, the greater as a rule was its architectural unsightliness, for every man built his own house, or at least devised its plan. The mission of the architect and artist had not yet begun, but withal Salt Lake City was a spot of beauty and joy in the West even to the stranger and Gentile. Here is a picture following as described by one of the early Californian gold diggers, in the *New York Tribune* under date of July 8th, 1849:

"The company of gold diggers which I have the honor to command, arrived here on the 3rd instant, and judge our feelings when, after some twelve hundred miles travel through an uncultivated desert, and the last one hundred miles distance through and among lofty mountains,

and narrow and difficult ravines, we found ourselves suddenly, and almost unexpectedly, in a comparative paradise. *

* * At first sight of all these signs of cultivation in the wilderness, we were transported with wonder and pleasure. Some wept, some gave three cheers, some laughed, and some ran and fairly danced for joy, while all felt inexpressibly happy to find themselves once more amid scenes which mark the progress of advancing civilization. We passed on amid scenes like these, expecting every moment to come to some commercial centre, some business point in this great metropolis of the mountains, but we were disappointed. No hotel, sign post, cake and beer shop, barber's pole, market house, grocery, provision, dry goods, or hardware store distinguished one part of the town from another: not even a bakery or mechanic's sign was anywhere discernible.

"Here, then, was something new; an entire people reduced to a level, and all living by their labor—all cultivating the earth, or following some branch of physical industry. At first I thought it was an experiment, an order of things established purposely to carry out the principles of 'socialism' or 'Mormonism.' In short, I thought it very much like Owenism personified. However, on inquiry, I found that a combination of seemingly unavoidable circumstances had produced this singular state of affairs. There were no hotels, because there had been no travel; no barber's shops, because every one chose to shave himself, and no one had time to shave his neighbor; no stores, because they had no goods to sell, nor time to traffic; no centre of business, because all were too busy to make a centre.

"There was abundance of mechanics' shops, of dressmakers, milliners and tailors, &c.; but they needed no sign, nor had they time to paint or erect one, for they were crowded with business. Besides their several trades, all must cultivate the land, or die, for the country was new, and no cultivation but their own within a thousand miles. Every one had his own lot, and built on it; every one cultivated it, and perhaps a small farm in the distance.

And the strangest of all was, that this great city, extending over several square miles, had been erected, and every house and fence made, within nine or ten

months of the time of our arrival; while at the same time, good bridges were erected over the principal streams, and the country settlements extended nearly one hundred miles up and down the valley.

"The Mormons are not dead, nor is their spirit broken. And if I mistake not, there is a noble, daring, stern and democratic spirit swelling in their bosoms, which will people these mountains with a race of independent men, and influence the destiny of our country and the world for a hundred generations. In their religion they seem charitable, devoted and sincere; in their politics, bold, daring and determined; in their domestic circle, quiet, affectionate and happy; while in industry, skill and intelligence they have few equals, and no superiors on earth.

"I had many strange feelings while contemplating this new civilization, growing up so suddenly in the wilderness. I almost wished I could awake from my golden dream, and find it but a dream; while I pursued my domestic duties as quietly, as happily, and contentedly as this strange people."

W. Kelly, in his "Excursions in California in the Early Days," says:.

"The houses are small, principally of adobes, built up only as temporary abodes, until the more urgent and important matter of inclosure and cultivation are attended to; but I never saw anything to surpass the ingenuity of arrangement with which they are fitted up, and the scrupulous cleanliness with which they are kept. There were tradesmen and artisans of all descriptions, but no regular stores or workshops, except forges. Still, from the shoeing of a horse to the mending of a watch, there was no difficulty experienced in getting it done as cheap and as well put out of hand as in any other city in America. Notwithstanding the oppressing temperature, they were all hard at work at their trades, and abroad in the fields, weeding, moulding, and irrigating; and it certainly speaks volumes for their energy and industry, to see the quantity of land they have fenced in, and the breadth under cultivation, considering the short time since they founded the settlement in 1847."

But primitive pictures of the community reveal scarcely a touch of the beautiful in art, or that high culture of home which we expect to find in Anglo-Ameri-

can society. The scenes described are those illustrating a peculiar Israelitish community, whose admirable features of industry and pure simple social life have never been surpassed by any colonists of a virgin country, not excepting the Pilgrim Fathers who peopled New England; nor did even those Puritans in their history show a better sustained purpose in founding a state upon a model plan, aiming for great social results, than did the early settlers of these valleys. Hence to the visitors in that early period—who were themselves State-founders migrating farther West—Salt Lake City bore markedly the character of an Israelitish Zion, or as the correspondent of the New York *Tribune* expressed it, here he came face to face with Owenism personified.

In the first epoch of our Territory, we find, then, an admirable type of primitive beauty; but the beautiful of the scene which everywhere met the eye was that of Nature herself, and the magnificence the primeval grandeur of the everlasting mountains that encompassed our Zion. The beauties and imposing effects of fine architectural works belong not to this first epoch; neither were the people far enough advanced in material prosperity to manifest much home culture, or to surround themselves with the refinements of civilized life. But Nature bountifully made up to these Mormon State-founders more than isolation deprived them of, and gave to them the magnificent groundwork of a city which they, or their children will possess, when Salt Lake City shall have become one of the finest State-capitals in America.

Art we see, then, at first gave to these valleys but little embellishment, and the architecture of our Zion was of the poorest kind. Scarcely a home in these valleys was stamped with the features of beauty, nor were the idealities and poetry of civilized life often met in the home circle. Such to be sure abounded in the memories and reminiscences of the people, which in the advanced epochs was to be marvelously unfolded, the signs of which we see to-day in the many fine mansions and beautiful homes which our magnificent city presents.

While art, however, did but little to beautify these gorgeous valleys, and the possession of wealth in the hands of the people was as nothing, Nature and the marvelous industry of the community

wrought wonders, and made the "desert to blossom as the rose."

The whole community was possessed with the Israelitish idea of receiving inheritances. The inheritance of the citizen, as we have seen, was set off at an acre and a quarter on the original plan, but afterwards, when the Bench lots were put into the market for sale, the home plat on the Bench was reduced to one half of the original area. Here was an opportunity for the masses of an eminently industrial people. Each citizen speedily planted numerous fruit-trees—principally peach, apricot, plum, and apple trees, as this class of fruit obtained ready market in the mining Territories which were fast growing up around. Thus in a few years, the City of the Great Salt Lake became famous as a city of orchards.

The city also grew up on a model plan, as sagaciously arranged by Brigham as he stood and waved his hands on Temple Block. It was laid off "perfectly square," east, west, north and south. The streets were eight rods wide; fine water courses ran on either side; shade trees were planted along the side-walks, and were far more numerous and imposing than they are to-day, now fine architecture has somewhat dispensed with their service or lessened their enchantment; the citizen's home was on his acre and a quarter, and nearly every lot was well planted with fruit trees, so that while the home may have been a rude dug-out, or at best a neat adobie cottage, once a year the city was embedded in a forest of foliage, appearing to the delighted eye of the visitors like a city peeping out from a paradise of primeval loveliness. As Spring opened, the whole city-scene, even to the native, who had become familiar with the sight, was that of one vast garland spreading over miles of country. Visitors to our Zion, after experiencing the ecstasy of the view, sent the fame of its wondrous beauty far and wide; so that Salt Lake City became renowned in all the world for its model rarity and primeval loveliness. The Colfax party on its first visit to our Zion, in 1865, was enchanted by the scene; Colfax, Bowles, Richardson and old Governor Bross all did full justice to our New Jerusalem of luscious fruit, notwithstanding the Colfax crusade against the peculiar institutions of the Mormon Zion.

But in the second epoch, which we

may consider to be the present one, architecture began to make its display in our city; first, in fine merchant stores, and next in the mansions of those enterprising men who, after having created the commerce of Utah, now devoted a fair portion of their wealth to build themselves, in some instances, quite princely homes, thereby giving a touch of architectural grandeur to our city, enhancing the primitive magnificence of Nature by the adornments of art. And the intelligent observer will readily appreciate that, with the erection of these beautiful homes, a new social era began in these Valleys—an era which is fast leading us away from the very memory of the primitive conditions of our Territory: in fine, these homes bear the signs of the changes going on in our Rocky Mountain civilization.

In the order of development it should be observed that this architectural importance of Salt Lake City began with the erection of costly merchant stores, and in this William Jennings was the leader, with his Eagle Emporium, which was quickly followed by the erection of Godbe's Exchange Buildings, while to the Walker Brothers must fairly be given the commencement of the building of palatial residences. But in a commercial centre, mercantile buildings first attract the public eye, and suggest the presence of civilizing agencies at work, giving importance and prosperity to the country. And when, as was the case in the growth of Salt Lake City, the centre is locally one of isolation rather than of civilization, using the latter term with a conventional, not an æsthetic meaning, the commercial importance for a long while preponderates.

The signs of social progress find a quick record upon the erection of colossal merchant buildings; hence in descriptive magazine articles, presenting this oasis of the American Desert, we early met mention of Jennings' Eagle Emporium, Godbe's Exchange Buildings, and the Walker Brother's great store: but as yet there has not been sufficient notice made of the many beautiful homes which Salt Lake City presents to-day one of which is illustrated in this number of our Magazine. Conspicuously also the princely mansions of the Walker Brothers claim their place in the architectural unfolding of the metropolis of

Utah; several others of scarcely less grandeur, built at a later period by influential Gentiles are also suggestive, giving as they do a cosmopolitan character to the new epoch; ex-Delegate Hooper's fine residence; the "Amelia Palace" as it was once styled, and the great houses built by Mayor Little and Apostle Cannon are also princely, though their architecture is, perhaps, too much akin to our towering mountains to please the delicate taste; the colossal mansion of Mrs. Barratt brings us face to face with the solid magnificence of the English lady; while the villa recently reared as the city home of William S. Godbe, of which E. L. T. Harrison is the designer, is one of the architectural poems of the West.

The first mansion reared in Utah that could fairly claim the initial place under the classification of the "beautiful homes of our city" was, undoubtedly, that of William C. Staines Esq. which has since been transformed into the princely residence of the Hon. William Jennings. The grounds originally consisted of two very fine garden lots, of an acre and a quarter each, so that the ample grounds with their delightful cottage, made quite a mark in the growth of the City. Mr. Staines was an English gentleman of considerable natural refinement, and love of culture. Home, to his chaste and artistic mind, was a thing of beauty; and horticulture being his profession his gardens were soon distinguished as the ornament of the locality near Temple block. The first flowers for the market were grown in his garden; and his orchard was a rare one and under high culture. Deviating somewhat from the strict plan of the city, which was that every house should be erected in the centre of the lot, but only twenty feet from the front, Mr Staines built his neat mansion near the centre of his grounds, on the spot where now stands the Devereux house, and set out in front the finest part of his orchard, consisting of the choicest fruit trees of every kind.

About the year 1865, Mr. Staines sold this home to the late Joseph A. Young, eldest son of President Young, for \$20,000; Mr Young also purchased the corner lot of the block, thus enlarging the grounds to three lots. In 1867, Mr Jennings purchased the home and gardens of Joseph A. for \$30,000. He afterwards bought out the Cooper property for \$3,-

000; the Tripp property for \$3,000; another part of the block of Brigham Young for \$3,000; and Omar Duncan's lot for \$6,000. The grounds now aggregated over five full city lots, being more than half the block and the entire frontage of the block on South Temple street. After the purchase of the property by Mr Jennings, it changed from its distinctive character of gardens to ornamental grounds of a palatial residence; while by the addition of the adjacent lots it lost nothing of its former garden importance. The area in front of the mansion was cleared of the fruit trees and transformed into ornamental grounds with iron gates at the entrance and broad carriage ways sweeping up to the mansion, giving to the place quite an aristocratic appearance. The magnificent piece of property now consists of the mansion, ornamental grounds, the finest kitchen garden in the Territory, besides grapery, hothouses, thoroughly appointed stable, and carriage house as seen in the picture of Devereux House.

We pass from the view of the home to its historical reminiscences, going back to the days of its possession by William C. Staines for the following episodes of Utah history.

At the time of the Utah war, when the country had become sufficiently perplexed concerning President Buchanan's blunders over Mormon affairs, a gentleman traveling under the name of Dr. Osborne arrived in California, bound for Utah on a special mission from the President of the United States. From California he travelled with Amasa Lyman up through Southern Utah to this city, and his coming substantially ended the Mormon difficulty of that time, for this Dr. Osborne was none other than Col. Thomas L. Kane. Being sick, he was quartered at the home of Elder Staines, where he was nursed for a few days; he then set out for General Johnston's camp to prevail on Governor Cumming to enter the city in advance of the army.

The Governor left Camp Scott on the 5th of March, en route for Salt Lake City, accompanied by Col. Kane and two servants. As soon as he had passed the Federal lines, he was met by an escort of the Utah militia, and welcomed as Governor of the Territory with military honors.

On the 12th of April they entered Salt Lake City in good health and spirits, escorted by the Mayor, marshal and alder-

men, and many other distinguished citizens.

Arrived at the residence of Elder Staines, Governor Young promptly and frankly called upon his successor at the earliest possible moment, and they were introduced to each other by Col. Kane.

"Governor Cumming, I am glad to meet you!" observed Brigham, with unostentatious dignity.

"Governor Young, I am happy to meet you, sir!" responded his Excellency, warmly, at once impressed by the presence and spirit of the remarkable man before him.

Thus in this home of our article these two Governors of Utah met and adjusted the war difficulty between the United States and this Territory. Here, in Indian parlance, they smoked together the pipe of peace.

"Well, Governor Cumming," said Elder Staines, after the interview was ended. "What do you think of President Young? Does he appear to you a tyrant as represented?"

"No, sir. No tyrant ever had a head on his shoulders like Mr. Young. He is naturally a very great man. I doubt whether many of your people appreciate him as a leader."

Three days after his entrance into the city, Governor Cumming officially notified General Johnston that he had been properly recognized by the people; that he was in full discharge of his office, and that he did not require the presence of the troops. This substantially ended the Utah war and for awhile the Governor and his lady resided in the beautiful home of this review.

Here, also, at a later date, after this property came into the possession of Mr. Jennings, a meeting was brought about by the tact of the merchant citizen between President Young and a personage of far greater national importance than Governor Cumming. That personage was Secretary Seward. The visit of this famous statesman to our city, after surviving the tragedy which put our nation in mourning, will doubtless be remembered by many of our citizens, as also the very favorable impression which was made upon the Secretary's mind by the opportune visit. Not unlikely, that visit for a period counteracted some of the pernicious effects of the Colfax visit at an earlier date; and something of the pleasurable tone of

Seward's experience in the "City of the Saints" was due to the sagacious management of Mr Jennings.

The Secretary dined at the house of the munificent merchant. Brigham, at the time, was away from home on a visit to the settlements; but Seward expressing a desire to meet the founder of Utah, Mr. Jennings invited the statesman to dinner again on Saturday, this being Thursday, promising the presence of Brigham Young. Seward was pleased with the arrangement, and the appointment was made for a private dinner and a cosy interview between the two great men. Mr. Jennings thereupon telegraphed to President Young and was answered by him that he accepted the appointment to dine with Mr. Seward at Jennings' house. The Saturday came; the famous personages met and dined and drank wine together. Mr. Jennings, on all notable occasions, cultivates the style of the English table, especially that prolonged intercourse of guests, so pleasing both to the genial nature of the gentleman of society and the luscious self-love of the epicure; so that the founder of Utah and the illustrious American statesman could have met nowhere to better advantage for rehearsal of national reminiscences and the exchange of personal courtesies than at the epicurian table of William Jennings. Brigham Young, too, had an infinite tact in conversation. He was not the man to play the character of august priest and oracle to a Seward. He was simply an historical American meeting one not more historical than himself; and Seward was quite conscious that Brigham was his equal. National affairs rather than the "Mormon problem" formed the topic of conversation. Brigham sustained the conversation of several hours with his marvellous natural sagacity, ever and anon putting in his wise appreciative views of national policy which at length he climaxed with a fine compliment to Seward. Drawing back from the table, he enquired admiringly:

"Mr. Seward, how is it possible that you can carry the multitudinous affairs of this vast republic so perfectly and connectedly in your head?"

"Mr. Young," replied the statesman, "my life training has made me as much at home in the complex affairs of the nation as you are as the religious leader of a people!"

Secretary Seward afterwards visited President Young at his office ; but the interview at the house of Mr. Jennings was the marked historical meeting between these two famous personages.

A few years afterwards, General Phil. Sheridan and staff come to Utah to plant another military post in our Territory. At the time, it was apprehended by the Government that the Mormons would resist the rigorous measures which were then contemplated. President Grant, prompted by vice-President Colfax, had resolved to end forever the dominance of the Mormon authorities over this Territory.

First, General Will Shaffer was appointed Governor ; next James B. McKean was chosen as the proper person to occupy the then very important position of Chief Justice ; but before prosecution commenced in the Courts against Brigham Young and others, General Phil. Sheridan was sent out by President Grant to view the situation and to strengthen the military department here. Immediately on his arrival, General Sheridan was surrounded by the most active Anti-Mormons, who saw the prospect of our Territory being placed under martial law. The arrest of Brigham Young, Daniel H. Wells, and others were already anticipated, as was also the abolishing of the Utah militia, the latter being one of the military measures discussed in the councils held in the Governor's room. It was thought that such events would provoke the Mormons into the commission of some overt act of rebellion or at least resistance to the Federal authority. Probably President Grant, himself, at the time, desired to place our Territory under a semi-military rule ; it is certain that Governor Shaffer directed all his movements to that end. But Phil. Sheridan was not insensible to the social influence of the Mormon people. Like General Sherman afterwards, he stole away from the Anti-Mormon circle, which fain had captured him, to enjoy an hour's social intercourse in the elegant home of Mr. Jennings. Here, though our merchant citizen had been a polygamist, the General met nothing suggestive of the necessity of harsh measures to be applied to Mormon society. Here was a home of refinement and wealth, with an estimable lady presiding over it who had united two branches of her husband's family together

as her own. General Sheridan was susceptible to this home influence. Mormon society, after all, was not barbaric. The people had made the wilderness blossom as the rose ; but this was not the whole, nor the most promising to the eye of an intelligent visitor. Here, in a Jennings and a Hooper, the one a native American, the other English, Sheridan saw growing up, representative of the Mormons, wealthy society men who belonged naturally to the commercial progressive class rather than to the hierarchal orders ; and it is a social axiom, held by practical men of the world as well as by Statesmen, that the class who represent wealth and social independence are the best hostages of civilization. President Grant had positively instructed Sheridan to take counsel with Mr. Godbe and his friends, so the General himself stated, and now, when reconnoitering on our social basework, he saw other strong independent men, who, while remaining inside the pale of the Church, were, in their social potency, outside of all priestly dominance. With such a view, General Sheridan honored William Jennings, and it is a similar appreciation which has led so many illustrious personages in latter years to visit the homes of Hooper and Jennings, even when they have not so condescended to the President of the Church ; nor is it too much to say that those visits have brought Mormon society into better repute both in America and Europe.

At length the President of the United States himself visited our Zion. There was considerable sensation in the idea of General Grant and Brigham Young meeting. Grant had conquered the South, and he had undertaken during his administration to conquer Mormondom ; Brigham had founded the strangest colony that the colonizing Anglo-Saxon race has brought forth. It was impossible for two such men to meet without both of them esteeming the meeting as something of an event in their lives. They had measured the other's strength of character, the one in the action of his government, the other in the immobility of his destiny. Brigham had despised Buchanan ; but he had submissively allowed himself to be arrested under the administration of Grant, yet with the marvelous consciousness that not even Grant could conquer the Destiny which had made

the man Brigham a colossus in the age.

It was in the early part of October, 1875, that President Grant and wife, with a party of friends and relatives, journeyed to Salt Lake City. President Young and a select party, representing the municipal authorities of Salt Lake City, proceeded by special train to Ogden, to meet and welcome them. The meeting of the two Presidents was simple but impressive.

"President Grant," said Brigham, when they met and shook hands on the cars, "this is the first time I have had the honor of meeting a President of my country."

Grant acknowledged the occasion more by his manner than in words. He could say nothing so appropriate as Brigham's simple address to him.

The Presidential party remained in Salt Lake City but a day and a half. The President and his wife gave audience at the Walker House to ladies and gentlemen of the city, but excepting a call upon a relative, the only home he visited in this city was that of William Jennings.

On their way to the train, the President and his party drove up to Devereux House and alighted. Here they tarried for nearly an hour. The President drank wine with the wealthy Mormon merchant and encouraged a cordial social spirit which he could not have done in the home of a Mormon apostle;—at least he would not have done so, which was significantly exemplified in the meeting between him and President Young.

Mr. Jennings and his daughters, Jane and Priscilla, when in Washington, returned the visit and were received with particular consideration by the President and his wife. When they were leaving, Mrs. Grant sent a bouquet down to the coach to the young ladies. Their father got the bouquet preserved at Philadelphia, and it is still treasured in Devereux House as a souvenir of the exchange of visits between President Grant and wife and the Jennings' family.

Mr. William S. Godbe was at an earlier date received in like manner by President Grant. Such examples afford proof of the fact that though anti-Mormon delegations sent to Washington may be encouragingly patted on the back by members of Congress, yet after all these representative society-men, who have come up from the Mormon people, are esteemed as the

best guarantee that Utah and the United States will by and by come into family harmony.

A similar view may be taken of a more recent visit of General Sherman in the Hayes party. It will be remembered that two committees offered to do the honors to President Hayes on his visit to our city. The one was that of the City Council; the other that headed by Governor Murray. The latter was accepted: but President Taylor, with a select party, also went to Ogden by special train to receive President Hayes. On their way to the city General Sherman enquired for his "friend Jennings," whom he presently met with much warmth of manner, and soon the two were in cosy conversation. During the journey, some disparaging remarks were made about the Mormons by the Governor's party which General Sherman rebuked.

"You must not attempt to tell me anything against this people," he said, "I know all about them."

And then the General expatiated upon what the Mormons had done in the West and of their great service to the nation. Their religion aside, this is the proper view of the people; and no man could speak with better point on the question than General Sherman, one of the founders of California.

The Presidential party were scarcely two hours in the city when General Sherman with ladies stole away to visit the home of his "friend Jennings." Mrs. Hayes afterwards expressed her regrets to Mrs. Jennings that she was not one of the party; for the ladies had spoken to her enthusiastically of their visit to Devereux House.

Many distinguished persons from abroad have also honored Devereux House with their presence. The Japanese Embassy came down and drank wine with the merchant prince. The wife of Sir John Franklin was several times entertained by Mrs. Jennings. Lady Franklin expressed great delight in finding a home in Utah so like the elegant homes of her native England. She was charmed with the English style of the family and especially interested in Mrs. Jennings and her daughters. During her stay, our merchant citizen took Lady Franklin to the Lake and other places of local note.

Among the many distinguished visitors may be named Lord Dufferin, Governor

of Canada and his Countess ; but enough has been said of the historical memories of Devereux House, illustrating the rare social influence which these beautiful homes of our city exercise over the minds of visitors who are equally conscious as our own people that not long since this spot where now is found the Zion of the Mormons was marked on the map as a part of the American Desert !

MRS. JENNINGS AND FAMILY.

Mrs. Priscilla Paul Jennings was born March 25th, 1838, in the borough, now the city of Truro, parish of Kenwyn, County of Cornwall, England. Her father, William Paul, now of Salt Lake City, was born May 2nd, 1803, in the parish of St. Agnes, County of Cornwall, England. He was an architect and builder by profession in his native county ; and in Utah among the principal of his architectural works may be named Jennings' Eagle Emporium and Devereux House.

Mr. Paul joined the Mormon Church about the year 1845, when Mrs. Jennings was seven years of age. His family were, therefore, trained up in the faith of the Mormon Church. Previous to joining the Saints, he was a Methodist local preacher and a class leader. He bore the reputation of being a pious good-living man, and sustained a highly respectable social standing in his native county.

The mother, Elizabeth Goyne Paul, was born March 13, 1804, in the parish of St Agnes, county of Cornwall, England. She was an excellent pious woman and a kind friend to every one. In Liverpool her house was ever open to the Saints, and the emigrants going on ship board had often cause to bless her. The family residence was also constantly full of the Traveling Elders.

There were eight children in the family, four sons and four daughters. Mary Jane married Mr. James Linforth, the then chief clerk of the Liverpool office. Under his able management the emigrational business of the Church reached a very perfect condition. It was he who brought the business department of the European mission out of chaos into order. He was a man of exquisite refinement, of a keen brilliant intellect, with considerable literary culture. His work—"Route from Liverpool to the Great Salt Lake," illustrated, is even to day the most complete

book in existence upon the Mormons, their settlements, exodus and emigration. For over twenty years he has been known as one of the principal men of California, and is one of the leading merchants of San Francisco at the present time. His wife, Mrs. Jennings' sister, is a lady of rare refinement and an excellent woman. We remember her and her husband with great respect.

Another sister of Mrs. Jennings' married our esteemed citizen, Mr. H. W. Naisbitt, but she is now dead. The third sister, Susan Paul, is now Mrs. Brooks of this city. Father Paul's whole family emigrated to Utah, but Mrs. Linforth, at an early day, about 1857, left with her husband for California ; she is still living.

The subject of this sketch, Mrs. Priscilla, emigrated with her parents to Utah in the year 1854, and in 1855 she was married to Mr. Jennings. Of his first marriage with Miss Jane Walker, in St Joseph, through which relationship he became acquainted with the Mormons and was led to Utah before joining the Church, we have spoken in the biographical sketch of Mr. Jennings, published in the last number of this magazine. Our merchant citizen had, therefore, two wives. Being called on a mission to Carson Valley with a number of others, he was accompanied by his second wife ; and their company was the first that crossed down the Humboldt that season. The Indians had been very troublesome that year, but the company of missionaries with their wives got through all safe. This was also the year of the Utah famine, and their supplies of provisions were estimated as barely enough per family to last them to Carson Valley. They had not gone far before Governor Young, in consequence of the famine, released all the prisoners then in the Penitentiary, on condition of their leaving the Territory for California. The Governor sent the released after the company, with instructions for each family to take one of them to provision on the way. One of the released prisoners fell to the lot of Mr. Jennings, who with his young wife generously provided for him on the journey out of what was considered their scant rations. This benevolence appeared to them providentially rewarded, for their supplies seemed not to diminish, which was often, on the way, the subject of wonder and conversation between Mr. Jennings and his wife. Of





Rosalba Ferrigno

course there was no miracle in the case. That which to Mrs. Jennings is a marvel to this day, is doubtless to be explained by the simple law of human nature, that the very exercise of our benevolence more than half supplies our own wants,—a beautiful law of life by which the rich may abundantly profit in observing. It is as truly a Christian doctrine, as it is a philosophical law that he who giveth is more blessed than he who receiveth.

While in Carson Valley, Mr. Frank W. Jennings was born, February 25th, 1857. He is the eldest son of the subject of this sketch, and is now a member of the great commercial firm of Jennings & Sons.

After being on this pioneer mission eighteen months, the family prepared for their return to Salt Lake City. It may be observed, by the way, that this episode in their lives entitle Mr. William Jennings to rank as one of the founders of Nevada, as well as of Utah, and to Mr. Frank Jennings a peculiar State distinction attaches, he being one of the first native born sons of Nevada.

In this early period of her married life, Mrs. Priscilla Jennings was a principal personage in the action of a number of romantic incidents, as well as the usual hardships which attend pioneer families in their career of State-founding, among which were some thrilling Indian adventures on the way home, it being at the time of the Utah war.

After the return of the people of this Territory from their exodus South, the two branches of the Jennings' lived together in most perfect harmony in one house,—first in their old family residence, near the spot where now stands the Walker Hotel. It was this family residence that the Colfax party visited in 1865. The two Mrs. Jennings were to each other as affectionate, considerate sisters, the distinction of first and second wife never being made by their husband, and so much were the children regarded as one family, that even their city visitors hardly knew which of these companion wives was the mother of the different children met in this harmonious home circle. Thus united, the family removed to Devereux House, where the two wives lived together in sisterly bonds until the death of Mrs. Jane, about eleven years ago, when Mrs. Priscilla became as mother to both branches, fostering for some months, till its death, the babe which the

first Mrs. Jennings left to her motherly care.

The children of the first wife were eleven, and of the second fourteen. Of Mrs. Jane Jennings' children, there are still five living,—namely,—Thomas, Jane, Isaac, William and May. Of the second Mrs. Jennings' children there are nine living,—namely,—Frank, Joseph, Prissie, James, Emma, Walter, Clarence, Harry and Harold.

The education of both branches of the family has been well attended to, and encouraged by the father, who takes quite an enthusiastic delight in the accomplishments of his daughters, and pride in the commercial efficiency of his sons. Thomas, the eldest son, was educated in Salt Lake City under the tuition of Professor Carl G. Maeser, and at Lincoln School, San Francisco; Frank, Isaac and Joseph were educated at the military school at Benecia, California; William is now at Harvard College, Cambridge, Boston: while the four younger sons—Walter, Clarence, Harry and Harold are at present in the rudimentary schools of this city.

But the romance of social interest is ever around the daughters. In the first place we will present Mrs. Jennings' own view of the young ladies. She says:

"We believe in the old English style, that is, in not letting our young girls go out into society too soon, but to keep them girls and let them study and improve themselves. I believe in teaching them all kinds of house work, cooking and everything else, so that they may know how to make a poor man a good wife as well as a rich one. I go on the principle that if you know how to do anything, you also know when it is done right."

Thus it will be seen that the basis of the education of Mr. Jennings' children, both sons and daughters, has been that of usefulness in the substantial duties of life. Nor is this solid practical training detrimental to the love of rare culture; hence several of his daughters, Miss Prissie in particular, have made quite a mark for their accomplishments, even in fashionable society. Of the daughters, Mrs. Jennings says:

"The girls are different in their styles. The eldest, Jane, is a sweet girl, but more domesticated than brilliant in fine arts. She makes a good wife, is a loving and kind sister and an affectionate daugh-

ter. She is beloved by all. She prefers home friends to outside friends ; loves home more than society ; is a good house-keeper and can do anything to make home comfortable. Prissie, the second daughter, is different. She is a lover of fine arts, and a lover of company and society. They have both travelled a great deal."

The fundamental education of these two young ladies was received at Salt Lake City under the best of teachers ; but Miss Prissie has also studied music and painting under first class teachers both in California and Boston.

In Devereux House, there are a number of the paintings of Miss Prissie, several of them being quite excellent ; her coloring is very good. Her painting master tells her, if she would devote her time to painting she would become an artist. But her best forte is music, and her love inclines most to that beautiful art. The two younger daughters, Emma and May, who are not yet fifteen years old, are also quite skilled in a minor class of painting. They have painted the family china, and many are the adorning touches of their artistic hands to be seen in their home.

Miss Prissie first studied vocal music in 1875, with Mrs. Judge Haydon, in Salt Lake City, for a period of one year and a half. She next studied for eighteen months in this city at the school of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, under the care of Miss De Voti, an Italian lady. This part of her musical training doubtless gave the Italian style and expression which embellish her execution ; and her finishing teachers have brought her up nearly to the professional mark of superior excellence. She was a student for four months at Boston under Mrs. Sawyer, a musical teacher of considerable reputation. Her teachers, sensible of the quality of her voice and rare powers of expression, have repeatedly urged her to adopt the musical profession, believing that she would in due time obtain great reputation as a professional singer. She is skilled both in the operatic and oratorical school of music ; and, what is decidedly uncommon in a young lady, she excels in the oratorio. She sings the arias of the "Messiah" with fine style and elaborate execution, losing nothing of the beauty of theme and delicate modulation which rank the aria as a *chef-d'*

œuvre of musical art ; but she is even still better in the recitative. Our great composers of the oratorio pride themselves in their recitatives, for this species of composition possesses what in the poem we class as the epic elements of art and song. The recitative is essentially declamatory and prophetic, and always rises to the sublimity of the musical theme. There are but few, even of the greatest singers, who are equal to the recitative ; while many can sing the aria, notwithstanding its more elaborate execution. Miss Prissie Jennings astonished us with her fine declamatory rendering of several of the soprano recitatives from the Messiah ; and it is paying her a compliment, that any great professional artist might be proud of, to say that she can sing very effectively the recitatives of Handel's immortal work.

On the 19th of July of the present year, Miss Prissie Jennings reached the twenty-first year of her age. The event was celebrated by a grand birthday reception at Devereux House ; the company consisting of the *creme de la creme* of our local society. Chief among the guests were President John Taylor, George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith ; General John E. Smith with his daughter, and others officers of Fort Douglas with their wives ; of the representative personages of the city—Mrs. M. M. Barrett ; S. P. Teasdel, Esq ; Bankers McCornick, Jones and L. S. Hills ; Major H. Hill, Supt. Horn Silver Mining Co. ; Capt. Joab Lawrence ; Gen. H. B. Clawson. Col. T. G. Webber, Col S. R. Winder, and Lieut. Willard Young from West Point. Nearly all were accompanied by their wives. The reporter of the *Salt Lake Herald* the next morning thus described the brilliant affair :

"As soon as daylight had disappeared, the beautiful grounds in front of Mr. Jennings' residence, and on either side, presented a fairy picture from the illumination proceeding from numberless Chinese lanterns profusely scattered in all directions. At either side of the entrance to the grounds were placed two engine headlights, which cast a bright light across the graveled roads leading up to the brilliantly lighted house. By half past eight carriages had commenced to arrive, and the guests, whose numbers can better be imagined than told, disappeared into the rooms only to reappear in the

parlors and on the many promenades leading in all directions through the beautifully kept and well laid out grounds. Those favored with invitations did not cease to arrive until 10.30. In the meantime dancing was inaugurated on the west side of the house, where a nice floor had been laid down, with accommodations for four sets. What with the delightful music, the cool air, and the charmingly appareled and beautiful young ladies, and the gallant young cavaliers, it was a picture to behold only in the utmost admiration. The parlors were occupied mainly by those whose years had robbed them of much of the lightness of youth, and had left staid wisdom in its place.

A sumptuous repast, the profuseness of which made it more magnificent, was the crowning part of the splendid whole.

It was not until after twelve that the guests began to leave, and as they did so, adjectives of praise and of admiration were so profuse that it would be impossible to think of recording them.

The fete was given in honor of Miss Prissie Jennings, the anniversary of whose birthday the magnificent affair commemorates, and with congratulations to the young lady and words of praise and admiration for the magnificent hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Jennings' the guests reluctantly departed from this scene of pleasure and beauty."

But to the historian the social features most interesting, and which characterizes all Mr. Jennings' grand receptions, is the harmonious commingling of representative personages of all classes of Utah society, both Mormon and Gentile. In this respect, Mr. Jennings has been at once an innovator and a proper social exemplar; and by and by, when this harmonious commingling of our citizens shall have become the order of the day, instead of the exception, it will be noted for him, as a capital historical mark, that it was William Jennings who established in Utah this common law of civilized society.

KINSHIP IN NATURE.

The poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance feels as great a pang
As when the giant dies. [SHAKESPEARE.]

In the vast, as in the minute, we see
The unambiguous footsteps of the God,
That gives its lustre to an insect's wing
And plants His throne upon the rolling worlds. [COWPER.]

SKETCH OF THE EARLY DAYS OF PRESIDENT JOHN TAYLOR.

AN INTERESTING EPISODE OF MORMON HISTORY.

PRESIDENT JOHN TAYLOR was born in Winthrop, Westmoreland County, England, November 1st, 1808. He received a common school education, and remained in his native country until about the year 1832, when he rejoined his father's family in Canada, to which province they had emigrated two years previously. Before leaving England he joined the Methodist Church, and was made a local preacher in that body. Shortly after arriving in Canada, he made the acquaintance of, and married, Miss Leonora Cannon, who had left England for Canada as a companion to the wife of the Secretary of the Colony, but with the intention of returning. She was a Godfearing woman, a daughter of Captain Cannon of the Isle of Man, and sister of the father of George Q. Cannon. They settled in the city of Toronto and there they first heard the preaching of the Gospel of the Latter Day Church under the inspired ministry of Parley P. Pratt.

At this point,—illustrative of his history and character,—it is worthy of note that John Taylor had already made a distinguishing mark in the Methodist church of Toronto as a religious reformer. He and another of the local ministers having boldly preached some apostolic doctrines very consonant with his subsequent Mormon faith, but which were deemed innovative and heretical by the regular Methodist ministry, John Taylor and his compeer were brought to trial before a ministerial body; but they refused to recant their Gospel truths. This incident throws considerable light upon the transformation of President Taylor from a Methodist local minister to a Mormon Apostle. Parley P. Pratt in his Autobiography speaks of a little congregation of Gospel truth-seekers in Toronto, among whom he found Mr. Taylor and his wife; and Mr. Taylor is brought into the Mormon Apostle's narrative as one of the ministerial leaders of this little congregation of Methodist reformers. We cannot do better than to let Parley P. Pratt for awhile continue the narrative relative to his mission to Canada, and the conversion of the Apostolic subject of this sketch which of itself forms quite an

important episode in the history of the Latter Day Church. Parley says:

"It was now April; I had retired to rest one evening at an early hour, and was pondering my future course, when there came a knock at the door. I arose and opened it, when Elder Heber C. Kimball and others entered my house, and being filled with the spirit of prophecy, they blessed me and my wife and prophesied as follows: * * *

"Arise, therefore, and go forth in the ministry, nothing doubting. Take no thought for your debts, nor the necessities of life, for the Lord will supply you with abundant means for all things.

"Thou shalt go to Upper Canada, even to the City of Toronto, the capital, and there thou shalt find a people prepared for the fulness of the Gospel, and they shall receive thee, and thou shalt organize the Church among them, and it shall spread thence into the regions round about, and many shall be brought to the knowledge of the truth and shall be filled with joy; and from the things growing out of this mission, shall the fulness of the Gospel spread into England, and cause a great work to be done in that land."

Parley P. Pratt immediately started on his Apostolic mission and reached the Falls of Niagara sometime in the month of April, 1836. Continuing his narrative he says:

Leaving the Falls we continued our journey for a day or two on foot, and as the Sabbath approached we halted in the neighborhood of Hamilton, and gave out two or three appointments for meetings. Brother Nickerson now left me to fill these appointments, and passed on to his home, in a distant part of the province.

I preached to the people, and was kindly entertained till Monday morning, when I took leave and entered Hamilton, a flourishing town at the head of Lake Ontario; but my place of destination was Toronto, around on the north side of the lake. If I went by land I would have a circuitous route, muddy and tedious to go on foot. The lake had just opened, and the steamers had commenced plying between the two places; two dollars would convey me to Toronto in a few hours, and save some days of laborious walking; but I was an entire stranger in Hamilton, and also in the province; and money I had none. Under these circumstances I pondered what I should do.

I had many times received answers to prayers in such matters; but now it seemed hard to exercise faith, because I was among strangers and entirely unknown. The Spirit seemed to whisper to me to try the Lord and see if anything was hard for Him that I might know and trust Him under all circumstances. I retired to a secret place in a forest and prayed to the Lord for money to enable me to cross the lake. I then entered Hamilton and commenced to chat with some of the people. I had not tarried many minutes before I was accosted by a stranger, who inquired my name and where I was going. He also asked if I did not want some money. I said yes. He then gave me ten dollars and a letter of introduction to John Taylor, of Toronto, where I arrived the same evening.

Mrs. Taylor received me kindly and went for her husband, who was busy in his machineshop. To them I made known my errand to the city, but received little direct encouragement. I took tea with them, and then sought lodgings at a public house.

In the morning I commenced a regular visit to each of the clergy of the place, introducing myself and my errand. I was absolutely refused hospitality, and denied the opportunity to preach in any of their houses or congregations. Rather an unpromising beginning, thought I, considering the prophecies on my head concerning Toronto. However, nothing daunted, I applied to the Sheriff for the use of the Court House, and then to the authorities for a public room in the market place; but with no better success. What could I do more? I had exhausted my influence and power without effect. I now repaired to a pine grove just out of town, and, kneeling down, called on the Lord, bearing testimony to my unsuccessful exertions; my inability to open the way; at the same time asking Him in the name of Jesus to open an effectual door for His servant to fulfil his mission in that place.

I then arose and again entered the town, and going to the house of John Taylor, had placed my hand on my baggage to depart from a place where I could do no good, when a few inquiries on the part of Mr. Taylor, inspired by a degree of curiosity or of anxiety, caused a few moments' delay, during which a lady by the name of Walton entered the house,

and, being an acquaintance of Mrs. Taylor's, was soon engaged in conversation in an adjoining room. I overheard the following:

"Mrs. Walton, I am glad to see you; there is a gentleman here from the United States who says the Lord sent him to this city to preach the gospel. He has applied in vain to the clergy and to the various authorities for opportunity to fulfill his mission, and is now about to leave the place. He may be a man of God; I am sorry to have him depart."

"Indeed!" said the lady; "well, now I understand the feelings and spirit which brought me to your house at this time. I have been busy over the wash tub and too weary to take a walk; but I felt impressed to walk out. I then thought I would make a call on my sister, the other side of town; but passing your door the spirit bade me come in; but I said to myself, I will go in when I return; but the spirit said: go in now. I accordingly came in, and I am thankful that I did so. Tell the stranger he is welcome to my house. I am a widow, but have a spare room and bed, and food in plenty. He shall have a home at my house, and two large rooms to preach in just when he pleases. Tell him I will send my son John over to pilot him to my house, while I go and gather my relatives and friends to come this very evening and hear him talk; for I feel by the spirit that he is a man sent by the Lord with a message which will do us good."

The evening found me quietly seated at her house, in the midst of a number of listeners, who were seated around a large work table in her parlor, and deeply interested in conversation like the following:

"Mr. Pratt, we have for some years been anxiously looking for some providential event which would gather the sheep into one fold; build up the true church as in days of old, and prepare the humble followers of the Lamb, now scattered and divided, to receive their coming Lord when he shall descend to reign on the the earth. As soon as Mrs. Taylor spoke of you I felt assured, as by a strange and unaccountable presentiment, that you were a messenger, with important tidings on these subjects; and I was constrained to invite you here; and now we are all here anxiously waiting to hear your words." * * * * *

After conversing with these interesting persons till a late hour, we retired to rest. Next day, Mrs. Walton requested me to call on a friend of hers, who was also a widow in deep affliction, being totally blind with inflammation of the eyes; she had suffered extreme pain for several months, and had also been reduced to want, having four little children to support. She had lost her husband, of cholera, two years before, and had sustained herself and family by teaching school until deprived of sight, since which she had been dependant upon the Methodist society; herself and children being then a public charge. Mrs. Walton sent her little daughter of twelve years old to show me the way. I called on the poor blind widow and helpless orphans, and found them in a dark and gloomy apartment, rendered more so by having every ray of light obscured to prevent its painful effect on her eyes. I related to her the circumstances of my mission, and she believed the same. I laid my hands upon her in the name of Jesus Christ, and said unto her, "Your eyes shall be well from this very hour." She threw off her bandages; opened her house to the light; dressed herself, and walking with opened eyes, came to the meeting that same evening at sister Walton's, with eyes as well and as bright as any other person's.

The Methodist society were now relieved of their burthen in the person of this widow and her four orphans. This remarkable miracle was soon noised abroad, and the poor woman's house was thronged from all parts of the city and country with visitors; all curious to witness for themselves, and to inquire of her how her eyes were healed. * *

In the meantime our meetings commenced at Mrs. Walton's. At first few attended, but they gradually increased till her rooms, and sometimes her yard, were well filled with attentive listeners.

Sunday at length arrived, and, not wishing to show opposition, or to set up a separate standard without cause, I appointed no meeting, but accompanied a friend who invited me to hear a preacher in a certain chapel. After the discourse, I was introduced to the speaker by my friend, who invited us both to dine at his house. After much interesting conversation, I was invited to accompany them to another meeting, held at the residence of a Mr. Patrick, a wealthy, aristocratic

gentleman, who held an office in the government.

In a large apartment, well furnished, was soon convened a solemn, well dressed, and, apparently, serious and humble people, nearly filling the room. Each held a bible, while Mr. Patrick presided in their midst, with a bible in his hand and several more lying on the table before him. With one of these I was soon furnished, as was any other person present who might lack this, apparently, necessary article. In this manner these people had assembled twice each week for about two years, for the professed purpose of seeking truth, independent of any sectarian organization to which any of them might nominally belong.

Here had assembled John Taylor, his wife, Mrs. Walton and some others who now knew me, although to the president and most of the congregation I was entirely unknown, and, from my appearance, was supposed to be some farmer from the country, who had dropped in by invitation.

Meeting was soon opened by singing and prayer in a fervent manner, after which each one was at liberty to introduce such subject of investigation as he might think proper. John Taylor arose, and read in the New Testament the account of Philip going to Samaria and preaching the gospel, and what followed. Closing the book, he remarked that the Samaritans received the Word with joy, and were then baptized, both men and women; after which the two Apostles, Peter and John, came from Jerusalem and laid their hands on them in the name of Jesus, and prayed that they might receive the Holy Ghost; and they received it and spake with tongues and prophesied. "Now," said he, "where is our Philip? Where is our receiving the Word with joy, and being baptized *when we believe*? Where is our Peter and John? Our apostles? Where is our Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands? Where are our gifts of the Holy Ghost? Echo answers, where?

"Is this the pattern of the Christian Church, the model for the organization in all after times? If so, we, as a people, have not the ministry, the ordinances, the gifts which constitute the Church of Jesus Christ. We are told that we were sprinkled in our infancy, but this was not baptism; and if it was, we neither believed nor rejoiced at the

time, nor did we act in the matter at all, but were acted upon. How different from the Samaritans, who were baptized *when they believed, and received the Word with joy.*

"Again, Peter and John were commissioned as Apostles, and they administered the Holy Spirit by the laying on of hands in the name of Jesus. Instead of which, we have had ministers commissioned by the King and Parliament of England, or by John Wesley and his successors, without any pretence of a word from the Lord or his angels to commission them. Again, the Samaritans had spiritual gifts. We have none. If, then, we differ entirely from the pattern in all things, what claim have we, or any of the Christian world, to be considered the Church of Christ? If we are not members of the Church of Christ, wherein do we differ from the heathen, whom we affect to despise or pity? We even shudder for nations or individuals grown up without baptism, while at the same time it would appear that we are all without it,—that we are all heathen, so far as the Christian Church is concerned, as we have not the least shadow of anything according to the pattern. We cannot boast of even an approach to a base resemblance or counterfeit. What say you to this, my brethren?"

The subject now opened gave rise to a most candid investigation. Several spoke to the point. Some were of the opinion that the principles, being lost, were never to be restored. Others suggested that it was their privilege to pray that the heavens might be opened and men commissioned by new revelation. Others, again, hinted that the Lord might, perhaps, have commissioned men already in some part of the world; and, if so, why not pray that he would send them to us.

Nothing definite was concluded on when the old preacher who invited me arose and said: "There is a stranger present who, perhaps, might wish to speak."

The chairman observed that he was not aware of the presence of a stranger, but if such was the case he was at liberty, as were all persons in these meetings, to make remarks. I arose, and observed that I was a stranger from the United States; but not a stranger to the great principles under investigation in this meeting. I was prepared to speak on the

subject at some length ; but should not do so then, as the time had been well occupied and the people edified.

My credentials were then presented to the meeting through the chairman, and a special appointment given out for me at evening.

However they might differ as to the means of restoration of the Christian Church, certain is it that they appeared at the close to unite, with one voice, in acknowledgment of their destitution. "O Lord," said the chairman, in his closing prayer, "we have neither apostles, visions, angels, revelations, gifts, tongues, ordinances, nor a Christian ministry ; we acknowledge that we are destitute of everything like the pattern of the true Church, as laid down in thy holy Word, and we pray thee to send whom thou wilt." At this all seemed to say Amen, while tears and sobs attested their sincerity.

In the evening Mr. Patrick's large rooms were crowded to excess with anxious listeners. I then addressed them on the subject they had been investigating.

As I finished speaking the unanimous voice was for another meeting, which was finally given out for the next evening.

Evening came again. Crowds assembled.

I then went into detail with a chain of prophecy, beginning with Moses and the prophets, and ending with John's revelation ; showing that the latter-day glory was to be ushered in by a new dispensation revealed from heaven ; by the ministration of angels, and sustained by the marvellous power and gifts of God, till it resulted in the overthrow of all mystery, darkness, ignorance and corruption, and the ushering in of the universal reign of peace and truth.

This prophetic review occupied some two or three hours more. I then closed by saying that had I time I would give them the details of the commencement of this restoration of a new dispensation revealed from the heavens by the angels of God, and in exact and detailed fulfilment of some of the prophecies which I had been reviewing. All cried out for another meeting, which was appointed for the next night.

In the third evening I related the visions, manifestations and many of the details of the organization and movements of the Church of the Saints.

The truth was now plainly before this people, who had been in so wonderful a manner prepared for its reception, as predicted by brother Kimball on my head before leaving home. The man of the house now rejected me, and the meeting of seekers after truth left his house, and came and were baptised, and held their meetings at the house of widow Walton, who had received me, and who was now baptized with all her household, who were of sufficient age to receive the gospel.

John Taylor and his wife, whose house I first entered in Toronto, were also baptised. He soon became an assistant in the ministry. This is that same John Taylor who is now one of the Twelve Apostles."

THE UTAH METHODIST CONFERENCE.

THE ministers connected with the Utah Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church convened in annual session at the Methodist Church in Ogden at 10 A. M. July 7th. Bishop I. W. Wiley presiding.

Earnest prayers were offered for the blessings of God upon the work in Utah ; for the overthrow of error and superstition ; for the President of the United States and for our country, by the Bishop and Dr. Fisher.

Rev. E. Smith was elected Secretary, and Rev. J. P. Morris Statistical Secretary.

The following persons were in attendance at the conference : Revs. E. Smith, Beaver ; J. P. Morris, Tooele ; G. E. Jayne, Provo ; A. W. Adkinson, Ogden ; T. W. Lincoln, Blackfoot ; L. A. Rudisill, H. D. Fisher, G. M. Peirce and T. B. Hilton, Salt Lake ; D. T. Hedges and wife, Frisco.

On the first day committees were appointed and the several missions represented. On the second day reports of the committees were discussed. A report was adopted recommending the establishment of schools at Spanish Fork, Park City circuit, Sandy and Bingham circuit, Farmington, Minersville, in addition to the schools at Ogden, Salt Lake City, Tooele, Provo and Beaver.

A resolution of condolence was passed relative to President Garfield, with prayers for his recovery. But the real business of

the Conference was reached on the third day when the following was unanimously adopted:

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE STATE
OF AFFAIRS IN UTAH.

The rapid growth of Mormonism in Utah is alarming. It is steadily increasing, mainly through Mormon immigration. A large number of missionaries have been sent this year to different parts of the world to preach the doctrine of Mormonism. The Book of Mormon is not only printed in English, but in Welsh, Polynesian, Italian, Danish, French, and German. Neither the death of Brigham Young, the building of railways, the increase of Gentile population nor the Supreme Court, has effected the destruction of or checked polygamy and kindred crimes under Mormon control. Mormonism holds the balance of power in Idaho and Arizona, and menaces Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming and Montana. We believe polygamy is a foul system of licentiousness practiced in the name of religion, hence hideous and revolting. It should not be reasoned with but ought to be stamped out. Many persons are annually entering into polygamy in defiance of the United State statutes and the decision of the United States Supreme Court against it. Polygamy is extending into the adjoining Territories. There is no territorial law of Utah against adultery, lascivious cohabitation, seduction or incest. Polygamy and these kindred crimes are common in this Territory. They demoralize the community at large and degrade and dehumanize those who practice them. Polygamy as a system of social relationship is at least a bestial relic of barbarism. The leaders of Mormonism, the great apostles of lust, are preaching the doctrines of polygamy throughout the Territory with renewed vigor. Mormonism is hostile to our institutions and disloyal to our Government, declaring by its former President, Brigham Young, that the politics and ecclesiastical government of the Mormon Church "circumscribes the government of the world," and again declaring by the chief of its Twelve Apostles, that "all other governments are unauthorized and illegal, while any people attempting to govern themselves by laws of their own making and officers of their own appointing are in direct rebellion against the kingdom of

God." Mormonism nullifies the laws of the land, controls elections and protects its followers in the commission of the most heinous crimes. Mormonism creates Saints and prophets out of thieves and murderers, and clothes with a halo of sanctity perjury and deeds of villainy. Mormonism teaches us that any crime may become a virtue if it is only done for Christ's sake.

Resolved, That Mormonism as a system professing to advance civilization and education is a failure.

Resolved, That Mormonism as a system professing to bless society, is a vile delusion.

Resolved, That Mormonism professing to be a religion to save the people is a fraud.

Resolved, That Mormonism is a system that would disgrace any land, and is a foul blot upon our National escutcheon.

Resolved, That the position taken by the different religious bodies of our country on the question of polygamy, calling for Congressional action by which illegal practices shall be suppressed, meets with our hearty approval.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this body that the laws of this Territory should be made by a Legislative Council appointed by the President of the United States and confirmed by the Senate.

Resolved, That we call upon the religious and secular press and Christian people of the nation, with all law-abiding citizens, to unite with us in urging upon Congress, the adoption of such statutes as shall secure the extirpation of polygamy and kindred crime, and make the laws of the United States superior in Utah as elsewhere in our nation.

Resolved, That in cases of legal or voluntary dissolution of families, the women who have been living in polygamy should be supported by the property of their professed husbands, and the children of such women should be legitimatized.

Resolved, That we extend our hearty thanks to President Garfield for the position taken by him in his inaugural address; that we extend our hearty thanks to those who have given favorable attention to this subject, and we pray that they may not cease their efforts until that legislation is enacted which a Christian public demand.

Resolved, That we have the deepest

sympathy for and the keenest interest in the welfare and happiness of the masses of this Territory.

Resolved, That we believe that wise legislation, that free schools, an open Bible, a free pulpit, a free press and a free platform will accomplish the redemption of Utah.

Resolved, That we earnestly urge the friends of humanity to liberally sustain the Christian agencies now at work in Utah.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the President and his cabinet, every member of Congress and the United States officials.

THEOPHILUS B. HILTON,
L. A. RUDISILL,
GEORGE E. JAYNE."

The *Deseret News* published the foregoing resolutions, accompanied with very severe strictures. Our Methodist brethren are certainly not seeking to convert us, but it is presumable they are aiming for a thorough crusade against Mormonism. Indeed, this aim is plainly confessed in the resolutions themselves, which are to be sent to the President and his cabinet and every member of Congress and the United States officials. The crusade, however, will accomplish nothing. Has not the history of our Territory sufficiently proved this? The methods are neither universalian enough, on the one hand, nor evangelical enough, on the other, to disintegrate any robust Anglo-American sect, much less that Church of which the great transcendental philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, once said: "It is the only Church of force that has arisen within a thousand years." A spiritualistic lecturer the other day expressed a similar idea: "The Mormon Church is the only Church born in America—it is the Church of America!" This is very like the view of the Mormons themselves; and it is not strange, therefore, that against such a Church the Methodists should wage the irrepressible conflict.

MONT BLANC.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.
Around his waist are forests braced,
The avalanche in his hand. [Byron.]

THE LAST GRAND CHORUS OF THE MESSIAH.

A REVIEW BY PROFESSOR JOHN TULLIDGE

AS there are many excellent practical musicians who do not comprehend the workings of high class music, I will endeavor to explain—in as simple manner as possible—what seems dark to their understandings. I do not wonder at this, knowing they have to study the works of classical authors who have explained the science in such a manner that none but a practical composer can fathom the depths of the teacher's meaning. Still these works are printed for the instruction of musical students; but my own experience has proved that authors have shot very wide from the mark.

I have heard many musicians ask, what is counterpoint? I will answer. It is a knowledge of harmonizing according to the rules laid down in the strict style of composition. There are two styles used in music; one is called the strict—which style is used by learned composers; and one is termed the free. The free style affords the modern composer a larger field for his genius, and produces the variety of compositions now in use. However the strict style is adhered to in the present day by classical authors.

COUNTERPOINT.—The creation of a musical subject is to point, and the adding of parts to that subject is to *counterpoint* from it; these parts must be constructed according to strict rules. The fundamental rules for harmonizing are found in what is termed simple counterpoint. In this style of composition there are five species, and in none of them are discords admitted, except passing notes of dissonance and suspensions, or notes of retardation, all of which must be prepared and resolved. In the first species the notes are all of uniform length, note against note, and the only harmonies employed are the major and minor *triads*.

In the second species, two notes of the counterpoint move against one of the subject. The first—on the ascent—must be one of consonance, and the next dissonant, or a note belonging to the triad. In the third species there are four notes in the counterpoint to one in the subject; the first and third are notes of simple harmony, and the second and

fourth are notes of passing. In the fourth species notes of suspension are employed, and which discords produce more beauty, systematic order and variety than combinations used in the free style. In the fifth species notes of various durations are used; in fact it is a mixing of the other four.

As musical science cannot be explained in a lucid manner without examples the student is recommended to study good works on the subject.

I will now, before reviewing the last great chorus in "The Messiah," explain the difference of *fugal* and canonical writings, as the composition I am going to review is a canon, which is often mistaken by musicians for a fugue.

In fugal compositions the subjects chosen for imitation consist, in general, of incomplete periods. In fact, sometimes only a few notes are selected for imitation. Now, canonical subjects must not only be complete—or nearly so—but they must be so constructed as to answer immediately in all the parts; i.e., no counterpoint is made for imitation; the subject by its ingenuity is substituted for *contrapuntic* combinations.

The parts in the canon fly the same as in the fugue, but in fugue the subjects are not strictly imitated, while every note in the canon is answered in the imitation with a subject likeness in all the parts, whether in the unison, octave, fifth or any other interval from the position of the leading part. Notwithstanding that the subject flies through all the parts, it is not a fugue, but a canon. The canon is known by the strictness with which the model melody is adhered to; hence the name of *canon*, i.e., rule, guide, *normæ* model—a composition on a given model. Of course the model must be so formed as to admit of the harmony being grammatically correct.

The old masters of the art of counterpoint were continually exercising their genius in writing canons, and some of the most extraordinary ones were produced by them. But this kind of writing has been for a long time out of fashion on account of the art having been pretty nearly exhausted by the ancients, as well as the ingenuity and labor required to produce a good canon.

I have written this much on canonical compositions, as the last great chorus in "The Messiah" is a most adroit canon.

In fact it is considered by those learned in contrapuntic beauties, to be unrivaled in its development and elaborative skill.

I will now endeavor to lay before the scientific reader—for this article is written for scientific students—a portion of Handel's skill in writing canon.

In the opening of the "Amen" chorus, the subject starts in the fugal form and the canon does not take its legitimate imitations until the end of a capital movement in the single fugue style. That is, the subject does not answer immediately as in canon, but waits for the imitation until the end of the subject. At the close of a six bar subject, the tenor answers in imitation in the fifth above, and the bass counterpoints with the imitation.

At the 11th bar the subject is led by the alto an eighth above the tonic, while the tenor and bass accompany the subject with contrapuntic parts. At the 16th bar the soprano starts the imitation a fifth above the alto, while the other parts are employed in the strict style and concludes the first movement of the fugal form on the *dominant*. In order to vary the effect, an instrumental interlude is introduced before commencing the second short movement. At bar 31, the vocal bass leads with subject on the tonic, and although there is no strict imitation in any of the parts in the following period of five bars—which terminates on the tonic—the partial imitations are handled with great skill and adroitness. At the 36th and 37th bar, an interlude of instruments is again introduced, and at the beginning of bar 38th, the bass transposes the subject to the dominant, while the tenor is in partial imitation, and soprano and alto have parts in counterpoint. This ends the *fugal* construction.

At the 42nd bar, the soprano starts the subject in canon, which is imitated after one beat by the tenor an eighth below. On the first accent in the following measure, the alto takes the imitation in the 4th below, and in one beat after the alto, the bass imitates in the 11th below. In the remaining portions of the canon, the imitations are flying through all the parts in rapid succession in a direct and inverted form until near the end, when the bass takes a pedal on the dominant. Short but ingenious imitations on the subject are added for the accompaniment of the pedal bass, a

method employed by classical authors in playing with the subject before closing. Five measures before the end, the harmony of the *tritone* is used on the dominant movement, which concludes the canon. A silent bar is then introduced, and the tritone takes its legal resolution on the inversion of the harmonic *triad*. In the last bar but one, the chord of the *five-four* is used; the fourth resolving on the third of the dominant, which is according to rules laid down in the strict style. The *tonic triad* follows and ends the composition.

In concluding this article I will observe, by the way of explanation, that although the fugal form is very learned and is the most useful in strict compositions—having in the different movements or divisions, subjects, answers, strettos, episodal varieties, short canonical imitations and the pedal—yet it does not require that amount of genius and labor as the learnedly constructed canon.

A canon subject will imitate strictly in all the parts at the same time; but the fugue subject must conclude—or nearly so—before the commencement of the imitation or answer.

In *quadruple fugue*—which composi-

tion obtains for the composer the diploma of musical doctor—having four subjects, and which subjects are constructed separately according to the rules of high class composition—will go together, but each of these subjects must wait for the answer or imitation until the conclusion of the subject.

It will be seen by the above explanation that a complete canonical subject imitating in every part at the same time must require more ingenuity to construct than a fugal subject, that has to terminate before the imitation can commence. Sometimes canonical subjects are constructed for a fugue, as the one Handel has invented for the last grand chorus in “The Messiah.” When such subjects are chosen, they will imitate and form good strettos, without inventing others for the necessities of a good fugue.

The above splendid canon not only exhibits the wonderful resources of science, but exhibits the grandeur of Handel’s genius; and it may be truly said that no composer has ever yet approached this great Master in the sublime style of composition. In fact, the whole of “The Messiah” has kept its ground, amid no mean rivalry, for more than a century.

THE EVERLASTING HILLS.

Alone upon the Mount; a mighty hill,
Capped with the lingering snows of vanished years,
Where towering forms the empyreal azure fill,
Swept by the breath of purest atmospheres.
Where Nature, throned in solitude, reveres
The God whose glory she doth symbolize,
And on the altar, watered by her tears,
Spreads, far around, the fragrant sacrifice
Whose incense wafts her sweet memorial to the skies.

Here let me linger. O my native hills!—
Snow-mantled wonders of the western waste—
With what a joy the bounding bosom thrills,
Whose steps aspiring mar your summits chaste!
Not language, with her robes of rarest taste,
Could clothe the swift born thoughts in fitting dress,
Surging upon the mind with torrent haste,
Wrapt in mute wonder’s conscious littleness
Where loom the cloud-crowned monarchs of the wilderness;

Whereo’er I roam, and still have loved to roam,
From early childhood’s scarce-remembered day,
And found my pensive soul’s congenial home
Far from the depths where human passions play.

Born at their feet, my own have learned to stray
Familiar o'er these pathless heights, and feel,
As now, my mind assume a loftier sway,
Soaring for themes that past its portals steal,
Beyond its power to reach, or utterance to reveal.

Oh, that my words were written in the rock!
Graven with iron pen, whose letters bold,
Surviving still the crumbling ages shock,
Should stand when seas of change around them rolled!
In kindred phrase lamented one of old.
Knew he not well, ye mighty tomes of clay,
How firm the trust your flinty page might hold!
Have ye not spurned the flats of Decay!
Are ye not standing now, where nations passed away!

Ye hoary sentinels, by heaven willed
To guard the treasures of a glorious land!
Had primal man the Sacred Garden tilled,
Ere yet the scenes of earth your vision scanned?
Were ye of miracles a portion, planned
Ere rolled the world-creating fiat forth?
Or came ye at Convulsion's fierce command,
Mid loud-tongued thunders bursting from the earth—
The martial music that proclaimed your warlike birth?

Ye voiceless oracles, whose intelligence
Sleeps in the caverns of each stony heart,
Yet breathes o'er all a silent eloquence,
What wealth historic might your words impart!
Lone hermit of the hills, that stand'st apart
From where thy banded mates in union dwell,
A chosen leader seemingly thou art—
The spokesman of the throng that round thee swell,
And oh, were speech thy boon, what volumes could'st thou tell!

Thrice wondrous things were thine to wisely scan,
And stranger yet than dreamed of mortal lore,
Hadst thou that gift, full oft misused by man,
Though deemed his glory, thou might'st all restore,
Till learning's tide o'erwhelmed its shining shore,
And doubting souls, ill-fated to deny
Bright truths exhumed from wisdom's buried store,
Might in yon stream persuasion's force descry,
And gladly drinking live, who doubting thirst and die.

But vain, vain the unavailable. Firm sealed
Those rigid lips, whose accents might disclose
Marvels and mysteries yet unrevealed,
Rich realms of joy, or wastes of human woes;
Or names of mighty empires, that arose
And fell like frost-hewn flowers before thy face;
Causes which wrought them an untimely close,
Dark crimes, for which a once delightful race
Was doomed to sink in death, or live 'neath foul disgrace.

And like the laboring brain that burns to speak
 Unutterable thoughts, deep in its dungeons pent,
 Or liker still, to inward boiling peak
 Of fires volcanic, vainly seeking vent
 Where rock ribbed walls an egress e'er prevent ;
 Thou'rt doomed to utter stillness, and shalt keep
 The burden of thy bearing, till is rent
 Yon heavenly vail, when earth and air and deep
 Tell secrets that shall rouse the dead from solemn sleep.

Thus musing, lone upon a beetling brow,
 Clothing with utterance the thoughts that sprung
 Swift as the sun-fused flood's impetuous flow,
 Methought from out the rocky caves, there rung
 A voice, whose tones bewrayed no mortal tongue,
 But deeply clear, though darkly mournful broke,
 As notes from off the weird-toned viol flung,
 Or as the heavens lowly rumbling spoke,
 Heralding the storm-king with vivid flash and stroke :

"Son of man!"—the solemn sound rose echoing high—
 "Why stand'st thou here upon the mountain's brow?
 Deem'st thou no stranger ear was hovering nigh,
 No louder tongue than thine, which did but now
 Powers of mine own so boldly disallow?
 What would'st thou? Speak! And haply thou shalt find
 These silent rocks their story may avow,
 In words such as the wants of human kind
 Have made the wings whereon thought flits from mind to mind."

Amazed I listened. Did I more than dream?
 Had random words aroused unhoped reply?
 Or was't a sound whose import did but seem?
 Hark!—for again it breaks upon the sky:
 "Then query hast thou none, or none would'st ply,
 Save to thy soul in meditative strain,
 Or heedless winds that wander idly by?—
 So be it. Still to me thy purpose plain,
 Thy hidden wish revealed, nor thus revealed in vain."

While yet upon the circumambient air,
 Weird echoes trembled of that wilder tone,
 While, as on threshold of a lion's lair,
 Speechless I stood, as stricken into stone;
 Methought the sun with lessening splendor shone,
 As if some wandering cloud obscured his gaze.
 Expectant of such trite phenomenon,
 Turning, mine eyes beheld with rapt amaze
 What memory ne'er should lose, were life of endless days.

A stately form of giant stature tall,
 Of hoary aspect venerable and grave,
 Whose curling locks and beard of copious fall
 Vied the white foam of Ocean's storm-whipt wave.
 The deep-set eye flashed lightning from its cave,
 Far-darting penetration's gaze combined

With wisdom's milder light. Of study, gave
 Deep evidence that brow by learning lined ;—
 Thought's ample throne, where might have ruled a monarch mind.

The spirit's garb—for spirit so it seemed—
 Fell radiant in many a flowing fold,
 Of style antique, by modern limners deemed
 Befitting monk or eremite of old.
 The hoary head was bare, the presence bold
 With majesty, e'en as a God might wear,
 When condescended to a mortal mould.
 It spake. The voice no longer thrilled with fear,
 Like solemn music's swell, it chained the listening ear :

O. F. WHITNEY,

Lone Peak, Wasatch Mountains, August, 1881.

[Here we must let the genius of the Rocky Mountains rest. We give the foregoing but as a fragment from the bold and lofty imagination of the young Byron of Mormondom, promising to our readers, by and by, a great poem that will astonish them and give to the writer lasting fame.—ED.]

HIRAM B. CLAWSON.

HIRAM B. Clawson was born in Utica, Oneida Co., New York, November 7th, 1826. He was educated at the Utica Academy.

Through the loss of his father he was very early thrown upon his own inherent resources; and thus left to battle with life he became master of three or more trades, and in youth laid the foundation of a self-made man.

After the death of his father, his mother joined the Mormon Church in the year 1838; and in 1841 the family, consisting of Mrs. Clawson and her two sons, Hiram and John, and two daughters, removed from Utica to Nauvoo. There a circumstance worthy of note in his life occurred, which indirectly led to his connection with the dramatic profession, in which both he and several members of his family have made quite a distinguished mark in the social and artistic culture of our own Territory. Hiram, in Nauvoo, wanted to join the Debating Society which was held in a room over Joseph's store; but some of the principal members opposed his admission on account of his youth. The Prophet, who was always a warm admirer of lofty aspirations in the young men of his people, stood as Hiram's advocate and would have promoted his admission; but, with a becoming sense of self-respect, young Clawson withdrew his application. This event led to his connection with the stage; for at that time Thomas A. Lyne, then in the prime of his dramatic

power, was at Nauvoo giving performances.

Like Brigham afterwards, Joseph was a patron of the drama, and even several of the apostles took parts in Lyne's company. It was no wonder, therefore, that H. B. Clawson, possessing the natural abilities of a good character actor, should thus early be attracted to the stage. He became a regular member of the Lyne company, traveled with it up the river and around, and was considered by both the management and the public as a decided hit in his character parts. Many of our old citizens will remember his playing in the Masonic Hall at Nauvoo.

In the year 1848, when the Pioneers made their second journey to the Rocky Mountains, bringing up the body of the Church under the leadership of Brigham Young, who had already been elected as President, Hiram B. Clawson came with them. He was, therefore, one of the pioneers and founders of Utah. He was now twenty-two years of age, was looked upon as a man of mark, and it was soon understood by the whole Church, both at home and abroad, that Hiram B. Clawson had won the heart of Brigham Young.

He had charge of the first building work that was done in the Valley by the Church. The first adobe building, a little office adjoining the Council House on the south, was built by him. The Council House itself was also built by him, he having charge of the masons, and Truman O. Angel being the archi-



Yours truly
A. B. Dawson



Yours truly,
H. P. Dawson

rect. It may be here noted as a curiosity in the construction of the Council House, it having endured so long, that there was not a particle of lime used in the erection of the walls; the only thing to be had was clay mortar.

But this is merely incidental as among the primitive work of our Territory. The fabric of society itself was in rapid process of erection, Brigham Young in this being the chief builder. H. B. Clawson was called into the President's office as clerk, and he was soon put in charge of the President's entire private business, which he managed for many years. During this period, he assisted in the erection and afterwards in the management of the great Salt Lake Theatre, an event to be more fully noticed hereafter, as it marks an era in our Rocky Mountain civilization.

Here may be noticed something of H. B. Clawson's military career, which gave to him the rank of Adjutant General of the Utah militia. At the time of the Indian wars in Southern Utah, in 1850, he took an active part in suppressing the difficulties. He was *aide-de-camp* to General D. H. Wells, and subsequently, at the death of James Ferguson, he became Adjutant-General of the Territory, which office he still holds.

The Utah War gave quite a dramatic epoch in the history of our Territory, in which General Clawson figured to considerable advantage and very profitably to the community. Our friend, T. B. H. Stenhouse, in his beloved style as a racy special correspondent, thus paints the picture:

"The Federal troops at Camp Floyd were ordered to the Potomac. That movement brought great joy to Israel.

The expedition to Utah had cost the treasury at least fourteen millions of dollars. An enormous quantity of munitions of war had been accumulated at Camp Floyd. It was impossible to re-transport this back again to the States, and with the settled fear that the Mormons could not be entrusted with the means of successful rebellion, the order was given to destroy the best equipped military post ever established in the west.

Before the evacuation and the destruction of arms, public sales were announced of provisions and army stores of every kind. The Mormon people who had

religious scruples about visiting the camp stayed at home; but those who went made fortunes. Brigham had his agents there and bought enormously for a mere song.

Mr. H. B. Clawson, Brigham's son-in-law and agent, during the sale became familiarly acquainted with quarter master Col. H. G. Crossman and other officers. The army now, instead of being threatening and a terror to the Saints, as had been predicted, was to them and their prophet a source of wealth and prosperity. It was, therefore, very proper for Mr. Clawson to extend to the officers a courteous invitation to visit President Young before their departure from the Territory. They politely accepted and seized the opportunity to present to the Prophet the flag-staff which had borne aloft the national banner at Camp Floyd. It was afterwards transplanted to the brow of the hill on the east side of Brigham's mansion."

One would almost think that friend Stenhouse designed to be facetious when he speaks of the fear of the Mormons making a successful rebellion, had they been entrusted with the munitions of war which had accumulated at Camp Floyd, seeing that the majority of those very troops went directly into the Southern rebellion. Probably had the officers so thought, many of them would willingly have "entrusted" them with "the means." But the salient point of the narrative shows not only fine business management in General Clawson in the case, but also considerable diplomatic tact in effecting a complete reconciliation between Mormondom and Camp Floyd in its expiring moments, accompanied by a presentation to the Prophet of the flagstaff upon which had floated the national banner. Symbolically, this should have signified a conviction in the minds of the officers that Brigham Young would honor the old flag in the national crisis, unless those said officers designed to perpetrate a contemptuous insult upon that time-honored flag of the Union. In any view of the case, H. B. Clawson was a chief character in a capital historical incident of those times.

Apropos of the subject of dramatic performance, without attempting a witticism in forming the connecting link, we reach the episode in H. B. Clawson's life as a theatre builder, a manager and an actor.

It was just at the outbreak of the civil war that the theatrical history proper of our Territory commenced. It is well known to those who have studied even casually the character and methods of that wonderful society-founder, Brigham Young, that he supplied his people with the agencies and influences of both social and physical revivification. Not to say it flippantly, but with a simple appreciation of his matchless characteristics, had Brigham Young been the leader of ancient Israel as he was of modern Israel, allowing him also the casting of the types of the people and the times, there would have been no rebellion of the congregation in the wilderness and no repining for the leeks of Egypt. This was strikingly exemplified in the great Mormon exodus. He constantly revived the people whom he led by joyous instrumental music, by the singing of the familiar songs of home in the spirit of home present and not far away, in the merry dance and the happy social ball. Like the ark of a new covenant, the people under his leadership carried with them on their long and tedious journey to the Rocky Mountains at least a primitive civilization. Arriving in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, the dance to the Mormons became almost like an institution and the ball as a social sacrament. Soon the Social Hall was built and the Deseret Dramatic Society formed, which gave periodical performances, thought in those days to be excellent, both in the plays and the actors, and we may so let those primitive theatricals survive in history without the hypercritical doubt. But yet it may be confessed that it was not until the great theatre was built and ran under the management of Clawson & Caine that our Rocky Mountain civilization put on its finer garb, and intellectual culture began to prevail over the more physical recreation of the dance, and dramatic art took the place of the midnight serenade and the comic song in the Social Hall. Thence dates a new-era in this part of our social life.

The Utah war was as a bustling memory of the past; Camp Floyd was evacuated; all in Zion was peace, though the nation was in civil war. It was in the year 1861. Our citizens saw a colossal building in the process of erection, and it was known that Brigham Young designed to give to the Mormons a great theatre,

which after its erection was popularly styled as Brigham's theatre. There were those who doubtless had rather seen the Temple rushing up; but, after all, the community needed the theatre most for the healthy recreation of society. Therefore, the practical mind of Brigham Young gave to the Mormons one of the best theatres in America, and soon it was stocked with a company and furnished with appointments that bore favorable comparison with those of eastern companies.

There can be no doubt that H. B. Clawson and John T. Caine were the real fathers of the institution; and it may be affirmed that under their design and management the Salt Lake Theatre assumed a colossal grandeur of which the President at the onset had not conceived. T. A. Lyne played in it; Julia Dean Hayne played in it, and so have many more of the best actors and actresses in the world. It was quite a charm to the famous Hepworth Dixon on his visit to this city, and he has immortalized the Salt Lake Theatre in his celebrated book of his travels in America. We are not, however, designing in this sketch to write its history. Suffice to say that the Salt Lake Theatre opened in 1862 with the "Pride of the Market," Mr. H. B. Clawson playing Isidore. During his period on the stage, he played some excellent character parts, one of his best hits being his "Old Phil" in the Porter's Knot. But it was the management of Clawson and Caine that stands out prominently in our history, for, as already observed, it marked a new era in the intellectual growth of Salt Lake City. At length, after a very successful management of years, H. B. Clawson entered altogether into the more important sphere of the merchant, becoming at its organization the first Superintendent of Z. C. M. I., and John T. Caine entered into journalism, as one of the founders of the *Salt Lake Herald*.

In the spring of 1865, W. H. Hooper, of the firm of Hooper & Eldredge, sold out his interest to H. B. Clawson and the firm name was changed to Eldredge & Clawson. The latter immediately went to New York to purchase goods, contracting with the Butterfield Co. for the freighting from the Missouri River to Salt Lake City, but the trains starting late were snowed in and they did not re-

ceive their goods until twelve months after they were purchased. The firm, however, was not discouraged, for in the spring of 1856, Mr. Clawson went east again and purchased a fine stock of goods and effected a settlement with the Butterfield Co. for their freight of the previous year. Mr. Clawson thus continued yearly to go east for the purchase of goods, and was thus personally brought into relations with the principal commercial houses of the great mercantile cities, so that he was well prepared for his subsequent management of Z. C. M. I. When the great co-operative movement started, the firms of William Jennings and of Eldredge & Clawson agreed to sell out their entire stocks to Z. C. M. I.; and on the Institution commencing business, H. B. Clawson was appointed by the Directors the Superintendent. The good will and stocks of these two principal firms gave to Z. C. M. I. an immense advantage,—in fact, they were as a foundation to the Institution and other lesser firms followed their example, thus organizing a colossal mercantile power. At the same time the new Institution labored under serious disadvantages, those being the near approach of the railroad, and consequent reduction of freight rates lowering the prices of all classes of heavy merchandise. Rates of freight came down from twenty-five cents to six cents by the advent of the railroad; and merchandise in the Territory at the time of the founding of Z. C. M. I. was all imported upon the high rates. The Board of Directors saw and comprehended these difficulties at once and instructed the Superintendent to take such measures as would meet the emergency. In consideration of this, many outside firms doing business here proposed to sell out at prices advantageous to the Institution. Their terms were accepted and Z. C. M. I. was enabled to purchase at very much lower prices than they were selling at, so that the Institution was enabled to average its goods and at the end of six months come out with a fair profit instead of a loss. The people appreciated the efforts and sustained it by their liberal patronage. The Board of Directors also availed themselves of the policy to make it to the interest of the entire community to sustain the co-operative movement. Co-op stores were, at the same time, started in every settlement and the parent Institution ar-

ranged to sell to them on the basis of cost and ten per cent. This policy brought goods down very much lower than they had ever been sold before, resulting in an immense benefit to the community at large. The people sustained the system in every settlement; consequently those branch co-op. stores were highly responsible; and it may be here observed that, with but few exceptions, to this day the branch stores have not failed in the discharge of their obligations. This, as any commercial man might see, has given an immense stability to Z. C. M. I., it being impossible to break an institution based on the honor of an entire community.

The design, from the onset, was to arrange the business of the Z. C. M. I. upon the best known commercial methods, and the superintendent adopted them. All the internal arrangements were left to Mr. Clawson, and also the choosing of the heads of departments and clerks. The business went on and increased steadily, until the time of the panic of 1873, when the yearly sales amounted to four million five hundred thousand dollars.

When the panic of '73 burst upon the country, it was thought wisdom for Z. C. M. I. to ask an extension of credit to provide against the result that was sure to follow the panic in the east, and H. S. Eldredge and H. B. Clawson were accordingly sent down East for this purpose. They first sought an arrangement with the merchants of St. Louis, who thereupon called a meeting of the creditors, to whom a statement of the affairs of Z. C. M. I. was unreservedly made and an exhibit of the assets furnished. After examining the exhibit, the creditors observed, "Why, gentlemen, you have got ample assets." The reply was, "The panic is on you now; it will not reach us for three months; and we have time to trim our sails and prepare for the storm which we know will be sure to come; we have thought it wise to ask an extension. Our customers are scattered over a large tract of country, with no sufficient communications, and it will take time to bring about an adjustment." The proposition was for an extension of three, six and eight months, and to pay cash for all they bought. The merchants un-animously acknowledged this to be a wise proposition and at once accepted it. Mr.

Belcher of the Belcher's Sugar Refinery, was the heaviest of the St. Louis creditors and one of the first to offer the required grace. He generously proposed to give the extension and to sell to the Institution. The others were equally magnanimous, and as a body they authorized Messrs. Clawson and Eldredge to state to the merchants of Chicago, New York and other cities what they had done. The following are the names of the St. Louis firms that gave the extension :

Belcher Sugar Refining Co. ; Samuel Cupples & Co. ; Excelsior Manufacturing Co. ; Dodd, Brown & Co. ; Samuel C. Davis & Co. ; Bridge, Beach & Co. ; Appleton, Noyes & Co. ; Fairbanks & Co. ; Semple, Birge & Co. ; Leggett & Mayers ; St. Louis Stamping Co. ; Gray Kimbrough & Co. ; H. & L. Chase ; R. Sel-
lew & Co. ; Geo. P. Whitelaw & Co. ; Collier White Lead Co. ; Southern White Lead Co.

Messrs Eldredge and Clawson next went to Chicago and the merchants of that city were equally wise and generous. The following is the list of the Chicago merchants who gave the extension :

M. D. Wells & Co. ; J. V. Farwell & Co. ; Hibbard & Spencer ; Henry W. King & Co. ; Sprague, Warner & Co. ; Sweet, Dempster & Co. ; Van Schaack, Stevenson & Reid ; Franklin McVeagh & Co. ; James S. Kirk & Co ; Keith Bros.

New York was third in order, evidently because it was the more distant ; but the great merchants of that city were not least in their commercial farsight and courtesy. They well knew the rock upon which Z. C. M. I. was built, and that a whole community could not easily fall into bankruptcy.

The following is the New York list of firms that gave the extension :

H. B. Claflin & Co. ; Benedict, Hall & Co. ; E. L. Jaffray & Co. ; L. M. Batis & Co. ; T. M. Argall ; B. T. Babbitt ; W. & J. Sloan ; Weiley, Wickes & Wing ; Russell & Erwin Mfg. Co. ; A. S. Barnes & Co. ; Arnold & Con-
stable & Co. ; Sargent & Co. ; Mermon, Hurlbert & Co. ; American Clock Co.

But no doubt much of the confidence was due to the exceedingly frank conduct, and judicious management of the affairs by Eldredge & Clawson. For instance, both in Chicago and New York, before meeting the merchants of these

cities they went boldly to the Mercantile Agencies—Bradstreet & Sons and Dunn & Co., of New York and Chicago—and laid the whole case before them ; and it is proper to acknowledge the gratitude of Z. C. M. I. to those great Agencies who stand as the guarantees of American commerce.

After accomplishing so much in St. Louis, Chicago and New York, Mr. Clawson and his colleague went to Boston and Philadelphia, where they met a similar reception from the merchants and then returned home. If it had been a crisis to Z. C. M. I., it had also been the occasion of a great triumph ; for, as already noticed in the history of that institution, within the eight months specified, it redeemed its paper amounting to one million one hundred thousand dollars.

Previous to going east to adjust these matters, it was deemed advisable to change the management for a time ; and the Hon. Wm H. Hooper assumed the Superintendency. Hooper remained eighteen months in this position, during which time the Institution met all its liabilities. He then resigned and H. B. Clawson was again appointed Superintendent.

During H. B. Clawson's second Superintendency, the Institution built its colossal new store and removed from their old location into it, Superintendent Clawson designing the internal arrangements. In consequence of the large increase of their regular departments and wishing to consolidate all their business in this mammoth store, the Directors deemed it advisable to retire from the agricultural, hide and wool departments and H. B. Clawson made a proposition to buy those departments out. His offer was accepted and on the 4th of October, 1875, he resigned the Superintendency, and Horace S. Eldredge was appointed in his stead. Mr. Clawson claims that during his management of the Institution, his losses on the yearly sales did not exceed a quarter of one per cent. His present business has largely expanded. In addition to his handling large quantities of hides, wool and furs, the agricultural and machinery department has increased. He is now furnishing flouring mills and saw mills complete, also steam engines and all classes of machinery that the wants of the country demand.

It would be improper to close this sketch without a notice of H. B. Clawson's interesting family. Soon after coming into the Territory he married. He has had four wives, one of whom is dead. Several of his daughters have quite a theatrical history. Miss Dellie, now Mrs. Cummings, played with Julia Dean Hayne when but a child. Her Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin made a marked sensation at the time. Miss Edith in her turn played Prince Arthur in King John, in the Booth Combination, when Junius Brutus Booth and his wife, Agnes, visited this city. Dellie and Edith are at present leading ladies in the Home Dramatic Club and are esteemed as decided public attractions.

In "The False Friend" recently, Miss Edith (a young girl of 18) played the part of Lady Ogden, a high born English lady of 82 years. The part was short, yet one that was very difficult of rendition. Her impersonation was very fine. The character was such as would tax the capabilities of a great actress; yet Miss Clawson, by a magnificent effort, approached its full rendition and proved herself to possess most remarkable native ability.

The sons have chosen a mercantile sphere. H. B. Clawson, Jun., was for years assistant cashier of Z. C. M. I. and is now in business with his father. Spencer Clawson was educated at the great mercantile house of H. B. Claflin & Co., New York, and he has since been the eastern buyer and head of the dry goods department of Z. C. M. I. Stanley H. Clawson is a dentist and has a very flourishing business.

John W. Clawson has turned his talents to painting. He already shows rare ability as an artist. His talent runs in portrait painting, and he bids fair to make a decided mark in that line. Rudger Clawson is the corresponding Secretary of Z. C. M. I. In the circumstance of the assassination of the young missionary, Joseph Standing, in Georgia, young Rudger Clawson, Standing's compeer, won for himself quite a page of history. It being so essentially a Utah episode, as well as a thrilling personal experience connected with the Clawson family, we devote that "page of history" to the heroic young man who dared to face the muzzles of twelve vengeful weapons and bid the ruffians shoot.

The following in brief is the narrative of the tragedy:

Messrs. Clawson and Standing had been stopping at the house of a Mr. Henry Holston, near Varnelles Station, Whitefield County, Ga. They had heard of threats of beatings at the hands of mobs, but had come to the conclusion that the threats would not be executed. On the day of the tragedy, however, as they were walking through the woods towards the house of this Mr. Holston, being on their way to Rome, Ga., where a conference was to be held, three horsemen galloped up waving their hats, crying, "We've got them; we've got them." Eight other armed men soon came up, some on foot and some mounted. The ruffians seized the young men and led them away into the woods to a secluded place. The prisoners demanded to know by what authority they were arrested. They were answered that they would find out soon enough. While on the way to the place of execution, in answer to a question as to what they were about to do, one of the ruffians said that they proposed to administer a whipping which the young men would never forget, and that before their captors got through they would be "pretty-limber." One of the mob also struck Mr. Clawson a severe blow on the back of his head, with his fist, which almost stunned him, but, recovering his feet, he continued along without saying anything. A few moments later, the same ruffian raised a heavy cudgel and was about to brain Mr. Clawson, when one of his comrades seized his arm and compelled him to desist.

Having proceeded some distance into the woods, the entire party sat down beside a large spring to rest; and, after a few moments quiet, one of the party arose and said: "Gentlemen, I want you to understand that I am captain of this party, and that after to-day, if we ever again find you in this part of the country, we will hang you up to a tree by the neck."

They had been at the the Springs about twenty minutes when the three horsemen returned from a reconnoitre, on which they had been to discover a spot more secluded where the whipping could be administered. At this moment Standing rose to his feet, turned toward the three horsemen, and, pointing his closed hands

at them, commanded them to surrender. This was doubtless done by him to deceive them into the belief that he had a pistol and was about to use it; whereupon one of the ruffians pointed his pistol close to Standing's head and fired, the ball entering the left eye. Standing fell instantly. On Mr. Clawson's turning in a direction to escape, one of the mob, pointing his hand toward him said: "Shoot that man." Immediately every pistol and gun was levelled at his head. This aroused heroic courage in the young man, who expected to share the fate of his murdered companion. He folded his arms, faced his assailants and bade them "Shoot!" The mob was surprised. "Don't shoot," said one of the party; at which they lowered their weapons; and the young man walked up to his companion and examined his wound. "It is a burning shame," he said, "that this man should be left here to die in the woods without any assistance. Some of you go and get help, or let me go." After some hesitation they told him to go.

It would be too lengthy to follow the subsequent details of the tragic story. Suffice to say that Rudger Clawson, at the risk of his own life, brought home the body of his murdered companion and

delivered it to the relatives and friends of the deceased.

A monument has since been erected to the memory of young Standing on which is inscribed:

"Martyred for the testimony of Jesus, while with Elder Rudger Clawson, through whose heroism the body was afterwards rescued."

We must close our sketch with a brief return to the head of the Clawson family.

At the age of fifty-three years Mr. H. B. Clawson is the father of forty children, several of whom are married and have families. He is often spoken of, and truly too, as a model husband and father and is excessively fond and proud of his children.

ASPIRATIONS OF THE SOUL.

Past the high clouds floating around
Where the eagle is not found,
Past the million, starry choir,
Through the midst of foul opinions,
Flaming passions, sensual mire,
To the Mind's serene dominions,
I aspire.

THE BLIND ONE.

Not to me returns
Day or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Of sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank.—*Milton.*

SPIRITUAL BEAUTY.

Physical charms are fleeting as the clouds,
But spiritual beauty endureth forever.

Charms of the sensuous alluring and fair,
Fade from our sight as the clouds of the air,
Whilst spiritual beauty, like truth's holy ray,
Shall shine forth in splendor forever and aye.

The external cast in its loveliest form,
Falls to the dust when the spirit is born,—
Born to its own world of freedom and light,
To unfold in its God-given wisdom and might.

So deem not the fair forms of friends and of kin,
As aught but the semblance of soul-life within,
Which freed from the ordeals and bondage of earth,
Shall find its full measure of beauty and worth.

Then court thou the graces that come from above,
Unmindful of self in thy far-reaching love;
And when time on thy brow its finger shall trace,
A beauty divine will illumine thy face.

W. S. GODBE

UTAH FROM A NEW STANDPOINT.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong. —Dryden.

On this lovely September Sunday, under the influence of the charmingly clear atmosphere of our mountain retreat, I peacefully ponder, as I glance over the unblemished and beautiful blue sky which seems to impress me with a sense of serenity akin to perfect happiness. By the association of ideas, my thoughts wander back to the early history of the people of Utah. I see them gathering in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains, blissfully imagining while in the recesses of a region as inhospitable, and so far removed from the centres of civilization as our Territory was at that time, that the right to worship God, according to the dictates of their own conscience, would never more be questioned.

Sacrificing, as they did, almost all their worldly possessions, and wandering westward, with the Star of Hope as their guide, they looked not backward with regret, although they were leaving the graves of their loved ones in a country, the face of which their eyes would never again behold.

Leaving, as they did, in obedience to the stern commands of a people, whose behests the Mormons could no longer disregard, these wandering pilgrims prayed for, and hoped for, a haven of rest, somewhere—anywhere.

That there were reasons for the expulsion of these devoted followers of the American Mohammed, no one will deny. That the reasons were sufficient, that the action of the Christian (?) people who mercilessly drove these infatuated religionists from their hard-earned homes was justifiable, no one but a soulless bigot would dare assert.

In a country with the proud name and fame of America, such proceedings as characterized the persecution of the "Latter-day Saints" in Illinois and Missouri, cannot be accounted as adding to the dignity of the national record.

Coming to Utah as the Mormons did, in the fervency of their religious zeal, then at fever heat as the result of persecution—which ever was nutritious food to zealous faith—who can wonder that they should attempt to surround themselves with some means of defence? Naturally they followed the example of other religious bodies, and adopted a policy of

exclusiveness; to strengthen which, the Masonry of Mormonism was largely instrumental.

Their visions of exclusive tranquility were soon rudely disturbed, by the presence of other pilgrims, who, worshipping at the shrine of Mammon, had followed in the footsteps of these religious fugitives in the pursuit of wealth.

Realizing, as the Mormons did, that it was the numerical strength of their enemies which compelled the Mormon exodus, and, reasoning from cause to effect, they saw that the relative positions of themselves and their enemies had changed. Is it surprising that Mormon humanity should have attempted to take some advantage of the situation? These infatuated people were made in the ordinary mould of human nature, and while they claimed superiority over other religionists, as religionists, they made no pretence to that Christ-like submission which demands, "That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Though they had accepted this, with other precepts of the Christian religion, the experience they received while endeavoring to put it into practice among the professed Christians with whom they had come in contact, had caused them to doubt the correctness of this beautiful philosophy, and to question its adaptability to their particular situation. Being then, as they are now, close students of the Bible, and recognizing a similarity in their condition with that of the "Children of Israel," the Mosaic view seemed better adapted for their guidance:—"And if a man cause a blemish in his neighbor; as he hath done, so shall it be done to him. Breach for breach, eye for eye, tooth for tooth; as he hath caused a blemish in a man, so shall it be done to him *again*."

That in some instances obedience to this philosophy led these modern children of Israel into error and crime there can be no doubt, yet had no wrongs been done them, no retribution could have followed.

This is the simple truth, briefly told, and unacceptable as it may be, it is well that it should have consideration. Milton tells us, "Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam." Bearing this in mind, I ask the attention of the unprejudiced reader,

while he peruses the following stray thoughts, on matters pertaining to our Territory at the present time:—

Almost every one seems to have a plan to regenerate Utah. The tourist who comes through mere curiosity, and spends a few days with us, imagines that he thoroughly understands the situation, and that he could solve the problem without a moment's hesitation.

Business interests induce men to come to this Territory and stay a few weeks, months or years, as the case may be, and no matter where these men may be situated during their stay, no matter what their capabilities or facilities may have been, they all go away with a thorough understanding of the Utah difficulty, and all believe that they could remedy it without doubt.

Federal officials are sent here, whose duty it is to attend to the specific business of their offices. In the majority of cases, they place themselves in such an attitude as to prevent any actual contact with the representative elements of the community, yet they generally conclude that nothing has escaped their attention, and that consequently they are fully competent to re-construct Utah, and of course they urge the Government to at once adopt their peculiar plans.

These classes of people all agree—with themselves—but are violently opposed to all others of a different way of thinking, and whose plans are different.

The rule seems to be, that those who know the least have the most to say.

Men of impure minds and blighted reputations attack the system of Mormonism with blind rage, and retire when they discover that vituperation is a two-edged weapon.

Fanatical women whose armor was not so strong as it should have been, before they entered the lists against Mormonism, have met with similar discomfiture. It is but natural, when gentiles attack Mormon character, assail public men, and prate of immorality, that their own weaknesses should be shown up in return. In these cases the weakest goes to the wall.

Men whose integrity and earnestness are unimpeachable, have attacked the institutions of Mormonism, and have finally worn themselves out financially, and being at their wits end, have been forced into neutrality. Any story told

about this people is credulously accepted, and corroborated by others equally baseless. Inferences and deductions equally unwarranted are drawn momentarily.

There are a class of people in Utah who take a delight in holding up the ordinary weaknesses of human nature, such as are universally found, and declaring them to be the ill effects of Mormonism, when in truth they are in many instances no more chargeable to it, than to the atmosphere, and perhaps not so much.

Every case of conjugal infelicity is magnified into terrible proportions, and explained as being the outgrowth of polygamy, whether it occurs in a monogamic family or not. Every girl who falls from virtue is said to have done so, through the effects of polygamy. Every boy who develops into a loafer is claimed to have been pushed to the wall by the priests, or his impure mind is said to have been produced by ante-natal influences, which are the outgrowth of the Church, although this same boy in any other place would be looked upon as the natural production of society, which inevitably creates a certain number of such unfortunates.

Almost all missionizing is done in a manner, and with an air that is alike insulting to the integrity and intelligence of the Mormons.

The average sectarian who approaches the Mormons with a view to conversion, does not know one quarter as much about the Bible and its doctrines, as those whom he undertakes to teach.

Whatever may be its fault, Mormonism is the natural offspring of the Bible; if the Bible had never been published, and the importance of a belief in its doctrines had not been so vigorously promulgated, there would have been no Joseph Smith the Prophet, no Book of Mormon, no Brigham Young, no Mormonism: it is simple Bibleism, pure and unadulterated. If then the Christian world have builded more wisely than they knew, or otherwise; if they discover that the Mormons have taken the Bible in its literal sense, and carried out its precepts too earnestly, let these spiritual physicians whose duty it is, change the prescription, and not blame the patient for carrying out their instructions. Regenerators had better remodel the Bible before they advocate special legislation

for Utah. Many a time has the writer told the average sectarian, that Mormonism in its doctrinal tenets, went far beyond any other religion in its breadth of comprehensive religious scope. In almost every instance the assertion has been met with ridicule, but whenever opportunity presented itself, and I have felt that I could not occupy my time more profitably, I have adduced sufficient fact to set the party concerned to thinking.

It is a proposition easily maintained, that a person of ordinary intelligence who has ever accepted Mormonism in its entirety, can never be converted to any one of the ordinary forms of Christianity. There are good grounds for suspecting the integrity as well as the sanity of any apostate Mormon who accepts any ordinary sectarian religion, and attaches himself thereto. The reason is clear. Mormonism is so much more comprehensive than other religions, and carries its devotees to degrees of religious development totally incompatible with fashionable religions.

This may appear to be a bold assertion; it is nevertheless tenable, indeed impregnable, as any honest and comprehensive Mormon student will admit, and can readily prove.

It may as well be understood, indeed the earlier the more advantageous, that you cannot successfully fight Mormonism with the Bible.

In this connection I may remark that one of the most popular war-cries of the Anti-Mormon host is, "Mormonism is not a religion!" There never was a greater fallacy than this wide-spread delusion, that Mormonism is not entitled to be called a religion. Whoever conceived the idea and originated the expression, the Omniscient only knows, but no matter who it was, he certainly knew nothing of his subject. You may place any construction you desire upon the word religion, and I defy any one to logically support the assertion, and at the same time maintain that any institution exists which may properly be called a religion. It is on just such ridiculous sayings as this, that the whole theory of the "Mormon Problem" is predicated. If some person of influence, years ago had said, "There is no Mormon Problem," the statement would have been much more susceptible of proof, and if it

had been as widely accepted as the assertion that Mormonism *is not a religion*, there would have been very little problem left to solve at this late date; not that Mormonism would have died out, but it would have taken its proper place as a religious organization, instead of being magnified into a great political problem, with a hundred high-sounding titles, and possessing, as it does, a dignity which it otherwise never could have assumed.

Depend upon it, Mormonism will live and thrive, either with or without special legislation, but it should never be forgotten that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. Persecution brings notoriety, and notoriety is often the fore-runner of popularity; humanity is very much the same now as in the dark ages, and Mormon humanity is the same as any other.

Whatever the Mormons may do individually, has little to do with Mormonism as an institution. If one or a number of them break the law of 1862 or any other law, you cannot, therefore, prosecute the entire community. If one break the law, and they should combine in military array, or in riotous assemblage, against proper legal investigation, then it becomes an offense which may be chargeable to them as a community. This they do not propose to do. This they will not do, nor will they do any other similarly foolish thing. They know the nature of their enemies too well. They are wiser than the children of light, who are constantly under-rating their intelligence and capacity. They know exactly what they dare to do. With their belief, with their conceptions of right and wrong, the Government has no right to interfere; it is of their *actions* only which the Government, either locally or nationally, can take cognizance. The idea of asking a man what is his belief in regard to religion before you allow him to become naturalized, enter public lands, or sit on a jury, in this boasted land of freedom, is preposterous. It is claimed that a polygamist cannot do justice as a juror in a trial for polygamy, and consequently he should be rejected. This may be logical, but suppose an adulterer be put on trial, would you reject all but *pure* men as jurors. In a seduction case, would you, *do you*, exclude all seducers? It is well known that men of this class

do convict others of crimes, similar to those which they themselves have at some time or other committed. Would you force a man to swear that he is absolutely honest, pure and virtuous before he does an official act? If you did, we would soon become a nation of perjurers, because men do not, as a rule, let a *little thing like an official oath* stand in their way. The judge does not ask a man if he has illegitimate children, if he ever committed sexual indiscretions, if he is true to his lawful wife. Oh, no! this is improper! Now why should not such questions be asked on moral grounds, if it be proper to ask a man if he is living with two or more women, whom he calls his wives? In the case of a gentile it is generally admitted that such questions would be very improper. I have heard all the reasons ever offered on this point, but I still ask, Why? If the question can be properly applied to a Mormon because he may be a polygamist, and in the interest of morals such people must be kept from the sacred rights of citizenship, from that *sanctum sanctorum*, the jury-box; then in the interest of morals, similar questions should be propounded to all, unless you are willing to admit that this inquisitorial process is aimed only at the Mormon *religion*. If you say it is done in the interest of morality, then you must admit that the rule should be universal. If otherwise, you must accept the alternative, and acknowledge that, regardless of the constitution of the United States, laws as administered in Utah are aimed at religion, and are used to prohibit the free exercise thereof, not merely in actions, but in *belief*, not only in practice, but in theory also.

I have in my mind, a Federal Judge who was, I believe, as honest a man as ever graced a judicial seat. So far as I had means of ascertaining, I considered him probably one of the best men I ever met, but he came to Utah with his idea of the "Mormon Problem" and he learned it more thoroughly from the papers avowedly inimical to Mormonism. The result was that his judgment was warped to such a degree that in his anxiety to strike a blow at the Church, he made some terrible blunders, which as a natural consequence, were transformed into victories for the Mormon people, who believe to this day that his removal was brought about by Divine interposition. This gentle-

man went so far in one case as to say to the jury, "This cause, gentlemen, is nominally, the Territory of Utah versus John Doe, but in reality it is the people of the United States versus Polygamic Theocracy" or the Mormon religion. In a country like America, such a charge as this, coming from the lips of a Chief Justice, during the last decade, can we wonder that the Executive cut short unceremoniously his official career? This judge was a devout religionist, and as a consequence, prejudiced against Mormonism, yet otherwise he was a charitable and humane gentleman, whose virtues were highly esteemed, and will never be forgotten. It really does seem that common sense is seldom applied to the investigation of the so-called Mormon Problem.

Revenge seems to be the uppermost feeling in the breast of the average anti-Mormon. He labors under the delusion that in early times the Mormons injured him, or some of his acquaintances, somewhere and in some manner, and he is anxious to get revenge in the same indefinite way.

Now, suppose that the Mountain Meadow Massacre was properly chargeable to the Mormons, and that all the other crimes which have been laid at their doors by their traducers, who are in some instances, as unscrupulous as it is possible for people to be and live, had been really done in the way, and under the circumstances related, and it were possible to bring about such punishment as might be deemed advisable; in consideration of the fact that nearly all the supposed participators are dead, absent, or so changed in their habits and surroundings to ensure their future good conduct, what is there to be gained by keeping up an excitement out of which no benefit can possibly come?

The expensive efforts made by the courts of this Territory have conclusively proven that at this late day, evidence sufficient to convict, cannot be obtained in any one of the several notorious criminal cases which have created such sensations in the world, and kept away millions of dollars which would otherwise have been invested in Utah. Then let us accept the inevitable, and take Utah as we find her, trusting to the future to make her what she should be.

One of the worst features of Mormonism in my opinion, is this very same hankering after vengeance on those who mur-

dered their brethren and sisters, in the Christian States of Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri. True and genuine Christianity would suggest forgiveness, or at least a determination not to harbor hatred towards these people or their posterity, and I am satisfied that the sentiment prevails to a considerable degree among the better class of Mormons, but the average gentile of Utah has no right to criticise any seeming desire for vengeance exhibited by the Mormons against their enemies, while the gentile war-cries are so uncharitable, and are prompted by the same barbarian characteristic, revenge, for something which might as well have been forgotten long ago.

I have no apologies to make for the Mormons; they are fully able to attend to that matter themselves, but I contend that the wrong method has been pursued towards them, both in regard to the attempt to punish their alleged crimes, and generally in regard to their religion.

They have the same right as any other people on this continent to worship God in their own way and there is no disputing the fact; this much is generally conceded, but it is usually with the reservation, that their consciences have no right to dictate them differently to ours. This is not a Constitutional definition.

The main objection to Mormonism, so far as the law is concerned, is the practice of polygamy. No matter what the Christian Bible may say in its favor, no matter what claims the Mormons may make for this doctrine, no matter though they are willing to lay down their lives to illustrate their belief in its divine origin, it is against the law of the United States, and if they break a law they should suffer the penalty.

The great trouble, however, about this law of which we hear so much, is that it is practically inoperative. It was especially aimed as a blow at the Mormon Church, and it appears to have been prompted more by bigotry, than by legal shrewdness.

When the united wisdom of the country produces a law no better adapted to the situation than the anti-Polygamy law of 1862, the institution of Mormonism has no particular reason to quake for fear. One conviction in nineteen years, as the result of this law which was created especially for Utah!!! This is not very encouraging, particularly as the effect of the conviction has been to make the

prisoner since his release more popular and influential, and without doubt, he is still unconverted.

Jean Meslier asserts that "All religious principles are a thing of imagination, in which experience and reason have nothing to do. We find much difficulty in conquering them, because imagination, when once occupied in creating chimeras which astonish or excite it, is incapable of reasoning. He who combats religion and its phantasies by the arms of reason, is like a man who uses a sword to kill flies; as soon as the blow is struck, the flies and the fancies return to the minds from which we thought to have banished them. . . . Religion, especially among modern people, in taking possession of morality, totally obscured its principles; it thus rendered man unsocial from a cause of duty; it has forced them to be inhuman toward all those who did not think as they did. Theological disputes, equally unintelligible for the parties already irritated against each other, have unsettled empires, caused revolutions, ruined sovereigns, devastated the whole of Europe; these despicable quarrels could not be extinguished even in rivers of blood."

"After the extinction of Paganism, the people established a religious principle of going into a frenzy every time that an opinion was brought forth which their priests considered contrary to the holy doctrine. . . . Do you not see that man is no more the master of his religious opinions, of his credulity or incredulity, than of the language which he learns in childhood, and which he cannot change? To tell men to think as you do; is it not asking a foreigner to express his thoughts in your language? To punish a man for his erroneous opinions; is it not punishing him for having been educated differently from yourself? It God allows men the freedom to damn themselves, is it your business? Are you wiser and more prudent than this God whose rights you wish to avenge?"

"If there is a question of religion, immediately the most civilized nations become true savages and believe everything is permitted to them.

"The more cruel they are, the more agreeable they suppose themselves to be to their God, whose cause they imagine cannot be sustained by too much zeal.

"All religions in the world have authorized countless crimes. The Jews, excited by the promises of their God, arrogated to themselves the right of exterminating whole nations; the Romans, whose faith was founded upon the oracles of their gods, became real brigands, and conquered and ravaged the world; the Arabians, encouraged by their Divine preceptor, carried the sword and the flame among Christians and idolators. The Christians, under pretext of spreading their holy religion, covered the two hemispheres with blood."

These palpable facts, so tersely stated, require no comment.

Let us hope that the American people have too much good sense to be led into a religious crusade against the Mormons of Utah, no matter how ridiculous or even un-Christian-like some of their tenets may appear. Do not let the pages of history contain the statement, that on account of a few fanatics who were arrayed against the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, the United States Government brought its vast military power against that church and endeavored to crush it out of existence. Rather let history say, that the superior diplomacy of the American people, seemingly without an effort, absorbed this little handful of heretics, and thus solved the "Mormon problem," without costing a life, or any depletion of the national treasury. If I have learned anything through my contact with the people of Utah, it is this, no matter how humiliating it may be to those who have so firmly held to the contrary: Mormonism must be recognized as an institution which cannot be ignored; it is here in Utah, and cannot be uprooted by any unfair means.

Special legislation, to be effective, would be totally unconstitutional, and consequently invalid.

Such a thing as a war of extermination is entirely out of the question.

Converting them to Christianity, from the standpoint of the several Christian churches of this Territory, is altogether hopeless.

Outnumbering them, so as to outvote them and thus destroy their political influence is the only remedy, and this is much more easily spoken of, than accomplished.

If, then, we cannot legislate them out of existence, cannot exterminate them,

cannot make Catholics, Methodists or Presbyterians of them, and cannot outvote them, what shall we do? Simply that which ought to have been done long ago, make friends of them; treat them with such consideration as we would expect from them; let them have their own ideas in regard to religion, the same as any other people; do not abuse them; if you have anything to say about them, tell the truth; if you find any good in them, acknowledge it; be frank, candid and courteous towards them, and you will find that the good results which will flow from this course of treatment in one year, will outweigh all which have been brought about in the past quarter of a century.

Whatever their faults may have been, ours have equalled them. For their exclusiveness we have returned hatred. For their assumed superiority we have given contempt. For their devotion to an unpopular faith we have given ridicule, and unwarranted abuse.

In business we all court their patronage. We would all be glad to have them spend their money with us. We are always willing to drive a bargain with them whenever we can. Let us always be as civil towards them, as we are when we are trying to sell them something. Let us endeavor to gently remove the line of exclusiveness, and commingle as children of a common parentage should. We will inevitably do so if we remain here, and those who soonest sense this fact, will be the gainers. What the Mormons will do under this treatment can easily be understood. They are human beings, and the world over, the key to human hearts is kindness. Let us have peace.

GEORGE A. MEEARS.

"I CAN FORGIVE YOU."—The sentiment which Mr. George A. Mearns has embodied in his excellent article, in keeping with his poetic text, is the very essence at once of true Christianity and universal philosophy. It is a strange but a hideous feature of human nature, that man *cannot forgive whom he has wronged*. Do your fellow-creature good, and you can love him; do him an injury, and you hate him. It is a law by which we may tell who is most in the right. A great soul can afford to forgive those who have wronged him. "I forgive you," is the noble man's text of life.[Ed.]



Thomas Williams.

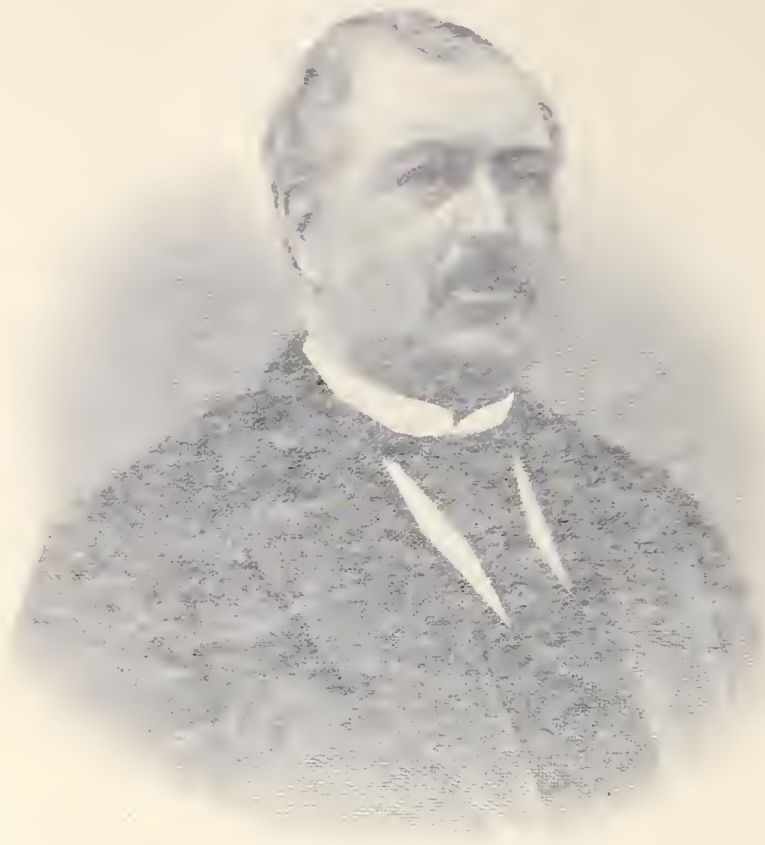
THOMAS WILLIAMS

OF the early history of the island, there is no man whose steel engraving illustrates this sketch, Bishop Fox, however, was a companion of his. Fox was a friend to us:

On one occasion a few years after he had been in their company, the Rogers Brother, gave him a pleasure. He made and another vessel made good a good sail boat and through they were sent on "oil." Arising early in the morning they trimmed their little boat in a style, and set sail down the river towards its mouth in high glee. They had not proceeded far, however, when a very strong wind blew from the land. It was extremely hard to handle the vessel, and they labored hard, doing all they could to return to port, but in vain. At last, from the wind rose, their vessel was hurled into the water, and they were very much frightened. They were both drowned and it was not until long afterwards that they were recovered. Their daughter, Mary, however, was saved to

time to leave. They returned home, feeling no fault with the Lord and those two kind men for the preservation of our lives, and concluded to be wiser than fools.

The year or two after this happened, one of the ship-builders of Newport published a notice that he would launch a new ship from the stocks into the river. A great many people were present on the occasion, many of whom were spectators of the new ship, so as to get a fair view of the slippery gangway, and the water. Among them was my friend Thomas Williams, and just as the ship struck the water it upset, throwing all hands, men and women, into the river. Fortunately, a plenty of boats were near by, everybody was saved; but strange to say, the same two men picked up Thomas Williams, who had saved him from drowning a year or two previous, which kindness made my friend and those two men fast friends ever after.



John Williams

THOMAS WILLIAMS.

OF the early history of the truly noble man whose steel engraving illustrates this sketch, Bishop Farrell, who was a companion of his boyhood, writes to us:

"I first became acquainted with my old and esteemed friend, Thomas Williams, about the year 1838, while attending Mr. Pool's school in Charles Street, Newport, Monmouthshire, South Wales; and I formed a very great attachment to him, on account of his many *good* and *noble* qualities, for he was always good and kind, and in every sense, "a gentleman," always ready to impart to others a portion of the knowledge he was in possession of, which soon made us fast friends, as I always endeavored to cultivate a disposition of this kind myself, and loved to see others do the same; indeed, I learned while quite young, that there was but very little enjoyment in possessing little or much of anything good, which others did not, and rejoiced exceedingly at finding one who believed and acted as I believed boys should act one towards another. Years flew by, and we were separated, through my father and family moving away a few miles from Newport. Still I occasionally saw and conversed with Thomas, he having left school and entered the Office of Rogers & Bros., Ship Brokers, in Newport. His employers were highly pleased with his labors, and rendered him any assistance in their power in acquiring the business in which he had engaged, and treated him more like a son than an employee.

On one occasion, a few years after he had been in their employ, the Rogers Brothers gave him a holiday. Thomas and another young man hired a small sail boat and thought they would have an "out." Arising early in the morning, they trimmed their little boat in good style, and set sail down the river towards its mouth in high glee. They had not proceeded far, however, when a very strong wind blew up which made it extremely hard to handle their little craft; they labored hard, doing their utmost to return to port, but in spite of their efforts the wind upset their boat, precipitating them into the water, which had become very rough, and they would have been drowned had it not been for the kind assistance of two men, who, seeing their danger, jumped into a boat and went to

their rescue. They returned home, feeling to thank the Lord and these two kind men for the preservation of their lives, and concluded to be wiser boys in future.

In a year or two after this happened, one of the ship builders of Newport published a notice that he would launch a new ship from the stocks into the river. A great many people were present on the occasion, many of whom went on the deck of the new ship, so as to take a ride down the slippery gangway into the water. Among them was my friend, Thos. Williams, and just as the ship struck the water it upset, throwing all hands, men and women, into the river. Fortunately, as plenty of boats were near by, everybody was saved; but, strange to say, the same two men picked up Thomas Williams, who had saved him from drowning a year or two previous, which kind acts made my friend and these two men fast friends ever after.

In the year 1849, I heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ preached by an Elder named Pickup, and in March, 1850, I was baptized for the remission of my sins and received a lasting testimony of the truth of the work in which I had engaged. Soon after I had embraced the Gospel, I met my friend, Thomas, and told him I was made a Latter Day Saint through obedience to the requirements of the Gospel, and invited him to attend our meetings. This he did, and after he had once heard the testimony of an Elder he could not rest night or day; the truth was so strong and plain that he could not gainsay it. Wherever he met a Latter-Day Saint he would ask him to stop and explain some point of doctrine which seemed to clash with Mormonism, and on all such occasions, a very few words of explanation would prove satisfactory. He would sit up night after night, reading the Bible and New Testament, and learned from those books that faith without works was dead, and that a man *must* be born of the water and of the spirit before he could enter the Kingdom of God. Some time in the summer of 1850, on a Saturday afternoon, he met one of our Latter-Day Saint Elders and called him into a private room of one of the hotels in Newport, where they sat for many hours conversing upon the principles of the Gospel. This Elder brought up such strong evidence in favor

of Mormonism, that Thomas promised him he would not sleep until the Lord satisfied him that the work was true, and that he was a fit subject to become a member of His great Kingdom. He, therefore, after arriving at his home in Great Dock Street, Newport, repaired to his chamber, Bible in hand, and there prayed to our Heavenly Father to open his understanding so that he might be able to understand the scriptures, and to direct him to such portions of the New Testament that were most suitable to his case. Thereupon, he opened the book and commenced reading, and to his great surprise, he read and understood as he never had done before. He continued to read and pray and ponder over the wonderful works of the Lord as contained in the Scriptures, until between two and three o'clock in the morning; when, all at once, the room commenced to light up, greatly surpassing the candles which were burning, until it became so light that he was astonished, for it far surpassed the sun at noonday. At this juncture, a personage appeared before him, the brightness of whose countenance filled him with wonder and surprise. This personage commenced conversing with Thomas upon the doctrine contained in the Scriptures which he had just been reading, and explained them to him to his entire satisfaction. He also explained to him the necessity of repentance and baptism for the remission of sins, and the laying on of the hands of one having authority for the reception of the Holy Ghost, stating that the Elder whom he had been conversing with through the evening, "Richard Green by name," had authority to administer these ordinances; he also told him of many things which had passed and things which should come to pass concerning himself, commanding him to keep them to himself. On two or three occasions he told me that this personage revealed to him many great and wonderful things which he said he would be very pleased to tell me; "but," said he, "*I dare not do so, but they are great, good, and marvelous things.*" They conversed freely together until nearly daylight, when he was left alone, nearly exhausted, to ponder over what he had heard. The next day being Sunday, the Saints held a camp meeting in a very large tent upon the race course in Newport. Several

hundred people were present, and when the meeting was about half through, Bro. Thomas Williams walked into the tent and, looking around a few moments, proceeded to the stand among the Elders, and after consulting with the presiding Elder, Cyrus H. Wheelock, Bro. Richard Green and Jacob Jones, walked out of the tent in company with Thomas. After meeting closed, I learned that Thomas had called upon these Elders to go out to the canal to baptize him, which they did at noon day in the presence of many witnesses, glorifying God.

In a few months, Thomas was ordained to the office of an Elder and sent forth to preach the gospel, which he did in very great power, and by the gift of the Holy Spirit. I have been sent with him on several occasions and can testify that I never heard a man speak to an audience with greater power than Brother Thomas Williams, and all his teachings were dictated by the Holy Spirit of God.

In the winter of 1852 and 1853, he was set apart as President of the Herefordshire Conference, in which position he was laboring when myself and family left the home of our childhood for Utah, in the spring of 1853. He filled the office of Secretary of the Newport Branch until he was called to preside, which office he filled with honor and dignity as he did all other offices to the day of his death."

At this point, the editor himself may take up the biographical thread in friendship and fraternal love. We labored with "Brother Thomas" five years in the Liverpool Office, and, therefore, know personally of the excellent life and character of the man. He was in charge of the business and emigrational department of the European mission of the Mormon Church, at the time the writer was in charge of the *Millennial Star*; and John C. Graham, of the *Salt Lake Times* and the *Territorial Enquirer*, and also William Perks, once business manager of the *Deseret News*, labored under our lamented friend. Thomas Williams commenced his labors in that office in the month of January, 1853. In those days the "Liverpool Office" was quite an institution even in that great maritime city; and, indeed, its vast emigrational operations attracted the attention of the British Government, inasmuch that the President of the mission,

S. W. Richards, received an official invitation to appear before a committee of the House of Commons to give a statement of the admirable plans of Mormon emigration. It may be incidentally observed that the Mormon authorities were thanked and complimented by the said committee, and that the British Government adopted as much as possible of the excellent emigrational system of the Mormons; so also it may be said did the great shipping establishments of Liverpool which yearly sent emigrant companies to America. The design, however, is not to dwell upon this very interesting subject of the Mormon emigrations, but simply to connect it with the personal subject of our sketch. Undoubtedly much of this perfection of the emigrational system was due to James Linforth and Thomas Williams. At the time Mr. Williams went to the office, Mr. Linforth was the chief clerk and in charge of the business department. They had each a thorough business education in mercantile offices, Thomas Williams having regularly graduated in a shipping establishment. He was apprenticed to Messieurs Henry Edwards and John Rogers, Ship and Insurance Brokers and General Commission Agents. We have at this moment his parchment Indenture before us thus endorsed:

"We certify, with much pleasure, that the within named Thomas Williams, duly and faithfully served the whole of the time herein specified with unvarying energy and zeal, and in every respect highly satisfactory to us.

Newport, Monmouthshire, 1st Jan. 1849.

Edwards, Rogers & Co. pr. Jno. Rogers, H. Edwards."

The following letters will also speak for themselves of the extraordinary consideration in which he was held by the principals of a first-class mercantile firm:

"Newport, Mon., 25th Oct. 1850.

Dear Williams,—

In a few days the dissolution of myself and Mr. Edwards will take place, when I shall be happy to see you with me according to your promise.

I sincerely trust that by adhering most strictly to a perfectly conscientious and liberal course of business, that for the sake of those I have about me I shall succeed. I feel that whilst it will be my study to promote your interest you have a fellow-feeling towards me.

Come and see me and let us arrange about salary &c., &c.

Remaining, dear Williams,

Faithfully yours,

Jno. Rogers."

The next is quite an affecting tribute to our friend, when he was about to leave his responsible business connections to enter into the ministry:

"Newport, 14th Jan. 1853.

Dear Williams,—

Your note, intimating your intention to leave me, was most unexpected and at which I could not but feel deeply depressed; this may account for my not taking earlier cognizance of it.

But for you, I believe I should not be placed in the proud position I am now in. I appreciate most sincerely your labors for my welfare, and it may be in my power to do towards *you* as you have done towards me.

If you could by any means so arrange your private matters as to extend your time, to say for three months, I should be glad; but if this would be the means of inflicting a loss upon you, I will most cheerfully forego my request.

Depend upon it that wherever you are, and under whatever circumstances you may be placed, you will always find in me a staunch and substantial friend.

I remain, dear Williams, most heartily and sincerely,

Faithfully yours,

Jno. Rogers."

Here is another of a little later date, full of the same sentiment:

"Newport, 26th Jan. 1853.

Dear Williams,—

You will oblige me by accepting the enclosed small cheque, and although I do not belong to your religious denomination, yet I must beg that whenever it may occur (and these things happen to the best of us) that I can render you pecuniary assistance, whatever distance you may happen to be from me, you will never forget that you have one, while alive, who will be privileged by responding to your call.

Again I request your acceptance of my sincere thanks, for your great and successful exertions in promoting the interest of me and mine. My last wish is, *may God bless and prosper you.*

Remaining, dear Williams,

Your faithful

Jno. Rogers."

And in like manner was Thomas Williams beloved and honored by us, brethren of the Liverpool office. Between him and the writer, there existed a long friendship. Never an angry or passionate word passed between us, a matter altogether to be attributed to his goodness of heart and amiability of temper. In after years in Salt Lake City, when many looked upon me as an apostate, "Brother Thomas" always met me with the old love and the same great heart that characterized this truly noble man. I was at his first marriage with his first wife, Annie, an excellent young lady. (This was a quarter of a century ago.) But I dared not be at his funeral, for I had felt too many heart-wounds in my own life, and, being at the time exhausted by mental labor, realized it was not safe to expose both brain and heart to mourning over the death of so dear and good a friend. Here I may resign the sketch awhile to another of his friends, himself since dead, Edward L. Sloan, in his obituary in the *Salt Lake Herald*, July 18th, 1874:

"To say we were shocked and grieved beyond measure, yesterday afternoon, on learning of the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. Thomas Williams, the gentlemanly and popular treasurer of Z. C. M. I., would put it in a mild way, and would but represent the feelings of all classes in the city and wherever he was known. He left the office of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution about 2 p. m., and went to his residence in the 13th Ward for dinner. While at dinner with Mrs. Zina Young Williams, his wife, he suddenly commenced vomiting blood, greatly to her alarm. She mixed some salt and water, of which he took a mouthful and then went to the back door where he continued vomiting blood in large quantities. He subsequently reclined upon the sofa, where he appeared unable to speak, shaking his head when addressed; and soon after died. Coroner Taylor held an inquest on the body yesterday evening, when the testimony of Mrs. Z. Y. Williams, Dr. J. M. Benedict and Mr. J. D. T. McAllister was taken, and the jury returned the following

VERDICT.

Territory of Utah, }
County of Salt Lake. }

An inquisition holden in the Fourth Precinct of Salt Lake City, at the resi-

dence of Thomas Williams, at four o'clock p. m., July 17, A. D. 1874, upon the body of Thomas Williams, there lying dead, before George J. Taylor, Coroner of said County, by the jurors whose names are hereto subscribed,

The said jurors upon their oaths do say that he died from the effects of the bursting of a blood vessel.

In testimony whereof they have hereto set their hands the day and year above written.

ALEXANDER McRAE.

ISAAC GROO.

HENRY GROW.

GEO. J. TAYLOR,

CORONER.

Mr. Williams was one of nature's noblemen. Large hearted and warmhearted, he ever had an ear open to the sufferings of humanity and a hand ready to relieve. We have known him intimately for over eighteen years, and never knew a man who made so many friends and so few enemies; if he has an enemy in the world to-day we are unaware of it. Amiable in manners, genial and gentlemanly in deportment, ever kind and urbane, he is remembered wherever he has been with the kindest and warmest feelings of affection. Born in Newport, Monmouthshire, Wales, August 3rd. 1828, when quite young though after a careful mercantile training, he became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Shortly after, he was appointed to preside over the Hull Conference, in England, and there his name is mentioned even till now with reverence and affection. He was removed from there to Liverpool, where he occupied the position of Chief Clerk in the Church office for years; and won the esteem and gratitude of the hundreds of Elders laboring in that mission, by his uniform kindness and attentiveness to their wants. He presided over the large and influential branch of the Church at Liverpool, up till his departure for Utah in 1860, and there, as elsewhere, he enjoyed the fullest confidence, love and esteem of the branch. While on his way westward from New York for Salt Lake, an invitation was extended to him to return to Washington as private secretary to Hon. W. H. Hooper, then in Congress, which he accepted. On arriving in this city at the close of the Congressional session, he took a desk in President B. Young's of-

fice; and subsequently became treasurer of the theatre, a position in which the public learned to know some of his many estimable qualities, which his numerous friends had known for years. Sometime afterwards he became the treasurer for Z. C. M. I.; and still later was a member of the Salt Lake Theatre Corporation and one of its managers. Last municipal election he was elected a member of the City Council, receiving the largest vote polled for any member. He was a man of sterling worth, pure, honorable and upright; a loving husband; a fond father; a citizen whom we can ill spare. Grief shadows the pen while we write, for he was a man, take him for all in all, we shall rarely look upon his like again; a friend whom to know once was to esteem forever."

At the funeral services of Elder Thomas Williams, in the Fourteenth Ward Assembly Rooms, Sunday morning, July 19th, 1874, three discourses were delivered over his remains, by apostles John Taylor, George Q. Cannon and President Brigham Young. The President paid him the following tribute in behalf of Z. C. M. I.:

"I wish our business men would take pattern by him who lies before us. He was our paymaster in the Parent branch of Z. C. M. I., and attended to this branch of the financial business of the Institution, and there was not an order that was to be paid or filed, but what he had written a description of it and pinned it on that order before he went to his dinner. In all his business there was not one scratch of the pen wanted to be done by other clerks, but every iota was done just as much as though he had known that he was going to breathe his last in twenty minutes.

Saints, I wish you would take pattern by this man, and live your lives as he lived his life."

But Elder George Q. Cannon paid the tribute of sentiment. Speaking of him as a minister of the Gospel, he said:

"His testimonies were of the most remarkable character. I have heard him speak about the evidences of its truthfulness he had when he joined this church, and I have been almost overpowered with joy that I lived in a day and age of the world when God revealed his mind and will unto man as he did in ancient days. A more powerful testimony, prob-

ably, could not be heard than has been borne so repeatedly by our deceased brother. And then what? Why, the Spirit of God rested upon him and impelled him to leave his friends and his former home and associations and gather with the Saints. Did he do this because some "Mormon" elder told him it was right to do it? No, he did this because the Spirit and power of God rested upon him and impelled him to do so. He was filled with joy and peace in obeying this commandment of God, and it was so after he came here in all the works that devolved upon him. Only the day before he died we had a long conversation about these things together, and I trust I shall never forget the spirit that rested upon him and myself while talking. Speaking about the unfaithfulness of men, he did not say in the exact words, but he conveyed the idea to me that he would rather die, rather lay down his life than prove recreant to the principles of the gospel which he had espoused, he valued them so highly, more than life and everything else on the face of the earth.

My associations with our brother who has gone have been of the most tender character. I have known him as I have known a brother. Our associations have been very intimate from the day I first made his acquaintance, on the Missouri River, in 1860, until the present time. I have watched his course, and have been pleased with his faithfulness. A more amiable, more kind-spirited or more loving man I scarcely ever met. I do not know that I ever met one more so. He has been beloved by all who have known him. A modest, unobtrusive man, never setting himself forward, but faithful and diligent, performing the labors assigned to him without any parade but with the greatest devotion and zeal."

Our friend left six children, four beautiful daughters by his first wife, Annie, and two sons by his second wife, Zina Young, daughter of Brigham Young. His youngest son, Thomas Edgar, died several months ago; his eldest son, Sterling Williams, is living and is a bright intelligent youth. His eldest daughter, Annie Laurie, married the son of Judge Sutherland. His son, Sterling, is studying at the Brigham Young Academy, Provo, which was endowed by his grandfather.

ART.

THE advance of art culture in Utah is not less remarkable than the general progress of its citizens in material prosperity, and there is more than a seeming correspondence between increase of wealth and development of the æsthetic capabilities of a people. In the nature of things they must go hand in hand together. As a community becomes richer, there is more leisure for the cultivation of higher tastes, and the general amenities of life that go to make up our advanced civilization of to-day. Men absorbed in unremitting toil for the first elements of existence have no time to devote to the finer arts, and what few moments there may be unemployed in such a struggle for the necessities of life are usually spent in neighborly gossip, or are dozed away in vacuity. But with the accumulation of wealth, comes leisure. The slumbering inherent capabilities at first feebly respond to the stimulus of art, but by-and-by they swell in grand, full anthem tones as a knowledge of the æsthetic world is realized and comprehended.

The day of walls plastered with garish chromos and mantel-shelves resplendent with rude china ware shepherds and shepherdesses, glorious with gilding and carmine paint, has measurably passed away, and our numberless pleasant city homes are now adorned with art treasures of real merit and excellence.

Slowly but surely these evidences of an advanced era of culture and refinement are being multiplied in our midst. Besides, we have among us a number of local artists of acknowledged ability and skill, whose delineations of the grand scenery of our western canyons, mountains and lakes are sought after, not alone by local connoisseurs, but by other patrons, who discerning their intrinsic excellencies, have secured, for the adornment of distant homes, these handiworks of Utah's artist sons.

The class in drawing and painting, lately added to the curriculum of our Deseret University, cannot but have a beneficial effect upon the youth of Utah, and we trust the day is not far distant when we shall see a local art school established and successfully conducted in every prominent settlement in the Territory.

We referred in our last number to a

collection of paintings, by local and other artists, in the possession of D. F. Walker, Esq., which is undoubtedly the largest and best collection of oil paintings in Utah. In water colors, perhaps the choicest group in this city is owned by our fellow-townsmen, Col. T. G. Webber. Fruit pieces, landscapes, charming bits of old country scenery, all of them gems and all the production of his talented sisters.

This artist talent seems inherent in some families, and particularly noticeable is it in his, for we saw in the *London Art Journal* (and a more standard or reliable authority in art matters is not published,) of December last, an exquisite, full page, live engraving of a sculptured group in marble by the Colonel's cousin, of whom Mr. S. C. Hall, the founder of the *Art Journal* above referred to, and the helper to fame of very many young struggling painters and sculptors, thus wrote to the *Exeter and Plymouth Gazette*, July 15th last: His article is on "Even Worthies as Artists," and in it he uses these significant words; "I will venture a prophecy! There is in London a young Devonshire sculptor who is destined to take a high—perhaps the highest position in art. His name is W. J. S. Webber. At present he is unknown. I have, however, helped to make him known, by causing to be engraved for the *Art Journal* a group—his work—representing a young British warrior bearing from the battlefield the body of his slain brother." Accompanying the engraving in the *Art Journal*, is the following editorial notice:

THE WARRIOR AND WOUNDED YOUTH.

Engraved by E. STODART, from the Marble Group by WM. J. S. WEBBER.

"The group represented in the engraving of the 'Warrior and Wounded Youth' is the production of a young sculptor, Mr. Wm. J. S. Webber, and has been executed by him in marble as a commission from Mr. Thomas Holroyd, of Harrogate. The work was modelled by Mr. Webber while he was a student at the Royal Academy, and he was awarded by the Council of that body a premium of £50 for the general excellence of the design. The warrior represented is one of pre-historic type, when the weapons in use were chiefly flint-headed arrows or bronze swords and spears, and the clothing merely the skin of some wild animal, giving the sculptor an ex-

cellent opportunity of displaying—what is always of importance in sculpture—the form and structure of the nude human figure. The figure of the warrior is vigorous in action, the anatomical forms being well defined, and the expression of tenderness and anxiety on account of the youth whom he is bearing is well depicted in his face.

In striking contrast with this robust and vigorous figure is the shrinking, writhing form of the wounded youth—perhaps a son or younger brother—stricken down in his first campaign; his left hand covers the wound he has received, and he turns with an expression of pain to his comrade, who is bearing him to a place of safety.

Mr. Webber is a native of Exeter, and received his earliest Art education under a painter, the late Mr. Glendall, well-known for his landscapes of Devonshire scenery; he afterwards entered the schools of the Royal Academy as a student of sculpture, and in 1871 and 1873 received the first silver medals for work executed in competition in the Antique and Life Schools respectively. He has been a frequent contributor to the Academy exhibitions of works of an ideal character, and of portraiture, some of his busts being characteristic and faithful in resemblance to the originals; amongst them may be noted his portrait of the late Bishop of Exeter. The present group was exhibited in 1876 in plaster, and again in 1878 in marble."

WILLIAM V. MORRIS, THE PAINTER.

Among the best artists of Utah, the late William V. Morris may claim a niche of lasting fame. Genius is too divine to sleep in the grave without a monument, and this man Morris possessed the native genius of a great painter. Indeed, Nature endowed him with rarer gifts than his sphere as an ornamental house painter brought into artistic practice. We believe his class will readily admit, that had William V. Morris received a first class art training under some great master, and spent his life in the higher branches, he would himself have reached the rank of a master painter on the canvas, as he certainly did on the finest ornamental house and sign painting.

William V. Morris was born August 26th, 1821, in Llanfair Talhaïam, Denbighshire, North Wales. He was the son of John and Barbara Morris; (his mother's maiden name was Barbara Thomas.) He was baptized into the Mormon Church Oct. 11th, 1849, by Robert Evans, and emigrated to this Territory in 1852. He started the first painter's shop in Utah, where Joslin & Park's jewelry store now is, and, therefore, ranks historically as the pioneer painter of Utah. He did the first grain-ing in the Territory, the work being done for President Young, both in the Lion House and the Beehive House. He next executed some fine work for Mr. William Jennings. He was also the first scenic artist of the Salt Lake Theatre. The following is a clipping from one of our local editors concerning his work:

A PIECE OF ARTISTIC WORK.

"In the new residence of Mr. R. N. Baskin is a magnificent piece of frescoe-ing, recently done by Morris & Son, of this city. It is designed to imitate painted stucco. The ceiling on which the work is done presents a picture of art rarely equalled in that class of finish. The centrepiece is composed of leaves beautifully tinted, around which runs a wreath surrounded again by a framework of imitation mouldings. The ground on which this is set is of a soft buff color, highly decorated with wreaths of flowers and cupids, the whole panel being framed by a band of mouldings similar to those already alluded to. Outside of the panel there is another set of mouldings running lengthwise of the oblong room, and terminating at each end with a semi-circle. The corners left vacant by the formation of the semi-circle are filled with "neutral panels." The whole internal arrangement is enclosed by a Grecian border, which adds much to the general appearance. This is undoubtedly the prettiest ceiling in the Territory, and of which the artists who performed the work may well feel proud."

William V. Morris possessed a most childlike nature. Indeed, he was as a child all his life, as all men of genius are. His brother painters loved him, and at his death they published the following high tribute to his memory:

Condolence, from the Painters of Salt Lake City, to the bereaved family of our

departed friend and brother artist, William V. Morris.

Salt Lake City,

Thursday Evening, June 20th, 1878.

As per call made by the leading painters of this city, a number of the Fraternity met at the shop of Midgley and Sons, and on motion, Joshua Midgley was elected Chairman, and E. L. Raybould, Secretary.

Mr. J. Tullidge being called on to say a few words, said:

We have met to pay our respects to our deceased friend, *William V. Morris*, and to draft resolutions worthy his memory, and not for much speaking.

I will observe, however, in regard to our deceased friend, that I have always held the highest respect for him, both for his sterling honesty as a man and his ability as an artist.

Messrs. John Tullidge, John Holden and J. Howard were then selected as a committee to draft resolutions, and the following was read, and on motion unanimously accepted:

Whereas, Our friend and fellow craftsman, W. V. Morris, having departed this life as he approached its 'sere and yellow leaf,' we as brother painters feel to condole with his family in the bereavement; and for the purpose of duly expressing our appreciation of his great ability as a painter, and our grief at his death we have

Resolved, that by the death of W. V. Morris, the profession has sustained a great loss, in that it has been deprived of a master hand and an original artist;

That as a painter he stood at the head of his profession, and was *fully* entitled to be called the pioneer artist of Utah;

That sociably we have lost a friend, the promptings of whose genius in the execution of his work were of great advantage to us all.

Resolved, That as a body of painters we attend his funeral to pay our last respect to our departed friend and brother artist.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family and that the same be published in all the local papers."

W. V. Morris, the Pioneer Artist of Utah is very worthily represented in his son, W. C. Morris, who has much of the native genius of his father. Not unlikely, with the growing opportunities for art culture and patronage in this city, he may reach a

position in the higher branches of the profession which, in the primitive days of our Territory, was not open to his gifted father, for art and artists can flourish only under generous patronage and in the refined conditions of society. But one of the greatest blessings of the artist is to possess *available* talents. In this respect Wm. C. Morris is most fortunate. He has invented a branch of art business for himself, in which there is at once both beauty and profit. We refer to his spacious advertising board, hung up in the hall of the post office, displaying the business firms of our city with unique and well executed art designs. It gave quite a surprise to our locals when his first board was hung up. Here is a notice of it:

"Mr. Wm. C. Morris, painter, of this city, has placed on exhibition in the Postoffice, one of the finest gems of the painter's art we have ever seen. It is an ornamental sign in etched work on glass, and gives convincing proof of his wonderful skill in the art ornamental. Such talent as Mr. Morris has for sometime past shown himself possessed of, should be encouraged in the community. It is very doubtful whether as a sample of work his could be excelled anywhere in the east. An examination of the work will repay any person who accepts the idea that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Another piece of his work may be seen in the ornamental lettering of the windows of Z. C. M. I. There are twelve windows in all, the lettering and designs on each window being emblematical of each branch of business done in the Co-op. It is quite a work of art.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

BY HANNAH T. KING.

ON the entrance of Disraeli into Parliament, Mr. Wyndham Lewes was his colleague, both being Commoners; from that time a close friendship sprang up between them, and continued till the death of Mr. Lewes;—I think I am right in saying that Disraeli was one of the executors of his will. He had been an efficient servant of the State, and through the suggestions and influence of Disraeli, the title of Viscountess Beaconsfield, in her own right, was conferred on his widow; years after, she became the wife of Disraeli. The Queen had desired for

some time to raise him to the peerage, but he had always firmly but respectfully declined the honor; but on his marriage her wishes became commands, and he then was invested with the title of Earl of Beaconsfield, and after his return from signing the treaty of Berlin, Her Majesty conferred on him the Order of the Garter, which is the highest honor of the English crown. He was pronounced by friend and foe to have been the greatest statesman England has possessed since William Pitt; he has left a position none can at present take up. His loss can only be estimated by time, and the experience it will unavoidably bring. At the present time England could ill spare her noble pilot from the helm of the Ship of State, with his calm, clear brain, his strong hand and unflinching will. He it was who rescued England from her degraded position, and placed her high in the council of the world. He taught nations to respect her name and honor her traditions. His manly courage and firmness enforced respect and confidence. The high position then attained remained with the great Tory chief until his death, and all the world is ready to do homage to his loyalty to the sovereign, and to his patriotism to the country of his birth and fame! It is a remarkable result in the case of one who had nothing but his genius to aid him. He had no patron in high life, no college connection, no friendship in high places to help him; indeed, he had the prejudice of poverty and race against him. Nothing but the highest courage sustained him, and the Christian-Jew became the embodiment of nearly all that is noble and great in the English character. Mr. Disraeli became a Christian in faith at a very early age—it is said at twelve years—and maintained it to the end of his mortal career. As a young man he showed no particular aptitude for anything except literature; he disliked business, but cultivated his mind by travel, which the comparatively slender means of his father enabled him to enjoy. He began life as a politician, determined to win his way to fame and greatness. He was most emphatically a self-made man. By his perseverance and indomitable will he succeeded, step by step, in winning the high positions he for years has filled, and was twice Premier of England, the one position nearest the throne. Sister nations felt the power and reflec-

tion of his genius! He was ever a devoted servant to his sovereign and his country, "*Sans peur et sans reproche.*" He worked through long years of mental travail, until he had attained the goal his prophetic eye had seen afar off, even in his early youth—until he stood at the right hand of the sovereign, her acknowledged and appreciated friend and counselor—the restorer of the nation to the proud rank from which she had fallen by the false policy of those who had preceded him. Bismarck, the great, the fastidious, the exacting Bismarck, took him into his heart and gave him in there a loving and eternal niche.

A well known diplomatist was not long ago conferring with Prince Bismarck in the latter's private cabinet, when the conversation chanced to turn on the Berlin Congress and the conspicuous part which the chief Plenipotentiary of Great Britain had taken at it. "There," said the Chancellor, pointing to the wall, "there hangs the portrait of my Sovereign, there on the right that of my wife, and on the left that of Lord Beaconsfield."

Of the many flattering notices that have appeared in the foreign newspapers, that in the *Bersaglieri* of Rome is the most picturesque. The writer says:

"The man whom Mr. Gladstone had reproached as not having a drop of English blood in his veins has given to the English Gladstone a terrible lesson in patriotism: he found England reduced, as Lord Russell said, to a Power of the third order, and replaced her in her ancient position. * * * * * His end was the greatness and prosperity of England. To the domesticity loving Queen this ambitious man, this remoulder of Empires, was extremely dear. The daughter of the Brunswicks and Tudors leaned in glad security on the arm of the Hebrew's son."

"A man who did not know how to hesitate or vacillate when he saw what he believed to be duty; who did not undo to-day what he had done yesterday; fearless and independent, true to conviction and bold in action; one who would rather look defeat in the face than be false to his principles."

His personal qualities had also a great deal to do with his success. "Little children loved him, womanly hearts worshipped him, and strong men held his hand lovingly and loyally when he died."

During his illness several letters were written to him by children, hoping "his Lordship would soon be better." Such were the best tributes that could be paid any one. It is not by what strangers say, or what they think, that character can be tested, it is the home circle; and there this most remarkable man was beloved in a most remarkable manner. Some years ago a lady friend of both himself and his Viscountess died and left him a handsome estate *on condition* of her remains being laid side by side with her beloved friends in their family vault at Hughenden!!—this wish was complied with—the name of this Lady was Mrs. Brydges Willyams; here is a specimen of the tenacity, and appreciation of friendship, that is most expressive and unique! it is said that he never made a personal enemy—party ones he had bitter ones—but at his death it is remarkable every opposing feeling seemed laid aside, and the daily callers in Curzon Street were all that had ever known, and admired his wondrous abilities; the most delicate attention was shown him, even to leaving their carriages at the top of the street and walking to the house that no noise might disturb him. In his illness and his death only one feeling was apparent, which was made up of love, admiration, sympathy and regret! When the curtain fell on the grand actor, the silence of grief alone spoke the absorbing feeling of all; every tongue was silent, or spoke only the words of eulogy and love!

The Queen and royal family of England must have risen in the estimation of all thinking people, in seeing them become "kith and kin" in a loving brotherhood and sisterhood with a mourning nation, showing it forth by every demonstration of love and respect during the sickness of the treasured one, and then reverently following the remains to their humble resting place, and laying with their own hands the wreaths of choicest flowers, inscribed with each one's own handwriting; even the Queen employed no secretary, but with her own hand wrote on the card attached to the wreath she presented words that her own heart dictated. Such deeds are worthy of all imitation.

The country and the Queen were desirous he should rest in Westminster Abbey, but when the Will was opened it was found expressly ordered that he

should be interred at his beloved Hughenden, by the side of his wife, to whom he had ever been most devotedly attached; and here it would be *apropos* to allude to one ever prominent feature in his character, it is conspicuous in all his writings; I refer to his chaste, almost reverent appreciation of woman! He attributes to her that unseen, unsleeping influence that makes her a power, often even behind the throne; and he ever portrays this power for good, never for evil! and even her foibles and frivolities he turns to account, incorporating them in the Mosaic, and making them elaborate and beautify it. In no instance do you ever meet sarcasm or inuendo; he was also a staunch advocate for woman suffrage.

The following is a clause in his will and he desires that the words "in her own right," shall be inscribed even on her tomb—trifles truly speak character!

"I desire and direct that I may be buried in the same vault in the churchyard of Hughenden in which the remains of my late dear wife, Mary Anne Disraeli, created in her own right Viscountess Beaconsfield, were placed, and that my funeral may be conducted with the same simplicity as hers was."

The last extract has a ring in it that causes my whole soul to vibrate and respond to the chord it strikes!

Here follow a few of the floral testimonials placed on the coffin of one so mourned:

The Queen had testified her regret and esteem in many ways, and among others by sending a wreath of wild flowers, primroses plucked from the Isle of Wight, and such as he delighted to see blooming on the grassy banks of Hughenden Park. On a card affixed to this wreath was written, in her Majesty's own handwriting, "His favorite flowers; from Osborne, a tribute of affection and regret from Queen Victoria." The wreath was placed on the coffin by Prince Leopold on behalf of her Majesty. The flowers had been gathered that morning in the beautiful lawns of Osborne, and the wreath was sent by special messenger. It seemed wasteful to condemn these fair and perishable flowers to fade unseen in the dark vault, and after the burial they were brought out again and hung upon the railings of the tomb, where all the evening throngs of country people col-

lected and had the mournful satisfaction of contemplating the Queen's last gift to her devoted servant. Her Majesty gave also another wreath, but this one of everlasting flowers and bay leaves. On the ends of the white satin bow with which this wreath was tied were a few words embroidered in gold—on one, "From Queen Victoria;" on the other, "A mark of true affection, friendship and regret." The Prince of Wales was personally present at the funeral, and placed with his own hands upon the coffin two wreaths of white roses and camelias, saying as he did so, "This is from myself, and this from the Princess of Wales." The Prince of Wales' wreath bore the inscription, "From his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales—a tribute of friendship and affection," and the writing was that of his Royal Highness. The Duke of Connaught, who strode beside his royal brothers in the procession, laid also, just before it started, a wreath upon the coffin from the Duchess of Connaught, on which a few violets showed their scented petals, emblematical of the soul, among white camelias, and eucharis. It bore the inscription, "A token of regret and respect from her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught." Prince Leopold offered on his own part a wreath bearing the words, "A mark of friendship and respect from Leopold." Also upon the coffin there was laid an *immortelle* of pure white flowers, inscribed, "A mark of respect from Beatrice." Other wreaths from the royal family were sent—one of which bore a card on which the words were written, "A mark of esteem from her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Cambridge;" a wreath from Prince and Princess Christian, inscribed, "A token of deepest respect, gratitude and affection from Prince and Princess Christian;" from the Duke and Duchess of Teck, marked, "A last tribute of affection, regret and admiration from Mary Adelaide." The Baron Von Pawel Rammingen attended the funeral and brought a wreath from the Princess Frederica.

There was more divine intending in Benjamin Disraeli's life than men discern. Think of a lion from Judah's den couchant at the throne of Great Britain—the Lion's Kingdom! Think of Disraeli placing the crown of Empress of India on Victoria's head!

EDITORIAL.

THE WALKER OPERA HOUSE.—It is to be hoped that daybreak has once more come in Utah to the dramatic profession. Again we may hope to see a regular company of first class actors and actresses, who, on their side, may be able not in vain to offer up the common prayer of all humanity—"Give us this day our daily bread."

It is but just to say, however, that at first, and in fact during the entire management of Clawson and Caine, the Salt Lake Theatre was a public good and as a parent to the children of the stage. It created the dramatic profession of Utah, and gave employment to a standing company of very proficient artists, both of ladies and gentlemen. But the time came when this was no longer the case. There remained merely the box office. The manager's office was defunct. John T. Caine had manifested enthusiasm; he took pride in a well-paid company and a well-appointed stage, but since his retirement from the professional management, both actors and dramatic authors have been without a vocation. It illustrates the rule—that without a regular management there can be no theatre in any professional and acceptable sense.

The building of the Walker Opera House, as we have said, once more gives the prospect of daylight to the children of the stage in this city, and the hope of regular professional employment. In this gift to the city, the Walker Brothers are benefactors to our class,—of the author not less than of the actor; and our home civilization will be illuminated in the Dramatic Temple which they are building. We need not here dwell upon the mission of the stage, nor tell of the vast work performed by the dramatic brotherhood in the creation of the English civilization; we simply now affirm that, when our profession has languished to death in any city, one of the intellectual lights of that city has gone out. The Walker Opera House, it is to be hoped, will restore to Salt Lake the lamp of our profession. The cost of supporting the House, will, we presume, be very moderate, so that the company will receive the substantial benefit, and the public the pleasure of constant performances of first class artists.

In Vol. II. of this Magazine, we de-

sign to give biographical sketches of the dramatic brotherhood of Utah, embracing its members from the beginning, and the opening of the Walker Opera House will afford an excellent opportunity. We expect also to give an engraving of the interior of this new temple of the drama.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE WALKER OPERA HOUSE.—We understand it is to be under Mr. John Lindsay, a most competent and industrious gentleman of his profession, who is to be lessee as well as manager. Mr. Lindsay as an artist is one of our home graduates, but he has also sustained a professional career in several of these Western States and Territories. His present aim is to rebuild his profession at home, making a specialty of home talent, both in authorship and acting. This is a wise and, we believe it will be found, a profitable course. Artists and managers should never forget that all professions are native in their growth, and that they subsist upon home talent and home enthusiasm. The British Olympus—the old “Globe”—where the gods of the drama trod the stage under the management of Shakespeare, was English, not Grecian; the English drama itself was purely English born, and in London the Jupiter of the stage reared his splendid throne. Mark well the example; and tell us how much of the glory of the English civilization itself is due to a simple company of actors and authors arrogating the supremacy of home talent, building a “Globe” theatre, whose very name was designed to symbolize their imperial meaning, which Ben Jonson afterwards put into his Eulogy, challenging his Shakespeare against all the names “of insolent Greece or haughty Rome.” From the beginning foreign artists never lent a particle of glory to the London histrionic stage, nor had Italy crowed so loudly over the English in a London Opera House, had such a “Globe” of English composers and singers arrogated the sovereignty of English musical genius and voice. But say this “Globe” was in London and these the gods of the drama—a Shakespeare, a Ben Jonson, a Garrick, a Macready and a Kean;—yes, and were but half a dozen of them in Salt Lake City, they might take the Walker Opera House, and around its baptismal wine pledge themselves, affirming in simply majesty—“Here is Olympus of the new world; here will we

reign!” It is such splendid egotism of the home genius that creates the civilization of a nation; while this running abroad for foreign stars and foreign authors will surely in time dismantle the manager’s kingdom and leave him with an empty exchequer. We sincerely hope that Mr. Lindsay will take to heart the lessons of his own experience in this matter; and, though he need not proclaim it before the footlights, when he takes possession of his managerial sanctum he may softly muse, “This is Olympus—the Walker Opera House!”

THE POLITICAL FRONTISPIECE.—The magnificent engraving of Hon. William Jennings was executed to accompany the article on “Beautiful Homes of our City;” but we have taken a publisher’s liberty and placed it at the head of the paper on Utah Politics. We have no doubt it will be esteemed a happy as well as a splendid illustration.

“WILD FLOWERS OF DESERET.—One of the most promising signs in the history of the literature of Utah, is the publication, within the last two years, of three volumes, mostly of poems, from our home authors. And a very interesting feature of the case is that those volumes are from the pens of our lady authors. There is a beautiful enthusiasm in woman; and it is well known that it requires much enthusiasm to take up the cross of authorship. “To live and die in a garret!” From time immemorial the author has thus hit off, with a dash of his pen, his own life and fate. True, our sisters in question expect nothing so fateful as this; nevertheless, as we have observed, it required much genuine enthusiasm to give to our home literature these three volumes of poems. To publish is to find the money,—to sow the seed of authorship rather than to reap the harvest.

The three ladies in question are Mrs. Tanner, of Provo, Mrs. Cornaby, of Spanish Fork, and Mrs. Augusta Joyce Crocheron of Salt Lake City. There is considerable merit in each of these little volumes, but we call attention now to the latest published—“Wild Flowers of Deseret,” by Mrs. Crocheron. It is a book of poetic gems. Nothing equal to it has been produced by Utah genius since the gifted Elizabeth Carmichael laid down her tired pen. “Parintha’s

Ride" is a poem of very decided excellence, worthy of the pen of fame. It is alone quite sufficient to establish the lady as a poetess, and in saying this we use the style—poetess—in a classical sense. "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci" is scarcely less in merit; for though it only claims to be a versification of the "Romance of the Village of Vinci," by Mrs. Enoch Root, published in the *Western Magazine*, the artistic work is finely wrought. *Execution* is ever, to the critic, the real test of an artist, rather than *effusion*, which, though the latter may show native genius, without fine execution cannot raise the writer higher than a third rank among poets. It is in this classical view, then, that we pronounce Mrs. Crocheron's "Wild Flowers of Deseret" a little work of poetic art.

THE *Utah Review* Vol. 1, No. 3, is on our table. The contents are interesting and will be enjoyed by all thinking people. "The Lords and the Land Bill," is discussed briefly by Charles W. Pearson. "A Walk About Pompeii" is a graphic picture of this resurrected city. "En route from Indian Territory to Chicago" is an interesting letter by Francis E. Willard,—in signal. The article by O. J. Hollister "A Wonderful Country," is one of the best of this clever writer. The most valuable and important article is entitled "Political Assassinations," written by the editor, Rev. T. B. Hilton.

We wish the *Utah Review* success and think it will achieve it.

The editor, Prof. Hilton, is a strong thinker and a brilliant writer, and by education and experience is thoroughly prepared for his work.

H. P. Palmerston & Co., publishers.

THE LOST TRIBES OF ISRAEL.

WE have received a little book bearing this title, written by E. K. Tullidge. Our kinsman in his argument maintains that they are the British and American peoples—that is to say the Anglo Saxon race. In the English nation is found the fulfillment of the Israelitish destiny; the "Throne of David" is the English throne, and the "Kingdom of Stone," the British Empire. His method of proof is quite ingenious, his book clear-

ly shows the pen of a classical scholar, and his theology is decidedly Miltonian.

Mr. E. K. Tullidge constructs his argument thus:

"Does it lie in the power of any one to suggest even a plausible reason why the ten tribes of Israel, who have for centuries been so completely lost to human knowledge, should alone, of all mankind, be shut out from the enjoyment of the privileges of Christianity? For to imagine that it could have been occasioned by the mere arbitrary exercise of almighty power, is to make utter havoc of our most necessary notions concerning the wisdom, justice and goodness of the Deity.

"And this we assert because, in the first place, the ten tribes of Israel were, above all people, wonderfully qualified to do most excellent service in the cause of Christianity. They had, for centuries, lived under a state of things which must have wrought into the national character elements by which they were *constitutionally predisposed to Christianity*. The habitual acknowledgment of the presence of God in human affairs must have been the basis on which their whole mental structure was built.

"No people ever lived under conditions more favorable for the developing a national character imbued with all those great qualities which are calculated to lift them to the very highest rank in the scale of nations. Chief of all was the tameless spirit of freedom inspired by those just and righteous laws by which they were governed.

"How then can we reconcile it with our most necessary ideas concerning the wisdom of God that He should have made no use of those people as instruments wherewith to accomplish those great purposes for which they were so exactly qualified? 'Among this people religious thoughts of a most exalted nature were common to all. They were profoundly earnest and serious with feelings of awful reverence toward the Most High, whom they believed to be always present among them.' A predisposition to Christianity must therefore have been the grand result of the training to which they had been subjected. They were therefore the most proper instruments to be used in the service of Christianity, provided certain hindrances, which shall be hereafter considered, could be removed. What

right have we then to believe otherwise than that this was the very object contemplated in the training of the ten tribes of Israel?

"The ten tribes must still be in existence as a nation. To imagine that they have not been allowed to enjoy the privileges of Christianity is altogether as unaccountable as if they had, in the most summary manner, being completely struck out of existence. The mysterious part of such proceedings would be that they should not have been used for that great work, for which their long and remarkable training had so especially qualified them.

"All to no purpose has the globe been ransacked hitherto to discover the hiding place of the lost tribes. So totally lost to human knowledge have they been, so unsatisfactory all efforts to find them, that it seemed justifiable to say of them in the words of the poet:—

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
They are gone and for ever.

"But was there any indication of right reason apparent in the conducting of those researches? The anxious explorers, zealous for the integrity of Scripture, did not see that the integrity of Scripture was just as completely violated if the ten tribes had degenerated into the obscure, good-for-nothing specimens of humanity with which they sought to identify them, as if they had indeed been 'cut off like the foam on the river.' They did not realize what bitter mockery it was, if in such a manner God's promises of mercy were carried out. There was entirely too much haste in the matter. It was merely noted that the Bible did not allow the supposition that the ten tribes had ceased to exist. Steps must therefore be taken to find them. With strange lack of wisdom they neglected to take with them their infallible guide to direct their steps in the prosecution of the search. Thus did they,

With a clear and shining lamp supplied
First put it out, then took it for a guide.

"If the ten tribes were to be kept in existence it must have been for some worthy purpose, and the Scriptures disclose that purpose as plainly as they declare the continued existence of the tribes. If the ten tribes are still in existence it is self evident that they are themselves complete strangers to their illustrious origin.

There is therefore no more presumption in seeking for them among the nations of Christendom than anywhere else. It is the only course consistent with right reason and worthy of the assurance of Scripture—that they were never to cease their existence as a nation. It only remains to say that they must be identified with that nation whose history is a plain fulfillment of what had been foretold of the ten tribes.

"The tribe of Judah was the divinely appointed means for bringing the Messiah into the world, while the ten tribes were commissioned to carry the tidings of salvation to the ends of the earth, and to procure for the Redeemer the dominion which from eternity had been promised to Him and His inheritance, 'from sea even to sea, and from the river even to the ends of the earth.' And yet, although the ten tribes had been trained to carry forward this great work, how could they be managed so that the whole course of their national life might tend to its accomplishment? The will of man is contrary to the will of God, and in nothing so much as in accepting and furthering the Divine counsels of his own eternal welfare. It was absolutely necessary therefore that the chosen people should bring about unconsciously the grand result for which they had been set apart and trained; that they should lose completely the knowledge of their illustrious origin. From the consideration thus far brought forward we believe that we are entitled to come to the conclusion that the ten tribes must be sought for among the nations of Christendom. Which of these nations, therefore, has been doing such glorious work for the Almighty, as ages ago was consigned to the tribes of Israel? Can there be a moment's hesitation before we hear the answer that England alone can claim the slightest pretension to so lofty a distinction?"

The author gives examples illustrating that the imperial destiny of Israel has also its fulfillment in the British Empire, "upon which the sun never sets." "It is surely not hard to recognize all this a worthy fulfillment to the prophecy: 'Thou shalt reign over many nations, but they shall not reign over thee.'" This also for England: "For the Lord thy God blesseth thee, as he promised thee; and thou shalt lend unto many nations, but thou shalt not borrow."





